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Here's how to play

- Get game tickets in special packs of WINSTON, SALEM and CAMEL cigarettes, or see Official Rules below for alternate bonus game ticket offer.
- Each game ticket has four multiple choice trivia questions about TV, music, sports, movies and other fun subjects.
- Answer questions by circling the letter in front of your answer.
- Use the four circled letters to spell the "Payoff Word" answer. A "payoff clue" is provided to help you (see Sample Game Ticket).
- Every correctly answered game ticket is worth one "point."
- The goal is to submit an entry with as many points as possible to win prizes (minimum 10 points needed to enter).
- There are six monthly contests beginning April 1988. You can enter every month. Or, you can save game tickets for several months to submit a higher point score entry. It's up to you.

SAMPLE GAME TICKET

• Circle letter to answer question.

1. WHICH FILM WON THE 1981 ACADEMY AWARD FOR BEST PICTURE?

- B. On Golden Pond
- T. Ordinary People
- M. Gandhi
- J. Chariots Of Fire

2. WHICH IS THE ONLY CONTINENT THAT DOES NOT HAVE DESERTS?

- North America
- D. Europe
- A. Australia
- E. Asia

3. IN WHICH YEAR WERE THE FIRST WINTER OLYMPICS HELD?

- L. 1924
- C. 1932
- N. 1928
- R. 1920

4. "LICORICE STICK" IS THE MUSIC SLANG NAME FOR WHICH INSTRUMENT?

- H. Harmonica
- N. Clarinet
- F. Flute
- K. Saxophone

• Use circled letters to spell Payoff Word similar to Payoff Clue.

PAYOFF CLUE: AFFIX

PAYOFF WORD: JOIN

• 10 or more tickets needed to enter

Signature

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OFFICIAL RULES

You may obtain official rules and two bonus game tickets by sending handprinted requests with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Bonus Tickets, P.O. Box 5699, New Milford, CT 06774. Limit: one request per envelope, person or household per day (VA state residents need not include return postage). All requests must be received by September 15, 1988.

Millionaire Cash Quiz is void in VT, MD, KY, AZ and where prohibited by law. Contest ends September 30, 1988. All promotional costs paid by manufacturer. Contest open to U.S. residents age 21 and over.

*Projected total cash payout, based on consumer response to minimum entry requirement as of May 20, 1988 as a percentage of total game tickets in distribution, extended for duration of contest.



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AS REAL AS IT GETS.

PLAYBILL

WHO CAN FORGET the great hostage crisis of 1979/80, when the mania of revolution convulsed Tehran and the U.S. embassy staff became the prisoners of His Repugnance, the ayatollah? Former President **Jimmy Carter** won't forget it; his Administration's failure to rescue fellow Americans cost him a second term and allowed **Ronald Reagan** to start his first term on a triumphant note when it was announced, minutes after he'd taken the oath of office, that the hostages were free at last. How convenient, as our old friend the Church Lady likes to say. Now comes **Yasir Arafat**, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, in a startling *Playboy Interview* (conducted by **Morgan Strong**) in which his chief spokesman asserts that a Reagan campaign advisor pressed the PLO leader to use his influence to delay release of the hostages until after the 1980 election.

If you're among those who *don't* read *Playboy* just for the interviews, you may already have peeked at Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley's** pictorial uncoverage of the increasingly glamorous **Jessica Hahn**, produced by West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**. Now a celebrity in her own right, the former church secretary has some new revelations for *Playboy* readers.

Still more surprises come from **Barry Goldwater**, the Arizona Senator who, despite crashing and burning in his bids for the free world's head-honcho slot, retains an unshakable affection for the Republican way of life, as revealed in a confessional—and typically confrontational—excerpt from *Goldwater*, an autobiography written with **Jack Casserly** and due soon from Doubleday.

Fortunately, life isn't all politics and senseless violence—unless you count pro football and its late, unlamented season of strikes and ill will to all men. But, as **Gary Cole** says in *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast*, Come back, you gridiron gladiators; everything is forgiven. Well, almost everything. Screwed up our Monday nights, that's for sure.

The college gridiron season is coming up, too, but football will never replace scholastic sex—even in this age of AIDS. You'd think college students would be hip, condomologically speaking, but sociologist **Janet Lever**, who bases her findings for *Condoms and Collegians* on 14 years of teaching at four universities, says it isn't so. There is life before college, and in *Rich Kids*, **Michael Leahy** shows us how some seniors live it (rilly tense) at Beverly Hills High. Leahy's piece, part of his book *Hard Lessons*, to be published by Little, Brown, is illustrated by **Phyllis Bramson**.

What does **Joseph Heller** have in common with **Rembrandt** and **Aristotle**? Art, philosophy and the power of imagination would be the answer from fans of his incomparable *Catch-22*. In *Picture This* (from Heller's new novel of the same title, forthcoming from Putnam's), all three come together at a poignant moment in the painter's career. It's illustrated by **Charles Bragg**.

Where it exists, the sexual exploitation of children is undeniably sick; the question is, Where is it? As **Lawrence A. Stanley** makes chillingly clear in *The Child-Pornography Myth*, a sure-to-be controversial special report for *The Playboy Forum*, the kiddie-porn panic, like the missing-children scare of a few years ago, proves to be yet another bogus epidemic cooked up by morality police. It may shock you to learn that the main dispensers of this loathsome trade in America are the U.S. Customs and the Postal Service. All of this would be richly comic if families hadn't been destroyed and innocent, frightened people hadn't been driven to suicide by these berserker bureaucrats.

On a lighter note, the highly quotable and lovely-legged **Tracey Ullman** meets Contributing Editor **Bill Zehme** for this month's lively *20 Questions*; and the unflinching Fegley trains his lenses on Miss September, **Laura Richmond**. Other topical delights between our covers include the debut of our *After Hours Video* page, prepared by our ever-vigilant staff to keep you on top in tape; four sexy car imports reviewed by **Ken Gross** and illustrated by **Marshall Arisman**; and (sigh) *Charge of the Elite Brigade*, seen through the view finder of photographer **Marco Glaviano**. More? It's here, it's hot and it's all yours.



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GOLDWATER



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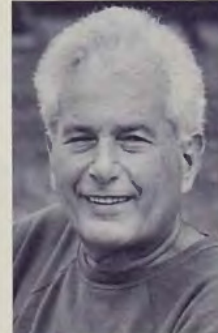
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for something that lasts forever?*

PLAYBOY®

vol. 35, no. 9—september 1988

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COVER STORY

We celebrate the return of a celebrated lady—the new Jessica Hahn—looking better than ever in her “fantasy pictorial.” Jessica’s make-up and hair were styled by Max Difray for Maxime; jewelry was designed by George Walton, Gold and Diamond, Anchorage. Her cover, the work of Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski. The Rabbit quips, “Ear’s looking at ya, Jess.”

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182522

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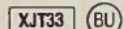
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HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S CHEVY

Thanks for the great interview with Chevy Chase (*Playboy*, June). It certainly covers a lot of ground. I think it is neat that interviewer John Blumenthal gave Chase enough rope to trip himself on his own inconsistencies (in regard to relationships among the stars of *S.N.L.*).

I also find it interesting that Chase exposes himself as the one-dimensional, morally stunted, glib cheap-shot artist I suspected him of being. His acknowledgment of his inability to act, however, offers a hope for his future development. Chin up, Chevy; it's never too late to start! You do, however, have some apologizing to do.

Rolf L. Wiegand
Denver, Colorado

JENKINS GOES TO THE HOOP

My hat is off to Dan Jenkins for his *Sports* column "Hoop-de-do" (*Playboy*, June). He couldn't be more descriptive of the National Basketball Association. I can't remember the last time I watched an N.B.A. game. If I want to take a nap on Sunday afternoon, televised golf is much more soothing. Jeez, who do you think will be in the play-offs next year? The Lakers? Boston? (Yawn.) Why don't they just invite all the teams to the play-offs and make it more exciting? On the other hand, why don't they pass a law prohibiting the season from lasting well into summer?

If Dan needs subject matter for future columns, why not hockey? I think Rodney Dangerfield summed up that sport accurately when he said, "I was watching a fight the other night and a hockey game broke out."

Keep 'em coming, Dan! Professional sports are going to ruin themselves. They need a good clean jab to keep things in perspective.

Gary Shunk
Lafayette, Colorado

I've always thought that Dan Jenkins was just a lucky, egomaniacal slob who knew little about sports and had the sense of humor of Nikita Khrushchev.

Now his illiterate, humorless diatribe against the N.B.A. proves me correct. His thesis that all games in the N.B.A. are decided in the "last 23 seconds" is idiotic, and his comments about Michael Jordan's scoring so many points, only to have his team lose, merely prove that pro basketball is truly a team sport.

Finally, Jenkins proves he is a jerk when he says that N.B.A. players are such great athletes, they're boring. Since when are Magic Johnson, Michael Jordan, Larry Bird and Charles Barkley boring?

Harvey Slavin
Miami, Florida

THE LEGEND OF LÈGÈRE

Phoebe Légère, of whom I had never heard before *Playboy's* eye-grabbing pictorial on her (*Mondo Phoebe*, June), says, "When one gazes appreciatively upon the female form, it's a religious act." I was heretofore a devout agnostic; but let me



tell you that, having gazed *very* appreciatively upon Phoebe's sensational form as captured by Richard Fegley's camera, I vow that I will dwell in the house of Phoebe forever.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

I'm tired of the press's hailing Phoebe Légère as the new goddess of rock. Anyone



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Inc. Winners consent to the use of their names, and/or photographs, and the photographs submitted as contest entries, for advertising, and no compensation will be paid for such use. Entries cannot be acknowledged or returned. 6. Winners will be notified by mail during February 1989. Entries will be judged and points awarded by Marden-Kane, Inc. on the basis of the following criteria: 75% for tasteful originality in the use of the "Picture Your Pleasure" theme, utilization of background material, unusual situation and visual impact of the photograph; and 25% for the clarity of the photograph. The decisions of the judges are final and the judges will resolve all ties. 7. Winner judged with the highest score will win the Grand Prize. The next two highest scores will each win the First Prize. The next four highest scores will each win the Second Prize. The next fifty highest scores will each win the Third Prize. The next one thousand highest scores will each win the Fourth Prize. Winners may be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and Release which must be returned within 14 days. By entering the contest, each entrant accepts and agrees to be bound by these rules and the decisions of the judges. 8. Prizes: (1) Grand Prize: 15 day, 14 night Photographic Safari for two, to anywhere in the world you select which is serviced by regularly scheduled commercial airlines. Trip includes round trip air transportation between major airport closest to the winner's residence and major airport of winner's destination, double occupancy hotel accommodations (modified American meal plan), RCA Video Camera and VCR, plus a 35mm Konica MT9 Auto-Focus Camera, and \$5,000 expense money. All other expenses are winner's responsibility. Approximate retail value of Grand Prize \$25,000. (2) First Prizes: 10 day, 9 night Photographic Safari for two to

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who knows anything about music knows that Légère has not mastered any of the instruments she claims to play (she grips the neck of a guitar like a shovel and stretches an accordion like a Slinky).

Hailing her as an artist is an insult to the many talented women out there who are trying to make it in the music business.

Bob Santiago
New York, New York

AN OPINION FOR THE DOGS

In the June *Dear Playboy* column, I read a comment from Larry White of El Paso, Texas, to which I take personal offense. He considers anyone who enjoyed *Pit Bull* (*Playboy*, March) to be "sleazy red-necked white trash." White should reread the story and consider that it is fiction. Also, the outcome of the story suggests to me that the owner of the dog comes to realize that continuation of that particular dog's bloodline would be a grave injustice.

Sleazy red-necked white trash seldom read *Playboy*. From one Southern reader to another, Mr. White, you owe me an apology.

Randy Henry
Big Lake, Texas

FROM SOUP TO NUTS

Not having read *Playboy* for the past ten years, I thought it would be interesting to renew my subscription. What a shock! No wonder Hef had a stroke (glad he's better). I can appreciate Christie's efforts to accommodate this confusing new world of male-female relationships. However, I think that your recent Womanspeak slant is out of place in a men's entertainment magazine.

Take the June issue. Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column ("Girls Watch Porn") is devoted to derision of male-fantasy porno movies, and in Asa Baber's *Men* column ("Taking Heart"), we get a recipe for lentil soup! Helen Reddy must be an avid subscriber.

J. Paul Wright
Houston, Texas

Keep in mind, J. Paul, that lentil soup, properly made, puts hair on your chest.

RUSSELLING UP A PLAUDIT

Thanks for your *20 Questions* interview with actress Theresa Russell (*Playboy*, June). I've always hoped I'd somehow get a chance to meet her. Your interview is the next best thing. It did, however, deflate my passion for her somewhat to find out that she's a happily married mother of two.

Charles Sullivan
New York, New York

LIFE AFTER THE DAYS OF WINE AND POSES

I've been an avid reader of *Playboy* for many years and have enjoyed dozens of centerfolds, but none so much as Miss July 1984, Liz Stewart. You must also feel that

Liz is special, because you use one of her pictures on your subscription applications.

Is Liz still an associate of the Playboy establishment? How has her photography career turned out for her? I'd sure like to know if life is treating her as well as she deserves.

Jamie Butera
Eric, Pennsylvania

If you'd been in Los Angeles a couple of months ago, Jamie, you might have caught Liz and her brand-new son on "A.M. Los Angeles" in a segment on Playmates' lives after centerfoldhood. The happily married Stewart also has a successful career in real estate.

CHINA DOLLS, PRO AND CON

As a man married to a very beautiful Chinese woman, I know how much damage is done to Asian women by the absurd stereotypes men of other races often have of them. I must deal with the anger, the pain and the humiliation my wife comes home with when she has been accosted on the street by some leering jerk who is just certain that she would like nothing better than to please him in the most exotic and delicious ways.

Paul Theroux's text for your April pictorial on Chinese women (*China Dolls*) tends to portray Asians as either gangsters or prostitutes. It doesn't help much that he admits that this is just his fantasy. Paul, a lot of your readers have never lived around Asians. Their "knowledge" of Asian women consists of the erroneous stereotypes that you are reinforcing. I know that you have lived in Asia. You couldn't have spent all your time in a whorehouse. You didn't have to go to Asia to write a fantasy that we were all introduced to in the junior high school locker room.

In marked contrast, what a wonderful job you folks at *Playboy* did in presenting Miss May, Diana Lee, the very next month. You present her as a whole human being. Being a resident of Santa Cruz, I have had the pleasure of seeing Diana dance a number of times. Here is an Asian more like the ones I know. (My wife is an attorney, and Asian family members and friends include professors, doctors, artists, businessmen, film producers, writers, a retired U.S. Air Force colonel—and even dancers! And not a dragon lady, gangster or love slave among them, as far as I know.)

Leave the racist, sexist stereotypes to the emotional cretins to whom some of your competitors pander. And to your readers—if you want a relationship with an Asian woman, you can expect it to entail just as many rewards and tribulations and just as much work on your part as would any relationship between two real people.

Robert C. Stone
Santa Cruz, California

May gatefold Diana Lee, in this, the year of the dragon, is beauty, grace and good

fortune for all of us. My Taiwanese roommates were really charged up going into finals week with the inspiration of the gorgeous Lee. Their two years in grad school here have enabled them to appreciate many American ways other than those of computers. It's good to know that Americans can appreciate the beauty of Chinese art at its liveliest!

Many thanks from my American and Taiwanese friends to your Editorial Staff, photographers Fegley and Stephen Wayda,

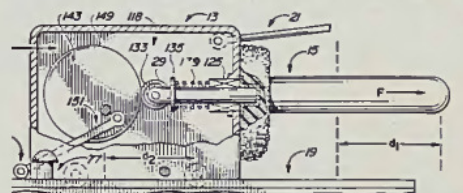


their assistants and, of course, to the beautiful Diana Lee. May we all enjoy an increase in circulation beyond cultural barriers.

Ron Rockenbach,
Lincoln, Nebraska

LIFE IMITATES FRICTION

As a patent attorney, I regularly look through the *Official Gazette*, a Government publication listing newly issued U.S. patents. In a recent issue, I noticed a patent that looked remarkably like a mech-



anism illustrated in a May 1986 *Playboy* cartoon. Thought you'd like to see it.

Karl Bozicevic
Euclid, Ohio





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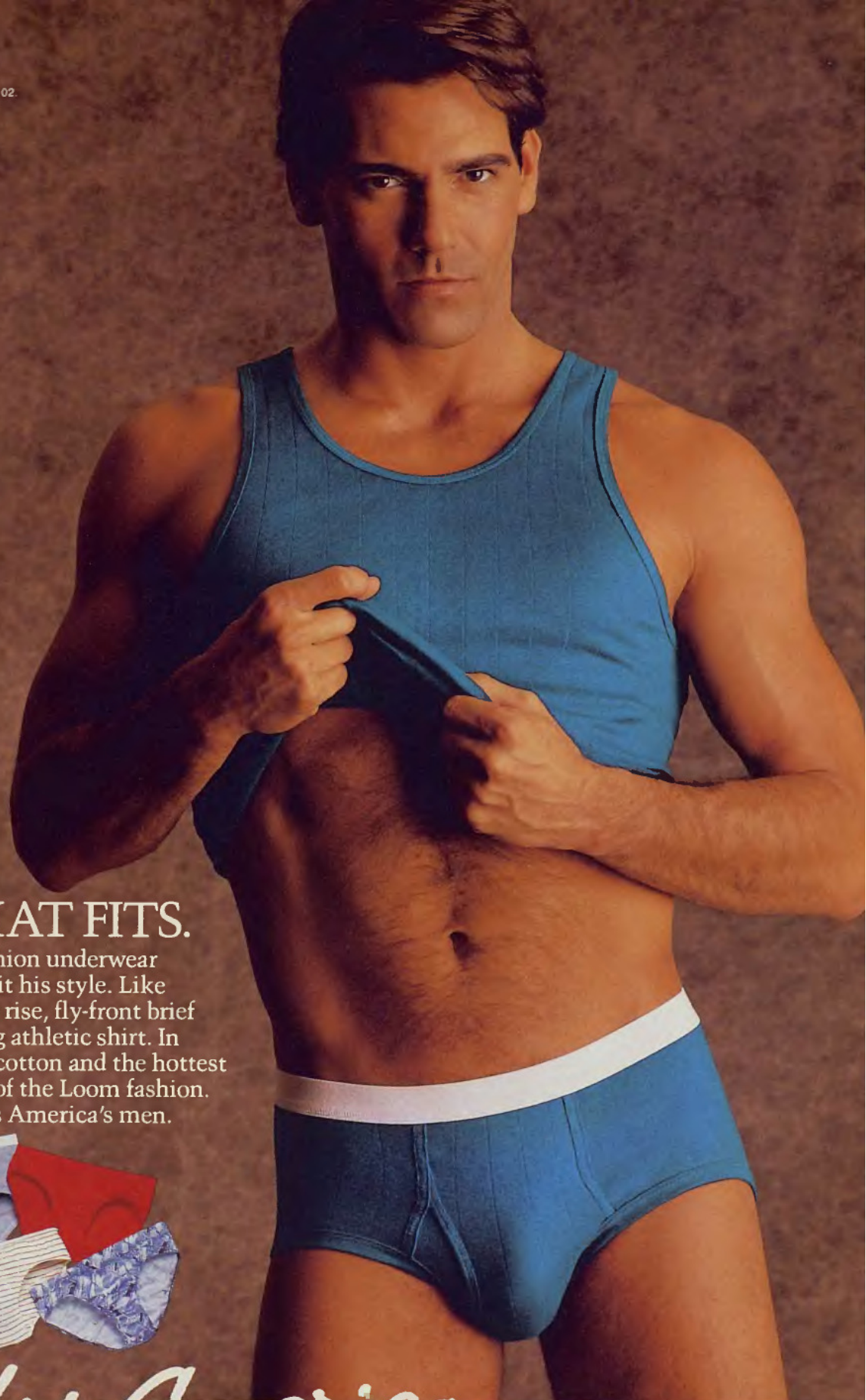
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ONE NATION UNDER GOSH

The fall of the Jimmys—Swaggart and Bakker—and the political ascent of the Reverends Jesse Jackson and Pat Robertson have made times interesting for believers. We wondered how unbelievers were faring, so we looked in on American Atheists (P.O. Box 2117, Austin, Texas 78768-2117) as they celebrated their 25th anniversary at the Ritz Hotel in Minneapolis one recent weekend.

The gala began with a poolside cocktail party attended by, among others, a couple of punkers from New York, one sporting a T-shirt stamped RELIGION SUCKS. We spotted a small-town guy from Louisiana in a blue-satin AMERICAN ATHEISTS team jacket, a middle-class Miami couple with a teenaged daughter, who, when asked if there were any stigma attached to being an atheist, told us "Nah" and popped her chewing gum. We also met an elderly Virginian who professed to operate the only atheist cemetery in the United States. He guarantees that no one will say any prayers over your lifeless bones if you lay them to rest in one of his plots.

Bright and early Saturday morning, the atheists assembled for a day of lectures kicked off by a few historic words from Minneapolis mayor Don Fraser—the first public official ever to go on record welcoming the atheists anywhere.

Then Matthew Starke, associate director of the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union, bore down on the atheists' longtime campaign to remove the phrase IN GOD WE TRUST from American money. They don't have a prayer, advised Starke, urging the atheists toward a more winnable goal, such as reforming courts in the area of oath taking. He reported progress in a number of states where witnesses may now swear to tell the whole truth under penalty of perjury, instead of in the name of God.

Dr. Arthur-Frederick Ide, billed as a "specialist on the religious right wing," discussed "The Army of Pat Robertson." (The army of Jesse Jackson, evidently, did not require its own speaker.) Dr. Ide

amused his audience with a compendium of Robertson's ravings but ended with the sober warning that the politicking preacher is already gathering his forces for the 1992 Presidential race.

University of Minnesota professor Gerald Erickson spoke on "Communists: What We Really Believe." Communists may all be godless, but the godless are not all Communists, he pointed out. The guy who trashed Robertson got a warmer reception. The greatest crowd pleaser of all was the reading of a news bulletin that said the IRS had decided to tax the PTL ministries.

Sightings of Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the figure most responsible for taking prayer out of U.S. public schools and also the founder of American Atheists, were reported breathlessly throughout the weekend. One Oregonian whispered to us, "She's wearing a big blue dress," which, it turned out, was very big. So is O'Hair, who, at 69, is still pretty tough—on Friday night, she personally escorted two religious zealots from the convention site.

Just before leaving, we met up with

O'Hair. She had but one complaint—she worries that her flock has deified her. We'd noticed, in fact, that O'Hair, her son and her granddaughter were often described by the faithful as "the first family."

"I don't want a cult, I don't want any followers," she protested. "I'm embarrassed by it. I think an idea should stand by itself." Blind faith, of course, is nothing new to her. She remembers her own mother's well-meaning support at the beginning of her activism, when she was broke and in and out of court. "Don't worry, Madalyn," Mother clucked, "the Lord will provide."

RABBIT ÜBER ALLES

We spied an article about Hugh M. Hefner in the West German weekly *Der Spiegel*, in which *Playboy's* publisher and chairman was labeled "*Der Oberhase*," which translates to "the command rabbit."

REALITY WATCH

Even though the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences hands out Oscars for the best ones every year, documentary films are still hard to find. Now PBS is doing something about it with *P.O.V.*, a ten-week series of screenings named for the film maker's term, meaning point of view. Already under way, the Tuesday-night lineup (times vary) continues in August with the Oscar-nominated *Las Madres: The Mothers of Plaza de Mayo*, a look at the Argentinian women who successfully protested the now-deposed military junta that had "disappeared" their family members. Other upcoming titles are *The Good Fight*, *Metropolitan Avenue*, *Louie Bluié* and *Gates of Heaven*. The series ends September sixth with 1979 Oscar winner *Best Boy*, the film about a 53-year-old retarded man who we've always believed was the prototype for Benny, the messenger boy on *L.A. Law*. Lock up your Tuesday nights for the next few weeks. This could be good.

NO PAIN, NO GAIN

Weight lifter Guo Qinghong of China won \$80 in damages from *Beijing Film*



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"For seven and a half years, I have worked alongside him [President Reagan], and I am proud to be his partner. We have had triumphs, we have made mistakes, we have had sex . . . we have had setbacks."—George Bush at a rally in Twin Falls, Idaho.

UP, UP AND AWAY

Percentage of Americans who have flown in a commercial airplane: 72.

Airport rated most dangerous in the nation by commercial pilots: Los Angeles International. Airport rated safest by the same pilots: Dallas-Fort Worth.

Number of scheduled flights landing at least 15 minutes late in 1987: 356,000; in 1982: 332,000.

Service that fliers think needs the most improvement: baggage claim.

ZAP WATCH

The average television watcher switches channels once every three minutes and 42 seconds.

Percentage of television viewers who switch channels more than once a minute, 4.3; every two minutes, 13.6; every six and one half minutes, 35.8; every 20 minutes, 46.3.

Average time between dial turns for households with annual incomes less than \$15,000: six minutes, 15 seconds; for households with annual incomes over \$75,000: two minutes, 42 seconds.

WATERWORKS

Amount of water (in gallons) used each time to brush teeth, two; to flush a toilet, five to seven; to shave, ten to 15; to run a dishwasher, ten; to wash dishes by hand, 20; to take a shower, 25 to 50.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Eighty-nine percent of all telephone callers are put on hold. The average time spent on hold: 35 seconds.

COEDS

Percentage of male college students who have copied homework from another student, 55; of female, 51.

Percentage of male college students who have cheated on a test, 32; of female, 29.

Percentage of male students who did extra classwork or reading, eight; of female, 12.

BAGELS

Percentage of American households in which bagels are served, 22; white bread, 67; whole-wheat bread, 50.

Typical bagel eater: college-educated Northeasterner, 35 to 44 years old, making more than \$40,000 a year.

CROSSROADS

Nine of the ten busiest highway intersections in the nation are in California. Six of them are in Los Angeles County.

The busiest U.S. intersection: the junction of Interstate Ten (Santa Monica Freeway) and I-405 (San Diego Freeway). An average of 513,000 vehicles use it each day.

The only non-California intersection among the ten busiest: the junction of I-55 (Adlai E. Stevenson Expressway) and I-90/94 (Dan Ryan Expressway) in Chicago. It ranks tenth, with 419,639 vehicles a day.

QUICKIES

Estimated annual sales per McDonald's franchise, \$1,500,000; per Burger King, \$1,000,000; Wendy's, \$700,000; Kentucky Fried Chicken, \$600,000; Pizza Hut, \$500,000.

McDonald's share of the fast-food market: 25.5 percent.

SPOTLIGHT



Iva Davies: Board rocker.

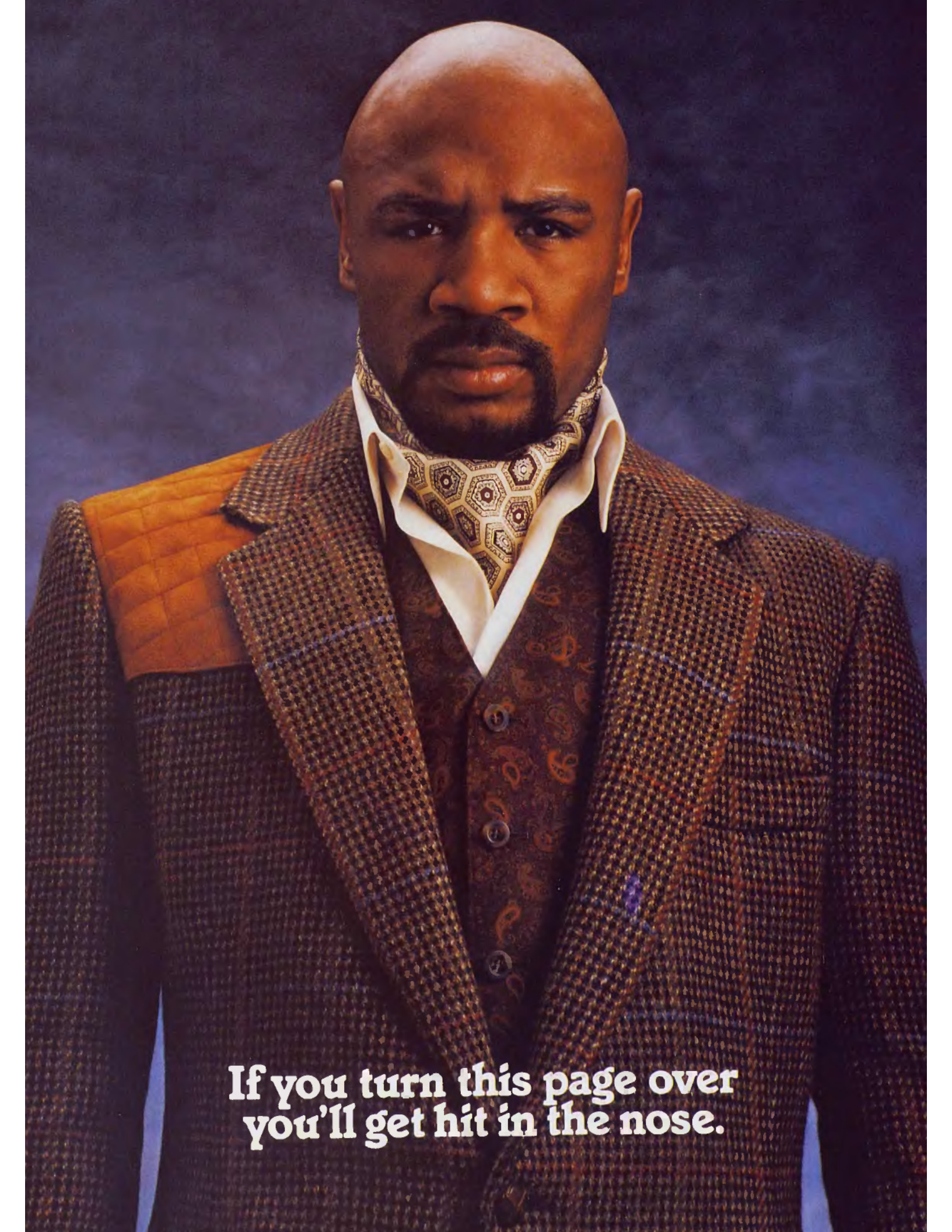
Icehouse has been defrosting American audiences recently with its Britishly spelled album *Man of Colours* and the John Oates-written single *Electric Blue*. Chief Iceman is a well-mannered Aussie named Iva Davies, who maintains a balance between twin obsessions.

"I'm known for being a fanatic windsurfer," he told us. "In fact, I'm at the stage where I'm able to compete in meets. It's great therapy and a great challenge, because it's one of those rare things where if you make a mistake, you can blame it only on yourself."

The obsession for which Davies is better known is his music. He didn't pick up an electric guitar until his 21st birthday, but he'd spent the prior 11 years playing the oboe and was eventually hired by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. Citing his own reluctance to enter the rock realm, Davies, sounding mystified, claims that he simply followed his nose.

"I never set out to be a rock musician, really. You have to understand that I spent most of my life studying Baroque music and missed the whole rock thing. I've had to become a wide-eyed student to learn about it—Motown and all that—from the ground up.

"Because of my training, I've got a real advantage over other musicians in terms of harmony and composition. But none of that really matters much in rock. I guess my ultimate dream is to write a song with only three chords in it. I've been trying, I feel now, to de-evolve to that for many years. And I'm getting very close. I'm trying to trick myself into creating musical accidents. And it's the accidents that wind up in our music."

A portrait of a man with a goatee, wearing a brown tweed suit jacket, a patterned vest, a white shirt, and a patterned scarf. The background is a dark, textured blue. The man has a serious expression.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THERE'S MORE than a touch of Monty Python madness in *A Fish Called Wanda* (MGM/UA), written by Python John Cleese. Drolly deadpan throughout, Cleese also stars as a pompous, perfectly corruptible London barrister called Archie Leach—Cary Grant's real name, an inside joke that has no relevance whatsoever. The movie is a brash, irreverent caper comedy featuring two Wandas—one a pet fish, the other a cheeky femme fatale played by Jamie Lee Curtis as a minx with a passion for men who speak foreign languages. Cleese gives her good Russian, while Kevin Kline gives good Italian, playing a dim-witted accomplice named Otto who hates to be called stupid. Kline has rarely had a chance to cut loose in front of a movie camera as he does here, doing—and occasionally overdoing—some of the flashy physical comedy that made him a Broadway star. In a company flush with seasoned pros, the major scene stealer is Michael Palin, whose talent triumphs over rude taste as a miscreant with a terrible stutter and a soft spot for animals—he doesn't mind bumping off a dowager (she's a prosecution witness) but detests doing in her little dogs. Charles Crichton's competent direction never quite keeps pace with performers or screenplay. Still, much ado about stolen jewels, sex and skulduggery helps *Wanda* make waves despite some flotsam in the think tank. ★★★½

There is a kind of crazy literate wit at work in *Bull Durham* (Orion), which begins with Susan Sarandon at her sultry best as a drawling narrator who confides, "I believe in the church of baseball." She's a minor-league supergroupie who quotes Walt Whitman and William Blake and sleeps only with .250 hitters or their equivalent, one per season. Her current favorite is a hot rookie pitcher she nicknames Nuke (played by Tim Robbins, a relative movie newcomer who looks well on his way to the majors). Nuke has a lot to learn, because, in the words of another North Carolina ball-club bimbo (Jenny Robertson), "He fucks like he pitches, sort of all over the place." The guy assigned to straighten him out on the mound is a slightly careworn catcher named Crash, underplayed by Kevin Costner, who leaves no doubt that he is the movie's romantic lead, even when Robbins is pinch-hitting in the sack with Sarandon. Writer-director Rob Shelton adroitly belts out the message that the diamond is a girl's best friend. While the movie says a smidgen more than that, it's mainly a meandering love triangle with a substantial bonus of inside humor, sex appeal and local color—some of it provided by lively recruits from the Durham Bulls, a



Curtis, Cleese and peeping Kline.

A pet fish, a car ahead
of its time and a pair
of baseball movies.

real team. Wonder what kind of season they've had since *Bull Durham* left them to ponder the proposition that good sex leads to good baseball. ★★★

In *Stealing Home* (Warner), another yarn with a baseball angle, Mark Harmon portrays a 38-year-old athlete on the comeback trail, a wasted life behind him. Unfortunately, the movie throws Harmon—ostensibly its leading man—a curve: He doesn't share a single scene with co-star Jodie Foster. An off-screen suicide when the film begins, she has left a will asking Harmon to dispose of her ashes. What follows are frequent flashbacks, all with Harmon's younger character—an overprivileged, promising rookie named Billy—played by two other actors (William McNamara, an engaging hunk, as the teenaged hero; Thacher Goodwin as Billy at the age of ten). These sequences come bristling to life with Foster as Katie, a spirited, somewhat older family friend, introduced as the baby sitter who teaches Billy to smoke and later initiates him into the mysteries of sex. Harmon reappears from time to time, stuck in the here and now with that accursed urn. *Stealing Home* has heart, flashes of mordant humor and an A-1 cast but no clearly focused center. The muddied screenplay, co-authored as well as codirected by Steven Kampmann and Will Aldis, never reveals how or why so many rich, talented and beautiful people should grow up to be emotional basket cases. Swinging at every pitch, these film makers deliver an

ashes-to-ashes saga that ultimately empties the stands. Except for Foster fans. ★★

After a string of fair to flaccid films since *Apocalypse Now*, director Francis Ford Coppola returns to larger-than-life moviemaking with *Tucker: The Man and His Dream* (Paramount). Coppola obviously needs a big theme to spark his rambunctious genius, and he has the right subject here for a bravura drama about American free enterprise, gumption and greed. Preston Tucker was an upstart auto designer from Ypsilanti, Michigan, who defied tradition and almost insurmountable odds to build a Car of Tomorrow-Today back in the mid-Forties. The movie recounts the story of how he managed to produce 50 of his innovative Tuckers (46 survive as collectors' models today) before being charged with fraud and bankrupted by an unholy consortium of politicians and powers that be from Detroit. While there's no naming names, wry references to Ford and the automotive industry's Big Three leave little doubt about who is warning Tucker to stay out of the car business.

That's the story in a nutshell, though *Tucker* is less a story than an exercise in style. In the title role, and never better, Jeff Bridges is magnificently exaggerated, like the glad-handing salesman on a billboard promoting get-up-and-go America during the postwar boom years.

Imaginatively designed and photographed, with a vibrant jitterbuggy musical score, the entire movie resembles advertising art of the period. Even the folksy family scenes are stylized Americana, suggesting Frank Capra characters painted by Norman Rockwell. Joan Allen as Tucker's loyal wife and Martin Landau as his staunchest ally bring needed warmth to an epic that ultimately becomes more impressive than it is involving. Landau has the emotional edge; he has mellowed with age and is so locked on to his role that fans may be slow to recognize the star of Sixties TV's *Mission: Impossible*. There's some hindsight sermonizing toward the end, when Tucker predicts that rampant capitalists, crushing all competition, will one day upset the balance of trade between imported technology and products made in the U.S.A. Hmmm. The message seems gratuitous, but Coppola tacks it onto a streamlined vehicle, complete with tantalizing extras. ★★★½

James Dearden, whose screenplay for *Fatal Attraction* won him an Oscar nomination, both wrote and directed *Pascali's Island* (Avenue Entertainment). Set on a Greek island in 1908, when Turkish spies were desperately trying to keep the shaky Ottoman Empire well informed, Dearden's exotic psychological drama is intelligent as



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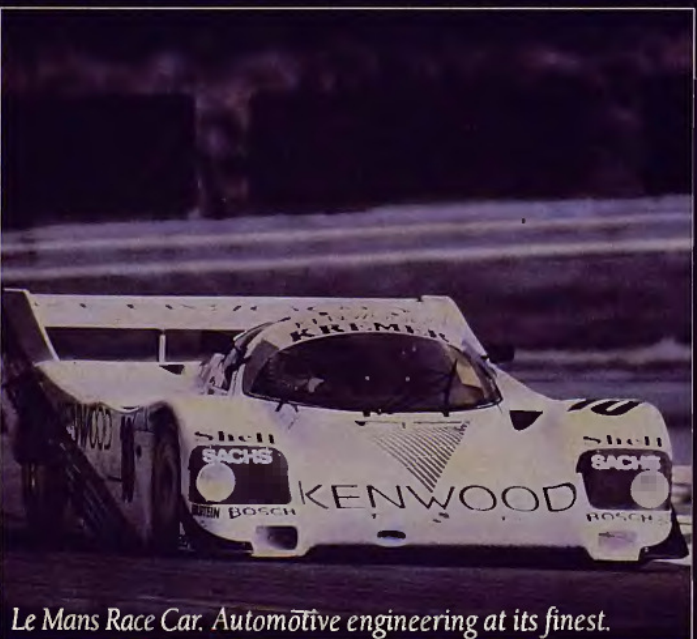
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KENWOOD

well as steeped in suspense. Helen Mirren and Charles Dance stir love interest, she as an expatriate Viennese artist, he as a mysterious British visitor who's either an archaeologist or a con man, or perhaps both. The ace in the whole of this movie, however, is Ben Kingsley as Pascali, a spy left out in the cold with nothing to look back on but a lifetime of deceit and sleazy, ill-re-



Reeves gets close to Close.

OFF CAMERA

The *L.A. Times*' hip "Calendar" section, noting that he'd been cast in five films in a year, dubbed him "the ubiquitous Keanu Reeves." But who can even pronounce his name? The 24-year-old actor, en route to Europe to start filming a sixth, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, paused to explain it all. His mom, who's English, is now married to director Paul Aaron; his dad is Chinese-Hawaiian, which is where the name Keanu (kee-ah-noo) comes from. He was actually born in Beirut ("Guess my parents had been doing their thing in the Middle East") and raised in Toronto, where he admits to having failed high school classes in French and acting ("I've always been sort of rambunctious"). Last year's *River's Edge* launched his Hollywood career; *Permanent Record*, *The Night Before*, the current *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* and forthcoming *The Prince of Pennsylvania* followed. Now he's in Paris—"Whoa! It's like my El Dorado!"—and studying French again for his role opposite Glenn Close in *Liaisons* (also starring John Malkovich and Michelle Pfeiffer), the movie version of the stage hit about depravity among the rich and infamous in 18th Century France. Winning the part surprised Reeves: "When I auditioned for these English dudes, I'd been out biking and had on holey pants and these big boots. I was coming on like Stanley Kowalski." The bad news about Reeves's "dream role": His big love scene with Close was cut out of the script before shooting started. "*C'est dommage*," says Reeves, his *français* obviously improving fast.

warded snoopery for the sultan. His portrayal of an insignificant man, corrupted and destroyed by events beyond his control, is near classic in its impact—reminiscent of 1935 Academy Award winner Victor McLaglen in *The Informer*. In case you've ever wondered, here's proof that Kingsley's Oscar-winning performance in *Gandhi* was clearly more than a fluke. ♪♪

In *The Wash* (Skouras), first-time director Michael Toshiyuki Uno captures his audience the way a spider lazily spins a web. This delicate and touching drama, based on a play by Philip Kan Gotanda, should hearten liberated women more than any strident polemic. The film's unlikely, undaunted heroine is a 60ish Japanese-American wife and grandmother (Nobu McCarthy, an ageless beauty) who leaves her selfish and undemonstrative husband (Mako) but continues to do his laundry as a kind of Old World courtesy. Meanwhile, she gets her own apartment, decides to share her bed with a pleasant widower who takes her fishing and eventually rediscovers passion, which creates emotional havoc for her husband and their grown daughters (Patti Yasutake and Marion Yue, both superb). Alien and sudsy as it sounds, *The Wash* is surprisingly sophisticated, set in the Japanese quarter of San Jose, California, where East meets West, only to prove that the rules of the game are changing for men and women everywhere. ♪♪

Robert Mitchum, a last-minute replacement for the late John Huston, is, as always, a strong screen presence in *Mr. North* (Samuel Goldwyn) but somewhat miscast as an old, rich, philosophical, curmudgeonly bookworm. Huston himself is credited as one of three authors of a screenplay adapted from Thornton Wilder's novel *Theophilus North*. Anthony Edwards, who was Tom Cruise's doomed buddy in *Top Gun*, breezes winningly through the title role as a sweet, sensible young Yale grad with an unusual amount of static electricity in his body. Because he creates sparks simply by touching people, he causes a furor among the idle rich of Newport, Rhode Island, circa 1926. After inadvertently curing headaches and heartaches, he's embarrassed to find himself earning an unwanted reputation as a healer. *Mr. North* is clearly the stuff of fable, and director Danny Huston (John's 26-year-old son) manages his first feature stint with the kind of relish for human frailty that shows him to be a chip off the old block. His sister Anjelica, in a minor role as Mitchum's worldly granddaughter, joins Lauren Bacall, Katharine Houghton (Hepburn's niece) and other collaborators (Harry Dean Stanton, Virginia Madsen and Christopher Durang leading the pack), who stack *Mr. North* with reassuring evidence that the Huston dynasty lives. ♪♪

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Bagdad Cafe** (Reviewed 8/88) Truck-stop women getting it together. ♪♪½
- Beirut: The Last Home Movie** (Listed only) Sister act in Lebanon. ♪♪
- Big** (8/88) Growing up hilarious, with Tom Hanks as a very young man. ♪♪
- Big Business** (Listed only) Tomlin and Midler, irresistibly hilarious as a foursome, supercharge a cornball comedy. ♪♪½
- Boyfriends and Girlfriends** (8/88, reviewed as *L'Ami de Mon Amie*) Eric Rohmer's witty French foursome. ♪♪
- Bull Durham** (See review) Guys who play ball, gals who ball players. ♪♪
- "Crocodile" Dundee II** (Listed only) A retreat of Hogan's amusing heroics. ♪
- A Fish Called Wanda** (See review) On the hook with crooks in London. ♪♪½
- A Handful of Dust** (8/88) More British mischief, from Waugh's novel. ♪♪½
- Jack's Back** (8/88) L.A. plays host to the Ripper, still pretty sharp. ♪♪½
- The Moderns** (8/88) Back to Paris in the Twenties, roaring faintly. ♪♪½
- Mr. North** (See review) Huston's son the director off to a good start. ♪♪
- Pascali's Island** (See review) Scenery upstaged by Ben Kingsley. ♪♪
- Picasso Trigger** (Listed only) Seven Playmates—count 'em—led by Dona Spier and Hope Marie Carlton in a busybodied action spoof full of hunks, guns, gals and jiggle. ♪
- Rambo III** (Listed only) Kicking ass in Afghanistan. Pure rubbish, probably just what his diehard public wants. Fasten your cartridge belts. ♪
- Red Heat** (Listed only) Schwarzenegger, Belushi outsizzle Dundee, Rambo, Ron and Gorby in Chicago summit. ♪
- Stealing Home** (See review) The player who gets on base is Jodie Foster. ♪
- Sweet Lies** (Listed only) Competing for a little taste of Treat Williams. ♪
- Track 29** (6/88) Sultry Theresa Russell unhinged by model trains. ♪
- Tucker** (See review) Jeff Bridges in Coppola's ode to auto mania. ♪♪½
- The Unbearable Lightness of Being** (5/88) Potent drama about the loves, lies and lays of a Czech M.D. ♪
- The Wash** (See review) Hell to pay at home when *mama-san* steps out. ♪
- Willow** (8/88) Adventure fantasy with special effects to spare, but lumpy and utterly lacking magic. ♪½
- A World Apart** (7/88) High-intensity work by Barbara Hershey as a South African opposed to apartheid. ♪

★★★★ Outstanding

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

BOOKS

in *The Death of Rhythm and Blues* (Pantheon), Nelson George argues that black popular music has been far too willing to sell its soul for white acceptance. "Black is beautiful" has given way to "White is better," as too many black artists aim their music at white audiences, trust their management to white businessmen, alter their images to look as white as possible. While crossover has enriched the likes of Michael Jackson, Prince and Lionel Richie, it has decimated a black musical community that was once more self-sufficient.

A respected writer on black music (for *Playboy*, *Billboard* and other publications), George compares blacks in the music industry to their counterparts in major-league baseball: Both supply much of the talent while wielding little power. In comparison with Peter Guralnick's *Sweet Soul Music*, which also details the rise and fall of R&B, *The Death of Rhythm and Blues* suffers on occasion from sketchy reportage, from writing that is more passionate than precise and from a tendency to reduce complexities and ambiguities to black and white. George's book may lack something as history, but it presents a provocative argument that should inflame debate as it informs.

Libra (Viking), Don DeLillo's ninth novel, is a meditation on Lee Harvey Oswald. The truth about Oswald, DeLillo suggests, lies buried under a mountain of rumors, distortions, yellowed mug shots, newspaper clippings and conspiracies. *Libra* is an account of events that might have led Oswald from New York to Minsk to Dallas, where he shot President Kennedy on November 22, 1963.

Released from the Marines in 1959, the assassin defects to the Soviet Union, expecting to be welcomed as a hero. Instead, he is shipped to Minsk, where he works in a factory. He marries a Russian girl but grows bored with life as a cog in the Soviet economy. He brings his wife and baby daughter to the U.S., where he hands out pro-Castro leaflets. He falls in with a cadre of anti-Castro CIA agents, proto-Oliver Norths who plan to shoot at J.F.K. and miss, then blame the attack on Fidel. Oswald lands a job at the Texas School Book Depository. Behind a sixth-floor window of this building, he waits for the Presidential motorcade.

In DeLillo's view, Oswald was a pawn of a struggle between superpowers, of a shadow CIA and, ultimately, of a malign fate that targets Presidents and faceless losers alike. *Libra* may be no more accurate than the Warren Report or a thousand other failed attempts to explain 11-22-63, but it captures the angry spirit of Oswald and his times.

The Russians have made a breakthrough in laser-weapon technology on the



Debating the fate of *Rhythm and Blues*.

The rise and fall of R&B;
DeLillo's *Libra* examines the unbalanced psyche of Lee Oswald.

eve of a major arms-reduction negotiation. The Americans' own S.D.I. research is moving swiftly in another direction. Spies, including a three-time hero of the Soviet people who has been feeding information to the West for 30 years, are everywhere. Add to this some Kremlin intrigue over the power struggle in the new guard's triumph over the old. Add, too, an Afghan freedom fighter who's real handy with a Stinger rocket launcher and a huge laser-reflector installation 70 miles from the Afghan border. Toss in some odd K.G.B. and CIA characters and the poop on new interrogation techniques, and you have the hanger on which to drape Tom Clancy's new techno-thriller, *The Cardinal of the Kremlin* (Putnam's). Clancy's cunning, clever book makes current events understandable and bearable. And his hero, Jack Ryan, is maturing nicely into the James Bond of our complicated age.

Are you ready for a book on beer-making, eyeglasses, Martian Death Flu, G.I. Joe and his optional Action Shredder, the Bio-Dread Empire and Gerald Rivera, restaurants named Fourteen Absentee Proctologists in Need of a Tax Shelter, Lyndon LaRouche and the Airport Lunatic Concession? Are you ready for a book that challenges you to discern the true ("Bite the wax tadpole" was the Chinese translation of Coca-Cola) from the should-be-true? *Dave Barry's Greatest Hits* (Crown) is a collection of essays from America's funniest columnist. The book is better

than a year and a half of Sundays: required reading for the lighten-up corps.

Some novelists are like oysters or *kim chee*: an acquired taste that begins by being barely tolerable, progresses to interesting and finally makes perfect sense in a delicious sort of way. Enter Lionel Shriver to tell his story about a smalltime New York band named *Checker and the Deraileurs* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). His main character is a drummer named Checker who's half black and half Italian (get it?), whose best friend is an Iraqi saxophonist nicknamed Hijack (get it?), who is an illegal alien in danger of being deported, so Checker gets an American woman named Syria (get it?) to marry him. It's a clumsy start.

But hidden somewhere behind the mannequins Shriver paints in the first 30 pages are little things, both curious and familiar, that keep you interested: a rock band that listens to Cream and the Jefferson Airplane as great moments in ancient rock history; a wild, grimy woman with a beautiful body, dark hair and calf-high boots who makes glass bones in her basement apartment; a world in which none of the important inhabitants is older than 20; a young man who thinks he owns the Triborough Bridge. And along the way, the mannequins come alive. They take you through coming of age, envy, jealousy, masochism, racism, sexism and just plain hot, sweaty sex. Not a mere slice of life, in other words, but the entire pizza pie.

BOOK BAG

Real Barbecue (Harper & Row), by Greg Johnson and Vince Staten: This book is to barbecue what Rand McNally is to maps—a primer of pork, a guide to the quintessential 'cue, peppered with porklore, recipes and slabs of mouth-watering information.

Cheap/Smart Weekends (Evans), by Theodore Fischer: In this second offering in the *Cheap/Smart Guide* series, author Fischer, whose *Cheap/Smart Travel* is in its second edition, takes his frugality back on the road, this time with a weekender's eye to dude ranches, murder-mystery weekends, war games and nudist outings. Affordable alternatives to full-fare vacationing.

Disco Frito (Peregrine Smith), by Richard Elman: Real-life fables about whores, spies and diplomats from behind *Sandinista* lines. Elman, with a novelist's ear and a journalist's eye, brings the war home.

Special Occasions (Harmony), by John Hadamuscin: Pick a holiday, any holiday. Twenty-eight complete menus and 200 recipes indexed by holiday, including advance-preparation details with beverage and wine suggestions. Menu madness at its tastiest.

VIDEO

THE ULTIMATE DO-IT-YOURSELF VIDEO DATE

No need to rely any more on charm, etiquette or tortured plots for that first date. Let today's home videos take you through the paces.

What to Bring Her: *The Petal Pusher*, flower-arranging series by PBS expert (Anderson Video); *Candy Making*, how to mold and dip sweets (Learn-by-Video).

Loosening Up: *Mr. Boston's Official Video Bartender's Guide* and *Simply Sushi*—two Yuppie-must videos (Lorimar).

Red or White?: *The Wine Advisor*, a complete guide—from serving to deciphering labels. From the *Esquire* gang (Polaris).

The Main Course: *Yes You Can Microwave*, or how to nuke a masterpiece (Jeito Concepts).

Candlelight Conversation: *The Man Who Saw Tomorrow*, four centuries of Nostradamus' prophetic table talk (Warner); *The Decline of the American Empire*, chatty but sexy—food for thought (MCA).

After Dinner: Curl up by the *Video Fireplace* (Video Naturals) and watch the sun set (*Sunrise, Sunset TV, Relax Video*) over *The Surf* (Video Cassette Marketing).

Getting Down to It: *Thighs and Whispers*, the history of lingerie—from garters to teddies to the models who wear them (Lorimar); *Playboy's Art of Sensual Massage*, nude couples from our home camp (Playboy Video).

It: A toss-up, depending on the mood. *Kamasutra: The Art of Sex*, four couples explicitly demonstrate America's favorite

pastime (Amrit); *Chinese Sexual Secrets*, no nudity, but interesting muscle exercises (Nine Little Heaven).

OK, so buying every video will cost you more than \$500. But this is the late Eighties—who said dating was cheap?

GUEST SHOT



The Video Page asked Sam Donaldson, this nation's hardest-hitting TV journalist, for favorites from his collection. Among the list were these sobering titles: *My Fair Lady*, *South Pacific*, *The*

Music Man, *High Society*, *Gigi*. Pressed to name a home favorite that was *not* a musical, the pugnacious reporter replied, "Star Wars." (We believe he meant Lucas', not Reagan's.) By the way, Sam will not be renting *Broadcast News* when it's released on tape. Why? "Didn't really like the film. Gored my ox."

VIDEO QUIZ I

Q.: What do Debbie Reynolds and Bubba Smith have in common?

A.: Exercise tapes (*Bubba Until It Hurts* and *Do It Debbie's Way*).

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Video Baby: No fuss, no fatherhood—a blue-eyed video infant. Winning moments: walking to Daddy and playing peekaboo (Creative Programming, Inc.).
Sex Madness: The *Reefer Madness* of sex, circa 1937. Proves again that wild dancing and heavy petting lead to pregnancy, social diseases, drugs and death (Geronimo).
Celebrity Commercials: Steve McQueen as a Viceroy man, Ronald Reagan pushing Borax and Ricky Nelson for Coke—how to drink it (Goodtimes).

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Bringing the war home: Like anything that tugs at our hearts and minds, some emotionally wrenching movies are easier to handle in private, amid familiar surroundings. The hard lessons America learned in Vietnam may work just that way. Looking back at the war was anathema to moviegoers of the Seventies—though there were a few successes, such as *Coming Home* and *The Deer Hunter*. But Eighties insight has healed wounds and sharpened perceptions. If you're ready to bite the bullets, try these high-caliber home vids.

Platoon: Oliver Stone's 1987 Oscar winner brought antiwar epics back in a big way. Still potent on the small screen, the blood and guts are less overwhelming, while there's undiminished impact in its chilling close-ups of young men morally eviscerated under fire.

The Boys in Company C: Tough 1978 drama about Marine grunts vs. terminally stupid top brass in 'Nam. Strong, trail-blazing stuff. Also, note the hard-ass drill sergeant, Lee Ermey, warming up for an identical role in Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket*, also on tape.

Go Tell the Spartans: Burt Lancaster's performance as a war-weary officer heading a doomed mission in Vietnam ranks with his best. This sadly neglected 1978 showpiece said too much too soon, instantly falling out of favor for its defeatist tone.

Apocalypse Now: Loses *something* unless your TV set is stereo with a screen the size of a bed sheet. But Coppola's masterpiece still beats all competition despite that murky climax with Brando. Mind-boggling cinema. And watch for young Harrison Ford in a minor role.

Hair: An overlooked gem of the late Seventies, Milos Forman's hip home-front-war pic—a rambunctious explosion of song, dance and protest—actually improved on the Broadway musical. For the millions who missed it, a major surprise.

VIDEO MOOD METER

a guide to how we really choose what to watch

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO LAUGH	<i>Raising Arizona</i> (Hunter and Cage before <i>Broadcast News</i> and <i>Moanstruck</i> : hilarious); <i>Back to School</i> (underrated September fare); <i>Some Like It Hot</i> (classics don't cool).
WANT TO KICK BUTT	By the numbers: <i>Rocky</i> and <i>Rocky III</i> (the original and Mr. T's debut); <i>Rambo II</i> (Reaganesque nostalgia); <i>Death Wish</i> (Bronson's sequels suck); <i>Dirty Harry</i> (make your day again); <i>RoboCop</i> and <i>The Terminator</i> (great gizmos).
WITH A NEW LOVER	Sex in the Eighties: <i>The Big Easy</i> , <i>Body Heat</i> , <i>About Last Night . . .</i> , <i>Dirty Dancing</i> . Runner-up: <i>The Postman Always Rings Twice</i> (Nicholson and Lange on K.P.).
WITH AN OLD LOVER	Still works: <i>The Postman Always Rings Twice</i> (the one with John Garfield and Lana Turner). Still hot: any of the <i>Emmanuelle</i> movies. Still sweet: <i>Lady and the Tramp</i> (dog gets bitch).
WITH THE GUYS	<i>Diner</i> and <i>Tin Men</i> (how guys are); <i>Scarface</i> (all-time F-word champ); <i>Animal House</i> (fall fun: B.Y.O. toga); <i>The Wild Bunch</i> (the original rough stuff); and <i>Porky's</i> series (more sex than anyone really ever had in high school).

VIDEO QUIZ II

Q.: Is *Maneaters*:

1. A horror video
2. A cooking-instruction video
3. A *National Geographic* video

A.: None of the above. It's porn.



COUCH-POTATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Celebrity Golfoolery: Ultimate armchair guide to golf for the terminally silly—tennis racket as club; an orangutan tees off, etc. (New Star).

COUCH-TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH



Before there were support groups, there were *Girl Groups*. Nostalgic sights and sounds from the Ronettes to the Supremes (MGM/UA).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Zap Heaven: Tired of coffee-table clutter? A nifty gadget called the Memorex CP⁸ takes over the functions of eight infrared remote clickers in one unit (\$119).

Laser-Video News: Pioneer has put a new slant on the flat disc. The CLD-1030 plays laser videos, CD videos, standard and single CDs and has a full slip-down front panel to take the angling out of loading (\$900).

¿Entiendo Nintendo?: Own your own franchise with *Bases Loaded*—a baseball-simulation video game from Nintendo. The powerful memory allows for incredibly sophisticated graphics so vivid you can almost see Billy Martin spit (\$45).

SHORT TAKES

Stupidest Title: *Kennedys Don't Cry* (MPI Home Video); **Most Promising Title:** *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-a-rama* (Urban Classics); **Best Learn-to-Sleep Video:** *Queen Elizabeth II: 60 Glorious Years* (MPI Home Video); **Best It's-a-living Video:** *Headhunters of Borneo* (Regency); **Best Video Quote:** Johnny Carson: "It's amazing. They can put a man on the moon, but I can't get my VCR to stop flashing 12:00."

SIZZLIN'



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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How many undeserved radar tickets were issued last year?

- a) 1,012,317 b) 649,119 c) 0 d) No one knows

Unfortunately, the answer is **d) No one knows**. Over ten million tickets were issued last year. Some experts say up to thirty percent of them were incorrect.

Here's why

You may find this hard to believe, but traffic radar doesn't tell the operator which vehicle he is clocking. The radar unit displays one number. That's all. It might be the closest car, it might be the fastest car, it might be the biggest car. Or it might not. The operator has to decide.

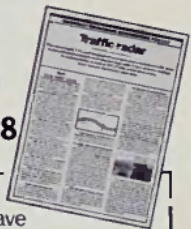
And since radar operators are human, they don't always guess right. Even if only one percent of the tickets issued last year were wrong, that's *one hundred thousand undeserved tickets*.

Free report

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CINCINNATI MICROWAVE

MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

MAYBE PRINCE called his new album *Lovesexy* (Paisley Park) to make it sound hotter than *The Black Album*, announced last December as his X-rated Xmas gift to the world and then withheld or suppressed for reasons some think unclear. Well, it ain't. I know because I own a bootleg of *The Black Album*, and unless Warner's quashes a flourishing black market, you can, too. Seduction-as-subtlety theorists may argue that *Lovesexy* is sexier, but for damn sure, it never gets on it like *The Grind*, which establishes *The Black Album's* fuck-funk from beat one. And for damn-me-to-hell sure, it ain't hotter.

Both records trade a powerful P-Funk ambience, long on whomping ensemble grooves and wild-ass asides, for the strong songs and persona-play of last year's *Sign 'O' the Times*, and neither comes close to topping that tour de force. The difference is that *Lovesexy* trades a wholehearted commitment to the funk for dollops of message. The official album is the most thorough explication to date of Prince's basic belief that sex equals God equals love, and as such, it's as confused as you may expect. Not in an especially dangerous or offensive way, but when Prince reports that there's a heaven and a hell, he doesn't mean here on earth. There's only so far the secular humanists in his audience can go with that "metaphor."

What makes *Lovesexy* go anyway is the joke-mechanical angularity of the music—good to dance to and good to reflect on, like all prime Prince. But musically, *The Black Album* is altogether deeper, heavier and more unrelenting. It's also the most unmistakable bid for the black-youth audience Prince has made all decade. That's why it wasn't released, I guarantee you.

NELSON GEORGE

"Love man" is a tag long applied to black male singers with a gift for sending female fans into a screaming, panty-tossing frenzy. Many of the greatest love men died young (Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, Marvin Gaye). Another, Al Green, turned to the ministry. Teddy Pendergrass was the love man of the Seventies. But since a paralyzing auto accident in 1982, he has been struggling to maintain his position. On *Joy* (Elektra), Pendergrass manages some of his best postaccident vocals and, as a result, sounds very sexy. Again and again here, Pendergrass is supple, sensuous and insistent. While his delivery lacks the explosiveness of the past, he has replaced it with a gentle seductiveness that works.

A new and potentially important love man is Al B. Sure!, a high tenor with vocals influenced by Johnny Mathis and arrangements by hip-hop. And on *In Effect Mode*



Prince's new suit.

Signs of the times
from Prince, Pendergrass,
Hornsby and Young.

(Warner Bros.), those conflicting directions are mated masterfully, especially in his idiosyncratic interpretation of Roberta Flack's classic, but the drum-machine and synthesizer patterns wouldn't be out of place on a rap record. Although Sure! is adept at dance music, the dreamy quality of his ballad vocals and production (done in conjunction with Kyle West) makes him a performer worth loving.

VIC GARBARINI

A lot of what passes for new music nowadays seems like nothing more than watered-down Byrds, insensate speed metal and gloomy electrofunk. Herewith, two cult favorites whose major-label debuts provide reason to be cheerful.

Minneapolis' Soul Asylum must have honed its chops playing Aerosmith and Sex Pistols covers. On *Hang Time* (Twin-Tone/A&M), the group blends the former's ferocious riff architecture with the latter's ferocious chordal assault—and manages to toss in some anthemic melodies, to boot. The result is an exhilarating and innovative hybrid of hard-core and hard rock.

Australia's Big Pig takes the global-kitchen-sink approach: Five percussionists work up the kind of primal thunder that recalls Japan's legendary Kodo Drummers, while raw, Gospel-inflected vocals soar above electrofunk synth lines. Amazingly, these disparate elements are seamlessly integrated on *Bonk* (A&M), mostly because

feisty lead singer Sherine has the guts and the pipes to pull the pieces together.

DAVE MARSH

Neil Young wants to be regarded as an artist. Each of his albums since 1978's *Decade* has been devoted at some level to pure self-mythologizing. And if that's what you think a Rock Artist ought to do, then maybe you buy it, *Re-ac-tor*, *Trans* and all.

But if you don't, then Young hasn't made a decent record since 1979's *Rust Never Sleeps*. His new *This Note's for You* (Reprise) epitomizes the reasons why. For somebody with such lofty self-esteem, Young is incredibly sloppy about his music. *This Note* is supposedly a blues album, and the

GUEST SHOT



SANDRA BERNHARD first earned notice as a comedian who could make David Letterman squirm as well as laugh; she did the same to audiences in her first major film, "The King of Comedy." Currently, Bernhard stars on screen in Nicolas Roeg's "Track 29," on bookshelves with "Confessions of a Pretty Lady" and on stage with her one-woman show, "Without You I'm Nothing." She volunteered to review Prince's new LP, "Lovesexy," even though, she protests, "I'm the only fabulous woman for whom he's never written a song."

"Generally, Prince is, like, one of my higher powers. After all, his birthday is right after mine—we're deeply connected on some very Gemini level. I've been into him for a long time. What I love most about him is that he keeps transcending his own boundaries, and he keeps redefining what's acceptable as a pop hit—he's one of the few artists with the guts to do that. This LP is like an epic, like a long, drawn-out orgasm—no song really begins or ends per se. It's lush and layered—lots of subtle undercurrents and conversations, with an *Arabian Nights* feel. The album cover is as wonderful as the album—it's the ultimate androgynous statement. Now, there's a body anybody could be attracted to."

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FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Prince <i>Lovesexy</i>	B+	A	B	B+	B+
Bruce Hornsby <i>scenes from the southside</i>	C-	B	C	B	C-
Timbuk 3 <i>Eden Alley</i>	B+	B	C	B+	B
Run-DMC <i>Tougher than Leather</i>	B+	B	B	B+	B
Herbie Hancock <i>Perfect Machine</i>	B-	B+	C-	B	B+

EVEN IF YOU CAN'T SING, YOU CAN STILL PLAY DEPARTMENT: Billy Goodman, a guitarist who used to be in a band before he signed on as a *Starship* roadie, has written a book, *So You Want to Be a Roadie*. Some of the chapters: "Getting Laid," "Getting Paid" and "Bus Survival."

REELING AND ROCKING: Former Allman Brothers drummer Butch Trucks has opened a film-scoring facility in Florida. He's hoping to attract commercials, TV shows and movies with perfect acoustics, high-tech equipment, talent and lower costs. . . . Look for both George Harrison and David Byrne in the movie *Checking Out*, starring Jeff Daniels. Harrison plays a janitor in the hereafter. . . . Another film about the Woodstock Festival is in the works. *Young Men with Unlimited Capital*, the story of the four guys who put the festival together, ends as Woodstock begins.

NEWSBREAKS: Cher plans to follow up her Oscar with music. She's making a new album and has booked the Sands Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City in mid-November for her only planned live appearances. . . . Yoko plans to open a John Lennon museum on the Upper West Side of New York. She's looking for a space big enough to house his diaries, unreleased songs, guitars, costumes and drawings. She hopes to open it in time for John's 50th birthday in 1990. . . . The Rascals' summer Good Lovin' Tour '88 marks their first shows together in 20 years. . . . k. d. lang briefly toured this summer with Dwight Yoakam and is now in a Vancouver studio working on an album. . . . Look for a U.S. tour for Eric Clapton this fall. . . . The major record labels commissioned a survey that told them that more than half of all record buyers are willing to buy an album by an established artist after hearing only one song, but they

must hear three to five cuts by a new artist before gambling on an LP. . . . Michael Jackson's Pepsi commercials were the first American rock ads on Russian TV this past spring. . . . A record of very early Pink Floyd songs, *Rarities*, will be in the stores by Christmas. . . . Glenn Frey's third solo album, with a strong R&B flavor, will be hitting the stores any minute. Keep an eye out for other albums by Simple Minds, Al Green, Exposé, Aretha, the Dead, 38 Special, UB 40, Freddie Jackson and Sting's version of Stravinsky's *The Soldier's Tale*, all due by late summer or fall. . . . Work has begun on the next Bon Jovi LP, as well as on the U2 double album. . . . Expect to see Bryan Adams on the fall Amnesty tour, but his next record will be held up until 1989. . . . In CD news: The Talking Heads' CD *Naked* incorporates CD and graphics technology that will allow those with the proper equipment to follow lyrics, musical notes and artwork or photos on their TVs. . . . Reader's Digest has two new seven-record collectors' editions of *These Were Our Songs: The Late '30s and The Late '40s*, plus the ultimate Glenn Miller concert: seven records' worth of Miller's live big-band broadcasts for all of you who recently discovered that popular music predates Bill Haley. . . . Joe Walsh is waging a campaign to erect a campus memorial to the four students at Kent State who were killed in 1970 in the wake of the Cambodian invasion. Walsh, who knew two of the students and witnessed the shooting, says he wants to ensure that "stupidity of that nature never happens again." . . . Finally, in all our years of photographing beautiful women, we've never seen anything as coy as the Prince nude on the cover of his *Lovesexy* album. But ban it? No way!

—BARBARA NELLIS

riffing horns and chugging guitars of his band, the Bluenotes, are sort of bluesy. But the arrangements are hackneyed, the performances tossed off with pitch and time askew, the songs a cross between Young's folkie piety and self-pity and the rancor and mockery from his Devo infatuation. There's not a shred of blues *spirit* here, which means that he has missed the essence of blues. Even if you give Neil some points for the anti-corporate-sponsorship sentiments of the title song (which spring from the fact that he doesn't want his precious art to sell shit), the half-finished quality of even the best songs (*Life in the City*, *Can't Believe Your Lyin'*) bespeaks a pathological loathing for the process of making records. He's contemptuous of almost all of pop music, and of its audience.

That might be fine if Young had the guts to mock the wimp-a-billy music he makes with his friends Crosby, Stills and Nash. Unfortunately, despite the pose, he has never been that honest. With this album, maybe he has reached the end of the line. Or maybe he'll just call his next effort *The Emperor's New Clothes* and be done with it.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Bruce Hornsby and the Range make music for middle-management types who get their balls torn off in AT&T commercials and have to mellow out on Yup radio as they commute back to the 'burbs in their BMWs. The beat is invariably a mid-tempo sway, the mood chronically wistful. So either you're in the mood to sway wistfully or you're not. I'm not. But my main objection to *scenes from the southside* (RCA) is that I can't tell one melody from another. Hornsby's lush production is like putting a gorgeous frame around a paint-by-numbers landscape. Not for my wall, thanks.

Rap albums often don't stand up to repeated hearings. So rap artists must either say something so memorable that people want to hear the record again as a permanent document or throw in true musical hooks amid the technobeat, dissonance and shouting. Run-DMC is clever and funny, but how much has Run-DMC really said beyond loudly declaring its own bad existence to an indifferent universe? Beyond *Jam-Master Jammin'* and *Walk This Way*, there isn't much I want to hear again. On *Tougher than Leather* (Profile), Run-DMC is again clever and funny and again doesn't say much beyond loudly declaring its own bad existence to an indifferent universe. But there's always something in the orchestration to catch the ear, enough intricacy to warrant further listenings, even if you can't hum along—and what's wrong with loudly declaring your own bad existence to an indifferent universe? Nothing, except that when you do it too often, it becomes a formula and you drop to the level of the Fat Boys. Run-DMC is too close too often.



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What are you saving the Chivas for?



MEN

By ASA BABER

Read the catalog of any self-respecting university these days and you'll find a women's-studies program in full flower—lots of courses, lots of teachers, heavy enrollments. Clearly, the college students of today can find out all they ever wanted to know about the history of women and feminism, and they can do so for credit. That is all well and good, but read the same catalogs in search of equivalent programs in men's studies and you will be sharply disappointed. Men's studies simply do not exist in any meaningful fashion in the academic environment of this country.

A good friend of mine attends Dartmouth. She sent me the college catalog and the brochure that advertises a vigorous women's-studies program. Two women cochair the program and women make up about 80 percent of its faculty. As a student at Dartmouth, here are just some of the courses you can take: Women in Africa; Women in China; Women in Russia; Women in Myth; Women in Classical Literature; Women in Modern Europe 1750–1950; Women, Economic Development and Social Change; Women and the Tragic in French Literature; Telling Their Own Lives: Women and Autobiography; The Aesthetics of Female Writing; The History and Theory of Feminism; Women and Culture; Women in the Past: A Historical and Literary Perspective; The Second X: The Biological Woman; Women and Change in the Third World; The Educated Woman; Childhood and Revolt; Sex, Sin and Grace: Can There Be a Feminist Theology?; Mistress, Muse or Maiden?

There are also special seminars for advanced credit in women's studies, and there have been several conferences with titles such as *The First Decade: Feminist Studies at Dartmouth* and *The Gender Gap in the 1984 Elections*. A student can obtain a special certificate in women's studies. Again, there is no men's-studies program on campus. None.

"I went to the admissions office and asked for the brochure on women's studies," my friend reported. "The woman behind the desk was glad to give it to me. 'Is there a program in men's studies?' I asked her. 'Excuse me?' she asked. She looked very irritated. 'Is there an equivalent men's-studies program?' I asked again. 'No! Never!' she said. 'Not in my time here!' Then she backed off a little. 'Although I suppose if some liberals start asking for it, we may have to do something.' She really didn't like my question. I'm sure



FEMINIST U

it was the first time it had ever been asked."

Why this monopoly of feminist thought on today's college campuses? What's happening here? It's obvious—and generally unmentioned in college classrooms or in national debate. Sexism takes many forms, and today's academic feminism is one of the most virulent. Equal and independent men's-studies programs are *verboten*. They have not been considered much and they still are not allowed. The feminist arguments against them are prejudiced and cavalier, but who's surprised? Feminism is living today on its excesses: Men, you will hear, have controlled all of academia since time began, and now it's women's turn; men are the oppressors who wrote all the books and interpreted all the history and there is no reason to give them even more power and priority; men, the poor fools, are not as worthy of study as women are.

Whatever the excuses and arguments for this academic blindness, they are basically arguments against a body of thought and study, obstacles to a complete education. Sooner or later, they will have to fall, but I'm sorry to report that it looks as though it will be later, not sooner. Monopolies do not crumble overnight, and some college men are having more than enough trouble simply surviving in the women's-studies courses they sometimes take.

"CHALLENGE IN WOMEN'S COURSE ROILS UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON CAMPUS" read a

headline in *The New York Times* last April. It profiled the problems of 22-year-old Pete Schaub, a senior at the University of Washington in Seattle who had enrolled in an introductory class in women's studies. Schaub was asked by his instructors to withdraw from the course after he repeatedly challenged the feminist assumptions he heard in class. He was eventually reinstated but with an interesting limitation that should make any educational institution blush—he was told by associate dean James Nason not to attend the class after readmittance. "Mr. Nason said he thought it would be best for the class," the article reports.

"From the first day on, they started in about how all men are wife beaters and child molesters and how the traditional American family, with a mom and a dad, doesn't work," Mr. Schaub, a business major, said. "You read the course description and they say the class is supposed to foster 'vigorous, open inquiry' into all issues regarding women, but then they classified everything I had to say as racist or sexist. Where's the freedom of inquiry?"

The answer to Schaub's question is that by definition, there is no freedom of inquiry concerning men's issues today in our colleges and universities. This nation's curriculum is skewed in favor of women's issues alone—and as long as it has that bias, it will continue to remain captive.

Once, I was a tenured professor at a major state university. I had a lifetime job if I wanted it. I resigned that position for a number of reasons, but the principal one had to do with my disaffection for university life. It seemed constrictive, without much risk, even dull. I loved teaching in the classroom, and I was good at it, but I found the university bureaucracy impenetrable and the opportunities for establishing new courses and new ways of looking at things extremely limited.

I'm saying this because I know how difficult it is going to be to establish valid, independent, exciting men's-studies programs at the university level. Feminists are the establishment on many campuses, and their arguments against men's studies are well practiced and refined. But nothing is more needed right now than that addition to the college catalogs. We could then study one another equally—learn, debate, surprise ourselves, thrive.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

The most I've ever gotten into," said Cleo, 35, "was some tying up and, um, spanking. But this is not something that can be sprung on me. I have to be in just the right mood, though I admit I've always been partial to having my hands held above my head."

"Sophie's had rough sex with her boyfriend," said Lisa, 17. "She didn't mind that so much, though she did mind it when he punched her in the face."

"It's all over the place right now," said Charley, 40, a night-club owner. "Some of the girls who work for me have had awful experiences. And kids hang out dressed for an S/M ball—they want to at least look like they're into it. Rough sex is trendy. I blame it on politically conservative times."

"I think I was having rough sex," said Greta, 40. "He didn't tie me up or hit me, but he would push my legs up and back so that it really hurt. He would hump away, not letting me move. I had dreams of being raped by a zebra. My shrink was horrified."

"I had a patient who needed to be spanked to feel sexual arousal," said my shrink. "Like her father did to her when she was three. In cases like this, the genitals are bypassed as a center for pleasure. The pleasure is in the spanking itself."

"I've never known a woman who didn't like her hands held above her head," said my date.

"There was no rough sex here..." said Barry Slotnick, defense lawyer for Joseph Porto, who strangled his girlfriend to death. "These were two kids in love and a tragic accident happened."

I am nauseated. I want to lie down. The editors of *Playboy* have been calling frantically because this column is two weeks late. Every time I try to write it, I feel sick, so I've been practicing heavy denial.

Joseph Porto was 17 when he originally confessed to strangling Kathleen Holland, 17, with his hands, and when that wasn't enough, with a graduation-cap tassel. (He later recanted, claiming it was an accident during sex.) Jennifer Levin was strangled by Robert Chambers—allegedly, with her own underpants. Dennis Bulloch bound his wife to a chair with more than 70 feet of duct tape, put a towel in her mouth and sealed it with tape, then set the garage she was in on fire.

All three men used the "rough sex" defense. Bulloch was convicted of involuntary manslaughter (seven years), Chambers of first-degree manslaughter



ROUGH TIMES, ROUGH SEX

(five to 15 years), Porto of criminally negligent homicide (no more than four years).

Naturally, a hue and cry has been heard. "It's become open season on women," says Steven Levin, Jennifer's father.

"The defense says that the woman was at fault and somehow brought about her own death," says Kenneth Littman, Porto's prosecutor.

"It is conceivable that there are fads in sex," says Paul Vitello, writer for *Newsday*, "though in both the [Chambers and Porto] cases, the only witnesses to these sex acts are the survivors, who happen to be males, who happen to face murder charges."

Rose Jordan, founder of Justice for Jennifer, is "outraged by this latest example of the blame-the-victim tactic."

Do I think this hue and cry is deserved? Yes. If I were God, I'd probably lock these guys up for life. But what worries me are the deeper and, in fact, closer ramifications. Sexual violence is beating at everyone's door, and I want to know why.

Last month, an ex-boyfriend threatened me severely. I don't want to go into it; let's just say that my kid was afraid to go to school and leave me alone, and I went to the police to file a complaint. The violence of this man shocked and petrified me.

"Are you kidding?" said one of my male mentors. "Haven't you ever noticed that sexuality, for men, is almost always coupled with aggression?"

"It's never been part of my life before," I said. "I guess I've always been involved with wimps."

"Women just won't see it; they pretend it isn't there," the mentor said. "But let me tell you what it's like to be a young, horny male out at night. These days, the women wear hardly anything."

"You're not kidding," I said. "Last night, I saw a girl in a totally see-through black dress, her garter belt and stockings completely visible."

"Right, and if you're a young, horny guy, you get this raging erection and nothing to do with it. All this urgent, primal feeling with nowhere to go; it transmutes into aggression. We want to hit."

"You want to hurt us for arousing you?" "We don't want to hurt you, we just want to hit you."

Well. This is the first year I've not been able to avoid thinking of sexual violence. Now that it's in the papers, now that it's happened in my life, the floodgates are open and I notice it everywhere. The teenaged kids who hang out at my house have stories. My friends have stories.

Not the old tying-each-other-up kind of stories. We've all done that. And, yes, we sort of like to have our hands held above our head. Does anyone still consider this rough sex? Doesn't everyone know it's simply abdicating responsibility, pretending to be helpless so that we won't feel guilt?

Spanking? Big deal. There are always going to be people whose fathers spanked them when they were toddlers.

But now we're hearing rough-sex stories with a nastier undertone. Teenaged girls are being accused of sexual asphyxiation—strangling themselves to heighten orgasm. This is insanity!

We are in a time of both terrible aggression and terrible regression. Men and women, tired from 20 years of hostility, are embracing old role models. Men are acting *macho*, women are donning fancy lingerie and playing feminine for all it's worth. Nobody's trying to change any more, we're just going backward.

This can't work, because sexual politics are about power, and power struggles breed violence. We've forgotten rational dialog. Instead, the power struggles are being fought in the bedroom for ever-escalating stakes. We're getting physical with each other in hideous ways.

OK, I give up. I'm going back into the kitchen now.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A while ago, *The Playboy Advisor* ran a description of something called inhibited sexual desire. I'm curious: What types of women are most likely to suffer from low sex drive? Are there any studies that suggest who has the most problems?—J. O., New Orleans, Louisiana.

There is one very interesting study by Constance Avery-Clark, of the Masters and Johnson Institute. She looked at 218 married couples who received treatment between 1979 and 1985. She found that wives who pursued careers (presumed to offer advancement) were twice as likely to complain of inhibited sexual desire (22 percent) than were wives who had simple jobs (11 percent) or who were homemakers (11 percent). Avery-Clark theorized that "a major factor is the overload dilemma confronted by the career wife who has difficulty scheduling time for meeting the multiple responsibilities she faces as employee, spouse and particularly as a parent. This schedule overload allows her little time for making the psychological transition from the goal-oriented attitude necessary for meeting most of her responsibilities to the nonperformance-oriented attitude critical for fostering sexual desire." Avery-Clark was studying only couples who had presented themselves at the clinic: It is possible that the higher percentage of career women in the sample meant only that these take-charge women, when faced with a sexual problem, directed time and money toward solving it. In fact, career women seemed more responsive: Only 17 percent complained of having difficulty reaching orgasm, compared with 25 percent of the homemakers and 29 percent of the wives with simple jobs.

I think I've finally latched on to the right girl. I must admit that she's a bit more cultured than I am. Through her work, she gets invited to many formal affairs to which I hope to escort her. Without letting her know that I'm not as cultured or up on things as she is, can you clue me in on the difference between a black- and a white-tie affair? Should I wear a black bow tie for a black-tie affair and a white bow tie for a white-tie affair?—F. O., Columbus, Ohio.

Very good—but there's a little more to it than the color of your bow tie. White tie indicates that the function you are attending will be very formal and that it would be appropriate for you to be in full dress. That includes a white wing-collar piqué shirt, a white-qué vest, a white-qué bow tie, classic black trousers with a formal satin stripe, a traditional black tail coat and black-patent-leather shoes. Black tie is a little less formal. Although it also requires that you wear a tuxedo, here's your chance to be less traditional and more fashionable. Try an updated black tuxedo with a white shirt, a black cummerbund and a matching bow tie—or try a print or a plaid set when you get more com-



fortable with this. Of course, there are many other variations that you can try, but this should fake your girlfriend out for the time being. The rest is up to you!

This is a how-I-solved-my-problem letter that I think may help thousands of couples. For years, I suffered from painful intercourse. I went to doctors; they said, "Use K-Y jelly." I already was. I read books; most of them said I had a psychological problem: I hated men. That was depressing, and I didn't think it was true. Finally, my husband and I found the answer, which was absurdly simple: Some of my pubic hair was getting inside me, which felt as if we'd been using a sandpaper condom. With a quick trim, the problem was solved. I feel silly writing this letter, but I hope I can help other women avoid the pain and self-doubt I went through.—Mrs. S. D., Fort Collins, Colorado.

Thanks. Sometimes self-help is the best help.

I'm planning a weeklong vacation on Maui. I plan to spend all that time in the sun, windsurfing. My question concerns sun blocks. I've seen tubes of lotion with sun-protection factors as high as 39—which means I should be able to put on one coat and have it last all week. What do the numbers mean? I have used S.P.F. 15 when skiing but still got burned. Can you give me any tips? Is there any truth to the rumor that piña colodas have an S.P.F. of 40? —R. J., Los Angeles, California.

A famous bank robber, probably Willie Sutton, once gave this advice: You don't wait until you're in the bank, robbing the vault, to put your mask on. Those words of wisdom work for condoms and, in your case, sun block.

Most people wait until they are at the beach to grease up—by that time, they've already had a nuclear dose of sun. Block early and often. In addition, check the waterproof protection. If the label says WATERPROOF, it means that the block will still be effective (at least somewhat) after 80 minutes in the water. Nonwaterproof blocks can wash away in minutes. Shred a few waves for us. (We're still researching the piña colada question. We'll keep you posted.)

As social chairman of my fraternity, I have to find an interesting party game—something beyond Trivial Pursuit or Pictionary—that can be played in mixed company. Any suggestions?—T. E., Boston, Massachusetts.

Since you are already into drawing pictures, try this: Distribute paper around the room and have everyone draw unclothed male and female figures. Now comes the fun part: Line the pictures up and examine them for differences. Researchers have found that the amount of detail in the drawings is correlated with sexual attitudes. According to a report in Archives of Sexual Behavior, people with positive attitudes are more likely to include such details as "a glans, a urinary meatus and chest hair on male figures and pubic hair and nipples on female figures. Positive sexual attitudes were also associated with drawing figures with longer and wider penises, breasts, testicles and mons." Although the researchers didn't mention the possibility, we suspect that if anyone actually draws the figures engaged in sex, that person has a healthy attitude toward sex.

Every time I take my car in to get washed, I have a problem with the windshield wipers. At the first sign of rain, I turn them on and get gooey streaks across the windshield. Is something dissolving the rubber?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Relax. This isn't a problem with acid rain. If the car wash uses a liquid wax in the last stage of cleaning, it can build up on the windshield and wiper blades. Add rain and you have blurred vision. Keep a container of windshield washer in the garage. After a wash, run the wipers, then dip a cloth in concentrated cleaner and run it along the blades. Presto! Always wait until the windshield is wet before turning on the wipers. You'll save blades and glass.

I have this problem with a young lady. I am seriously interested in her and sometimes she seems to be interested in me. When we go out, we do have fun—but only if we are alone or with my friends. If we are around her friends, she won't talk to me or touch me, and she definitely won't kiss me. It's as though she doesn't want her friends to know that we are seeing each other, if that's what it can be called. If we are around my friends, she's perfect. She

talks with me; she always has her arm around me or touches me somehow. I couldn't ask to be treated any better. What I don't understand is why she changes so drastically. Her friends like me—most of them, anyway. I have tried to talk with her about it, but she just tells me that she doesn't like me a lot; she just wants us to be friends. I'm not saying that I want a relationship; I just want to know what's going on. What's really strange is that she'll just reach over and kiss me, right out of the blue. She has always been the aggressor in our little relationship. I try not to do anything to provoke her. It pretty much hurts to be treated this way. I guess that I should say "Screw it" and just stop seeing her, but neither one of us wants to do that. There is another thing that she does. She'll say that she'll come and see me, but she won't. Or she'll say that she'll be home for me to come and see her; but when I get there, she's not there. Should I be more aggressive or should I just kick back and play hard to get? I don't want to give up, but should I, anyway? Maybe get another girl to make her jealous? Please help me! This has been going on for about three months. We have not yet been to bed with each other.—M. H., Sacramento, California.

A relationship that's only a few months old shouldn't be analyzed too much. However, it does sound as though this woman isn't interested in getting serious with you. The fact that she keeps her distance from you when

she's around her friends is a telltale clue. If she wanted her acquaintances to think that you and she were an item, she'd make the effort. We suggest that you give the situation time and see what develops. If she's still behaving this way after six months or even a year of dating—provided the two of you last that long—then you'll know a friendship is all that she seeks. It may not be a bad idea to keep your options open and to date other women in the meantime. If your relationship with this woman ultimately takes off, you can date her exclusively. We hope things work out.

If brut champagne is supposed to be the driest bubbly, how come some bottles of champagne are labeled EXTRA DRY? Are they actually drier than the ones labeled BRUT?—R. T., New York, New York.

By long-established custom, most champagne houses call their driest champagne brut. Slightly sweeter champagnes are labeled EXTRA DRY. In addition to those, there are sec, noticeably sweet, and demi-sec, even sweeter. The names may not sound logical, but that's the way it is.

Degree of sweetness is determined by the dosage, a shot of sugar-wine syrup added to the bottle in the last step of the champagne-making process. The less sugar in the dosage, the drier the champagne. E.E.C. (Common Market) regulations specify the amount of sugar in the dosage for each champagne category, but they allow a little leeway. So while all bruts are dry, some may be a bit drier

than others—depending on the style preference of a given champagne house. A few producers bottle a champagne with no dosage at all, known as extra brut. Extra bruts are bone-dry and a bit austere for most people.

I think my girlfriend and I have found a new position that is fantastic. She is two inches taller than I. We begin standing up, face to face. I put my penis inside her just halfway, and she puts her hand around it. That way, she can keep it in contact with her clit and regulate the pressure and tempo. I put both hands around her butt to help regulate the rhythm. I always have a humongous orgasm. At the end of my orgasm, she starts her own. It is so intense, she nearly faints; I have to hold her up. Then we fall over onto the bed, still connected, and let the exquisite sensations be enjoyed to the fullest. Try it. You may like it. If your partner is shorter than you, you may have her stand on some books.—J. K. D., Lexington, Kentucky.

Sorry, but this is hardly a new position. We've seen it performed in telephone booths, shower stalls, airplane rest rooms, coat closets and entry halls to college dormitories. In Old English, it's called the perpendicular. It's not the oldest trick in the book, but it's one of the most thrilling.

I've seen many photographs exposing all of the female genital area and I've always noticed that the clitoris is not visible in any

What makes a cola come to life,

a tonic tingle with anticipation,

of them. My question is, Where is the clitoris? I know it's somewhere at the top of the area, but where? Is it covered by skin?—N. T., Seattle, Washington.

That's what you get for looking at trashy magazines instead of coming to the old "Advisor" in the first place. The clitoris is hidden under its own hood of skin, so it doesn't always show up in photographs. How to locate a clitoris? Ask your girlfriend to show you where hers is. She'll appreciate it, and the next woman you go out with will appreciate it, too.

Please help me understand the proper relationship of a man's tie to the rest of his clothing in terms of proportions; i.e., should the tie just reach the belt buckle? Should it be shorter? Longer? What is the landmark for knowing your tie is correctly positioned on your body?—S. E., New York, New York.

We've always believed that a man's tie looks best when it breaks at or just above the belt buckle. If your ties tend to run on the short side, the shortest acceptable look is to cover the last visible button on the shirt, leaving a gap of an inch or less between the end of the tie and the top of the belt buckle. Properly gauging the length is often a matter of trial and error, especially when you purchase new ties. As for a landmark for knowing that your tie is correctly tied, again, we would use the belt buckle—and we're assuming, of course, that you have a full-length mirror. If not, you may

want to purchase one. Keep in mind, however, that even if your tie is perfect, if the rest of your clothes don't look good or fit well, worrying about one accessory is pointless.

Sometimes, I really wonder about anal sex. I never did it until I screwed my wife that way after half a dozen years of marriage. She came gasping, breathless long one that left her voice low and hoarse till she got her wind back, and she clutched and grasped at me with her heels and hands to drive me home. I don't really understand it. I have never buggered a woman who hasn't lit up and come pretty wholeheartedly. It feels very good to me and gives plenty of mutual satisfaction.

But physiologically, it doesn't make a whole lot of sense, and—viewed objectively—the process is less than stately. I use a condom when doing it, though I suppose a prefatory enema might set things pretty much to rights. The usual bedroom posture is also a bit trying—for instance, kneeling on a water bed, trying to retain your balance while you lean forward on a woman's back to fondle her breasts, kiss her neck and reach her clitoris. I don't like water beds, anyway, so I built my slat bed to be just the right height to allow a woman to bend over the edge and have everything within reach while I stand on an even keel. This keeps me from hurrying or losing my balance, which is not a good thing, as the anus is tenderer than the vagina.

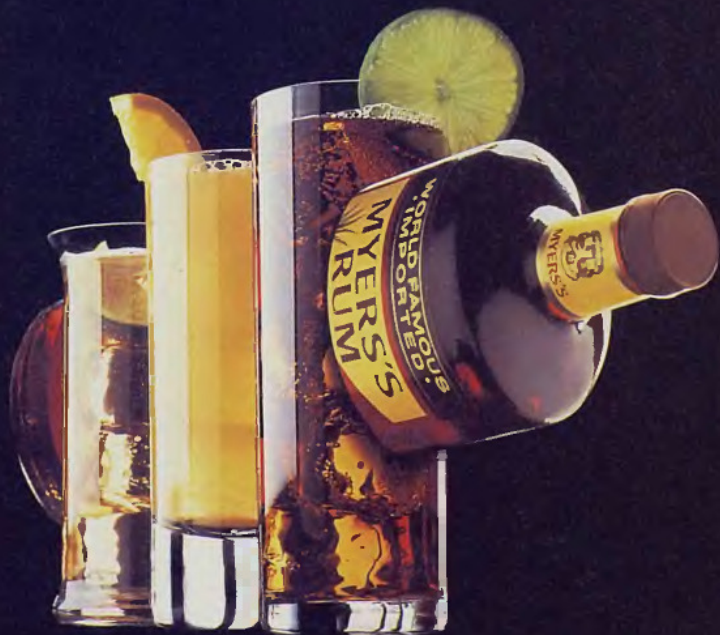
I have also made a stool out of a toilet seat that will stand athwart my middle when I am recumbent on the floor. It's a big, comfortable one. A woman can get on this, draw up her feet and hug her knees, leaving her clitoris and labia exposed to finger gently like a key pad. You can very agreeably while away a whole Sunday afternoon this way, rocking to and fro to orgasm after orgasm. I have put an upholstered back on the thing so she can relax occasionally. It works a treat! When not in use, it stands in a corner of my living room with a potted plant growing up through the middle. The seat is one of those horse-shoe affairs, open at the front, and with a pillow under your head, it also facilitates cunnilingus. But it doesn't explain to me why some folks get a rise out of being fucked up the backside.—M. P., New York, New York.

It's just one of those little delightful mysteries we have to learn to live with. We've sent your design on to Popular Mechanics.

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How important is getting and giving affection after sex?

Well, it depends on the situation. Sometimes you have sex and sometimes you make love. Neither is better and both happen in a relationship. If you're having sex, it's just sex. If you're making love, it's very important to feel close to the other person afterward. What kind of affection? Anything from cuddling to watching TV to breakfast in bed to hanging out together. It doesn't have to take a specific form. I don't want him to jump up and get going all the time any more than I want him to say "I love you" all the time. It doesn't strike me as real if he's constantly telling me he loves me.



It is very important the first time you have sex with someone to let him know that your interest goes beyond sex, that you care for him and respect him. And, of course, he should make you feel the same way. If you're in a long relationship, you can be a little more understanding. Sometimes you have sex for sex's sake, you know? You can be more flexible. You understand if your partner has had a bad day. What's important after sex is contact—talking and touching. But I'm trying to say that if your lover—or you—occasionally rolls over and falls asleep after sex, the relationship will survive.



I've noticed that when people finish something, often they don't look each other in the eye. Sometimes that happens with sex, too. Afterward, you kind of lie there for a few minutes and hug, then one of you gets up, goes to the refrigerator or turns on the TV, and that's it. I don't think being loving after sex should be forced, just because you read in a magazine somewhere that afterplay is crucial to a successful relationship. I think it's different every single time. Sometimes you cuddle and sometimes what just happened is so intense that you need to separate.



Laurie Carr

Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

Anna Clark

ANNA CLARK
APRIL 1987

I think it's very important and it is what distinguishes making love from just having sex. The most intimate part of the sex act is what happens after it's over. Before sex, it's easy to confuse foreplay with genuine affection. What occurs after sex is the special moment. That is when each of you wants to feel important to the other, not because you made love, but because you are with someone who loves you.



For me, it's really important. Getting affection from my fiancé makes me feel loved and wanted, especially after sex. He likes to snuggle. If I didn't get that from him, I would feel like our relationship wasn't going anywhere. If I thought his after-sex affection was insincere and overly lavish, I'd be suspicious. But I'm a firm believer in sincere affection. You can't get too much of that!



I like to give affection and I like to receive it, too. I think it's pretty important before sex as well as afterward. It's wonderful to be kissed and hugged. It's also good to talk. The older you are, the easier it is to have a relationship and know the right things to say and do. It's much nicer to have his attention and interest rather than having him roll over and smoke a cigarette. It's more meaningful, too.



Brandi Brandt

BRANDI BRANDT
OCTOBER 1987

Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

India Allen

INDIA ALLEN
DECEMBER 1987

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THE CHILD-PORNOGRAPHY MYTH

By LAWRENCE A. STANLEY

"Child pornography has become a highly organized multimillion-dollar industry preying on the youth of our country who either are unable to protect themselves or are induced into participating by those they trust."

—SENATOR DENNIS DE CONCINI, *Congressional Record*, February 4, 1988

"Currently, there is a growing market for using children in the production of sexually explicit material. Often, these children are runaways who are given drugs or alcohol in order to entice them into participating in the production of sexually explicit material. There have even been shocking instances in which parents have actually sold their children for use in such material."

—SENATOR STROM THURMOND, *Congressional Record*, February 4, 1988, on the introduction of the Child Protection and Obscenity Enforcement Act of 1988

It was during the mid-Seventies, shortly after child pornography appeared on the shelves of adult bookstores in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Minneapolis and other major cities, that child pornography and sexual abuse of children came to be perceived as serious and pervasive problems in American society. Within a year or two, in the face of mounting public pressure, distributors and retailers of adult pornography began removing child pornography from their stocks and shelves. The Federal and state governments responded by enacting legislation proscribing the production and sale



The largest child-pornography ring in the United States is run by the Government. It is possible that without Uncle Sam, there would be no child-porn business.

of child pornography and by funding law-enforcement efforts to combat it.

The war against kiddie porn proved a major success. Two major investigations attest to its virtual elimination as an organized business.

In 1977, the Illinois Legislative Investi-

gating Committee (I.L.I.C.) began an intensive three-year probe, interviewing incarcerated child molesters and pornographers, setting up entrapment schemes and exchanging information with the FBI, the Los Angeles Police Department, the United States Postal Service and United States Customs.

The I.L.I.C. conclusion: Child pornography had disappeared from the commercial chain of distribution in the United States.

"Pornography and other sex-related industries continue to be enormous operations in this country," read the report. "However, neither child pornography nor child prostitution has ever represented a significant portion of the industry. Individuals may have made significant amounts of money from their own child-pornography operations . . . but these have not been organized activities. They should not be construed to be significant elements of the very real sex industry that exists in this country."

At the same time that the I.L.I.C. conducted its investigation, the FBI concluded its own 30-month sting operation. Child pornography was actively sought nationwide, and 60 raids were eventually staged simultaneously on warehouses where pornography was supposedly stored prior to distribution. In those many months of searching for child pornography on a commercial level, none was discovered. Furthermore, none of the raids resulted in any seizures of child pornography, even though, in the words of the I.L.I.C. report, "the raids were

comprehensive and nationwide."

The FBI, in one sensational case, did finally collar a woman it dubbed the mother of kiddie porn—Catherine Stubblefield Wilson—and, in 1982, delivered a 15-count indictment against her. By consensus, Wilson's arrest just about ended the child-porn cottage industry. According to the Los Angeles Police Department, Wilson was responsible for the distribution of 80 percent of all commercial child pornography in the United States in the late Seventies. Kenneth Elsesser, an FBI agent who was instrumental in her arrest, said of the case, "Distribution, be it commercial or non-commercial, of child pornography on the scale of Catherine Wilson will never be seen again in this country."

Despite the facts contained in the I.L.I.C. report, despite the FBI's probe and its arrest of Wilson, rumors of a massive child-porn network persisted. In the mid-Eighties, as the anxiety over child pornography merged with the "missing children" scare—recently exposed in the U.S. press as a fraud [see *The Playboy Forum*, November 1986]—public hysteria reached new heights. Child pornography was purported to be directly responsible for the disappearance of hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of children per year, even though, according to the FBI, in all of 1985, there were only 68 cases of abductions by strangers investigated.

Spearheading much of this moral frenzy was a loose but rabid coalition of law-enforcement officials, moral crusaders and politicians who had as a goal the suppression of all sexually oriented materials or viewpoints that conflicted with their conservative vision. That right-wing lobby in turn fueled a media blitz that offered alarming statistics. The *Ladies' Home Journal* reported that child pornography generated between \$500,000,000 and one billion dollars annually and exploited as many as 1,000,000 children. The *Albany Times Union* reported that it was a "46-billion-dollar national industry—a loose network involving 2,400,000 youngsters, according to Federal statistics."

No such statistics exist on a Federal level—or anywhere else. But the media were not entirely to blame: They relied heavily on the misinformation of self-appointed experts whose opinions, noted the I.L.I.C., "often were printed without corroboration, thus influencing the spread of stories and quotations that had little basis in fact."

Who were those experts? One was Sergeant Lloyd Martin of the Los Angeles Police Department, who testified in Congress that child pornography was "worse than homicide" and declared that



"Child pornography has become a highly organized multimillion-dollar industry."

—SENATOR DENNIS DE CONCINI

30,000 children were the victims of sexual exploitation in Los Angeles alone. Another was Judianne Densen-Gerber, the founder of the multinational drug-rehabilitation organization Odyssey House, who barraged both Congress and the country with tales of forced prostitution and drug addiction, kidnaping and murder. Among the many false claims perpetrated by Densen-Gerber was her statement that "by recent count there are at least 264" child-pornography magazines produced monthly and sold in adult bookstores.

In fact, there are no sexually oriented publications, aboveground or underground, published in the United States today that contain advertisements offering to sell, exchange or purchase child pornography. Reports of a flood of foreign pornography are also wildly exaggerated. Child pornography has never amounted to a lucrative business in the United States or elsewhere. In its heyday, it was cheaply produced for a very limited market, selling at most between 5000 and 10,000 copies per issue world-wide. Of hundreds of pornographic magazines seized by U.S. Customs between May 1, 1985, and May 1, 1986, in New York, fewer

than 25 were child pornography.

Not only was the business of child pornography largely fiction, so were most lurid reports of organized sexual exploitation. There is no credible evidence, for instance, to support claims of child auctions in Amsterdam, of toll-free numbers and mail-order houses for child prostitutes, of child "snuff" films, satanic molestation rituals or, as Michael Jupp, executive director of Defense for Children International, testified to Congress, "[American] chains of brothels and bordellos . . . where children are kept under lock and key." There are no networks of individuals exchanging children. There is currently only one active pedophile organization—the North American Man/Boy Love Association—and NAMBLA operates wholly within the law as a lobbying and support organization. A recent report issued by the United States Senate cleared NAMBLA of any involvement in the production of child pornography. No children whose photographs appeared in child-pornography magazines and films were ever known or suspected to have been the victims of murder.

To be sure, there is a perverse minority of adults whose preferred object of fantasy is children. It is a small, essentially insignificant group, by some estimates as few as 5000 people in Europe and America. In contrast, there are some experts who estimate that between 54 and 62 percent of children in America have suffered some form of sexual abuse. Not all pedophiles are child molesters. The vast majority of adults who molest children do so not because of preference or pornography (most have never seen kiddie porn) but because of availability (most victims are abused by family members).

To truly solve the problem of sexual child abuse, one has to make a key distinction between those destructive individuals who want kiddie porn and the specter of a huge, exploitive organized business. It is that unsubstantiated claim of a thriving business that helps justify the frightening measures our Government has taken to ferret out child porn. And one has to ask: Just what is the cost—in loss of rights, in emotional trauma, in loss of life—in searching for that tiny minority?

CLUB FED

Between January 1, 1978, and May 21, 1984, only 67 defendants were indicted under all the Federal statutes covering the creation, importation, mailing, production, receipt and exchange of child pornography. Many of those 67 were guilty only of buying one or two child-pornography magazines or films from Europe for personal viewing.

Since May 1984, around 600 de-

fendants nationwide have been indicted on child-porn-related crimes. It must be stressed that the increase in child pornography indictments—61 in 1984, 126 in 1985, 147 in 1986 and 247 in 1987—was not the result of better law enforcement or a rise in child-pornography crimes. Instead, it is wholly attributable to the mass marketing of child pornography by U.S. Customs and the U.S. Postal Service. Anyone looking for a child-porn underground will find only a vast network of postal inspectors and police agents.

Organizations with such enticing names as Candy's Love Club, Ohio Valley Action League, Research Facts, Project Sea Hawk, and Heartland Institute for a New Tomorrow are, in fact, all fronts devised and operated by postal inspectors. Under the pretense of doing research for one of the above associations, the Post Office sends suspects questionnaires, which solicit personal information, which, in turn, is used to target individuals for further investigation or arrest. Some of the organizations concoct newsletters, such as Chicago postal inspector John Ruberti's now-defunct "Crusaders for Sexual Freedom," which encouraged suspects to place ads soliciting or offering to sell or buy child pornography. Others are crudely designed to document the correspondents' early sexual experiences, opinions about childhood sexuality and sexual preferences. In some instances, the organizations provide pen pals—agents posing as pedophiles, children (with authentic childlike handwriting) or divorcees with young children—who attempt to induce suspects to send pornography through the mail. Often, undercover officers engage in extensive writing campaigns, sending their targets sexually explicit letters, offers for photo sessions and actual child pornography.

"It's a Small World," the newsletter of the American Hedonist Society—in reality, a front for U.S. Postal Inspector Calvin Comfort—offered as its credo: "The American Hedonist Society is a private members-only society for those who adhere to the doctrine that pleasure and happiness are the sole good in life. We believe that we have the right to read what we desire, the right to discuss similar interests with those who share our philosophy and finally that we have the right to seek pleasure without restrictions' being placed on us by an outdated puritan morality." Join and "freely correspond with others who share your interests and have been screened by the membership committee as being true hedonists and trustworthy individuals."

One issue of *Ponce de Leon, S.A.*, published by the U.S. Customs Service, con-



"None of the 60 [FBI] raids resulted in any seizures of child pornography."

—ILLINOIS LEGISLATIVE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

tains an editorial supporting pedophilia, a work of fiction titled "My Favorite Fantasy," about a sexual encounter between a 32-year-old man and a 13-year-old girl, phony advertisements and even a few photographic reproductions of boys and girls playing and posing nude. In *New Age: The Truth Through Education*, another U.S. Postal Service publication, there is a full-page computer-generated photographic depiction of a preteen girl on the back cover.

In Chicago, Government agents began publishing "Wonderland: The Newsletter of the Lewis Carroll Collector's Guild," which contains offers to buy, sell and trade child pornography, reviews of legitimate books and magazines containing pictures of nude or seminude children. "Wonderland" was originally published by David Techter and ceased publication after his arrest on state charges of possessing child pornography. Uncle Sam merely took over Techter's operation.

These publications created by the Government are the *only* ones in the United States today that solicit, advertise, sell or offer to purchase or exchange child pornography.

THE REAL VICTIMS: YOU BE THE JUDGE

Under the guise of protecting children, Uncle Sam has spent millions of taxpayers' dollars to investigate and prosecute would-be consumers of child pornography, many of whom do not pose any immediate danger to children. The Government has tried to entrap almost 4000 citizens in two elaborate stings [see sidebar "Operation Borderline"]. Contrary to Justice Department statements to the press, only a handful of the individuals arrested were involved in any other indictable offenses involving children. But not a few have paid a heavy price for the most tenuous connection with child porn. In some cases, there were no ties at all.

In June 1986, Danny Lee Stokes, a 23-year-old construction worker, fell victim to a scheme run by U.S. Customs. Stokes's name was apparently on a targeted list, because Customs thought that sometime after 1984, he might have purchased "pornography and/or child pornography." Calling itself International Enterprises, S.A., and purporting to be a distributor of "hard-to-find" pornography, Customs sent Stokes two solicitations. The first was a letter of introduction and a questionnaire asking him to indicate his preferences for various types of pornography. The second was an order form for child-pornography magazines.

Stokes ordered two magazines. Customs delivered them to his post-office box. When he picked them up, he was placed under surveillance. An hour after he entered his home with the package, he was arrested. Police officers claimed that they had seized a large number of pornographic materials from Stokes's home, including "hundreds of magazines." What they had actually seized were back issues of *Time* and *Newsweek*, a few nudist magazines, a dozen or so adult-pornography magazines, his wedding photo album, three cameras, a video recorder, 14 video tapes (three adult videos and 11 Hollywood movies), three legally purchased guns and his pickup truck. No child pornography was found.

Stokes was eventually sentenced to five years' probation, ordered to pay a \$9000 fine and required to forfeit all of the items seized by the police. In addition, he was ordered to undergo psychiatric treatment on a weekly basis until such time as his psychiatrist saw fit to release him.

In May 1984, U.S. Customs intercepted an illustrated advertisement for child pornography addressed to John Cocco. Following customary procedure, it issued Cocco a forfeiture notice, which he signed and returned. On the form, Cocco

indicated that he wanted the illustrated advertisement destroyed. However, instead of destroying it, Customs delivered it to him. Cocco returned the ad with a letter stating that he did not want it. Customs ignored his wish and, once again, delivered it. When Cocco then kept the advertisement, he was arrested. Subsequently, two child-pornography magazines that he also did not order were delivered to him. He was sentenced to five years' imprisonment on charges of receiving child pornography in the mail.

In January 1985, a Midwestern couple were arrested for creating and possessing "nudity-oriented material," a form of child pornography under applicable state law, after the husband sent a roll of film to a local processor. The film contained photographs of the couple's daughter and two nieces sun-bathing in the family's back yard and running around the house nude. The couple had similar photographs and video tapes in their possession. They were not consumers of any form of pornography, adult or child. The family had always treated nudity as a natural, not a shameful, state.

When the couple were arrested, their daughter was taken into custody by state child-protection workers. She was placed in a foster home for several months and allowed to see her parents only on an approved visitation schedule, with the supervision of a social worker. She was severely frightened and disturbed by her treatment at the hands of the state. The couple are still awaiting trial, though the child has now been returned to their full custody.

William Lerch and his wife were indicted in 1982 and charged with "photographing their six-year-old child in the nude with her pubic area exposed" and with "knowingly permitting their child to be so photographed." The girl had been playing with her mother on the living-room floor before a bath, turning somersaults and running around, and the father had photographed them, as he had many times before. Those photographs were discovered by the authorities after Lerch took the film to the local drugstore for processing. Shortly after Christmas Day, when he went back to the drugstore to pick up his pictures, he was arrested. His wife, unaware of any problem, was arrested at gunpoint by several police officers. The six-year-old was picked up at her day-care center by child-protection workers, who told the day-care-center staff that she was a victim of child pornography and possibly had been sexually abused by her parents. "At three o'clock that morning, the six-year-old [was] placed by the Illinois Department of



"Anyone looking for the child-porn underground will find only a vast network of postal inspectors and police agents."

Children and Family Services in a foster home. For five days, the child refused to eat. She just cried. At last, her parents persuaded the judge to release her to her grandparents, where she stayed six weeks before coming home." Lerch was given a one-year suspended sentence for creating "child pornography."

Vincent S. Herbort, 71, was solicited in early 1987 by U.S. Customs as part of Operation Borderline. Herbort, a collector of adult pornography, received a brochure from Customs advertising a variety of pornographic material "with boys and girls in sex action." No ages were specified in the brochure. Herbort had come across similar advertisements over the years, all for "fantasy" material depicting adult women posed as cheerleaders or schoolgirls. He ordered seven sets of photographs, and his package was delivered by law-enforcement agents posing as deliverymen. He was charged with "knowing receipt" of child pornography. Allen Brown, his attorney, introduced into evidence Herbort's collection of advertisements for adult pornography. The

Customs advertisement for child pornography could easily have been mistaken by Herbort for an advertisement for adult pornography. He was acquitted.

In June 1986, professional photographer William Kelly was arrested after sending a roll of his son's film to Colorfax, a photo laboratory. The film, unbeknownst to Kelly, contained four nude pictures of his children, ten and 12, taken by them while living in Florida with their mother. She, too, was unaware of her children's activities. Kelly spent seven days in jail before the court set his bond at \$20,000. Prior to his trial, police investigator William H. Whilden questioned his children, who repeatedly denied that their father had taken the photos.

According to Kelly's daughter, who testified during a Federal trial brought by Kelly against Whilden and the Fairfax County Police Department, Whilden had threatened her with juvenile jail unless she told him the "truth." She finally told him what he wanted to hear but immediately recanted her testimony. The case against Kelly collapsed, but not before considerable damage had been done to his reputation.

The moral panic over child pornography feeds on misinformation and fear. Some law-enforcement officers and social workers have exploited the issue for publicity and promotion. The media have capitalized on it to sell magazines, newspapers and television programs. Government officials and sexual conservatives have used it to exert greater control over families, to intrude upon First Amendment rights and the rights of the accused. In the United States, the hysteria serves to cover up the real problems: the lack of healthy sexual education for children and the lack of children's rights within the nuclear family and in society. Nina Eliasoph, author of "The Missing Children Myth" (published by Media Alliance in San Francisco), writes that "every year, 1,000,000 children are physically abused or seriously neglected by their own parents. Many millions more are emotionally mistreated . . . and each day, five children are killed by their parents."

It is only by addressing these issues and meeting the real needs of children that child abuse, sexual or otherwise, can be prevented.

The author began researching the issue of child pornography in 1984. He has talked with lawyers and defendants in the Government's anti-child-pornography campaign. He has consulted sex researchers and law-enforcement officials in Europe and the United States and availed himself of extensive public resources.

OPERATION BORDERLINE

Robert Brase was a 34-year-old farmer from Shelby, Nebraska. He had been married ten years and was the father of two sons. He had no criminal record and no history of child abuse. The U.S. Postal Service apparently got his name from a list postal inspectors had found when they raided a California distributor of nudity-oriented video tapes. Although there was no evidence that Brase had ever ordered from this firm or any explanation of how his name got on the list, it was enough for the Feds. The Postal Service sent Brase a catalog that it had produced. He ordered a video—in Beta. It arrived in VHS, and without watching it, he tossed it into a drawer. Less than an hour later, a team of postal inspectors arrived and searched his home, photographing centerfolds from several adult magazines and confiscating a few video tapes. The only child pornography in Brase's possession was the tape he had just received from the U.S. Postal Service. One day before his arraignment, Brase drove to a deserted country road and shot himself.

Only after Brase's death did his lawyer, Thomas Maul, gain access to the evidence seized in his home.

"There were some *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines and three or four French nudist magazines—nothing to do with children engaged in sexually explicit activities. There were a few video tapes, but I'm not even sure that they were X-rated. They definitely had nothing to do with children. I remember thinking when I saw them, This stuff is about as serious as *Porky's Revenge*."

The Brase affair was part of two Government sting operations called, appropriately, Operation Borderline and Project Looking Glass. Between 1986 and the fall of 1987, the United States Government kiddie-porn assault force produced 338 search warrants, 207 indictments—and four suicides. A total of 35 child molesters was discovered. No one would oppose identification and prosecution of those individuals, but the question remains: If the resources used in those sting operations were applied to any other method of uncovering child molesters, wouldn't more deviants have been found—and at less of a cost to the innocent?

H. Robert Showers, executive director of the Department of Justice's National Obscenity Enforcement Unit, is quick to defend his methods. "When

"One day before his arraignment, Robert Brase drove to a deserted country road and shot himself."

normal law-enforcement techniques don't work to solve a problem, you have to go to new ones. It was clear a couple of years ago that we were not penetrating these child-pornography rings. So innovative techniques had to be used.

"When the Government began selling drugs in undercover operations, you heard the same criticism—that it was breaking the law," says Showers. "Legally, the courts have never found that to be the case."

Barry Lynn, legislative counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union, disagrees: "Traditionally, that's how bad law-enforcement techniques get into the system. You take a crime that has the least amount of public support and use these techniques to investigate and prosecute it. Then you start to use them in other ways.

"In layman's terms, what happened in the child-porn sting is a kind of entrapment," says Lynn. "What are they going to use those techniques for next? To sell you guns? Or radar detectors? Where does something like that end?"

The architects of the sting anticipated the entrapment charge and claim they took great pains to justify their choice of marks. "We did not want to appear to have taken names out of the phone book," says Daniel Mihalko of the Postal Inspection Service. "All the individuals we targeted came to our attention from three separate sources—from previous investigations, mailing lists seized in raids or other investigative sources. They had to show a predisposition or interest in child pornography."

Have you ever ordered adult pornography? Have you ever corresponded—for whatever reason—with someone who was a child molester? What exactly were those "other investigative sources"? Waving those lists like Senator McCarthy with his list of Reds in the State Department, the porn hunters went to work. The Postal Service, posing as the Far Eastern Trading Compa-

ny, Ltd., of Hong Kong, sent out 1400 solicitation letters. U.S. Customs, masquerading as *Produit Outaouais* of Canada, sent about 2500. Ultimately, Customs managed to generate nearly 200 orders, which it filled with the real thing—authentic child porn seized in previous raids. The postal inspectors did better, with 229 orders. When the inventory on some of the hotter items ran dry, the boys in gray began duplicating as well as peddling kiddie porn.

If the Government thought certain people were child molesters or kiddie-porn collectors, why the elaborate scam? Why not just obtain search warrants from local authorities?

Chief Postal Inspector Charles Clouston replied, "Until they knowingly receive child pornography in the mail, there's been no violation. The fact that their name is on a list is not adequate."

In other words, there was no crime until the Government seduced people into committing one. Especially troubling is how hit lists were compiled. "You'll just have to trust us" is the implied message in the Feds' methodology. And what about the 3500 people who didn't rise to the bait? What are they now? First in line on the next sting list? Or casual consumers in the adult market whose curiosity may yet prove lethal?

Before he committed suicide, Brase asked his lawyer, "Don't they have to do more than put it in the paper?" Unfortunately, the rules of a witch-hunt are different from those of a court. Trial by headline is easy.

Showers shrugs off responsibility for a Government program that drives some victims to suicide. "Obviously, no one wants to see that kind of thing, but it's not unusual when you're dealing with something as destructive as child pornography. This kind of sting is designed to penetrate into these underground, secretive operations, and we get some well-regarded people in the community—high-ranking professional people, persons who are considered upstanding citizens. In those circumstances, something like suicide is to be expected. It doesn't make you feel good, but it's not unusual."

Maybe the arrest statistics are worth a few lives—innocent or otherwise. You can justify virtually anything in the elusive, righteous pursuit of kiddie-porn freaks.

Or maybe we've already met the enemy, and he is us. —FRANK KUZNIK

BIRTH IN A NATION

Don't think that you're safe just because televangelist Pat Robertson was advised by his political advisor, the Man Upstairs, to withdraw from the 1988 Presidential race. For the righteous are hatching another scheme: to lower the voting age from 18 years to the moment of conception—and then run the first unborn candidate for President.

Supporters of the candidate are bickering over campaign strategy. Some consider a candidacy viable a mere month after conception. Another faction believes that the candidate shouldn't throw his hat into the ring until he has a head. *All* agree, however, that sometime during the candidate's second trimester, at the 1988 Republican Convention, the G.O. Peewee will be nominated on the first ballot.

The candidate is officially scheduled to be born in time for his January 1989 Inauguration. Says a prospective member of the Cabinet, "Sure, it'll be hard working with a President still wet behind the ear and every other orifice. But it'll be great for foreign policy. Who needs first-strike nuclear weapons when you've got a leader in his terrible twos?"

What's next? Will scientists create a vast new constituency by breeding test-tube conservatives who vote in vitro? Unless the Democrats wise up and offer Peter Ueberroth and Bruce Springsteen on their ticket, it's likely that in two years, the President will be addressing us from the Ovaltine Office.

Elizabeth Darcy
New York, New York

According to the Constitution, a person must be 35 before he can run for President. Of course, some people don't let small things such as the Constitution get in their way.

HARTFELT THOUGHTS

In a letter titled "Think Again, Gary Hart" [*The Playboy Forum*, May], Howard L. Hull states that if Hart is not willing to have his life subjected to scrutiny by the press, he is not fit to be President and Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces. I disagree. There are many people in the Armed Forces who have under-



FOR THE RECORD

VOODOO SEX, OR WHAT KIND OF MAN READS *PLAYBOY*?

Pornography is addictive and progressive. First you have people looking at *Playboy*, but when that's not good enough, they sometimes move on to mutilation and animal sex, then it's making love to a corpse, and pretty soon people are sticking pins and needles into their penises.

—JULIE GOODALL, member, Greater Toledo—Citizens Against Pornography

gone confidential security checks, but I don't know of one who had to tell the press what he did in his off time. Let's leave the investigations confidential and up to the pros and let the press cover the less private aspects of our candidates' qualifications.

Clinton Van Bennekom
San Diego, California

Are you suggesting that the Presidential candidates should be examined by the security police before they become candidates? From what we can tell, a propensity for "sleeping around" got the Marines in Moscow into trouble and is something that influences security clearances. We'd hate to think that the "security pros" would have ruled out Hart as a candidate without our knowing why.

ORWELLIAN NOTIONS

After reading "The Rico Roulette" [*The Playboy Forum*, May], I'd say George Orwell was right!

George Knoblauch
San Antonio, Texas

I'm oppressed in prison, but it looks as if I'm going to be oppressed when I get out, too. Orwell should have called his book 1988.

M. Fornino
Yardville, New Jersey

NOBEL NOMINEE

I was surprised to see an article about the nomination of the Reverend Joseph B. Ingle for the 1988 Nobel Peace Prize ("*Playboy's* Very Own: A 1988 Nobel Nominee," *The Playboy Forum*, May). I have heard the Reverend Mr. Ingle speak on several occasions, and I am not swayed by his arguments against the death penalty. Although I sympathize with his views from a theoretical standpoint, I find that he only addresses the problem and does not offer a solution.

If we do abolish the death penalty, there will be two possible repercussions: (1) Taxpayers will pay more taxes to support more prisoners, and (2) overcrowded prisons will force parole boards to grant early paroles. I'm not sure that I can ever consider the turning of violent criminals loose on our society as a cause worthy of the Nobel Peace Prize. I would

rather see a police officer who gave his life in the line of duty receive the prize.

Wayne Wilkerson
Nashville, Tennessee

A study conducted in Texas shows that its 19 executions between 1982 and 1987 cost Texas taxpayers \$50,000,000. If the 19 executed prisoners had been given a life sentence with no parole, the taxpayers would have paid 25 percent less.

There are fewer than 2000 prisoners on death row. Executing them would not contribute in any significant way to alleviating the overcrowded conditions in our prisons.

Although awarding a prize to an officer killed in the line of duty may be worthy, the Nobel Peace Prize committee does not accept posthumous nominations.

LASHING FOR LEH

I'd also like to "Lash Out at Leh" [*The Playboy Forum*, May]. Pennsylvania state representative Dennis E. Leh describes himself as a God-fearing citizen. God-fearing means that he follows rules not because they are right and good, not because they contribute to the order and harmony of the universe but because God will get him if he doesn't.

Some religious people like to play rock-and-roll records backward, looking for satanic messages. I'd like to do the same with Leh's name. Leh backward is Hel. In Nordic myth, Hel was the queen of the dead. Her name is the root for hell. Dennis backward is sinned. Together, along with his middle initial, E, his name is a nice cockney-sounding rejoinder to a man who acts out of fear of the Lord: "Hel, 'e sinned!"

Wilfred D. DeVoe
Boston, Massachusetts

DRUG-WAR SOLUTION

I was intrigued by T. Webb's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, May) in which he advocates issuing letters of marque to "coastal rednecks" as a means of stopping drug smuggling.

I am a licensed charter captain operating out of southern Maryland on the Chesapeake Bay. Last year, a client of mine and his family were subjected to abuse and harassment by Coast Guard personnel during their cruise from the Florida Keys to Nova Scotia. The Coast Guard boarded my client's vessel numerous times, holding him and his family under armed guard and damaging their 120-foot vessel.

The Coast Guard found no evidence of drugs on the boat, but my client and his son were arrested anyway—for assaulting a Federal officer. The two were freed only after an expensive legal defense in which they were forced to settle for civil penalties and probation, despite their innocence.

Privateers operating under carefully restricted letters of marque can hardly do worse than this. The Coast Guard has a five percent success rate when it comes to finding contraband on boats boarded in Florida waters—which is a hotbed of drug activity—and it has a .001 percent success rate for finding contraband on boats in other American waters.

Richard R. Roberts
Deale, Maryland

SCHOOL DAZE

John Dentinger, in "School Daze" [*The Playboy Forum*, June], misses the point. No writer or editor is given carte blanche on his articles in the real world, nor should he be given it in high school. In any commercial paper, the publisher has final say on what is printed; the publisher of the high school newspaper is the principal. High school journalists called on the mat for questionable reporting should look upon it as a learning experience.

John R. Murphy
Moscow, Idaho

SAY NO TO STUPIDITY

The U.S. Government conducted a study and found that 50-75 percent of men charged with serious crimes in 12 major cities tested positive for drugs at the time of their arrest: 79 percent in New York, 73 percent in Chicago and 53 percent in Phoenix.

This study is used to support the theory that drugs cause crime. Such a conclusion may be drawn by people who are unsophisticated, but nothing could be further from the truth.

The truth, obviously, is that drugs don't cause crime—they cause stupidity. Criminals who take drugs are so slow of wit and poor in judgment that they get

themselves caught.

The Government should take a more enlightened position in its educational efforts to reach substance-abusing Americans than its "Just say no" campaign. We learned from Prohibition that Americans are definitely reluctant to say no to anything that is illegal, fashionable or dangerous. Drugs are all three, which is why the Government is losing its "war" against them. If the Government were smart, it would change its campaign from "Just say no" to "Don't be stupid." It could use the new statistics to back up the slogan.

H. Crawford
Chicago, Illinois

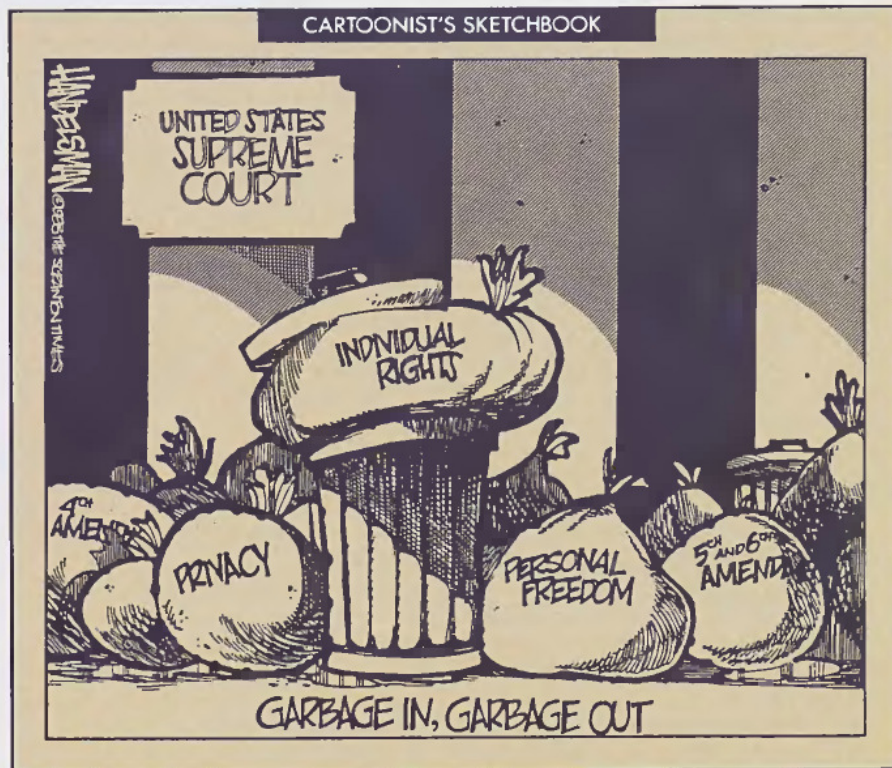
IF THE PENANCE FITS. . . .

In your article "The Gospel According to Jimmy" [*The Playboy Forum*, June], Jimmy Swaggart cites *Matthew* 5:27-28 on lustful thoughts. However, he conveniently doesn't quote *Matthew* 5:29, "And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

Well, Jimmy, which goes first—the eyes, the hands or the penis?

Michael Ploof
San Antonio, Texas

CARTOONIST'S SKETCHBOOK



what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WHAT A DATE YOU HAVE IN JESUS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Reagan Administration's "chastity law" permits Federal funds to be given to religious groups that try to curb teenage sex. And it continues to be abused, at least according to critics of the law. You be the judge. One Virginia religious group used its \$150,000 grant to produce a pamphlet counseling teenagers



to "act like Jesus would if he were on a date." Another group counsels its teen members that condoms cause birth defects. Chastity can be a good secular value, says one of the law's detractors, but in the hands of religious groups, it invariably becomes entwined with religion.

SAY NO TO TOADS

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—The drink of choice in the Australian outback seems to be a hot toady. People drinking a broth made from boiling cane toads experience a feeling similar to an LSD trip. The cane toad is plentiful in Australia, while marijuana and heroin are in short supply and expensive. According to a Queensland University zoologist, the cane toad "makes a good cocktail."

GREEKS GO GAY

LOS ANGELES—UCLA has followed up its approval of a sorority for lesbians, Lambda Delta Lambda, by approving a fraternity for gay men, Delta Lambda Phi. University recognition means, among other things, that the Greek organizations

cannot discriminate against heterosexuals. The president of the UCLA Interfraternity Council said that members of the gay fraternity will not be hassled but will probably not receive a warm welcome. "A fraternity, in my mind," he said, "is part of the traditional American way, and homosexuality just doesn't seem to fit into that traditional view." According to a spokesman for the fraternity, "Any kind of new political statement by gays is sure to be met with some antagonism. But any time people have to discuss the topic, it's a positive step."

AH, THERE'S THE RUB

EL PASO, TEXAS—An enlightened city council has decided to amend an ordinance that prohibits massage-parlor employees from rubbing down members of the opposite sex. The unamended law prevented a local entrepreneur from massaging her male customers' feet without doctors' prescriptions. The amended ordinance allows for intergender foot massage—as long as the rub goes up only as far as the ankle. "We're all born with gifts," says the owner of the Foot Rub Inn, who charges \$15 per half hour, "and . . . I'm good with my hands."

NOUVEAU MOB

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Organized-crime Yuppies are abandoning the traditions of their fathers—they're more concerned with cost-benefit analysis than with codes of honor and discipline. According to one Mob expert, the young gangsters' only interest is in making money—fast. That is causing "friction and factionalization," and consequently, the Mob is less competent. The director of the New York State Organized Crime Task Force predicts that the Mob is changing so much that it "is likely to be rendered totally unrecognizable" by the year 2000.

GERMANS AGAINST SURROGACY

FRANKFURT, WEST GERMANY—A West German court, declaring a surrogate-motherhood center to be contrary to the country's adoption laws and to its basic moral principles, ordered the center closed. The minister of Youth, Family, Women and Health described surrogacy as an affront to human dignity. The center, run by United Families International, an American company, denied that it promoted surroga-

cy and said that it only offered advice about surrogate opportunities available in the United States.

ALTERNATIVE A.A.

LOS ANGELES—Atheists, agnostics and others who are uncomfortable with the religious character of Alcoholics Anonymous now have their own organization, one that doesn't require them to say the Lord's Prayer or to place themselves in "the care of God." This alternative for nonbelievers is S.O.S., Secular Organizations for Sobriety. It emphasizes will, reason and individual responsibility instead of the help of a "Higher Power." S.O.S. is based in Los Angeles and can be contacted at 818-980-8851.

HOW THE FEOS SPEND OUR MONEY

ESSEX, MARYLAND—An unnamed courier from the state's health department is dispatched daily to the local sewage-treatment plant to fish out the used condoms that are flushed down toilets. The fisherman is part of a \$48,000 Federal grant given to Baltimore from the Centers for Disease Control to determine how many people are practicing safe sex. The study's coordinator claims that condom sales indicate only how many



condoms are sold—not how many are used. The number of condoms flushed down commodes must be counted in order to find the true number of people practicing safe sex. If Baltimore is really serious about getting the facts, it should expand its study to include garbage dumps.

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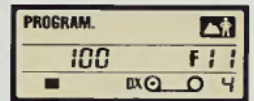
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

YASIR ARAFAT

a candid conversation with the p.l.o. chief about terrorism, israelis, palestinians and—for the first time—secret meetings with americans

For the past quarter century, through three Arab-Israeli wars and a parade of kings, sheiks, prime ministers, presidents and war lords, the Middle East leader who is perhaps best known, most widely reviled and, by some, most esteemed is a man without a home or a country. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if Yasir Arafat, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, is perceived by Israelis as a greater threat, and a bigger villain, than the combined armed forces of the neighboring Arab states.

Arafat, whose scraggly stubble and checkered headdress have made him instantly recognizable on television screens throughout the world, has been in power long enough to have met many of the world's leaders—and most of their predecessors. He has been embraced not only by Muammar el-Qaddafi but by Pope John Paul II, Deng Xiaoping, Mikhail Gorbachev and other European leaders.

At the same time, with unflinching hostility, Israeli leaders continue to denounce Arafat—who used to call for Israel to be “driven” into the sea—as the world's leading terrorist. It is a term he repudiates.

Arafat's principal trait is one that the Israelis would admire in another man: He is a survivor. For 30 years, he has led an organization whose goal is to establish a Palestinian homeland in what is now Israel. Yet he has

been unable to gain an inch of ground for his 5,000,000 people, most of whom live in squalor in refugee camps scattered throughout the Middle East. He has been the leader of a guerrilla army that has won few battles against its principal foe, the Israelis. As the unruly P.L.O., whose factions range from Islamic fundamentalists to atheistic Marxists, has split, shattered and come together again, Arafat has been declared irrelevant any number of times.

Yet he endures, the chairman of a P.L.O. that is today, if anything, more united and powerful in the Arab world than it has ever been. The P.L.O. has offices in 90 countries and has observer status at the United Nations. To the chagrin of the U.S. and Israel, Arafat, an empty holster strapped to his waist, got a standing ovation at the UN podium in 1974 when he addressed a session of the General Assembly.

As far as the Israelis are concerned, Arafat is no statesman but the leader of a “terrorist gang,” a “thug” they will never forgive—or negotiate with. In the U.S., a politician's tentative support for Arafat can brand him a radical; on the current scene, only Jesse Jackson has embraced Arafat, and American Jews have not forgotten.

The Israeli indictment of Arafat stems from the years of random shelling and cross-border raids from Syria, Jordan and Lebanon that

killed hundreds of Israeli civilians during the Sixties. Then during the Seventies, a series of spectacular international terrorist incidents was attributed to the P.L.O. by Israel. Although Arafat was not personally responsible for all the incidents—indeed, some were carried out by his sworn enemies—the bloody deeds were all done in the name of Palestinian “liberation.” Arafat, of course, is the very embodiment of that cause and received both the blame and the credit. He is seen by some as having defended his people's right to a homeland with no less brutal methods than did the pre-1948 Israelis, but his international standing—as either an outlaw menace or a visionary national leader—depends on one's point of view.

He was born Rahman Abdul Rauf Arafat-al-Qudwa al-Husseini in 1929 and picked up the nickname Yasir as a boy. He was one of seven children of a well-off Palestinian merchant. He grew up in Egypt and became active in the Palestinian cause while an engineering student at Cairo University.

In 1948, British Palestine was partitioned by the UN to create the state of Israel, though Arab Palestinians outnumbered Jews in the area by more than two to one. War broke out immediately, and Arafat, who was living in Gaza at the time, says he fought beside his Arab brothers against the Jewish militia. In the end, the Israeli army defeated the



“In this present uprising, the Israelis are using gas—made in the U.S.A., 1988. Why? We have the right to ask! Why does the U.S. support Israel in this way, turning our people into an experiment for new weapons?”

“Everyone has now discovered who is the real terrorist organization: It is the Israeli military junta who are killing women and children, smashing their bones, killing pregnant women. It is obvious who the terrorists are.”

“Before, I was very rich. I was well on the way to being a millionaire. I used to go through Lebanon, then to Europe, as a tourist. Lebanon was just a stop on the way then. I used to go there to shop.”

combined forces of Egypt, Jordan, Iraq and Syria, and Arafat returned to Cairo.

Arafat established Al Fatah (an Arab acronym originally denoting death, now conquest) in the late Fifties, traveling to refugee camps to recruit unemployed youths to his cause. In 1969, Al Fatah merged with the P.L.O. and Arafat was named chairman.

With the help of millions of dollars from the oil states in the Persian Gulf, Arafat's P.L.O. grew enormously and soon became a direct threat to the Arab regimes that had originally sponsored it. In September 1970, Jordan's King Hussein, the Hashimite monarch who rules a kingdom that is 50 percent Palestinian, dispatched his fierce Bedouin troops to dislodge what had become a rump Palestinian state within Jordan. In furious fighting, as many as 10,000 Palestinian guerrillas were killed before the guerrilla army fled to Syria and Lebanon. Arafat himself reportedly was smuggled out of Jordan in disguise.

Arafat and his well-armed Palestinian fighters quickly re-established their power in Lebanon, which made them a direct threat to Syria. When civil war broke out in 1975, Syrian troops intervened on the side of Christian militiamen to prevent their defeat at Arafat's hands. In 1982, Arafat and his guerrillas were thrown out of southern Lebanon by an Israeli invasion and dispersed throughout the Middle East. But within a year, Arafat had re-established himself in Tripoli, in northern Lebanon, only to be attacked again after Syria engineered a mutiny in his own Al Fatah ranks. His life was saved when the great powers arranged a cease-fire and evacuation for Arafat and his 4000 remaining fighters. But he and his P.L.O. were declared, once and for all, a spent force. Said an editorial headline in *The Wall Street Journal*: "YASIR WHO?"

But the pundits had again underestimated Arafat. From his new bases in Tunis, Yemen and Baghdad, the wily survivor once more engineered a P.L.O. revival. By 1985, his fighters were back in Lebanon in force. And although the current rebellion in Israel's occupied territories was at first seen as a minus for the P.L.O.—the young stone throwers known as the shabab reportedly denounced the old leaders as ineffectual—Arafat quickly asserted his authority the old-fashioned way: He paid for it.

With an annual budget estimated at \$220,000,000 and world-wide assets thought to be between two billion dollars and 14 billion dollars, Arafat presides over a network of political and social programs that forms a firm basis for his unflinching popularity among ordinary Palestinians. Although he has not given them a homeland, he has given them hospitals and clinics, schools and scholarships, unemployment benefits and pensions. The P.L.O. doles out welfare payments to 60,000 families a month, spends \$20,000,000 a year on health care and millions more to finance overseas-university scholarships, legal-defense funds and Palestinian newspapers.

Although he doesn't look the part of the government bureaucrat, Arafat's ability to

manage what amounts to a nation without borders is the secret of his survival—that and his uncanny ability to play opponents off against one another. As Judith Miller wrote in *The New York Times Magazine*, "Arafat remains something of an enigma—all things to all men—terrorist, statesman, dreamer, pragmatist, Jekyll, Hyde. Even friends describe him as a human chameleon, a political operator who makes Machiavelli look like a straightforward kind of guy."

Nevertheless, among his people, he is well loved. Among close associates, he is affectionately called the old man, though at 59, he is younger than some of them. To his admirers in the Palestinian camps and villages, he is known by his nom de guerre, Abu Ammar. Despite his access to vast sums of money, Arafat lives a simple life. He is unmarried ("I am married to Al Fatah," he has been quoted as saying. "Al Fatah is my woman, my family, my life"). He neither smokes nor drinks, and his principal indulgence is an excess of honey in his tea. His residence changes often and in secret to avoid the recent fate of his longtime friend and principal deputy, Khalil Al-Wazir—also known as Abu Jihad—who was assassinated by a hit squad assumed to have

*"Our young men and women
will not accept slavery;
they will fight to be
free human beings and to
defend their rights
as free human beings."*

been organized by Israel.

To discover more about the man and his P.L.O., Playboy sent Morgan Strong to talk with Arafat. Strong, a journalist who has taught Middle East studies, interviewed Lebanese war lord Walid Jumblatt for Playboy in 1984. Strong's report:

"My first attempt to meet Yasir Arafat was in June 1982 in Beirut. Unfortunately, Israel picked that week to invade Lebanon, and our get-together was postponed indefinitely. In late 1987, I tried again. Finally, we arranged a meeting at his offices in Tunis.

"I waited for a week upon arrival and spent my nights listening for the phone and my days strolling the streets of Tunis. True to form, the call I was expecting came at midnight. Someone would be right there to take me to dinner with the chairman. Also true to form, the driver arrived two hours later, and we sped off through a darkened city devoid of deadly cars, which was a great comfort. After a circuitous drive, we arrived at a tree-lined street in the suburbs. Several cars were parked in front of Arafat's house, and a group of men lounged against them. As we approached and entered the house, I heard the unmistakable click of weapons being nervously shifted.

"I was ushered down a short hall into a rather large room furnished with a corner desk and several chairs. The P.L.O. flag stood to one side of the desk. Arafat stood up and rushed across the room to greet me. He wore a small pistol on his hip. He grasped my hands in his and welcomed me. Dinner was Spartan, consisting of pita bread and hummus, the Middle East's favorite food. There were also fried eggs, raw vegetables and fruit juice.

"Arafat insisted that I have the first choice of dishes. Later, in Baghdad, he would insist that I eat fruit after one of our meals, saying it was essential to my health.

"We talked at length, but I wanted more. To get it, I went on an odyssey that was to take me from Tunis to Amsterdam to New York, back to Tunis, to Paris, to Tunis again, France again, then to Baghdad via Belgrade. If I had joined a frequent-fliers club, it would have had to give me my own 747.

"We finished our interview in Baghdad, a city in which virtually every public facility is named after President Saddam Hussein. Just one Iranian Silkworm missile whooshed into town during my stay, and, happily, it did not come down in my vicinity. But I felt its impact.

"The ritual for the interview sessions was by then familiar: late-night calls to the residence provided for Arafat by Hussein—Saddam Government Guest House Complex One, just off Saddam Boulevard. A tardy car to take me there. During those sessions, I spent time with Bassam Abu Sharif, Arafat's senior advisor, translator and chief P.L.O. spokesman—seen by American television audiences on ABC's 'Nightline'—who was crucial in arranging my meetings with Arafat. Bassam also provided me with the interview's most startling disclosure.

"Finally, after several days, I left Baghdad, but not without incident. At the last of three security checks at Saddam International Airport, a customs agent discovered my tapes of the interview—I had not been able to send duplicates to my Playboy editor. I was told that they could not be taken on the plane. The guard then casually tossed one of the cassettes into a large garbage container. Six months, hundreds of thousands of miles, and here was this idiot gathering up all the tapes for a final toss into the ash bin. I raised my voice in protest and a loud argument ensued, luckily in English. At last, one agent said he would take the tapes to his superior for a final judgment. He was gone for perhaps 20 minutes. When he returned, he reluctantly gave me the tapes but refused to retrieve the one in the garbage. What follows, then, is in no small measure courtesy of that Iraqi airport guard whose name I don't know and am not about to go back to find out."

PLAYBOY: During these past months, the uprising in the West Bank and Gaza—and the Israeli reaction to it—has produced a dramatic change in the way people perceive the Palestinian cause. Despite that, do you think the P.L.O. will ever succeed in

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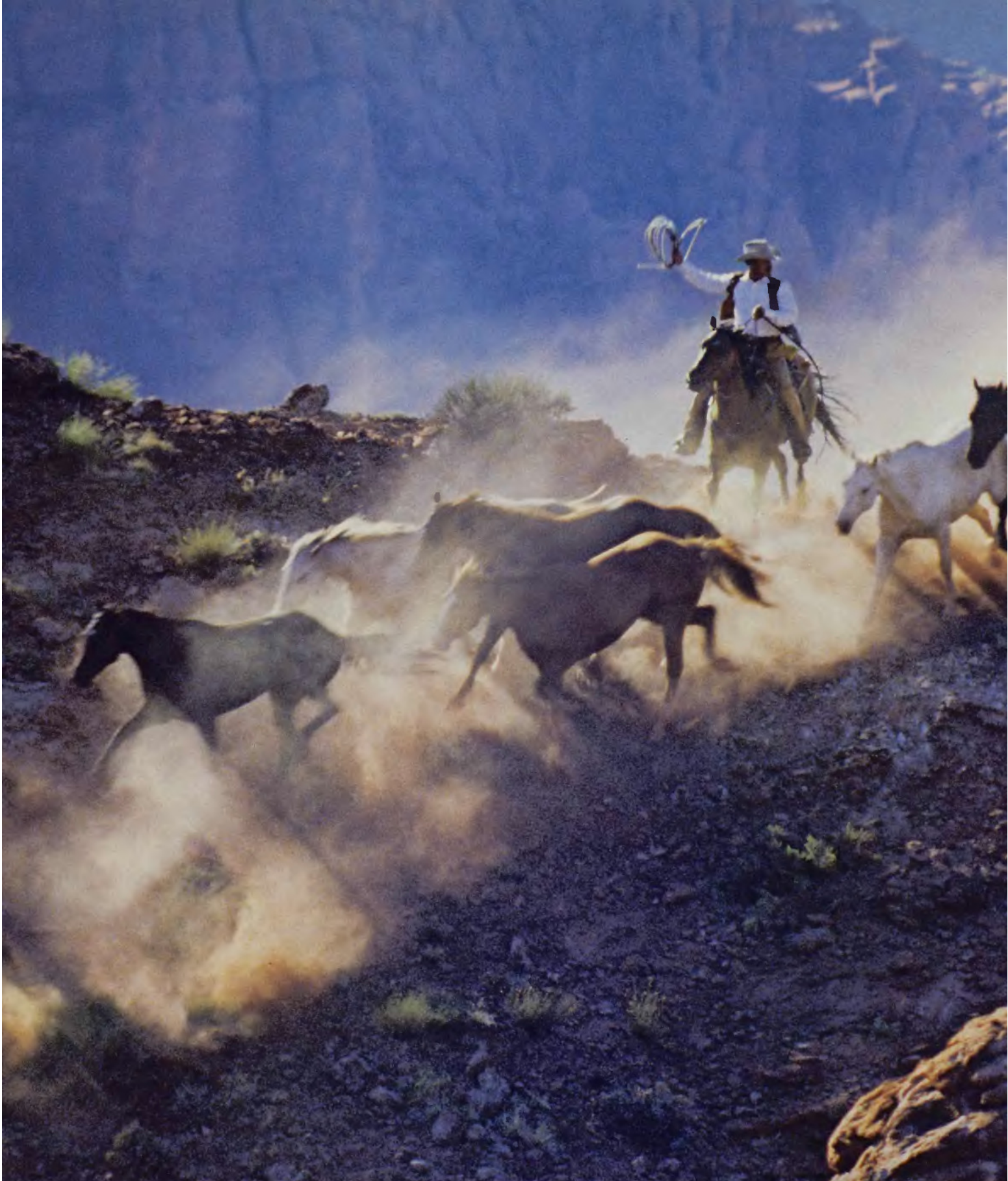
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shedding its terrorist label?

ARAFAT: Everyone has now discovered who is the *real* terrorist organization: It is the Israeli military junta who are killing women and children, smashing their bones, killing pregnant women. You just have to look at television to see this. So now it is clear and obvious who the terrorists are.

PLAYBOY: Do you, as head of the P.L.O., claim responsibility for the uprising? Are you directing it?

ARAFAT: I think that this is clear to the whole world: The masses have been demonstrating now for six months, raising the flag of the P.L.O., shouting the slogans of the P.L.O.

PLAYBOY: But it has been widely considered a spontaneous uprising, internally directed, without sponsorship.

ARAFAT: What is going on right now in the West Bank and Gaza is not just the creation of the moment. It's the result of long-term accumulation of resentment and opposition to oppression, resentment and opposition to occupation. All generations, all levels of the people have participated. And it is our decision, by the way, that the demonstrations should continue in a democratic, civilized way. We are confronting the sophisticated weapons and fascist means of the Israelis with stones and sticks, even shouting, until they withdraw.

PLAYBOY: How have you managed to plan and direct the uprising, since you are some distance from the territories?

ARAFAT: Plan and direct the uprising? The P.L.O.? How did we do this?

PLAYBOY: Yes. We realize you may be reluctant to discuss tactics. But, for instance, we began this interview in Tunis, we are now in Baghdad—and in between, you've been in Syria and the Soviet Union. It makes hands-on management of the uprising rather difficult, doesn't it?

ARAFAT: Over a period of time, the P.L.O. has managed to establish committees all over through the support of the Palestinian people. There are people's committees in every quarter, in every camp, in every village, in every university. There are committees that really take care of the uprising and the resistance to occupation. But they also take care of the requirements of the daily life of the people.

PLAYBOY: If that is so apparent, why has there been so much speculation about who is really directing the Palestinians?

ARAFAT: The Israeli propaganda, and some media that support them with closed eyes, say this. The Israelis tried to blur what was happening in the West Bank and Gaza. In the beginning, they claimed it was the creation of Islamic groups, pro-Khomeini groups. But it was soon clear how widespread the support is. For example, during Christmas, Christian Palestinians canceled all Christmas activities to support Moslem Sabbath activities already canceled. So that showed the big lie of the Israelis.

PLAYBOY: It's ironic, isn't it, that after all these years of armed conflict with the Israelis, the main reason world opinion to-

ward the Palestinian cause has changed is the sight of unarmed young men and women throwing stones? How do you feel about that, considering your varied methods through the years?

ARAFAT: I am very proud of the young men and women. Don't forget that they have graduated from the school of revolution year after year. They have gone from the school of resistance to occupation. These children have been taught, day after day, not to forget their homeland. They will not accept slavery; they will fight to be free human beings and to defend their rights as free human beings. Someday to live in the same way that other children of the world are living, peacefully.

PLAYBOY: Despite your assertions, many people believe that the P.L.O. no longer represents the Palestinian people—that the uprising is self-contained and is really a result of P.L.O. inertia. True?

ARAFAT: I find that question being answered every day in the occupied territories. [*Angrily*] You don't need to direct this question to me! You can go to the West Bank and Gaza, or even watch television, or listen to the cries of our people. You will understand that the overwhelming majority of the Palestinian people regard the P.L.O. as their sole and legitimate representative. And they don't accept any kind of alternative proposed by this international force or the other, or alternatives supported by the Israelis!

PLAYBOY: When you say "international force," do you mean the United States?

ARAFAT: If the American Administration, or any country, wants to play a constructive role in seeking peace, they should not hide from facts. They should deal with the facts directly by realizing that there is no other way than to deal with the *two parties* in the conflict: Israel and the P.L.O. They can never have a role by dealing only with the occupiers—the Israelis.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone from the Reagan Administration contacted you directly about the uprising?

ARAFAT: No.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Secretary of State George Shultz's efforts to solve the West Bank crisis?

ARAFAT: Shultz has carried certain ideas, old ideas, that are not adequate for the new situation. If the Reagan Administration stops hiding the sun with its little finger, and deals with the rights of 5,000,000 Palestinians, we will be on the right road for peace. If not, it is the United States who will be responsible for the misery and bloodshed in the region.

PLAYBOY: You have not yet commented publicly on the assassination this past spring of Abu Jihad, your close friend and advisor, in his villa near Tunis. Will you do so now?

ARAFAT: What the Israelis have committed is a great crime. It shows to the whole world that this state, this government, this junta ruling Israel at the present moment is conducting state-organized terrorism. They are defying the whole world and

penetrating the sovereignty of countries and assassinating hundreds of miles away from Israel.

By this, Israel has proved once more to the world that the Cairo declaration [in which the P.L.O. renounced "operations" outside the occupied territories] means nothing to them. Because before this crime, they did several other crimes. I think any objective person in the world should see the source of organized state terrorism as Israel, not those who are resisting.

PLAYBOY: Before this interview began, you told us that you had indirectly received a letter from the American Government assuring you that the U.S. had had no involvement in the assassination of Abu Jihad. But you said that letter also stated that the U.S. "has knowledge" that you personally approved attacks against American targets in retaliation and warned you that if such attempts were made, the U.S. would deal with them severely. *Did* you personally approve such attacks?

ARAFAT: [*Angrily*] Of course not! We did receive a letter stamped **SECRET** that was passed to an Arab country to be passed on to us. And it is true, I received an official message from the American Administration accusing me of approving attacks against United States citizens to avenge Abu Jihad. They are holding us responsible for anything that happens. The letter is proof that the United States is planning to carry out attacks against the P.L.O. and its leadership. They are basing this on supposed attacks against Americans which I may have approved. *May* have approved!

There is an old Arab proverb that says, "The suspect is saying, 'Take me in, I am guilty!'"—and that is the United States, of course. Before testifying against us before Congress, Ambassador [Richard] Murphy should have checked the files at his own State Department to see how many times the P.L.O. has protected American citizens rather than attacked them.

PLAYBOY: And you believe that it's an excuse to attack you and the P.L.O. leaders?

ARAFAT: Yes. We know that the United States supplied Israel with sensitive information, satellite photographs of our headquarters in Tunis, before they bombed it in 1985. Robert McFarlane did this.

PLAYBOY: The same McFarlane who was, at the time, using the Israelis as intermediaries in the Iran/*Contra* deal?

ARAFAT: Yes. We know it is true. The United States is trying to intimidate me by direct threats on my life. We expect other assassinations of our leaders.

PLAYBOY: You say that the P.L.O. has protected U.S. citizens in the past. How?

ARAFAT: I will give you an example. During the beginning of the civil war in Beirut, in 1976 and later in 1977, you know we twice helped thousands of Americans to evacuate. The first time through the hills and the second time by the seashore.

PLAYBOY: Was that ever acknowledged by the U.S.?

ARAFAT: I have a letter from Henry Kissinger, an official letter, thanking the P.L.O. and the Palestinian troops for the sacrifices they offered to save the lives of the Americans.

PLAYBOY: A letter of thanks from Kissinger? Wasn't Andrew Young, during the Carter Administration, forced to resign as U.S. Ambassador to the UN for having had a brief conversation with your permanent observer there, Zehdi Terzi?

ARAFAT: Yes!

PLAYBOY: But Kissinger is currently no supporter of yours. Didn't he recently suggest that TV cameras should be barred from the West Bank and Gaza, and that the Palestinian uprising should be "brutally suppressed"?

ARAFAT: Yes, and how shameful are his words. [*Angrily, gesticulating*] "No to the P.L.O.!"—how shameful. We never harmed the Americans, never. We helped the Americans elsewhere, too. And in spite of this, look at what has happened.

PLAYBOY: On what other occasions have you helped Americans?

ARAFAT: During the hostage taking in Iran. We released the first hostages from the embassy. The first 13 embassy personnel. They were released according to my personal efforts.

PLAYBOY: We're not sure we understand. You mean that Carter forced Young to resign but then went to you for help in releasing the hostages from Iran? It has been a long-standing policy that

there be no direct contact between any member of the U.S. Government and the P.L.O.

ARAFAT: There was a special and permanent contact between me and President Carter. I have written documents from President Carter himself. And I dealt with Ambassador [Landrum] Bolling. You can discuss this with President Carter and his former Ambassador in Beirut.

PLAYBOY: If you have been of such help, why has this never been acknowledged?

ARAFAT: This is the shameful treatment of us by the American Administrations, I am sorry to say. Even now, they—not only the Americans but others—are asking me for help to free their hostages in Beirut. I am

trying to do my best. For me, it is a matter of principle. And many have been released according to my efforts.

PLAYBOY: Do you claim that there were other instances, as well?

ARAFAT: Yes. Do you remember the military operation to attempt to free the hostages from Iran?

PLAYBOY: Yes. The failed helicopter raid known as Desert One.

ARAFAT: It was me who sent Archbishop Capucci to arrange for the return of the bodies of the soldiers killed in the desert. [Hilarion Capucci, the Greek Catholic archbishop of East Jerusalem, was convicted in 1974 of smuggling arms into the Holy City for the Palestinians. He served three years in an Israeli prison and was released

ARAFAT: Some of it has been reported in our region. You in America do not have all this information because there is a complete blackout against the Palestinians. This is the dirty role of the Israeli lobby and their activities in the American mass media.

PLAYBOY: Do you really believe that the Israeli lobby is strong enough to block press coverage of that kind?

ARAFAT: According to what Kissinger is saying, they are strong; according to what Shultz is saying, they are strong. I'm sure, however, not only that it is the Israeli lobby in the United States but that a decision has been made in the American Administration. Let me give you an example: During the civil war in Lebanon by Israel, I personally guaranteed

the safety of the Jews living in west Beirut. Lebanese Jews—I gave them my personal guards' protection. And where was it acknowledged? Not by the Israelis.

PLAYBOY: They may claim that your guards held those Lebanese Jews hostage.

ARAFAT: No, not even the Israelis would say that! That would be a fatal mistake and they know it. I have papers and correspondence to prove that they were free to go anywhere. Some left and some stayed. We have very important statements from the rabbis thanking us for our help. This has been published in our area but not in the American media, which even now, despite recent sympathy for the Palestinians, are under

pressure from the Israeli lobby.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned past American Administrations with which you had secret dealings. What about the Reagan Administration? Any direct contacts?

ARAFAT: [UN Ambassador Vernon] Walters met in Morocco with two members of our Central Committee. Before the uprising.

[*During follow-up queries in May 1988 to ensure accuracy of dates and to correct any possible errors in transcription, the following conversation took place between Playboy and P.L.O. representative Bassam Abu Sharif, Chairman Arafat's chief advisor, interpreter for this interview and P.L.O. spokesman.*]

PLAYBOY: We were struck by Chairman



Cut Your Beard. Not Your Face.

See page 60

after a personal appeal by Pope Paul to Israeli authorities.—*Ed.*] We have the documents to prove this, and the pictures.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

ARAFAT: In 1976, Kissinger also contacted the Egyptians with an official State Department request to provide the American embassy with protection. And there was direct contact between the American Ambassador and the late Colonel Saed Sayel, our chief of staff, and Colonel Abu Homeid. They asked for protection of the embassy by our fighters.

PLAYBOY: If all of that is true, why haven't you made it public earlier—if only to demonstrate U.S. hypocrisy in its dealings with you?



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Arafat's assertion that Vernon Walters met with the P.L.O. in Morocco, especially since the Reagan Administration has been so vocal about avoiding any contacts with your group. Were there any other contacts in the past between the Reagan Administration and the P.L.O.?

ABU SHARIF: During the first campaign, the Reagan people contacted me.

PLAYBOY: During the 1980 campaign, when he was running against Carter?

ABU SHARIF: Yes. One of Reagan's closest friends—I will not name him now—and a major financial contributor to the campaign. He was on Reagan's campaign staff.

PLAYBOY: You personally spoke with him?

ABU SHARIF: Yes. He was close to Reagan; he kept referring to him as Ronnie during the meeting.

PLAYBOY: You met with him?

ABU SHARIF: Yes, we met in Beirut. He said he wanted the P.L.O. to use its influence to delay the release of the American hostages from the embassy in Tehran until after the election.

PLAYBOY: That is difficult to believe. If true, the implications are disturbing. Can you substantiate that?

ABU SHARIF: It is true, there is no question. They asked that I contact the chairman and make the request. We have the proof if it is denied. And they said they would deny it if it ever became public. I hope it does, because I would like to drop the bombshell on them.

PLAYBOY: What kind of evidence do you have?

ABU SHARIF: Real evidence. And I personally assure you that if the Reagan Administration denies what I have said, we will turn this evidence over to you.

PLAYBOY: Let's make sure we have this clear: During the 1980 campaign, there were rumors that President Carter might have an October surprise—the release of the hostages—in store. You're saying that around that time, someone from the Reagan camp actually asked Arafat to do what he could to make sure the hostages were *not* set free until after the election?

ABU SHARIF: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What was Arafat's response?

ABU SHARIF: I told the chairman of the request. He didn't comment, he didn't say anything.

PLAYBOY: Did you do anything further?

ABU SHARIF: I passed on the request and that was the end of my part.

PLAYBOY: What promises were made to the P.L.O. by this Reagan representative if hostages were held beyond the election?

ABU SHARIF: We were told that if the hostages were held, the P.L.O. would be given recognition as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people and the White House door would be open for us.

PLAYBOY: The hostages were released minutes after Reagan took office in 1980. You say you don't know what became of the request, but if anything was done, obviously no promise regarding recognition of the

P.L.O. was kept.

ABU SHARIF: Throughout our history, the American Government has always been hypocritical. They always promise us the same thing for our help and they never fulfill the promise.

[*The interview with Arafat resumes.*]

PLAYBOY: Mr. Chairman, during this uprising in the West Bank, have the Israelis attempted any direct contact with you?

ARAFAT: No. The current Israeli administration is racist. It follows a policy that is not only harmful to the Palestinians, it is also harmful to the Israelis themselves. Our offers for peace are genuine. And we are offering real chances for a lasting settlement in the region. This junta that rules Israel at the present moment is actually pushing the whole region into a blood bath, and no one can tell where it will end.

We repeat our offer here, through this interview, in your magazine: Let's work for peace, a just peace, a balanced peace, so that we can achieve security for all in the region. So that we can build for our children a future that can be called a guaranteed and secure one.

PLAYBOY: Would you then recognize Israel's right to exist?

ARAFAT: We are ready to recognize Israel only within international legalities.

PLAYBOY: You mean within the resolutions of the United Nations? In particular, resolution 242, which, in effect, recognizes the state of Israel but requires that it withdraw

from territories occupied during the wars?

ARAFAT: Ask the Israelis if they are ready to withdraw from occupied territories according to 242. Syria has accepted resolution 242. Has Israel withdrawn from the Golan Heights? Jordan has accepted 242. Has Israel withdrawn from the West Bank or Gaza? [*Excitedly gesturing*] The Egyptians signed the Camp David agreements, and in spite of this, Israel did not withdraw from areas that were under Egyptian supervision in Gaza!

PLAYBOY: Unfortunately, that doesn't answer the question: Why won't you just recognize that Israel has a right to exist, instead of qualifying it with legalities that make the point moot?

ARAFAT: When I say international legality, I mean the legality of the United Nations' resolutions. The United Nations is the international body. These various UN resolutions dealing with Palestine cannot be taken separately. They cannot be divided. We accept the resolutions in total—we accept what we like and even what we don't like. When it comes to resolution 181, which created the state of Israel, we do take that resolution and accept it as a unit. Not only item B—which calls for the creation of a Jewish state—but also item A, which calls for an establishment of a Palestinian state. The Israelis choose to accept only parts of these resolutions. They choose the parts they will accept.

PLAYBOY: The occupied territories give

probably one of the most recognizable men in the world.

ARAFAT: You think so?

PLAYBOY: Your face and your Palestinian headdress are instantly recognizable. If someday people forget what Jimmy Carter or even Ronald Reagan looked like, they probably won't forget what you looked like.

ARAFAT: [*Smiling broadly*] Thank you. It's a good idea, no?

PLAYBOY: To be so recognizable? Perhaps not. You live surrounded by armed guards. Here in Baghdad and earlier in Tunis, the security precautions were extraordinary. You can't go anywhere, can you, just to take a solitary walk?

ARAFAT: Yes, that's true. It's not easy. Once, I visited many countries all over

the world—China, Japan, Indonesia, Malaysia, India, Bangladesh, Pakistan, Canada, the Soviet Union and the United States. And more than that, actually. Most of Europe, the oldest socialist countries. But I never saw much.

PLAYBOY: Yes, that's the point. Whisked from the airport to the hotel, or wherever, in a convoy.

ARAFAT: Believe me, I saw not more than the airport, the residence where I stayed and the meeting rooms.

ABU SHARIF: But there were mass rallies.

ARAFAT: Yes, sometimes I would speak before mass rallies. But I would just see one room and the next most of the time. I might have the opportunity to see the TV.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wished that you

could just slip out and walk downtown in the places you've visited, just to look around?

ARAFAT: Very few times. Before I became the representative of the P.L.O., I visited a lot of places on vacations.

PLAYBOY: As a tourist?

ARAFAT: Yes, as a tourist. Not as a *terrorist*, now [*laughing loudly*], as a tourist!

PLAYBOY: Your personal background is not very well known. When did you travel as a tourist?

ARAFAT: I was once very rich. I used to go to Europe. I visited Greece, Italy, France, Switzerland, Austria.

PLAYBOY: That is surprising—Yasir Arafat, a high roller?



Israel its primary bargaining position. How could it be expected to forfeit that?

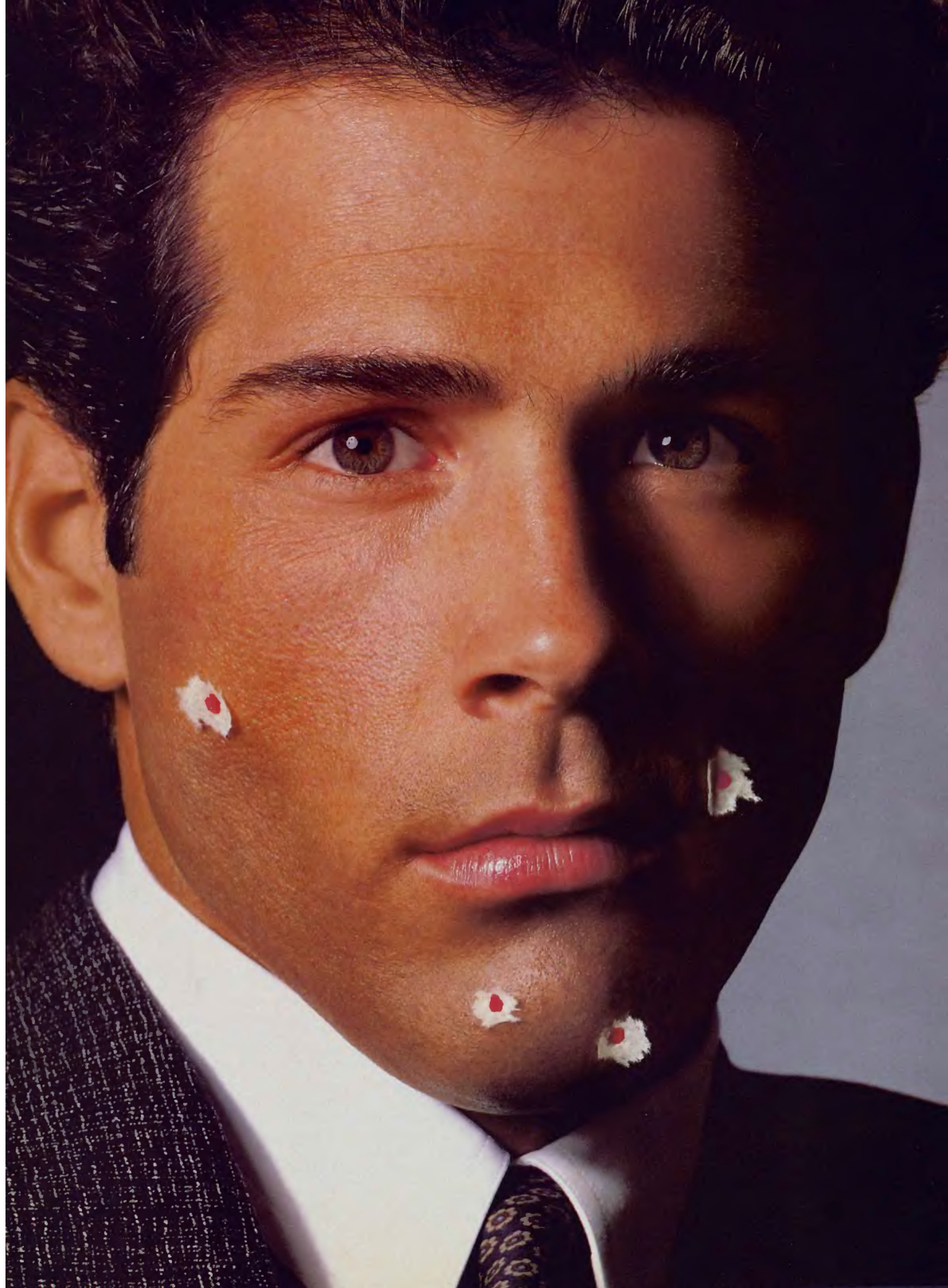
ARAFAT: That is the crux of it, that is the whole idea. The whole dilemma with the other side.

PLAYBOY: You mean no one is willing to go first?

ARAFAT: We are willing to negotiate; we've just said so.

[*The following portion of the interview was conducted in a more relaxed setting in Baghdad. The mood was more personal, with Abu Sharif serving as interpreter and occasional commentator.*]

PLAYBOY: For years, people around the world have seen and heard you represent the P.L.O. position on television. You're



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[Abu Sharif translates this several times for Arafat.]

ARAFAT: No, I never gambled.

PLAYBOY: We didn't mean gambling. Just that you were once well off and rather free with your money—touring the night spots, that sort of thing.

ARAFAT: Yes, yes, yes. I had a pocketful of money, like any tourist [laughs], and I enjoyed myself.

PLAYBOY: When was that?

ARAFAT: The last vacation I had was in 1963. I went to Venice. As I said, I was very rich.

ABU SHARIF: He was a millionaire.

ARAFAT: Yes, I was well on the way to being a millionaire. I used to go through Lebanon, then to Europe. Lebanon was just a stop on the way then. [Smiles ruefully] I used to go there to shop.

PLAYBOY: That was truly a long time ago. We'll return to Lebanon, but how did you happen to become rich?

ARAFAT: After I received my degree in civil engineering from Cairo University, I worked for two years in Egypt. Then I went to Kuwait. I was there for about eight years. I worked for the Kuwaiti government for a year, and then I started my own company with some partners.

PLAYBOY: What sort of company—engineering consultants?

ARAFAT: No! I was a contractor. We built roads, highways, bridges. Large construction projects.

PLAYBOY: You were a capitalist, then?

ARAFAT: During that period, yes. I had four cars. Nobody believes that, but I did. [Smiling] I had Chevrolets, and I had a Thunderbird and a Volkswagen. But I gave them all away when I left Kuwait to rejoin our struggle. All but one—the Volkswagen. I kept that to drive to Lebanon when I rejoined the struggle.

PLAYBOY: Somehow, it's difficult to imagine Yasir Arafat jumping into a Volkswagen to drive across the desert to Lebanon.

ARAFAT: [Laughs] It's true. I gave all my wealth to the revolution. The cars I gave to my partners, except, as I said, the Volkswagen. I used it to drive between Lebanon, Jordan and Syria. And later on, to Egypt.

PLAYBOY: Why have you talked so little about your past?

ARAFAT: I don't like to talk about my personal life. I never talk about it.

PLAYBOY: That, perhaps, is why so little is known about you. But give us just a little background. Where were you born?

ARAFAT: I was born in Gaza. My mother died when I was four, and I was sent to live with my uncle in Jerusalem. I grew up there, in the old city. The house was beside the Wailing Wall. The Israelis blew up the house—demolished it in 1967, when they captured the city.

PLAYBOY: Living so close to the Wailing Wall, did you have much contact with Jews?

ARAFAT: No, not much. It wasn't easy to have contact, because even then, the clashes between Arab and Jew had started.

PLAYBOY: So you've never had any extended

contact with Jews?

ARAFAT: At Cairo University, I had some opportunities; some of the students were Egyptian Jews.

PLAYBOY: Was there animosity between you?

ARAFAT: No, not much.

PLAYBOY: You attended elementary school in Jerusalem, had rather a normal childhood, in the Thirties and early Forties. How did you get to Cairo University?

ARAFAT: I went to live with my father, who had moved to Cairo, and began my courses in civil engineering. It was difficult, very tough. Thirteen to 15 courses a year.

PLAYBOY: What did your father do?

ARAFAT: He was a merchant, a successful merchant. I lost my father in 1952.

PLAYBOY: How did you become involved in the Palestinian movement?

ARAFAT: In 1947, I went to fight as a volunteer to defend the Arab lands from the British and the Jewish occupation. I was one of the volunteers.

PLAYBOY: You actually fought, carried a weapon?

ARAFAT: Oh, yes. I was a young chap. I fought in Jerusalem, in the south of Jerusalem and in Gaza. When the fighting was over, in 1948, I returned to Cairo and continued my studies. It was during this period that I met Gamal Abdel Nasser. I had become a reserve officer in the Egyptian army and managed to become acquainted with Nasser and his group.

PLAYBOY: Then you knew Nasser and the group of officers who managed to overthrow King Farouk in 1952.

ARAFAT: Yes. After I came back to continue my studies, during this period when I was in the army, too, I met Nasser. I had a very strong relationship with Nasser.

PLAYBOY: Nasser modeled himself after Mohammed Mossadegh of Iran, the leader of the first successful nationalist movement in the Middle East. Did you ever get to know Mossadegh?

ARAFAT: Yes, I knew him. Not well, but it was during this period, when I was close to Nasser, that I became involved in the Palestinian national movement. I was one of the leaders of the movement.

PLAYBOY: It was Nasser, then, who stimulated your interest again?

ARAFAT: No. The tragedy of my people never disappeared from my eyes, the tragedy of the refugees. But for a short period of time, I felt hopeless, hopeless.

PLAYBOY: You were ready to call it quits?

ARAFAT: Yes, I was very discouraged, despairing. After the tragedy, after 1948, especially. After we all became refugees. During that period, I was going to leave, leave the area entirely and continue my studies someplace else.

PLAYBOY: Where were you going to go?

ARAFAT: The United States.

PLAYBOY: The U.S.? That might have changed history a bit.

ARAFAT: Yes. I was accepted into the University of Texas—I think it was the University of Texas. Anyway, I didn't go.

PLAYBOY: If you had, you might have become an American citizen.

ARAFAT: [Smiling] Yes. Because many of my fellow students, friends of mine, went to Texas. The majority of them now have American citizenship.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you go?

ARAFAT: I don't know why. Maybe because when I received the acceptance from the university, it was just too late. I was already at Cairo University. I also found myself to be involved completely against the British troops occupying Egypt.

ABU SHARIF: The resistance.

ARAFAT: Yes, the resistance. Before the Nasser revolution.

PLAYBOY: You've been a revolutionary for a long time.

ARAFAT: Yes, yes. Before the Nasser revolution, there was an active Egyptian resistance against the British occupation of the Suez Canal. I was one of the leaders of this movement. These activities pushed me back from despair.

PLAYBOY: There's some ambiguity. You don't know what compelled you to engage in revolutionary activity, yet you never missed an opportunity.

ARAFAT: Yes, I was always involved. But during that period, there were a lot of uprisings in the Arab lands. There were various groups—Nasserites, Communists, the Moslem Brotherhood. All of them were trying to recover Arab lands, and the first target, of course, was Palestine. When Nasser succeeded in his revolution, I was already close to him. I had the opportunity to meet the first group of Palestinian students who began the Palestinian Union for Liberation.

PLAYBOY: And you joined them?

ARAFAT: Yes. They elected me chairman.

PLAYBOY: A title you've held for some time. Why did they elect you chairman?

ARAFAT: They found someone who was willing to work 24 hours a day. [Laughs] Because of my personal contacts with the Egyptians, we were given approval to form the unit. We called it the Union for Liberation, because it was for Palestinians all over, not just in Egypt. For the refugees everywhere. I was involved with that group for five years.

PLAYBOY: But then you left for Kuwait.

ARAFAT: Yes, after two years of working in Egypt, I went to Kuwait. I was still in despair that our cause would succeed. So I went to Kuwait.

PLAYBOY: But you returned in your Volkswagen. What compelled you?

ARAFAT: It was not easy. I liked my work, I liked engineering. To speak frankly, when I decided to leave my work, my successful work, my successful companies, I hesitated for some months. Then I made the decision and left. I was still discouraged, but something was still . . . I felt always that something was drawing me back.

PLAYBOY: It's been 40 years, and you still haven't figured out your motivation?

ARAFAT: [Laughs] No!

PLAYBOY: Automobiles aside, you presum-

ably gave up a lot of your life to this cause.

ARAFAT: Yes, since my youth. From when I was 17 years old, when I joined the resistance. But I am a strong believer, and I believe this is my destiny.

PLAYBOY: Your destiny—what is it?

ARAFAT: To continue my life for the sake of my people.

PLAYBOY: It is a life without much normalcy, isn't it? No family, constantly on the alert against assassination, constantly moving.

ARAFAT: Yes, and for this reason, no girl wanted to marry me. [Laughs] I work sometimes 24 hours a day. During the battles, I never slept. I usually work 18 hours a day. During the early days, I only slept an hour or two, sometimes a half hour a day.

But I cannot be comfortable, cannot live in a comfortable house. You saw my house in Tunis and here in Baghdad; I can't live in a comfortable house while I have this job to do for my people.

But I have my family: The Palestinian children are my children. I have a very good relationship with all the small kids. After the liberation, I will have a family.

PLAYBOY: Did you think when you began that the struggle might take this long?

ARAFAT: Yes, we had a slogan from the beginning: "It is not a picnic. It is a long, hard struggle." The Vietnamese took 35 years of continuous war. The Algerians, 150; the Rhodesians, about 100; the Saudis, 500. But from the beginning, we believed that

sooner or later, we would achieve our goals, because we are *with* the tide of history, while Israel is *against* it.

PLAYBOY: When did you form Al Fatah, which eventually became the largest group the P.L.O. comprised?

ARAFAT: In 1956, we established Al Fatah. I was one of the founders. In 1969, I became chairman of the P.L.O. There was no P.L.O. in that early period. I moved between Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Egypt.

PLAYBOY: But when you began, no one paid much attention to your organization.

ARAFAT: Nobody took it seriously. But we expected this.

PLAYBOY: The movement was simply ignored?

ARAFAT: In the beginning, yes. But not now.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps because it became known in the West as a terrorist movement.

ARAFAT: Terrorist! You see, that is the big lie, the big lie from this Israeli military junta. Now everyone can see who the terrorists are—they! George Washington was called a terrorist by the British. De Gaulle was called a terrorist by the Nazis. The Algerians were terrorists to the French occupiers. The Viet Cong were terrorists to the Americans. Robert Mugabe was called a terrorist by the Rhodesians. Now he is not only president of Zimbabwe but the chairman of the Members of the Nonaligned Countries.

PLAYBOY: There is, of course, a change in

er the P.L.O. as freedom fighters. [A UN spokesman says 145 nations voted against a U.S. Congressional proposal to close the P.L.O. mission under a new U.S. antiterrorist statute. The vote was not a record.—*Ed.*]

PLAYBOY: Then, after all these years of being labeled a terrorist, how does it make you feel to be called a freedom fighter—by nations other than the U.S.?

ARAFAT: Maybe you don't know that in some circles, I am considered *more* than a freedom fighter. By some, I am considered a symbol of resistance. It was only in some circles that I was called a terrorist. My enemies who were repeating the big lie. For your information, I am the permanent deputy of the Organization of the Islamic

Conference chairmanship. The co-chairman changes every three years—but I am the permanent chairman. And I am the permanent vice-president of the Nonaligned Countries movement. Just for your information.

PLAYBOY: Let's take this moment to look back at the conflict through your eyes. It's a difficult history for Westerners to follow. What do you make of the argument that, when all is said and done, you are demanding the return of something that never was—a Palestinian homeland? For instance, don't some people say that the Palestinians were not driven from their land in 1948 but left voluntarily?

ARAFAT: Voluntary what?

PLAYBOY: Left the land, left Palestine

to escape the conflict between the Jews and the Arabs in the 1948 war.

ARAFAT: All right. You have to remember what was being done, exactly, in those days by these Zionist groups. They were fanatic groups—the Stern gang and the Irgun, terrorist groups whose members still rule. [The Irgun Tsvai Leumi army was commanded by former prime minister Menachem Begin. The Stern, or LEHI group, was commanded by present prime minister Yitzhak Shamir. Both groups carried out extensive terrorist activities against both the British military and the Arab population.—*Ed.*] They were responsible for many massacres, not only against us, the Palestinians, but against the British,



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the perception of a group or an individual after they're successful.

ARAFAT: I am a freedom fighter. And you see, it is not I who is calling me the freedom fighter. Ninety-five percent of the United Nations say so. A majority of the people—including a big part of the Israelis and the American people—are saying that Arafat is a freedom fighter.

PLAYBOY: How do you conclude that?

ARAFAT: One hundred forty-eight member states of the UN have concluded that.

ABU SHARIF: The highest number of votes in the life of the United Nations.

ARAFAT: Yes, the highest. It has never happened in the history of the United Nations. There was a vote on a resolution to consid-

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like the famous explosion in the King David Hotel in Jerusalem in 1946. They killed many British soldiers. They captured and hanged some. And many Palestinians were killed through savage massacres.

PLAYBOY: What specific terrorist activities do you say the Israelis conducted against the Palestinians at that time?

ARAFAT: In Haifa. And in 1948, they completely demolished a village, Deir Yassin, and they killed *everyone*. [Two hundred inhabitants of the village were killed in the attack by the Irgun and LEHI. The operation by the irregular forces was condemned by the Haganah, the regular army of Israel.—Ed.]

PLAYBOY: But isn't it true that at that time, the Arab armies were attempting to wipe out the Israelis, rather than join them to throw off the British?

ARAFAT: The British were supporting the Israelis. Their Balfour Declaration gave the country to the Israelis. [On November 2, 1917, the British government said it supported the establishment of a "national home for the Jewish people," but only as long as nothing prejudiced the "civil or religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine."—Ed.] They did this even though the Jews were only five to seven percent of the population in 1917. Nevertheless, the Balfour Declaration gave all the country to the Jews. Not only that but a Jewish regiment in the British army was released with all their weapons after World War Two. It was strong, well equipped, had up-to-date weapons.

PLAYBOY: And you say the British deliberately allowed the Jewish troops to return and take over Palestine?

ARAFAT: Yes. They had fought in Italy with the British. Then they went to Egypt, then from Egypt to Palestine.

PLAYBOY: Then you think that the Israelis forcibly removed the population?

ARAFAT: Yes, it was not only the massacres but the kicking out by force. And even after the establishment of the state, they continued kicking out the Palestinians by force. It is a permanent policy. They continued doing the same thing after the 1967 war. They kicked out more than 250,000 Palestinians from Gaza and the West Bank to Jordan. And now [industry and trade minister and former general Ariel] Sharon is repeating the same threats to get rid of this uprising.

PLAYBOY: Then you believe that the Israelis have been opposed to any notion of a Palestinian state from the start?

ARAFAT: Yes, because they *don't want it*. Look at the slogans they use: that the land of Israel is from the Euphrates to the Nile. This was written for many years over the entrance to the Knesset, the parliament. It shows their national ambition—they want to advance to the Jordan River. One Israel for them, what's left for us. . . .

Do you know what the meaning of the Israeli flag is?

PLAYBOY: No.

ARAFAT: It is white with two blue lines. The two lines represent two rivers, and in between is Israel. The rivers are the Nile and the Euphrates.

PLAYBOY: Your point is that that takes in quite a bit of territory?

ARAFAT: Israel is the only state in the United Nations that hasn't an official map for their border.

PLAYBOY: And you think Israel wanted all this land from its earliest days?

ARAFAT: Not just Israel. From the beginning, Israel had the unlimited support of the Europeans and the Americans. We are not fighting Israel. It was always a very important strategic theory that there had to be a spearhead in the Middle East. You see, before *this* dirty conspiracy, there was a conspiracy begun by the British occupation, after World War One. From that period on, we were facing not only the Jews but the big powers. If we had been facing just Israel, it would have been different.

PLAYBOY: What are you saying? That you and the Israelis might have settled your differences on your own—either by negotiation or by force?

ARAFAT: Yes. For instance, in 1968, during the beginning of our march, we had an important victory in Karamah, a village in the Jordan Valley. It was the first victory over the Israelis since their defeat of the Arab armies in 1967. It was the first direct Palestinian-Israeli confrontation.

PLAYBOY: You mean a face-to-face battle?

ARAFAT: Face to face, alone. And *we* won the battle. And it was the turning point. But that was not the only victory. In the south of Lebanon, we won a major battle against them in 1969. And there are many, many landmarks. We are the only forces to defeat the Israelis. *The only forces not defeated by them!*

PLAYBOY: You and your men were expelled from Beirut following the Israeli invasion in 1982, were you not?

ARAFAT: No, they failed to defeat us; that is why we had an agreement through which we left Beirut. The Israelis failed to conquer Beirut while we were there! For 88 days, they could not, so we handed the city over to the international forces—the U.S., the French, the Italian—and left. And these forces then betrayed us and allowed the Israelis permission to enter and invade Beirut. That is when the Israelis committed the dirty crime of the massacres in the refugee camps of Sabra and Shatila. Thousands of innocent women and children massacred! [In 1982, Israeli troops under General Ariel Sharon allowed Lebanese Christian militiamen to enter the surrounded camps, where the militiamen committed the massacre.—Ed.]

PLAYBOY: But overall, Beirut was a major defeat for the Palestinians, was it not?

ARAFAT: The invasion of 1982 was a field experiment for new weapons that the Americans had given to the Israelis. The victims of that experiment were Palestinian men, women and children.

PLAYBOY: A field experiment—do you

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really believe that?

ARAFAT: Yes! Yes, they tried out the more sophisticated weapons on us. If you recall, peace had been declared during this period, but Israel invaded anyway. And after, Mr. [Caspar] Weinberger offered an official thanks to the Israeli government, because they had been given a chance to see how well the new weapons worked.

PLAYBOY: What sort of weapons?

ARAFAT: The concussion bomb. The phosphorus bomb. The gas bomb.

PLAYBOY: You're claiming that the Israelis used gas weapons on the Palestinians?

ARAFAT: Yes, gas bombs. The fuel bomb. The cluster bomb. The cluster bomb, on our people! Unbelievable! And many other bombs.

PLAYBOY: And you're saying that this gas is made in the United States?

ARAFAT: Yes. In this present uprising, the Israelis are using gas from the United States. Made in the U.S.A., 1988.

Why? We have the right to ask! Why does the U.S. support Israel in this way, turning our people into an experiment for new weapons? We did not harm anybody. [A UN official's charge that Israeli tear gas was responsible for Palestinian miscarriages and deaths has been denied by Israel. The U.S. manufacturer has stopped shipments.—*Ed.*]

PLAYBOY: Before, you were saying there were moments when your people and the Israelis might have resolved this conflict without interference by the big powers.

ARAFAT: Yes. Historically, before this, there was no trouble between us and the Jews. Judaism is a part of our heritage and tradition. It is not our nation that harmed the Jews—not the Palestinians. We were living together once. Both peoples were persecuted in Spain, during the Spanish Inquisition. Both peoples were driven from that region. Both. The Jews participated in our civilization, in our life, and they were a part of us and we were a part of them as a nation. And throughout our history, there are the names of famous Jews—they are Arabs, actually, from the same stock!

PLAYBOY: The same ethnic background?

ARAFAT: Yes. In Europe and America, they call them Semites. We are Semites; they are our cousins.

PLAYBOY: Then when you hear the charge that you are essentially an anti-Semite—

ARAFAT: [Laughs] Me? An anti-Semite? No, no, no. I cannot be against *myself*! But you know, there are people, Jews, who live in Israel and even today refuse to call *themselves* Israelis.

PLAYBOY: You mean the orthodox Jews?

ARAFAT: Yes, the Hasidim. They are refusing to be Israelis. They are saying, "We are still Palestinian." And still they are dealing with me.

PLAYBOY: How?

ARAFAT: Very recently, one of the rabbis visited with me in Tunis.

PLAYBOY: He can't be popular in Israel.

ARAFAT: Yes, but many of them I deal with. The Samaritans in Nablus also refuse to be

called Israelis.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Chairman, what would you do if tomorrow the Israelis suddenly said, "Let's call this off; come back, have your state"? What would your state be like?

ARAFAT: From the beginning of our revolution, we were looking to have a democratic state. We wanted a state where Jews, Christians and Moslems could live together on an equal footing and with equal rights. In 1969, we said this in the international parliamentary conference in Cairo. We made seven points to this effect, which would provide rights for all.

PLAYBOY: And if such a state were ever realized, would you expect to be its leader?

ARAFAT: In a matter of time, we will have a state. If I were to head it, that would mean I would impose upon my people what I was thinking; that would mean it would not be a democracy. Maybe they would not elect me, as the British did not with Churchill after World War Two.

PLAYBOY: You say you believe in a democratic state. But one thing that is noticeable is how split the Palestinian movement seems to be, with all the radical groups at cross-purposes—some have called it anarchy. It doesn't suggest a very stable leadership on the part of the P.L.O.

ARAFAT: We are proud of our democracy in the P.L.O., because it is a *real* democracy. We have implemented democracy in the jungle of guns. The P.L.O. has a strong democracy on all levels. The P.L.O. is, in essence, a fusion of all the political currents of the Palestinian people. Our National Congress, our parliament, is where all these currents are represented. After democratic discussions of any resolution brought before the congress, we all abide by the decision of the majority. What you call splits, or divisions, are actually minute movements that have been influenced by regimes in this country or the other. The vast majority of us are still intact.

PLAYBOY: Then why have the Palestinians been dealt with so harshly by other Arab governments? Why do you have such difficulty among those who would seemingly be most supportive?

ARAFAT: Because the American Administrations, and the Israelis, exert so much pressure in so many forms on certain Arab governments. These pressures make our presence in certain countries—as Palestinians or as P.L.O.—a difficult situation for these Arab governments.

Some regimes conclude that the aims of the Palestinian people—the building of an independent state—might be hazardous for their own regimes. But we are sure that all Arab people, regardless of whether their governments deal harshly with us or not, all the Arab masses, *do* support the Palestinian people, *do* support the P.L.O. in its struggle for freedom for Palestinians.

PLAYBOY: But, as you say, that is far from true among certain Arab heads of state. King Hussein, for instance, who expelled the P.L.O. from Jordan; President Assad, of Syria, who once attempted to suppress

the P.L.O. permanently.

ARAFAT: We have had difficulties several times with certain heads of state. But it has always been difficulties *in the family* which could be solved. These difficulties should not for a single moment blur the image of the real contradiction, the dilemma we share. That is, with the Israeli occupation. The enemy of the Palestinian people and the peace-loving peoples of the world are the Zionists. It is they who insist on keeping their occupation and using terrorist campaigns against unarmed citizens in the West Bank and Gaza.

PLAYBOY: As we in America prepare for a new election, we wonder if Chairman Arafat has an endorsement to make among the Presidential candidates—Bush, Jackson, Dukakis?

ARAFAT: [Smiling] The American people will make the choice. We do not interfere in the internal affairs of the American people or the United States. But we really hope that the American people will elect a President who will serve genuinely and truthfully the concerns of the American people, following the historical principles of the American Revolution, which called for the support of justice, human rights and freedom to people all over the world.

PLAYBOY: If you won't say what future President you favor, what about past ones? Which American Administration do you think was the most effective in dealing with the issues from your point of view?

ARAFAT: The American public will see that we suffer from the policies of *consecutive* American Administrations. Every American Administration so far has taken an antagonistic attitude toward our people.

PLAYBOY: Without exception? Surely, some were less antagonistic than others.

ARAFAT: It is ironic that certain of your Presidents dare to express their views that give a certain justice to our cause only after they are out of office. When they have left the White House, and not before.

PLAYBOY: We can think of only Carter.

ARAFAT: Yes, he was one.

PLAYBOY: Then you expect this predisposition by U.S. Presidents to continue indefinitely?

ARAFAT: We hope that the next Administration will realize that peace can come to the Middle East *only* through justice for the Palestinians. And that there has to be some relief given to the 5,000,000 Palestinians!

PLAYBOY: And you remain convinced in your life and in the lives of those you affect that this struggle for a state, the agony of the Palestinians, is worth the price?

ARAFAT: It is our destiny to live free or to die as slaves. The Americans fought for many years against British occupation. The Indians in Mexico fought bravely for many centuries against Spanish occupation. We will fight until our people have a place to live freely and peacefully under the sun.



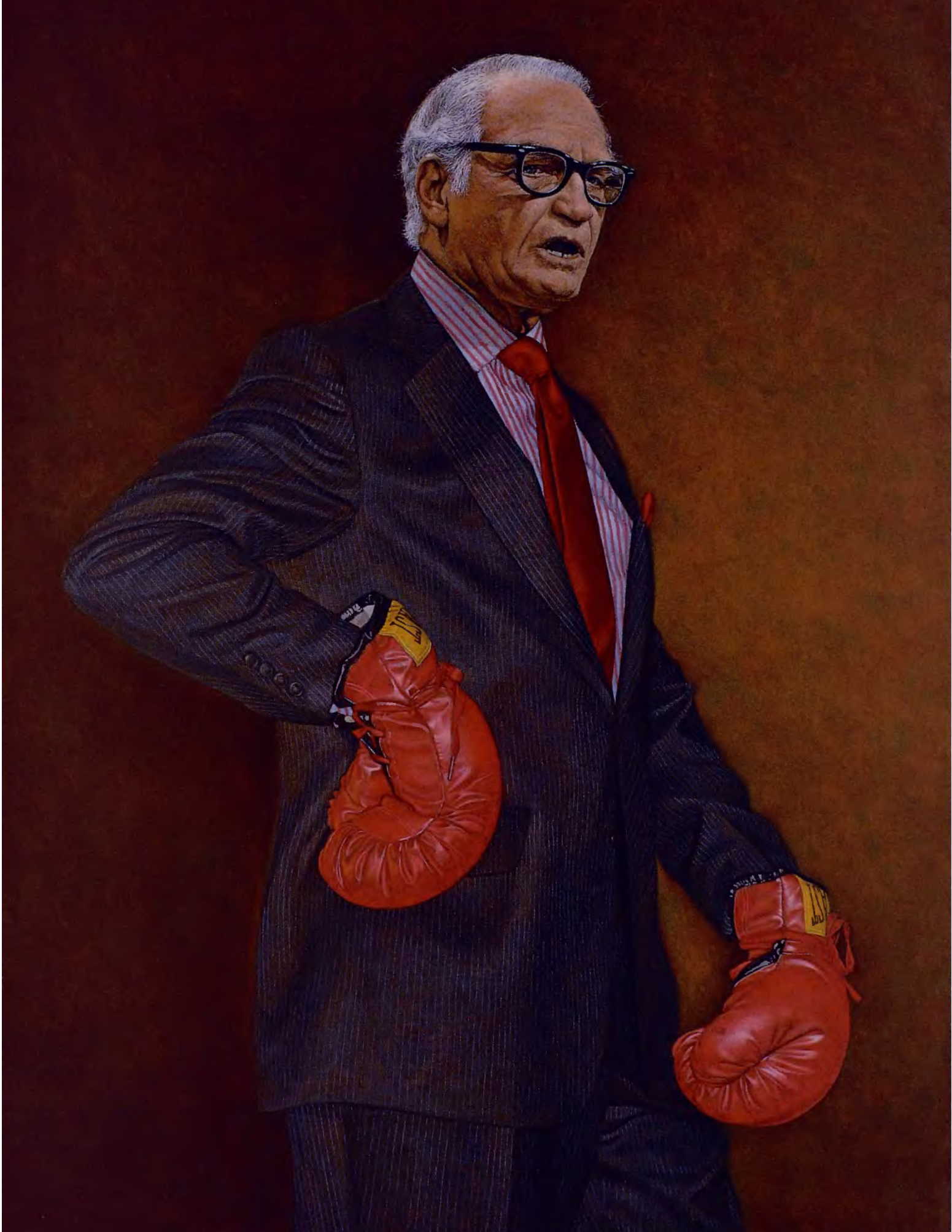


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goldwater

the blunt memoirs of the feistiest and best-liked conservative senator

By BARRY M. GOLDWATER with JACK CASSERLY

AS 1961 BEGAN, my good friend John F. Kennedy became President of the United States. His personal charm and eloquence lifted the spirits of millions of Americans. We conservatives were not, however, happy with what we saw and heard.

I was about to fly to Luke Air Force Base outside Phoenix on a chill April morning in 1961, when a sergeant climbed onto the wing and said the President wanted to see me as soon as possible. While driving across the city, I had a foreboding about the meeting. I began to suspect that the reason for the President's summons was the invasion of Cuba. The coming mission was known on Capitol Hill, and there was already speculation about it in the media. Why would he call me unless there was trouble? There was only one reason: He needed me to support him publicly.

The White House appeared quiet, even somber. That seemed to be the President's mood when he entered the room. He appeared to be preoccupied, though he walked briskly. We were relaxed in each other's company, because of years of private chats in the Senate. He bantered, "So you want this fuckin' job, eh?"

I laughed and replied, "You must be reading some of those conservative right-wing newspapers."

Kennedy grinned but quickly came to the point. He said grimly that the first phase of the invasion of Cuba by anti-Castro Cuban forces had not gone as well as expected. Fidel Castro's air force had not, as planned, been completely demolished on the ground. Eight B-26s flown by Cuban exile pilots had made their surprise attack but had destroyed only half of the Cuban air force. Three planes flown by the exiles had been lost.

Kennedy was clearly having second thoughts about U.S. participation in the action. He was questioning the planning for the invasion and further involvement. The President finally said he thought the whole operation might fail. He turned, sitting on the edge of his desk, and faced me directly. He then asked what I would do in the situation.

I was stunned.

The President was not a profile in courage, as portrayed in

his best-selling book. He projected little of the confidence and lofty resolve of his eloquent speeches. He was another man now that we were, in effect, on the shores of Cuba. He did not seem to have the old-fashioned guts to go on.

Kennedy could see the shock on my face. There could be no turning back now. Nearly 1500 men would soon be on the beaches at the Bay of Pigs. We had helped put them where they were. The commander does not abandon men he has sent to fight. The President had a professional and moral responsibility to those men.

Slowly, so the words would sink in, I reminded the President that our Navy and its fighter planes were standing ready in nearby waters. They could be launched to protect the next attack of B-26s. We must destroy all of Castro's planes on the ground. Then the exiles could fight their way from the beaches and spread out across the terrain.

I told Kennedy that our action was moral and legal and would be understandable to the entire free world. The United States could not tolerate Soviet nuclear missiles in Cuba. Every great nation must be willing to use its strength. Otherwise, it's a paper tiger. Whether we

agree or not, power belongs to those who use it.

Kennedy still seemed to equivocate. I didn't understand how he could, or why he would, abandon those men. They would be killed or captured without a chance of accomplishing their mission or even defending themselves.

I remember the moment well. Kennedy continued to search my face and eyes for an answer. This was also a crucial moment for me. For the first time, I saw clearly that I had the toughness of mind and will to lead the country. Others might be more educated or possess greater speaking and social skills, but I had something that individuals of greater talent did not have. I had an unshakable belief in, and willingness to defend, the fundamental interests of my country. It was not a boast. It was simply a matter of personal principle.

I told the President, "I would do whatever is necessary to ensure the invasion is a success." I repeated, "Whatever is necessary." The President seemed to relax. My voice had risen. It

Goldwater reveals:

- j.f.k.'s failure of nerve
- the day nixon broke down
- the senator's own bungled run for the white house
- his never-revealed flights over north vietnam
- his enduring political legacy

was clear and emphatic.

Kennedy replied, "You're right."

I left the Oval Office fairly sure that the B-26s, escorted by U.S. Navy fighters, would soon blow holes to lead those freedom fighters off the beaches toward Havana. I was wrong.

The brigade left Guatemala. The B-26s were first to destroy Castro's air force on the ground and then support the landing group with air cover. Kennedy gave the go-ahead for the first air strike with the B-26 bombers launched from Central America. Then, for reasons he never explained, he canceled the follow-up attacks. U.S. Navy jet fighters, ready to support the B-26s from the nearby U.S.S. Boxer, never launched their attack. Kennedy had clearly lost his nerve. The brigade was routed. Some 300 men were killed and the rest were imprisoned.

The President backed away from the counsel of all his top advisors when he refused to support an all-out attack and invasion of Cuba. He allowed the Russians to remain on the island on the condition that they withdraw their nuclear missiles. The fact is, instead of the eyeball-to-eyeball victory that the Kennedy Administration claimed over Nikita Khrushchev, the President actually made concessions to the Soviet leader. Those included removing U.S. missiles from Turkey. The decision not to attack Cuba was disastrous. We are still paying for it.

I didn't want to run for the Presidency in 1964. That's the God's truth. To my knowledge, no individual who has run the race has ever made such a statement. It's also true that I knew, and said privately from the start, that I would lose to President Johnson. Also, as best as I can determine, no Presidential candidate has ever said that on the eve of his campaign. From my perspective—explaining the conservative viewpoint—the race itself had greater historical value and meaning than winning.

On November 2, 1963, the Associated Press released a poll of G.O.P. state and county leaders. An overwhelming majority, more than 85 percent, chose me as the "strongest candidate" against Kennedy. But on November 22, I knew that the bullet that had killed Jack Kennedy had also shot down my chances for the Presidency. I would not run.

The overwhelming reason for the decision was my personal and political contempt for Lyndon Johnson. Johnson was a master of manipulation. He solved tough public issues through private plotting. His answer to almost everything was a deal—an air base here, a welfare project there.

Within a month, I made a complete turnaround. Under tremendous pressure, I agreed to run against Johnson.

On December eighth, there was a small meeting of some G.O.P. leaders in our Washington apartment. One by one, as casually as if we were talking about a Sunday-afternoon pro football game, they brought up the G.O.P. Presidential nomination. Each maintained that I had to reconsider my decision to drop out of the race.

I got damned mad at all of them. Jack Kennedy was dead. It was over. There would never be a battle of issues. No battle about the liberal agenda. Johnson was a dirty fighter. Any campaign with him in it would involve a lot of innuendo and lies. And Johnson was treacherous, to boot. He'd slap you on the back today and stab you in the back tomorrow.

Moreover, L.B.J. was dull. He was a lousy public speaker. The man didn't believe half of what he said. He was a hypocrite, and it came through in the hollowness of his speech. L.B.J. made me sick.

The last thing L.B.J. wanted to do was talk political principles or beliefs. He wouldn't do it. He never believed in either. His only political dogma was expediency. Things were never right or wrong. Most problems could be fixed with cunning and craftiness.

Finally, one by one, each of the Senators spoke. They talked of millions of conservatives around the country who had made a stand in favor of Barry Goldwater. My friend Denny Kitchel—low-key, thoughtful—turned, looked directly at me and said, "Barry, I don't think you can back down. You could lead this country. You've got to try it."

Instinctively, intuitively, I knew that the commitment—the bond I had made with so many conservatives and they with me—was virtually unbreakable at this point. It was all over. I said, "All right, damn it, I'll do it."

We made a lot of mistakes. It was my decision to discuss the selling of the Tennessee Valley Authority in Knoxville and Social Security's financial crunch in Florida. We made other strategic and tactical errors from the shortsighted viewpoint of an election victory. I never blamed anyone. "Our ineptitude made us different from most campaigns," said Kitchel later. It was a magnificent, screwy, splendid undertaking.

We were a bunch of Westerners, outsiders, with the guts to challenge not only the entire Eastern establishment—Republican and Democratic alike—but the vast Federal apparatus, the great majority of the country's academics, big businesses and big unions and a man with an ego larger than his native state of Texas, Lyndon Johnson.

Following the convention, we embarked on a 100-day journey that took us to more than 100 cities and towns—nearly 100,000 miles. I addressed millions of

fellow citizens and ate more lousy cheeseburgers than I care to remember.

As we kicked off the campaign, two concerns began nagging at me—that neither the racial debate nor the Vietnam war should become an issue in the campaign. In late August, I phoned President Johnson and requested a private meeting of "mutual concern." Johnson agreed but quickly sent his White House scouts around Washington to "find out what Goldwater is up to." He never learned, since no one but me even knew I wanted a meeting. Some White House aides guessed, however, that I might bring up civil rights. They were half right.

The meeting took place in the White House a few days before Labor Day. Johnson shook hands warmly. He put his hand on my shoulder. In the Senate, we called it the "half Johnson": You were in a bit of trouble, but it wasn't serious. When he stretched his long arm around your back to the other shoulder, that was the "full Johnson." It meant you weren't cooperating and he was going to squeeze you on some project you needed back home until you voted for his latest pet bill. Then there was "skinny-dip Johnson," who invited you to the White House pool and insisted you swim in the raw with him. Some fellows got embarrassed when Johnson began leading them around the basement without a towel. A few would agree to almost anything to keep their shorts on. Not me. I've been swimming in the nude since I was a kid.

When Johnson negotiated, and it was clear that he felt some deal would be proposed, his eyes would begin to narrow. He was taking a bead on you, as he would on a squirrel. It was his intimidation routine. I began that day by saying that both of us had been around Washington a long time, that we were divided by philosophy and party but that we shared a love of country.

"That's right, Barry," he said. "You and I are not like some people around the country. We're Americans first."

He appeared to refer to antiwar protesters. It was a perfect opening, and I took it, telling the President that there was already too much division in the nation over the war. We should not contribute to it by making Vietnam an issue in the campaign.

Johnson took a deep breath and sighed in relief. He jumped into his Sam-Houston-at-the-Alamo defense, with a do-or-die pitch about his difficulties in Vietnam. Finally, out of ammunition, he thanked me for the pledge. I interpreted that to mean he agreed.

I said the same about civil rights—that if we attacked each other, the country would be divided into different camps and we could witness bloodshed. The

(continued on page 146)



"I can't wait till school starts and my professor asks how I spent my summer vacation!!"

CHARGE
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**the supermodel agency's
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that 1989 should be
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AN ELITE MODEL is to the beauty business what a bottle of Mouton Rothschild is to oenology: full-bodied and rare; expensive but worth it; and arguably the best. Barreling into its second decade under the keen eye of founder John Casablancas, the Elite Model agency has nosed ahead of the pack, now representing more than 400 of the world's most popular—not to mention most beautiful—cover girls. So two years ago, a California-based company called Day Dream Publishing decided to live up to its name and create a series of calendars featuring the elite of Elite. Collaborating with the agency's president/den mother Monique Pillard and Italian photographer Marco Glaviano, Day Dream came up with the Paulina Porizkova calendar (which, before you could flip from January to June, sold out its 250,000 copies nationwide), followed by the equally hot 1988 Elite Superstars Swimsuit Calendar. And now, here's an exclusive preview of Glaviano's shoot for the 1989 calendar, which again features Elite's finest. "We're giving the hot-blooded American everything he's ever dreamed of," says Day Dream's 26-year-old president, Chip Conk. "Beauty, class, quality, and let's not forget *incredible sexiness!*"

Among the monthly pleasures in Elite's 1989 calendar: Stephanie Seymour (left), Alexandra (right) and Arlene Baxter (overleaf).









Black is indeed beautiful, as worn by Eliters Stacey Williams and Lisa Berkley (above from left); meanwhile, Kenna (below) and Kersti Bowser (opposite) show off the joys of sweating.

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CONDOMS AND COLLEGIANS

article By JANET LEVER

FROM THE mid-Seventies through the Eighties, I kept hearing talk that today's college students resemble those of the Eisenhower era. It never rang true of the students I knew. Yes, many of them have given up protest marches and philosophy majors to grind away in libraries, preparing themselves for business school entrance exams. Yes, today's students have rejected the ideas that we stood for in the Sixties. But they've also kept the hot sexual climate that we created. The social revolution died, but the sexual revolution lives on. My students aren't about to throw the baby out with the bath water.

What I have observed is consistent with more systematically gathered data from other colleges: The kids are out there doing it, with more partners, in more positions, with little guilt and with virtually no concern for sexually transmitted diseases (S.T.D.s, formerly called V.D.). It's not that the students don't know about AIDS and how it's transmitted; they do quite well on tests of knowledge about the deadly disease. But they don't think of AIDS as *their* problem. Few report being worried or feeling at risk. Sex-education programs that give accurate knowledge are not enough to change sexual behavior. Why? Quite simply, because young people believe they are immortal.

College students give lip service to the need to be more cautious in their sexuality, but the changes they make are in attitude, not behavior. The single biggest attitude shift has to do with the desirability of a sexually experienced partner. When

given today's uncertain sexual climate, why are undergraduates going out without their rubbers?

I started collecting these informal surveys in 1974, one third of my male students claimed to be looking for a virgin; the rest preferred a partner "with a little experience." College women, on the other hand, wanted a man who would know what he was doing. Over the years, the men finally figured out that it might be fun for them to have a partner who knew what to do, too. By 1985, at UCLA, 50 percent of my students of both sexes preferred experienced partners. Yet, by 1987, only 20 percent of the women and five percent of the men made that choice. Most preferred lovers who'd had just a few previous partners, while 11 percent of the men preferred virgins again. For the first time in my classes, 11 percent of the women wanted virgins, too.

Had anyone seen a virgin lately? Twenty-one of the 96 women in that 1987 class, mostly sophomores and juniors, said they were virgins; none of the men made that claim. Most of my students reported being sexually active. In my most recent course for upperclassmen, 25 percent of the women and 53 percent of the men had already had five or more sex partners, compared with 17 percent of female and 27 percent of male underclassmen. These students claimed to want inexperienced partners; at the same time, they endorsed casual sex, apparently not recognizing any conflict. Forty percent of the women and 61 percent of the men said that they would engage in "recreational sex," while 57 percent of the women and 39 percent of the men said that they would have to be in love before they had sex (the remaining three percent of women believed that sex must await marriage).

The death knell is sounding for the double standard: Women used to have to be in love, while men used to indulge for the sake of physical release. In last year's class, more men than ever before said they must be in love, while women's interest in recreational sex—having increased over the years—leveled off. Campus norms now regard indiscriminate sexual activity as irresponsible or reckless.

Yet that concern clearly does not translate into abstinence. Students laugh out loud when "Just say no" is the suggested basis of campaigns for AIDS prevention. What about the second line of defense? Students are aware that the U.S. Surgeon General has endorsed condoms as the only protective measure against AIDS for sexually active people. Are they using them? Sales in condom vending machines on campus have been disappointing, in spite of the bargain prices. According to one recent large-scale university study, only 13 percent of the men routinely used condoms and 66 percent never used them, while the rest used them sporadically. Again, the failure of

education was apparent: Those who had taken the excellent campus course on human sexuality were no more likely to be cautious in their sexual behavior.

Brochures on AIDS and safer-sex techniques litter the UCLA campus; and last winter, when a biology professor offered a class titled AIDS: The Modern Plague, more than 2000 students tried to enroll. When I lecture on the subject, you can hear the proverbial pin drop, which is far from the case for my other lectures. No matter how much students may already know, they are eager to learn more about the mysterious killer disease. Yet despite that fascination, AIDS seems to have had little impact on the sexual behavior of straight men and women. Students also underestimate the crossover among straights, gays and I.V.-drug users.

The reason is not all that surprising. If the AIDS virus is spreading among universities, it is cutting a nearly invisible path. According to Dr. Richard Keeling, chairman of the task force on AIDS of the American College Health Association, there were only 280 reported cases of AIDS among college students nationwide as of May 1988.

That should not, however, be cause for complacency. There are no data, for instance, to indicate the rate of the AIDS virus (HIV) infection among collegians. The Centers for Disease Control are just now preparing to test blood samples at 20 campuses. Because of experimentation with both sex and drugs, and because of their frequently high rates of other S.T.D.s, students are a subpopulation with potentially high transmission behavior. In other words, the handful of cases of diagnosed AIDS should give little comfort. With most students' losing virginity at the age of 16 or 17, and with an incubation period of as much as five or ten years before symptoms appear, infected collegians may well imagine themselves as healthy and go on to infect others.

How do students react when they do know someone with AIDS? One of my female students told me a tragic story about a girlfriend from a local Cal State campus who was a virgin until her 22nd year, then got AIDS from her first lover. He claimed he'd been infected by his previous girlfriend, who was a closet I.V.-drug user and is now dead. He was unaware of his own infection when he passed it on. Experts would agree that this transmission route is very rare, but it is likely to be increasing as the pool of infected heterosexuals grows.

The student who told me the story also said that she now rarely has sex, and when she does, she uses a condom. She broke off with her boyfriend, whom she described as "too good-looking," a mod-

el and aspiring actor, figuring that young men can be wooed onto Hollywood's casting couches, too. Her roommate, on the other hand, continues to have indiscriminate sex with guys she meets at happy hours, even though she, too, knows the girlfriend with AIDS. My student posed the question that I still cannot answer: "What does it take to make people change?"

Most students don't see any reason to change. As one UCLA student said, "That has nothing to do with me. I don't know anybody with AIDS."

If fear of AIDS doesn't motivate routine condom use, there are plenty of other S.T.D.s that should provide sufficient incentive. There are more than two dozen microorganisms that are spread by sexual contact, many with serious long-term consequences. Those in the age group of 15-24 are at greatest risk. Chlamydia is the most prevalent S.T.D. in the country, affecting as many as 4,000,000 men and women each year. UCLA's Student Health Service confirms that it's the number-one S.T.D. on campus, and it routinely tests for chlamydia and gonorrhea with every Pap smear. Asymptomatic in as many as 80 percent of women, chlamydia infection is often undetected until it has spread to the uterus and Fallopian tubes and has developed into pelvic inflammatory disease—which can lead to infertility. Females often pay a higher price in terms of the severity of S.T.D.s, but both men and women should be aware that a personal history of S.T.D.s increases the risk of HIV infection.

Venereal warts and other afflictions are also spreading through college campuses. Risk of infection is proportional to the prevalence of the microbe in the population and the frequency of encounters with different sexual partners. Surveys show that high school teens and collegians continue to have multiple partners, because they just don't believe that S.T.D.s will strike *them*. They are wrong. *The Journal of the American Medical Association* reported on a study of students at the University of Texas at Austin, most of whom were first-time blood donors. Of the students with three or more sexual partners in the previous four months, 14 percent were found to be infected with sexually transmitted hepatitis-B virus (H.B.V.), compared with only 1.5 percent of those with fewer than three partners, after excluding all students with risk factors for the disease other than their heterosexual activity.

Bisexuality may also pose a significant risk of H.B.V. or HIV infection, particularly in Los Angeles County, which ranks second in the number of AIDS cases

(concluded on page 154)

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BACK TO CAMPUS

Special
DELIVERY

A MALE-ORDER GUIDE TO MAIL-ORDER COLLEGE STYLES

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

OK, MEN, it's time for renewal of those grand academic traditions—beer blasts, touch football and the replenishing of your wardrobe. The last, unfortunately, may prove the toughest of the three in which to stand out. Nothing defeats style faster than seeing your choice of clothes on other men's backs—all from the same varsity shop. A limited budget and limited access to urban hubs can pose a definite challenge to the man who wants to look sharp on campus. Not to worry—there's a creative solution just steps away: your phone. Catalog companies are the, well, tailor-made answer to your needs—and they can provide some of the very best fashions. So this year, our back-to-campus roundup focuses on mail-order styles—13 top catalog companies that give great phone (all have 800 numbers and they're listed on page 156), along with savvy tips on colors, fabrics, etc. Furthermore, prices in many of the catalogs are often comparable to—and sometimes lower than—retail outlets. Our own mini-catalog, on these pages, is a male-order collection of mail-order styles sure to send the bank card of even the biggest B.M.O.C. into meltdown.

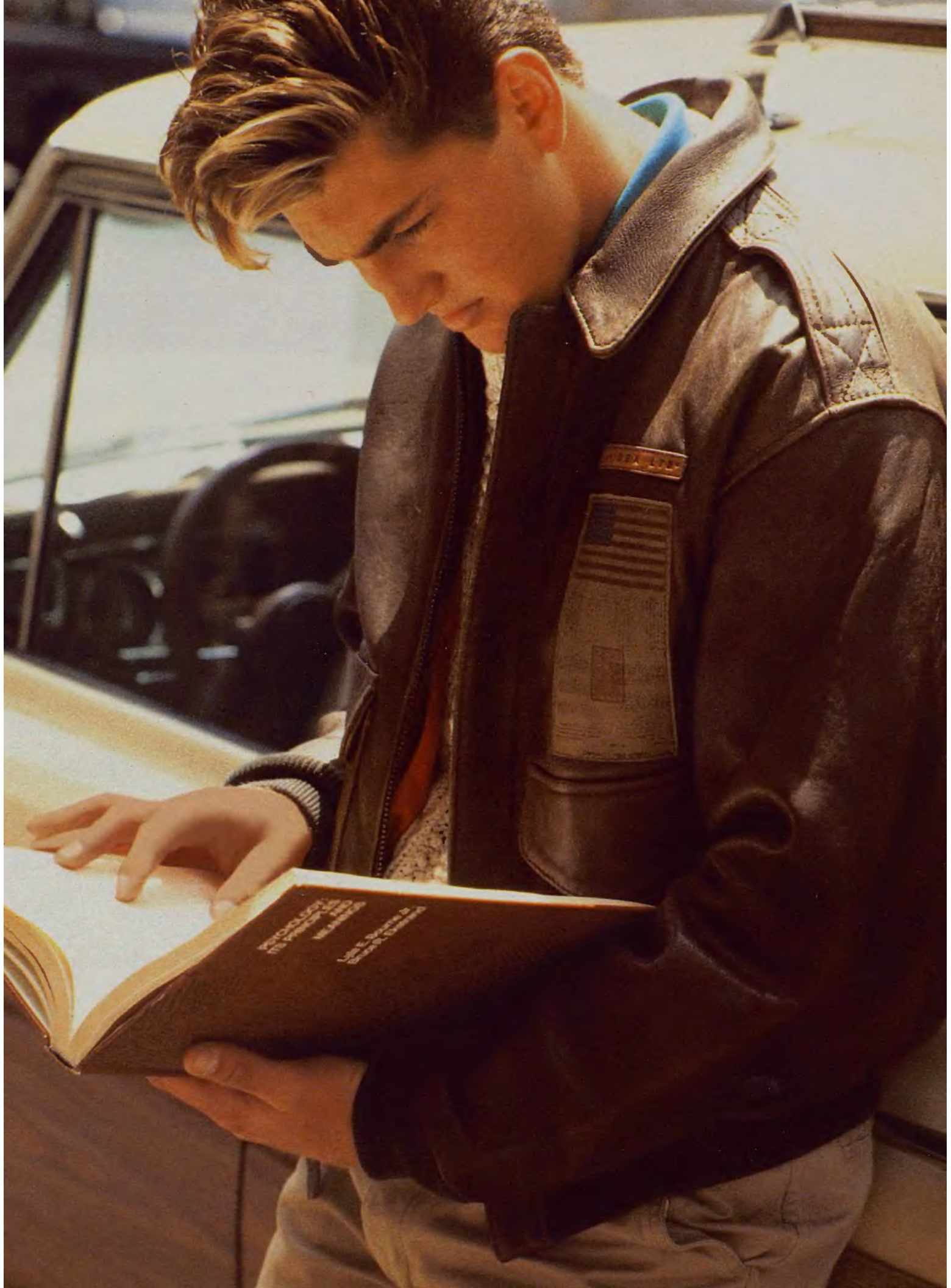
Special
DELIVERY

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Left: Cotton-denim jacket with nylon/leather chest panels, from Bachrach, \$135; wool turtleneck, from Benetton, \$34; pleated pants, from G. H. Bass & Co. By Mail, \$48. (Woman's fashion from Banana Republic.)
Opposite: Antiqued-leather flight jacket, from The Cockpit, \$395; silk/cotton sweater, from Orvis, \$39; shirt, from L. L. Bean, \$18.50; chino pants, from Banana Republic, \$42.





A man with short brown hair is smiling and looking towards the right. He is wearing a grey zip-front jacket over a colorful jacquard sweater and dark corduroy pants. He is carrying a brown leather backpack. The background is a blurred city street with a utility pole covered in posters and a person in the distance.

Opposite, clockwise from top far left: Nylon organizer, from L. L. Bean, \$9.50; cartridge pen, from Eddie Bauer, \$30. Antiqued-leather backpack, from The Cockpit, \$195; AM/FM Sony Sports Walkman, \$125, and lace-up suede bucks, \$52, both from L. L. Bean; wool socks, from Benetton, \$9. Tortoise sunglasses, from J. Crew, \$42; aircraft pin, from The Cockpit, \$12.50. Leather lace-up mocs, from Spiegel, \$40; with wool-blend socks, from Benetton, \$9. Suede penny loafers, \$79, and wool-blend socks, \$9, both from Banana Republic. Mirrored aviators, from American Eagle Outfitters, \$95; on a lamb's-wool scarf, from L. L. Bean, \$13.50. Gore-Tex boots, from American Eagle Outfitters, \$135. Leather belt, from Banana Republic, \$21. Lined leather gloves, from Benetton, \$29; with regimental field watch, from Orvis, \$29.50. Center, top: Canvas sneakers, \$32, with cotton socks, \$6, both from J. Crew; digital watch, from L. L. Bean, \$24. Bottom: Deerskin gloves, from The Cockpit, \$36.50. This page: Zip-front cotton field jacket, from Banana Republic, \$125; Jacquard sweater, \$110, plaid cotton shirt, \$50, and corduroy pants, \$45, all from Spiegel.



Above: Jacket, \$115, cotton sweater, \$75, both from American Eagle Outfitters; turtleneck, from Benetton, \$24; jeans, from L. L. Bean, \$28. (Woman's fashion from Benetton.) Opposite: Blazer, from Benetton, \$159; alpaca cardigan, from The Peruvian Connection, \$135; knit shirt, from Playboy Products, \$20; cotton shirt, \$36, and pants, \$38, both from J. Crew. (Woman's fashion from Kikit.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ULI ROSE



aristotle could see, once rembrandt had given him eyes, that the man modeling for him did not look in the least like the person he remembered himself to be

PICTURE THIS

FICTION

By JOSEPH HELLER

REMBRANDT painting Aristotle contemplating the bust of Homer was himself contemplating the bust of Homer where it stood on the red cloth covering the square table in the left foreground and wondering how much money it might fetch at the public auction of his belongings that he was already contemplating would sooner or later be more or less inevitable.

Aristotle could have told him it would not fetch much. The bust of Homer was a copy.

It was an authentic Hellenistic imitation of a Hellenistic reproduction of a statue for which there had never been an authentic original subject.

Aristotle remembered that such busts of Homer were common in Thessaly, Thrace, Macedonia, Attica and Euboea in his lifetime. Except for the eye sockets and the mouth open in song, the faces differed. All were called Homer.

Rembrandt contemplated often as he worked on Aristotle that he was going to have to sell his house or borrow from friends to pay for it, and he knew already that he was going to borrow.

As he added more and more black to Aristotle's robe and put still more mixtures of black in a background of innumerable dark shadings—he enjoyed watching the way his canvases drank up black—he contemplated also that after he had borrowed from friends to pay for the house, he would put the house





in the name of his small son, Titus, to protect it from seizure by those friends when he decided not to repay them.

He could not take more money from the legacy of Titus, who was too young to know that his father had taken any money from him at all.

Rembrandt was 47 and facing ruin.

His wife, Saskia, had died 11 years earlier. Of the four children born to Mr. and Mrs. Rembrandt van Rijn in the eight years of their marriage, Titus, the last of the four, was the only one to live longer than two months.

Aristotle contemplating Rembrandt contemplating Aristotle often imagined, when Rembrandt's face fell into a moody look of downcast introspection, similar in feeling and somber hue to the one Rembrandt was painting on him, that Rembrandt contemplating Aristotle contemplating the bust of Homer might also be contemplating in lamentation his years with Saskia. The death of a happy marriage, Aristotle knew from experience, is no small thing.

Rembrandt lived now with a woman named Hendrickje Stoffels who had come into his house as a maidservant and was carrying his child.

Aristotle understood that, too.

In his will, Aristotle, who had not neglected to be generous to the woman who was his mistress, had asked to be buried beside his wife.

In 1642, 11 days before her death, Saskia had made a new will naming Titus her heir. In effect, she was disinheriting Rembrandt; but she named him sole guardian and exempted him from accounting for his stewardship to the Chamber of Orphans.

Aristotle, so thorough and correct in drawing his own will, had to wonder occasionally what went on in the mind of the notary who had assisted Saskia van Uylenburgh with hers.

But had she not switched her legacy to Titus, neither father nor son, as it turned out, would have had anything left after Rembrandt filed for bankruptcy.

Aristotle could hear, of course, after Rembrandt gave him an ear—and then, to his enormous surprise and glee, adorned it with an earring whose worth, were it fabricated of real gold instead of simulated with paint, would have been more than nominal in the jewelry markets of the city. And Aristotle heard enough to understand that the artist creating him had more on his mind than completing this particular canvas for Don Antonio Ruffo, the Sicilian nobleman who had commissioned the painting, and the several others in the studio on which he was also working. Rembrandt would turn away abruptly from one painting to another in spells of fatigue or boredom, or impulsively in bursts of renewed inspiration, or while

waiting for paint to dry on some while going ahead with a different one.

Often, he would not wait for paint to dry but would intently make up his mind to drag a dry brush through areas still soft to scumble the texture on the surface and enrich with variegation the reflective surfaces of the different pigments.

Rembrandt's best years were behind him and his best paintings were ahead, of which the *Aristotle*, we now know, would be among the first in the flow of startling masterpieces with which the last sad decades of his life were crowned.

He did his most successful work while living like a failure, and his melancholy anxiety over money began to filter into the expressions of the faces he painted, even those of Aristotle and Homer.

"Why do all your people look so sad now?" inquired the tall man modeling for Aristotle.

"They worry."

"What do they worry about?"

"Money," said the artist.

Rembrandt lived in a house and labored in an attic that was overcrowded with students, whom he charged for lessons, and overcluttered with artwork, his own and acquired, and with fanciful articles of dress and ornamentation accumulated fanatically in the more than 20 years since he had moved to Amsterdam.

Soon everything Rembrandt possessed would be offered for sale, including the bust of Homer he was using as the model for the bust of Homer he was bringing to life with paint so stunningly, while Aristotle looked on.

The Greek had not dreamed that such wonders were possible as the one taking place on the canvas or that beauty so moving could come from a person who in all other ways was unimaginative and banal.

Socrates and Plato would not have approved.

Painting was another of the mimetic arts they derogated as imitations of imitations. As with poetry and music, painting would be curtailed by censors in the first of the oppressive utopias projected by Plato in the *Republic* and banned just about entirely in the second oppressive utopia outlined in the *Laws*.

Socrates would have jeered at this imitation of Homer on canvas in color of this copy in plaster or stone of an imitation in marble of the likeness of a man whom nobody we know of had ever seen and of whose existence there is no reliable written or oral verification. Socrates would have rocked with mirth at Aristotle's long face and ludicrous dress.

To Aristotle, by now, the painting of which he and Homer were part was much more than an imitation. It had a character uniquely its own, with no prior being, not even in Plato's realm of ideas.

While Aristotle watched, the artist added olive brown and green to the white sleeves of his surplice, and the sleeves remained white!

He drew a dry brush with new paint through paint still soft, and suddenly, there were folds in the fabric and the cloth was reflective and rich. He used thick short strokes on top of slender long ones, leaving tracks from the bristles on surfaces made coarse and heavier. With a delicate, fine brush, he tenderly put bags beneath Aristotle's eyes and wrinkles on his brow.

He put more thin glazes over heavy layers of paint to deepen and enrich the abundant jewelry. Using small spots of white, he made the gold glitter on Aristotle's long, heavy chain. As an inspired afterthought, he piled books in the back at the left like a staircase, putting firmly in place a geometric boundary to the painting where none had been formerly, a vertical parallel to the head and hat of Aristotle and to the bust of Homer in between. He moved the pendant with the face of Alexander from one place to another until it hung on the chain exactly where he wanted it, and again and again he changed his mind in respect to the size of the brim of the hat.

What he did to the bust of Homer was an unbelievable revelation to a man who had marveled in antiquity at the paintings of Alexander by Apelles.

Between the lusterless daubs on the Dutchman's palette and the vibrant tones on the statue on the table, Aristotle witnessed a miracle of transformation. Adding charcoal browns to his cream colors, Rembrandt bestowed for Homer an illusion of flesh on an inanimate figure of a human who seemed to grow warm with immortal life beneath Aristotle's hand. Rembrandt clothed Aristotle with brush strokes that were broad and flat and put folds in his garment with darker browns.

It was mystifying to Aristotle that a person so untalented commanded such genius.

Of the debt on the house, which now was seven years in arrears, more than 1000 guilders, Rembrandt disclosed to a frequent visitor named Jan Six, was for accumulated interest.

Aristotle kept his mouth shut. Lending at interest was unnatural, he'd written, because the profit gained was not gained through the exchange process that money was invented to serve.

"Of course," said Rembrandt, "I can easily sell the house."

There was a serious recession in the country, said Six. If Rembrandt sold his house, he might not get what he had paid.

"It's worth much more."

"People are cautious about spending,"

(continued on page 128)



"Speak for yourself, Ma—I sorta like the summer people."

RICH KIDS

article **By Michael Leahy**

you thought ridgemont high was fast. join the privileged class at beverly hills for easy sex, sexy cars—and the irksome task of college prep

The Beverly pursuit is the path to success. . . . If a student does not have the right moves, he will go hungry. . . .

—*Watchtower* (THE BEVERLY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK), 1985 EDITION

SUMMER has come to an end. The calendar next to his Apple Computer poster says summer actually lasts for a few more days, but Steven knows better. Summer is fucking dead. Steven [not an actual person; this and other characters are composites drawn by the author from his year of interviews at Beverly Hills High] has realized it since early this afternoon, when he walked into a drugstore on Cañon Drive in search of a candy bar, only to hear a shrill, unseen voice in the next aisle moaning, "Calculus is going to be a bitch." Pleasantly tired after a morning of surfing, he suddenly felt a jolt of adrenaline run through him. He rushed home, took his surfboard off the racks on his car roof for the first time all summer, placed it against the garage wall, bounded upstairs and sat limply on his bed.

Pressure did that to him, he thinks now, lying down, closing his eyes. Deep-breathing exercises have been prescribed by his good friend Laura to help relax him. He hasn't seen her for a week. Where is she now when he needs her? Probably getting laid by what's-his-name—Adrian, Abel? Sometimes his own annoyance leaves him wondering. Is he jealous? No, no; she can have sex with whomever she's hot on, but you'd think she'd want to return his calls, see how her good friend was doing. *Psych up, psych up.* What classes can he take this semester without jeopardizing his class standing? No, no: *Wrong approach. Think aggressively.*

The only thing (continued on page 139)





A LETTER FROM LAURA

“writer-bunny” laura richmond hops to it



DEAR PLAYBOY—I'm a Texan who found her way to L.A.'s Occidental College, where I study English and talk “bunny.” A couple of years ago, my best friend and I started using bunny to describe everyone—“dumb bunny,” “fashion bunny,” etc. Then my boyfriend and I started calling each other bunny in that cutesy way couples have. When we broke up, I told everyone I was no longer a love bunny but a Playboy bunny. Friends gave me Rabbit Head pins, clothes, cigarette lighters—everything. Which led me to wonder what it would be like to pose for *Playboy*. . . .

Can you pick me out of this mural? It's on a wall just off Hollywood Boulevard. I may not be a movie star, but there's raw talent in me—it's up to me to isolate it and put it to work.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

I spend a lot of time writing, emptying my head into my journal. Writing is like sex—fantasies can make it better. On stage, in my journal or in bed, I tap into my fantasies.

DEAR PLAYBOY READERS—Hi. Guess what? I'm a Playmate. My letter-writing habit paid off. Writing may be a silent way to get results, but so far, it has gotten me an internship with *Kerrang!*—a London rock-and-roll magazine—a long-distance love affair and my current gig as Miss September. I've recently joined forces with a Hollywood performance-art troupe, Torture Chorus, and am learning to translate my literary fantasies into body language.







Now I'm such an active participant in real life, I'm too busy to keep up with my correspondence. People used to tell me I should try my hand at acting. I thought, What a cliché. But Torture Chorus has challenged me—a writer never has to come face to face with her audience! Still, it's a kick to interact with audiences. I used to be intimidated by the kind of people who run around getting things done, but I've learned this: I may be a little more passive, more silent than most, but I still get things done. And now that something as silly as my obsession with a bunny has led to the result you see here, I dare anyone to tell me that day-dreaming is wasting time.

Yours,

Laura Richmond





When it comes to making love, I like guys who show me new things—unpredictable guys. Perhaps that's why I'm drawn to rock-and-rollers. Catch them after a show, when their egos are satisfied. That's when you may get something new.

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Laura Richmond

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Laura Richmond

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 1/2 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 8/23/66 BIRTHPLACE: Fort Dix, N. J.

AMBITIONS: I want a job! One that is so exciting that I can want to show up everyday.

TURN-ONS: Mass-transit systems, piqqyback rides, getting letters, constellations

TURN-OFFS: Disorganization, the sound of people chewing their food, liver

FAVE FILMS: 101 Dalmatians, Death Race 2000, Gone With the Wind

REDHEADS ARE: Tormented as children and therefore deserving of all adulthood pleasure.

DREAM DATE: On matching motorcycles we ride to the best restaurant in town, then to the hottest underground club, and wind up in the mountains looking at the stars....



14 years old



Senior Prom



Me, Sammy & Eno



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

While passing a vacant lot late one night, a jogger was stopped by a man who held a gun to his head.

"Who are you for," the gunman snarled, "Bush or Dukakis?"

The runner thought for a moment, shifting nervously from foot to foot, as the muzzle pressed harder into his temple.

"Bush or Dukakis?" the mugger insisted.

Finally, the jogger shrugged his shoulders, closed his eyes and bowed his head. "Go ahead and shoot."

What's the mating call of a Southern belle?

"I'm so drunk!"

The day before Brian left for Las Vegas, his friend Chuck gave him \$50. "Do what you can for me," he said.

When the two met on the street the next week, Chuck eagerly asked, "How'd I do, buddy?"

"Great, man," Brian replied. "You got laid."



The young seamstress closed her shop after a long day at her sewing machine. As she slowly walked home, she was accosted by a flasher who fanned his raincoat a few feet in front of her. The girl glanced at the man, then said in disgust, "Call that a lining?"

What's the difference between Jimmy Swagart and a pickpocket? A pickpocket snatches watches.

As the first earthlings to reach Mars stepped out of their landing craft, they were stunned to see a Martian girl standing by a barrel, stirring its contents with a long pole. The astronauts asked her what she was doing.

"I am making a baby," she said.

"That's not anything like the way we do it on Earth," one told her.

"How do you do it?" she asked.

"I'll show you," he said, leading her behind a sand dune.

Fifteen minutes later, the two emerged. The Martian looked at both men, then asked, "So where's the baby?"

"Oh, that takes nine months."

"Nine months? Then why'd you stop stirring?"

With *glasnost* as her guide, a Soviet teacher was explaining religion to her third graders. She described creation, the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve being brought naked into the world, the apple and the serpent and the expulsion from the garden. When she finished speaking, the teacher asked, "Class, what kind of people were Adam and Eve?"

A little girl in pigtails raised her hand.

"Yes, Anna?"

"They were Russians," she replied.

"And how do you know that?" the teacher asked, smiling with pride.

"Well, they had no food, no clothes, no place to live and they thought they were in Paradise."

He was an atheist, you know," one mourner whispered to another at a colleague's funeral.

"Really?" the second said as he glanced at the open casket. "I guess the poor guy's all dressed up with no place to go."



Jane climbed to the treehouse to make dinner, only to discover that her stock of food was low. She called to Tarzan and asked him to go out and find something to eat. An hour later, he returned with one hand full of small birds, the other holding two monkeys.

"Oh, no," Jane moaned. "Not finch and chimps again."

Bristling under the overly protective attitude of her parents while on vacation, the teenager sullenly joined her family for dinner.

A waiter arrived to take their drink orders. After her parents asked for wine, the waiter turned to the girl and asked, "Anything for you, miss?"

"A Madonna," the girl answered.

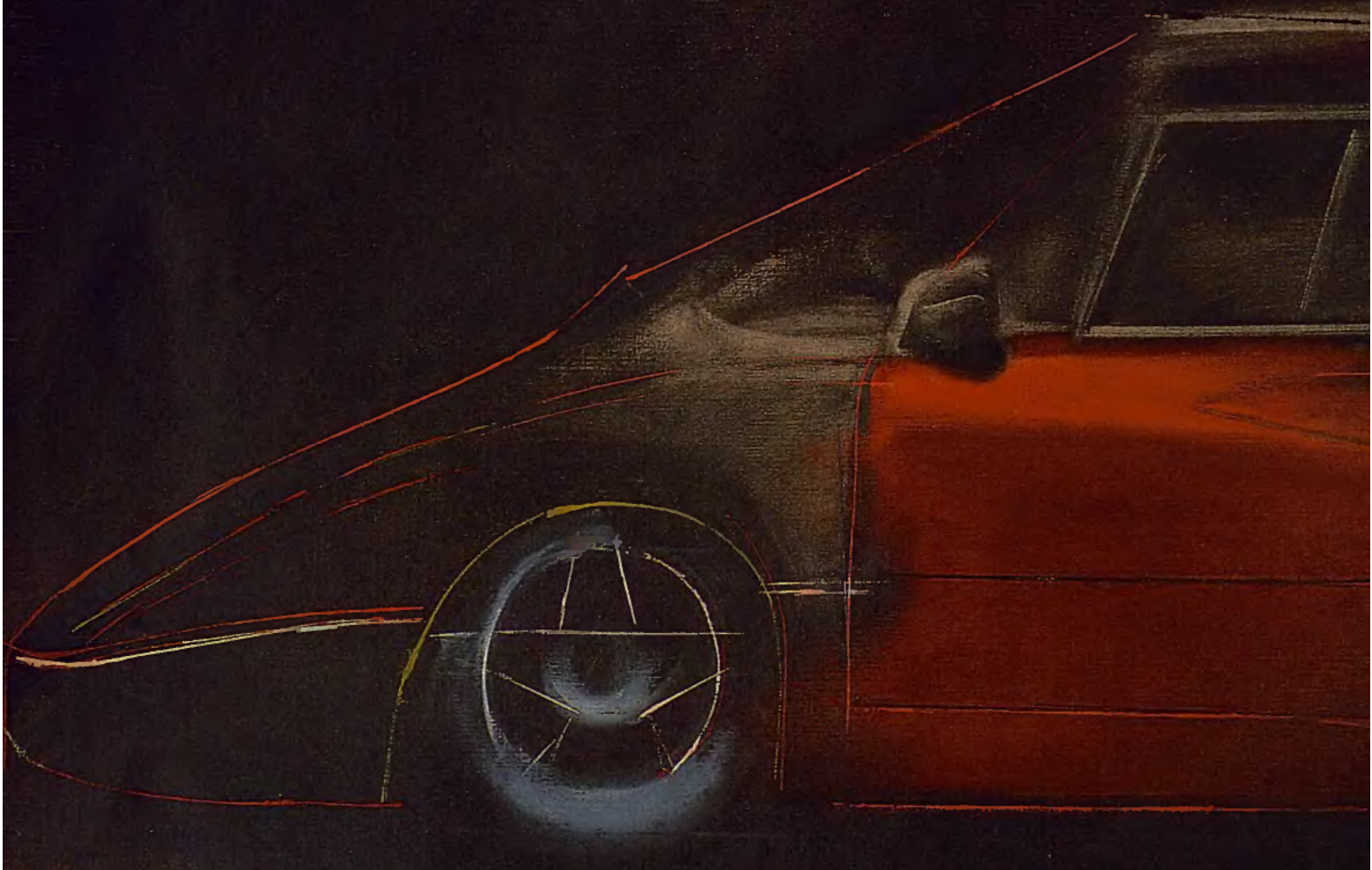
"A Madonna?" the waiter said. "What's that?"

"It's a Shirley Temple," she replied, glaring defiantly at her parents, "without the cherry."

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.



*"Ladies and gentlemen, the bad news is we were overloaded with carry-ons.
The good news is our on-time record looks fine now!"*



FOREIGN

modern living By **KEN GROSS**

INTRIGUE

*hot new wheels from peugeot,
alfa, bmw and ferrari.
gentlemen, start your wallets*

PAINTINGS BY MARSHALL ARISMAN



FERRARI F40

Above: The F40 is the Holy Grail of high-speed exotic wheels. The chassis is more Formula 1 than showroom stock, and the engine is a twin-turbo V8 that will propel you to 200 mph. Estimated retail: \$400,000.



PEUGEOT 405 Mi-16

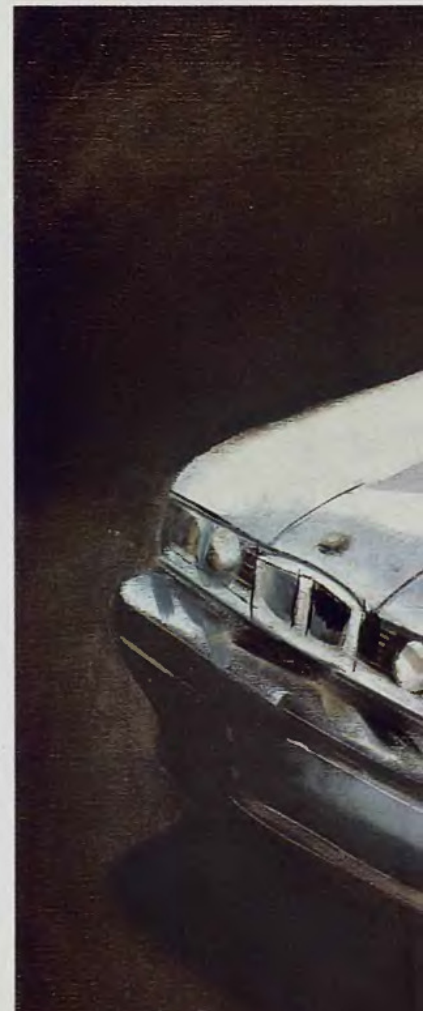
Left: A \$22,000 Gallic pocket rocket with immense charm, the 405 is considered by many to be the only way to fly if you're looking for a peppy rally type of car with deep bucket seats and instant response.



IT'S NO SECRET that some of Europe's most desirable automobiles never made it to our shores. Manufacturers blamed this on strangulating EPA/DOT regulations, the dipping dollar and the double nickel (the old 55-mile-per-hour speed limit). The list of no-shows includes Britain's Panther roadster, Porsche's super-high-tech and high-buck 959, Lancia's Ferrari-engined Thema and the elegant turbocharged Renault Alpine Berlinetta. Citroën's futuristic front-wheel-drive machines remained in France, as did Peugeot's nippy 205 GTI—a classy little Golf beater. Ferrari's handsome 412 tourer, the last of the company's front-engined classic V12s, stayed in the European fast lane. The automotive missing-in-action roster is a long one.

Not surprisingly, a gray market sprang up, and well-heeled enthusiasts were tempted by an irregular procession of powerful BMW M635CSIs, bootleg Ferrari GTOs, AMG-modified 560SEL Mercedeses—even 160-mile-per-hour Turbo Porsche 930s. Owners of those rare cars paid dearly for their distinctive purchases. But many of the conversions were poorly done. Some cars caught on fire and burned up. A few were impounded by the Feds. Worst of all, without official factory support, parts and service became a major hassle.

Thankfully, all of that has changed. Porsche, BMW and Mercedes-Benz successfully defeated the gray-market challenge by making their best cars available here at competitive



BMW 535i

This took the European automotive market by storm, and in spite of its \$45,000 price tag, BMW is banking on hot sales when the 535i arrives here this fall. Under the hood is a silky six-cylinder engine that will top out at 145 mph.

ALFA ROMEO 164

Just when you've given up on Italian cars, along comes the 164, a nimble front-wheel-drive sedan by Alfa Romeo with a six-cylinder engine (a turbo four is also available) and a leather interior. The price: about \$30,000. Bravissimo!

prices—with little or no power loss. Ferrari and most other manufacturers followed suit. Today, when a tempting machine debuts at the famed Paris or Geneva automobile show, we can be confident that a U.S. version won't lag far behind.

There are plenty of nifty automobiles to choose from right now, but if you're seeking a truly new driving experience, wait until this fall and next year. By then, all four of these exciting machines—the Peugeot 405 Mi16, the Alfa Romeo 164, the BMW 535i and the Ferrari F40—will have debuted here.

We've driven the Peugeot, the Alfa and the BMW in Europe, and we've watched the Ferrari put through its paces on a high-speed test track. All four are worth waiting for.

PEUGEOT 405 Mi16

Peugeot has suffered from an identity crisis here for years. It exports the supple, precise-handling 505 Turbo S sports sedan to the States, but its vague market positioning has resulted in lackluster sales. All of that could change with the imminent arrival of its slick new 405 Mi16. It's a delightful little front-wheel-drive car powered by a 16-valve, 150-horsepower, four-cylinder engine and packaged in a Pininfarina body. *(continued on page 155)*





TRACEY ULLMAN

Like Jackie Gleason before her, Tracey Ullman stomps out at the close of her comedy show each week, swaddled in a bathrobe. Unlike Gleason, she has fabulous gams, a British accent and a brain by Xerox. An incorrigible mimic, she reproduces voices and characters as fast as the neurons permit and demonstrates this remarkable feat on "The Tracey Ullman Show," a thoroughly quirky half hour that gives the Fox Broadcasting Company glimmer. She is Lily Tomlin without the fuss, Whoopi Goldberg without the funk, Sybil with a good agent. Not long ago, she took Contributing Editor Bill Zehme to afternoon tea at Trumps in West Hollywood, where she cheerfully wreaked havoc upon the pristine English custom. Zehme recalls, "We pulled up in Tracey's howitzerlike Range Rover and squared off in a cozy corner table. She wore a large black hat, ate cucumber sandwiches, pointed out every toupee and face lift in the room and suggested several methods of torturing the harpist."

1.

PLAYBOY: Just how many voices careen around in your head at a given moment? Which is the real Tracey?

ULLMAN: They've said my brain is like a spinning radio dial. I do voices all the time. I don't even know I'm doing them. I mean, I love voices. I don't think there are any that I can't do if I listen long enough. There's no accent that I can't do. Mabel [her two-year-old daughter] actually thinks I'm everybody. She thinks I'm Michael Jackson. She'll see him on TV and go, "Mummy." At the end of the *NBC*

Nightly News the other night, she saw the Statue of Liberty and pointed, "Oh, Momma!"

What I like being best is a gal who laughs at herself. I maintain my British sensibility. I can't succumb to these California illnesses and moan and go to an analyst. If I think I'm sinking into that, I have to quickly go kick the dog up the ass and get some of my British pessimism back. I'm a fighter. I go to work, I laugh at

myself and I don't think I'm incredibly important. I just want to get through the earthquake here.

2.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a casting couch?

ULLMAN: Oh, come on! Let's be honest. Who would want to get me on a casting couch? Someone like Justine Bateman has probably been through all that. I haven't. I've never seen that side of Hollywood. I've never been offered drugs or a casting couch or parts in glitzy soap operas. I think they could see, lookwise, it just wasn't worth considering. It wasn't even worth approaching me about having cosmetic surgery done.

3.

PLAYBOY: Give us a Brit's guide to surviving life in L.A.

ULLMAN: If you're British, be aware that Californians don't boil water properly for tea. It's a real nightmare. They say herb without an H—"erb"—which still pisses me off. Everyone is obsessed with being ill. [*In Valleyspeak*] "I had a rilly bad virus. I just felt so bad." From here on, I refuse to tell these people I don't feel well. It sends them into a panic. My agents were up in arms recently because I had the flu: "That's, like, rilly bad. Can we come round with chicken soup? You should see a rilly good nutritionist who can, like, cleanse your whole body and feed you erbs that make your poo-poo look strange." I'm convinced that they love being ill here.

What else? The news programs here are so unbelievably bad. If it doesn't happen in California, it doesn't happen. All one hears of are brush fires in Encino, when you don't give a shit. One night not long ago, there were promos showing a man rolling around in flames. You think, Oh, my God, some bloke went up in flames today! It turned out to be stock footage to illustrate news of a stuntmen's strike. So keep your subscriptions to British newspapers.

But perhaps most important of all, steer clear of other Brits. L.A. is full of boring Brits who insist upon keeping up "the old traditions." All they do is start cricket teams. Ugh.

4.

PLAYBOY: You do a devastating impersonation of a self-possessed Beverly Hills

limbo-bitch. What lurks in the heart of that breed?

ULLMAN: The problem is that they are heartless. They are spoiled girls who have nothing in the eyes. They are so uncaring, these horrible girls with their little prism perms and acrylic French nails. [*In a low, nonchalant monotone*] "I wanted to go see a movie, he didn't want to go see a movie and, uh, I hate him for that." They're so obsessed with themselves, they push in front of you in lines at the Beverly Center.

But the character I do is based on a dentist's assistant. This girl is really horrible to you when he's out of the room. She makes these odd accusations, like, "You got saliva all over the whole thing; I have to do it again now." She gets really cross, even if you say you're ever so sorry. One day, the dentist's working in my mouth and this girl's saying, "I wanna get a gun. I've been going to this range and I shoot and it helps release a lot of tension and I'm happy about that." He asks, "Would you shoot a person?" She says, "I guess so. If I could psych myself up." She's not human. These heartless girls, they have no sense of humor. If Mabel's gonna be like that, she goes into a cage and gets put down next week.

5.

PLAYBOY: What does the success of *The Cosby Show* say about American TV?

ULLMAN: That show gives me the willies. It really does. I used to think it was all right. But, let's face it, they're wearing too many designer clothes for an obstetrician's income. It just doesn't make sense. It's a strange show. The clothes worry me.

To me, the best type of American TV is stuff like *Return to the Titanic*, with Telly Savalas. It's just so moronic. There were men guarding the ship's safe for two hours, the duration of which I'm going, "This is just getting cruel!" Finally, the contents turn out to be primarily sea anemones, clinging to life under the hot studio lights. They were just wiggling out and dying. Meanwhile, a Van Cleef & Arpels jewelry expert was trying to put magnifying glasses over this really shitty jewelry, as it was disintegrating. And Telly Savalas was handing the stuff over to the experts, going, "Hey, why don'tcha take a look at this?" You could tell he was shaking the pieces around too much, because the scientists (continued on page 163)

the face that
launched a
thousand skits
waxes eloquent
about body
hair, breasts
and how
princess di
tried to steal
her husband

sports **By GARY COLE**

IT WAS THE WORST of seasons. Early last year, a pro football strike seemed unthinkable. As each week of the exhibition season passed, it became inevitable. The wrong cast of characters took center stage. There was the sullen and seemingly inept Gene Upshaw, the rep for the players' union, whose own council so woefully misread the cunning of the owners; in the opposing camp was the oily-tongued Jack Donlan, who represented the owners, that vengeful lot that, after it had broken the strike with scab games, exacted the final measure of 'punishment by locking the players out an extra week on a technicality just to show them who the boss

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

THE PRE-SEASON
SCOOP ON THIS
YEAR'S N.F.L. WARS



Running back Earnest Byner's fumble at the end of last year's A.F.C. championship game ended Cleveland's season. Byner and the Browns are our favorites to win Super Bowl XXIII.

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

A.F.C. EASTERN DIVISION INDIANAPOLIS COLTS

A.F.C. CENTRAL DIVISION CLEVELAND BROWNS

A.F.C. WESTERN DIVISION LOS ANGELES RAIDERS

WILD CARDS } DENVER BRONCOS
 } HOUSTON OILERS

A.F.C. CHAMPION • CLEVELAND BROWNS

N.F.C. EASTERN DIVISION PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

N.F.C. CENTRAL DIVISION MINNESOTA VIKINGS

N.F.C. WESTERN DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

WILD CARDS } WASHINGTON REDSKINS
 } NEW YORK GIANTS

N.F.C. CHAMPION • SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

**SUPER BOWL CHAMPION
 CLEVELAND BROWNS**

PLAYBOY'S 1988 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

Bernie Kosar, Cleveland Quarterback
 Eric Dickerson, Indianapolis Running Back
 Herschel Walker, Dallas Running Back
 Jerry Rice, San Francisco Wide Receiver
 J. T. Smith, Phoenix Wide Receiver
 Mark Bavaro, New York Giants Tight End
 Anthony Muñoz, Cincinnati Tackle
 Gary Zimmerman, Minnesota Tackle
 Bill Fralic, Atlanta Guard
 Mike Munchak, Houston Guard
 Ray Donaldson, Indianapolis Center

DEFENSE

Bruce Smith, Buffalo End
 Chris Doleman, Minnesota End
 Reggie White, Philadelphia Tackle
 Mike Singletary, Chicago Inside Linebacker
 Freddie Young, Seattle Inside Linebacker
 Andre Tippett, New England Outside Linebacker
 Carl Banks, New York Giants Outside Linebacker
 Darrell Green, Washington Cornerback
 Hanford Dixon, Cleveland Cornerback
 Joey Browner, Minnesota Safety
 Ronnie Lott, San Francisco Safety

SPECIALTIES

Morten Andersen, New Orleans Place Kicker
 Jim Arnold, Detroit Punter
 Vai Sikahema, Phoenix Kick Returner
 Vince Albritton, Dallas Special Teams

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Michael Irvin, Dallas Wide Receiver

really had been.

And there were the scabs, in that three-week onslaught of plumbers, unemployed construction workers, high school gym teachers and sons of pro players from another era finally having their moment to live up to their fathers' dreams. They didn't play very good football, but at least they offered some evidence that they loved the game.

Who lost? The players got nothing other than the message that they weren't nearly as tough as real union men—steel and autoworkers—who stayed out a lot longer and who had a lot less to start with. The players' union lost its credibility with the public and with its own members. At the moment, the union is having difficulty collecting dues, since without a signed labor-management agreement, there is no automatic collection system. In fact, if a couple of petitions get a few more player signatures, this particular union may not be around at all.

The team owners won the battle, but the war in court is far from over; and as the guys at Texaco will advise you, never take those judges for granted, even if they do have season tickets. The fans? They really got screwed. Their Sunday and Monday-night habits were indelicately toyed with, their player-hero allegiances trampled, their devotion to the sport taken for granted more than Mike Ditka's temper tantrums.

But the fans are resilient. They need their pro football fix, and they'll push all their frustration and anger aside so that they can once again leap toward the sky with Jerry Rice to make a T.D. grab, glide by the Boz's earring on Bo's shirt-tail, wear their shades and talk back to the kids like the impudent McMahon, microphone in one hand, taco in the other. Come on back, gladiators of the gridiron. We need you. The season begins and all is forgiven.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Cleveland Browns 12-4
 Houston Oilers 10-6
 Pittsburgh Steelers 7-9
 Cincinnati Bengals 6-10

In 1986, it was "the drive," engineered by John Elway and the Denver Broncos, that sent the Cleveland Browns packing after the A.F.C. championship game. Last season, it was "the fumble." Cleveland played dead for Denver in the first half, but then Bernie Kosar found his passing touch, and running back Earnest Byner his legs, and the game turned from the ordinary to the electric. The Browns, down 21-3 at the start of the third quarter, began to destroy the Denver defense. With one minute and 12

(continued on page 168)



"Act innocent, for Pete's sake! You're not even supposed to know words like yummy tush!"

J E S S I C A
A N E W L I F E



A WOMAN I never met said I used to be a prostitute.” Sitting poolside at Playboy Mansion West, Jessica Hahn shakes her head. “A woman who used to be my friend called me the Antichrist. Can you believe that? It sounds almost funny, but it hurts, too. It hurts to be an outcast,” she says. “My life has been threatened more times than I can count. I’ve seen a letter written in blood that said, ‘The wrath of my fury is on Jessica Hahn.’ My mother thinks I have gone astray because I live at the Playboy Mansion, but it’s beautiful here. There are birds, trees, flowers—beauty everywhere you look. And it’s *safe*.” Safe at last—walled in by the landscaped







beauty and the security staff of Playboy Mansion West—she works on her autobiography and prays for strength. Today, relaxing in the Southern California sun after an arduous but exhilarating *Playboy* photo shoot, she is in a reflective mood. Until now, she has had little time to ponder the twists and turns her life has taken since the last time she appeared on these pages. Hugh Hefner's ladylove Kimberley Conrad ("We're like sisters," says Jessica) shouts a warning as Leilynd, Kim's golden Labrador, bounds into Jessica's lap. "You love your aunt Jess, don't you?" she coos to the dog. Leilynd licks Jessica's new, cosmetically slimmed nose. The dog has just returned from the vet with instructions to lose some weight. Jessica sympathizes, offering Leilynd a packet of Sweet 'n Low. "I love it here," she says, "and I know Hef would let me stay here forever. But soon, it's going to be time to move on. As soon as I get myself (text continued on page 158)



*"I don't agree with all the preachers who say sex is dirty.
It may be the best thing God created. It's like a taste of heaven.
There's something for the preachers to think about!"*











PICTURE THIS (continued from page 90)

"Rembrandt sidled between Jan Six and the easel. He did not want to share his secrets."

said Six. "That may be why the owners of your mortgage now wish to be paid."

Six would know. His family owned dye works and silk mills. Rembrandt heard him glumly. Aristotle did not know what to advise.

Six was younger than Rembrandt, a learned man with aesthetic leanings who was involved actively in the vigorous intellectual life of the city. He had published a narrative poem of his own called *Medea* for which Rembrandt had provided an etching.

The artwork had been satisfactory, but the etching had lost definition with repeated impressions. The fault of the printer, Rembrandt had said untruthfully. They never took care.

Several years back, he had done an etching of Jan Six reading by a window that had set a standard no one in the city could match. Rembrandt himself did not match it again either, though we do not know whether he took time to try.

That one had not worn well either.

"The printer, the printer," Rembrandt had muttered in blame of the man Six had used to pull more copies. "He didn't take care, and he spoiled the plate."

Rembrandt knew, and refused stubbornly to believe, that etchings were not suitable for printings in large quantities. Especially the one of Jan Six. In combination with the lines etched by acid, Rembrandt had inventively scratched directly on the plate with a dry-point needle, raising burr that enhanced the soft accents in countless shadings of black but wore down with repeated impressions more rapidly than usual and left later copies faint.

Six had had no complaints. He seemed greatly intrigued by Rembrandt's procedures, and he stopped by periodically for no better reason than to stare enchantedly at the changes in the painting of Aristotle and in those of Bathsheba and other figures and to comment on the differences. Almost without realizing what he was doing, he would attempt to come right up to the canvases to assay by close inspection the minute components of the effects in each, which he was finding progressively more fascinating.

"I see that you've changed him again, haven't you?" he said of Aristotle. As an optical phenomenon alone, he said, he marveled that so convincing an illusion of a human in profound contemplation could be constructed so movingly out of bristles and colored paint.

"And my knife and my finger, too,"

Rembrandt corrected moodily. He sidled with polite determination between Six and the easel, persisting in blocking him from coming too near. He did not want to share his secrets.

"I would like you to do a painting of me," Jan Six said, and added with haste when Rembrandt whirled to gaze at him, "in your own manner, of course."

"My manner?" The artist appeared startled.

"In any way that you choose, I mean. I would not mind if it was like that one."

"A portrait like this one? This is not a portrait."

"I did not say a portrait. I like that harsh texture, all your shadows and blackness and that very broad brushwork. You certainly make clear that an artist has been here, and that he is a much more eminent presence than the subject, don't you?"

Rembrandt chuckled. "I try," he said.

"I recognize the bust of Homer," said Jan Six, nodding. "The robe on the man is modern, I would guess, the gown antique. Am I mistaken?"

Rembrandt didn't know. They were things he had bought.

"You really don't know? I know you don't like to tell. I don't recognize the hat."

"I'm inventing the hat."

"You've changed it, haven't you? You've made the brim larger."

"I'm changing it back. I'm making it smaller."

"I don't recognize the man. Is it someone I should?"

"Aristotle."

"He looks like a Jew."

Aristotle glared.

Rembrandt toned him right down with a small touch of glaze.

"It's the way that I want him," said Rembrandt. "A friend models for me."

"In that costume? Aristotle?"

"Don't you like the effect?"

"He looks so sad."

"It's the way I see him. He is growing older. He doesn't know what to do. He's an ancient philosopher and he can't find work."

"The gold in the chain?"

"I'm making it thicker."

"How do you make it look so real?"

"Please, don't stand too close. The smell of the paint will make you sick."

"How much thicker will that be?"

"As thick as I want it to be."

"How much heavier will you want it?"

"I'll know when I know."

"The hands fascinate me."

"I would do yours the same. Would you want them as plain? I can put in detail."

"You've done each one with just a few strokes, haven't you? Yet they're perfectly natural and at rest. I find them amazing."

"I'm not good at motion."

"You don't do people eating or drinking."

"Not often. Would you like me to do a portrait of a herring?"

"Everyone else does."

"I like people who stare. Whenever I finish a painting now of people doing anything else, I'm not sure that I like it."

"How do you begin? How do you decide what you are going to do?"

"The way I decide to. I don't know how. I would do you much differently, in a three-quarter length. Getting dressed to go out on serious business. Wearing a cloak, pulling on gloves."

"I won't go into business. I think I've already decided."

"Then you'll go into the government."

"I'm not sure I want that."

"Then you'll go into government anyway, though you might not do much. Your family is too important, and so are you. I can use more friends of influence. I can use more commissions to help pay for the house. I think you should look older."

"By then, I will look older."

"I will make you look older, the way you are going to look when you're an alderman and a burgomaster." Rembrandt smiled, Six frowned. Rembrandt put down his palette, leaned his maulstick against a chair. In silence, staring past his thumb, he pondered his prospective subject for a minute, bobbing his head once, nodding again, while Six did not move, seemed hardly to breathe. "I'll use much brighter reds and a different gold. I may do your hands with only my palette knife. I'll drag the knife through them before they are dry. I might use my finger."

"And then you might change your mind." Jan Six laughed quietly. "Will you give me your lavish impasto?"

"You might not like it."

"I will not mind."

"Then I promise to give you your money's worth in paint."

"I'll want your chiaroscuro, too, for which you have also become so infamous."

"And for which people make jokes about me now."

"How else will anyone know that I have been painted by Rembrandt?"

"It won't be pretty."

"Do you think of me as someone who wants to look pretty?"

Rembrandt sighed with self-approval and spoke with a snarl. "I am glad there is still somebody left in Holland who doesn't care for the classical."

"I want a painting, not a picture."

Rembrandt grunted, pleased. "I'll use



"Thank God—it's the mother ship!"

more black than here. I'll give much brighter light. I will invent you a hat much better than this one."

"I will want to be painted wearing one of my own," Jan Six told him firmly.

"You will look like a man I would not want to owe money to," said Rembrandt slyly, smiling, and began adding more gold to Aristotle's chain.

Aristotle frowned: A man like Rembrandt would drive him mad.

Rembrandt hummed loudly after Jan Six had left. He could put the house in the name of his son, he said directly to Aristotle as he returned from the door, scrutinizing his subject with hearty delight. "But then he would have to make a will, wouldn't he? But then I could be the beneficiary. I know it's exactly what you would tell me to do, isn't it? Eh? You see, Mr. Philosopher? You're not the only smart fellow in this house, are you?"

Aristotle was livid. Rembrandt drained the color from his face with a mixture of white and raw umber and elongated the hollow far back in his cheek.

There were rumors of food shortages in Utrecht and Zeeland. Six was another, Rembrandt mused out loud to Aristotle, from whom he was sure he could borrow.

In 1653, when Rembrandt's *Aristotle* was just about finished and his *Portrait of Jan Six* was beginning, the Dutch lost naval battles off Portland and North Foreland in the English Channel and were defeated again in home territory off the island of Texel at the entrance to Holland's Zuider Zee. After that, English ships lay at anchor along the Dutch coast and patrolled the North Sea to intercept vessels attempting to run the blockade.

"Do you think there'll be riots?" asked Jan Six.

Rembrandt asked why.

Six seemed surprised.

Corn prices were rocketing and herding had all but disappeared. Banks failed.

"Even when you've finished with him," Jan Six pointed out once more, speaking of Aristotle, "you will not be able to ship it. There are no boats from here to Texel. There are no ships from Texel to Italy."

Aristotle was stuck. He prayed for peace.

"I am finished with him," said Rembrandt. "I'm waiting for it to dry."

Aristotle felt chilly and wet. Cooped up all day in a studio in a country whose cloudy, damp climate he detested, he could not wait for the war to end. His eyes were rheumy. His look was dejected, his complexion jaundiced. The smell of the paint was making *him* sick. He had nothing to do.

"It would be a tragedy," said Rembrandt almost casually, "if I stopped to

move now when I am working so well." He had already looked at another house. "But I would rather sell my art collection and continue living here."

"It would be a greater tragedy," said Jan Six, "if you tried to sell anything when people don't want to buy."

Tragedy? Aristotle almost sneered. This wasn't tragedy. This was pathos, one of the ordinary miseries of life without the salutary compensations of catharsis that tragedy was said by him to confer. It was tragedy without the happy ending.

Rembrandt said nothing to Jan Six about earnings from new paintings. Or that he owed 17,000 guilders, and 20,000 guilders more, technically, to Titus for the total left to the boy by his mother.

As far as a puzzled Aristotle could ascertain, of the innumerable paintings standing and stacked about the loft, the *Aristotle* and the *Jan Six* were the only two for which the impecunious homeowner, artist and father could be sure he would be paid. None seemed ever to be finished, though Aristotle and Jan Six both frequently could not see what there was to be done. Rembrandt altered colors and brushwork endlessly, bringing back canvases he had set aside as completed.

His inattention to time was exasperating.

Aristotle contemplating the bust of Homer came close several times to scratching his head, X-ray studies of the painting disclose, but Rembrandt would not allow it and finally determined to extend Aristotle's arm with the hand resting on the head of Homer like a cap, in a pose betokening eternal inquiry.

"I must tell you frankly that I like my painting," said Jan Six, who came frequently now to stand for his portrait and to watch and to chat.

"I do, too," said Rembrandt, pleased.

So did Aristotle.

While Aristotle stood resting on his own easel waiting to go to Sicily, there slowly was emerging on the fresh canvas facing him the fantastic portrait of the younger, widely read man of wealthy family, Jan Six. In life, Six was slender and mild-looking, innocuous, delicate; in art, he gained strength and acquired domineering presence with every touch of the bristles or the palette knife.

Aristotle's heart stopped each time Rembrandt moved near one or the other of them with the palette knife or approached any of the other paintings with the knife in his fist. Six, resting, stepped from his spot and went to the *Aristotle* to peer inquisitively. Rembrandt tried keeping him back with a hand on his chest.

"The smell of the paint—"

"Will make me sick," Jan Six concluded for him. Six smiled, Rembrandt did not. "Are you really finished with him?"

Rembrandt stood facing Aristotle with a scowl, glowering balefully. Then he

struck with the palette knife.

"Did you know when you did that," inquired Jan Six, beaming, "that the green would come out so vividly?" Six put on the spectacles with which he did not want to be portrayed. "Did you know," he continued, charmed, "when you moved your blade through the wet paint just now that the gold would reflect more brightly, and the silk would look deeper with folds?"

"I was trying to find out."

"I think you knew."

"I knew I could change it again if I did not like what I saw," Rembrandt answered, sulking.

"When I see things like that," said Six, "I begin to think it so natural that the Dutch lead the world in the science of optics. I think you do know precisely what will appear each time you make a change."

"I'm going to change him some more," Rembrandt said suddenly.

Jan Six looked amused, Aristotle choked back a sob.

"When do you know that a painting is finished?"

"A painting is finished," Rembrandt replied without turning, "when I say it is."

"With my portrait, too?" Six laughed. "I might wait forever."

"With your portrait," said Rembrandt, drifting toward the worktable to take up his palette knife again, his squinting eyes, Aristotle perceived with a slight tremor, fixed back upon him menacingly, "I think you will decide that you will never again want anyone but me painting you and your family."

As it turned out, Six never commissioned another painting from Rembrandt, though he was so pleased that he wrote a verse exalting the finished work, and the portrait may well be the most valuable painting in the world today still in private hands. It is owned by the present heirs of Jan Six and may be seen only when they choose to let you.

Possibly, Rembrandt's *Portrait of Jan Six* would go for \$100,000,000 today if sold at auction to a private collector, and probably, there are 100 people in the world who could pay that much.

Hendrickje entered with tea, which was an extravagant commodity, and with biscuits sticky with sugar when the afternoon's work was over. Titus trailed her shyly, sketchbook in one arm; he looked anemic and sleepy. He was a pale, thin child with curly auburn hair, lovely dark eyes and a lonely manner, and he usually came with Hendrickje at least once every day into the workshop with his sketchbook, from which Rembrandt would give him short, impassive lessons in drawing. Hendrickje would stay to watch, smiling to herself in silence, with her tilted head resting on her hand, her cheeks plump and ruddy. Titus tried hard and spoke

softly. Hanging back near the doorway now, he waved slyly at Aristotle with a playful grin, made a face, winked conspiratorially and thumbed his nose. He was not quick enough to escape the notice of his father.

"What are you doing?" Rembrandt demanded gruffly.

"He winked at me," said Titus, flustered.

"He did not."

"I swear to God."

Rembrandt smirked. "You mean like this?" With no warning, Rembrandt flipped a smear of paint into Aristotle's eye, closing the lid. Just as swiftly, he rubbed it away with his thumb, and the eye was open.

Titus giggled.

Aristotle could see, once Rembrandt had given him eyes, that the man modeling for him did not look in the least like the person he remembered himself to be: short,

bandy-legged, bald, with a bit of the self-approving air of a dandy.

This man was tall, olive-skinned, with a long black beard, black melancholy eyes and Slavic, perhaps Semitic features.

Aristotle contemplating Rembrandt painting *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* had to wonder often why Rembrandt, who had never studied Greek, was painting him at all and why, of all things, painting him contemplating a bust of Homer, of whose works he had grown weary by the time he had completed his edition of the *Iliad* for Alexander the Great. He thanked God that Rembrandt had not painted Homer singing or dictating, as he would a decade later in another commission for Don Antonio Ruffo. Aristotle as an adult had not liked being sung to or read to.

Furthermore, in his *Poetics*, he had downgraded Homer inferentially by rating epic below tragedy, as he had down-

graded Plato for the first time in his *On Philosophy*.

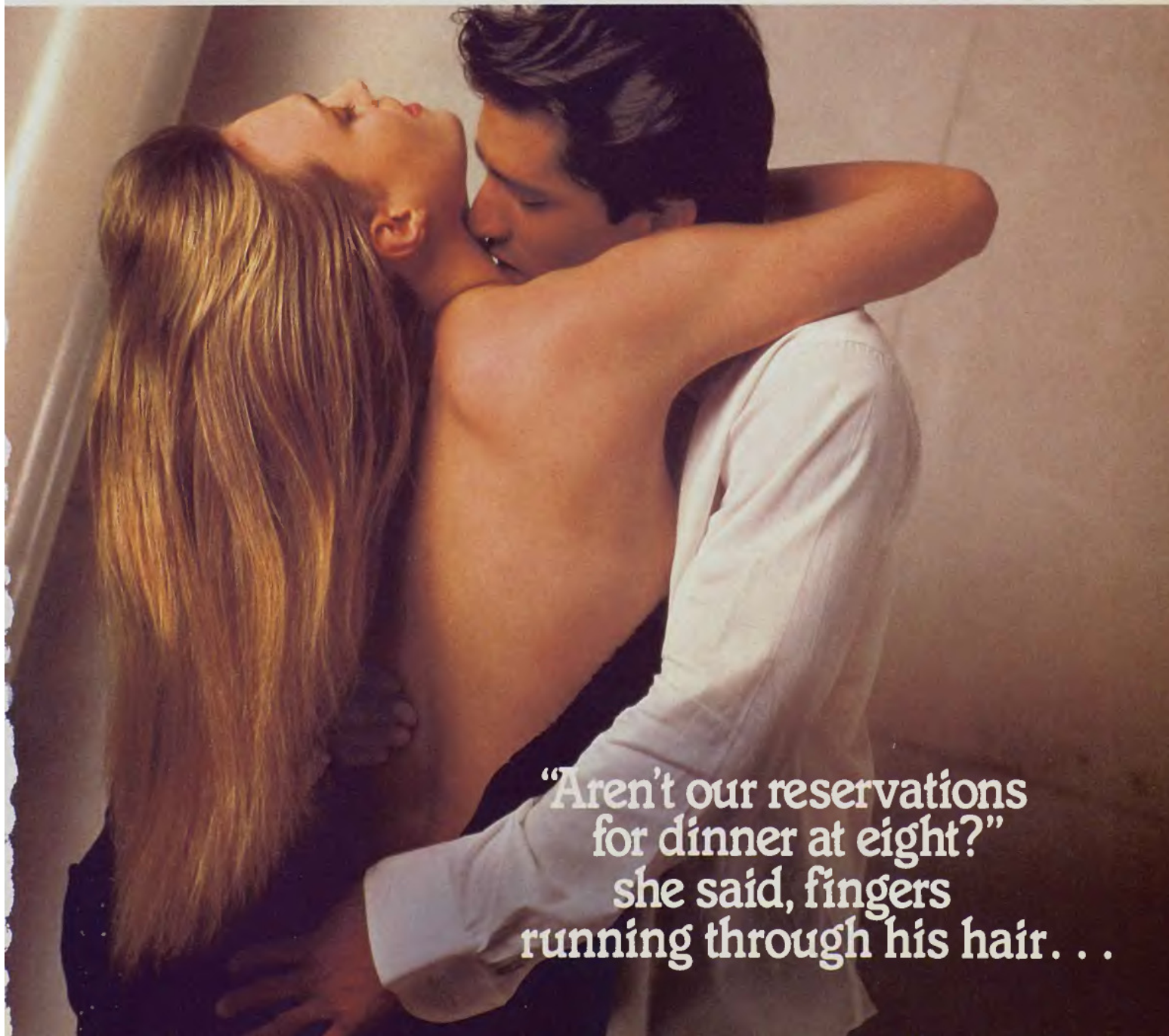
Aristotle grew darker and darker in aspect as the painting of him by Rembrandt progressed. The misty, gray European weather complemented his mood. When the fog was low, the sodden atmosphere of the city was rank with the smell of herring, beer and tobacco. There were times now in Holland when he was as pessimistic as Plato.

All men, Aristotle had written, desire by nature to know. In Rembrandt, he had found an exception.

All Rembrandt wished to know one early afternoon as he laid out on his worktable in two rows the busts he owned of Roman emperors and famous Greeks was how much all of them might bring if sold as a collection.

Would they be worth more individually? The man posing for Aristotle had no idea.

The tall, dark-bearded, sad-eyed man



"Aren't our reservations
for dinner at eight?"
she said, fingers
running through his hair. . .

posing for Rembrandt as Aristotle had been as surprised as Aristotle to find out it was Aristotle for whom he was going to be the model. He was puzzled now by an inconsistency in logic and what he saw as an incongruity in reasoning and in art. Aristotle looked on unobtrusively while the man scratched his head and, puffing his pipe, gazed quizzically at the two ranks of busts Rembrandt had lined up to contemplate and appraise. In a bass voice that was always slightly hoarse and mildly apologetic, he asked, "Rembrandt, let me try to understand you. You say you have a bust of Aristotle there?"

"And I may want to sell it." Rembrandt smiled complacently, like a salesman certain of his wares. "And there is Homer and here is Socrates, too. I have a dozen emperors. You can read their names. Here we have Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, a Nero, Galba, Otto, Vitellius, Vespasian, Domitian, this one is called Marcus Aurelius, another Vitellius and one more that is unidentified."

"Let me ask you then. Why are you painting me?"

"Why?"

"You have a bust of Aristotle. Why do you want to paint my face as Aristotle's when you have his face right here?"

Rembrandt turned dour. "I like your face better. It looks more real."

"More real than his?"

"Yes."

"My face looks more real as Aristotle's than his does?"

"Yes. Are you blind?"

"How can that be?"

"I know what I'm doing."

"Isn't that dishonest?"

Rembrandt did not see why. "It's only art. What do you care? It's not a portrait."

"It does not sound logical. You're painting a picture of me and you're calling it him. Would you paint a picture of him and call it me?"

"I can call him anybody I want to for this painting. As long as I call him a philosopher. For his five hundred guilders, I feel I can give my Sicilian a picture of a philosopher who is a real person."

"Of me? I'm not a real philosopher."

"I make changes in you. You smile more. I put red in your beard. Look at your clothes."

"Were they his?"

"Are they yours?"

"I don't complain of the clothes. I'm inquiring about this painting of me."

"It's not of you. It's a painting of Aristotle."

"Then I'm glad it will not be in Amsterdam, where people would recognize me and believe I am Aristotle. I must admit that I like this picture of me that you will say is of somebody else. But it remains a mystery why you use my face for his when you have his right here. You could dress him up in this same costume."

"His face isn't much."

"He looks sadder and sadder, even as we speak. Why do you make him so sad?"

Rembrandt grunted a contented laugh. "Aristotle's face would not look natural between that hat and that robe. By now, yours is the only one that does. Should I ship to my Sicilian connoisseur a painting of the face of one statue contemplating the bust of another?" The man laughed, too. "And sign it Rembrandt?"

"You're moving my pendant again."

"It isn't yours. I like it better here."

"You never finish. There's a face on it now. Are we supposed to know whose?"

"Alexander's, naturally."

"Who?"

"Alexander the Great."

X-ray studies of Rembrandt's painting *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* disclose repeated changes in the position of the medallion of Alexander and a growth on Aristotle's liver undoubtedly related to the intestinal distress of which he had complained in the year of his death.

To Aristotle, Rembrandt was not an interesting person or one especially nice, but he had to wonder again at Rembrandt's way with light and shadow and somber tones and his alchemy with gold. All three were charmed with the alterations Rembrandt made in the garments worn by the model when he fitted them on Aristotle in the painting.

"They look better on him," said the man, sulking, "than on me."

"I add color to his," said Rembrandt. "I can't put paint on those clothes you're wearing, can I?"

He scumbled his impasto on the silken robe with bristles, added glazes and enhanced his chiaroscuro. He turned light into gold in Aristotle's billowing sleeves, shot golden rays of reflection through other white areas. He blended more green and blue-green into the folds and ripples.

He molded the gold chain in full relief with thicker additions of white paint, and on top of this white, he laid glaze after glaze of yellows, browns and blacks. That was how Rembrandt manufactured gold for Aristotle.

"The gold looks almost real," said Rembrandt's model.

"It is real," mumbled Rembrandt. He did not glance up. He made changes in the pinkie ring, put tiny yellow-white dots on top of heavy white dots on the surface of the ring and caused it to gleam, as though he were inventing gold out of paint odors and a slender brush that was a magic wand. "Your gold is fake."

"I don't understand you."

"I've painted pure gold."

"Using black, brown and white?"

"What you're wearing is plated. The ring, the earring, the rest. The chain is an imitation in brass. Come closer. Look at the chain and look at the picture. Don't you see the difference? This gold is real."

The gold on the canvas looked more authentic.

"I don't think I want to talk about it," the man said unhappily. "You speak of imitation," he said tentatively and fell silent, considering whether or not to say more. "Do you know that Govert Flinck is becoming more and more successful with his paintings that are imitations of yours, of you and your style?"

"Flinck was my best pupil," Rembrandt answered graciously, nodding. "He already knew much when he came to me. He learned to paint in my manner in less than one year."

The man nodded also. "They say he is more successful now than you are. And that he gets much higher prices, selling paintings that are imitations of yours."

Putting aside his palette and maulstick with very slow movements, Rembrandt took up a heavy brush, wiping it clean on his tunic, and clasped it with the butt end forward like a sharp weapon. Aristotle feared for his life. Rembrandt looked like a man who might stab him through the chest.

"I don't understand that," he said coldly.

"They say he now gets more money for those paintings than you do for yours."

"For paintings like mine? That can't be true. How can that be true?"

"It's true in Amsterdam."

"That makes no sense. He gets more for his old imitations of my work than I do for my new originals?"

"They're more in demand."

"Why should they be? Why should people pay more money to him for imitations of my work when they can buy my original paintings from me?"

"They say his are better."

When Jan Six came later that day to stand for his portrait, Rembrandt wished to know immediately if the report of Govert Flinck's success was true.

Six thought that it was.

"He was my worst pupil!" cried Rembrandt indignantly.

"His reputation gets better," said Six. "As do his connections. Soon he will control all city commissions."

"There is no logic to it!"

"If it's logic you want," said Six, amused, "you should meet with Descartes. Or perhaps you should talk with your Aristotle there. He perfected the syllogism, you know."

Rembrandt did not want to talk of Aristotle. "Flinck gets more for his imitation Rembrandts than I get for my new paintings? Is that what you are trying to make me believe?"

"You speak too slightly of imitations, my friend," said Jan Six amiably. "In his *Poetics*, your Aristotle there—"

"This is not my Aristotle. This is a painting, not a person."

"Nevertheless, Aristotle states that all great tragedies are imitations of an action. I suppose that here in Holland, because there is no other place like this, our tragedies can still be original."

"That is not what we mean by tragedies. *Flinck* is a tragedy. What you are telling me does not make sense."

"About Aristotle?"

"About Flinck. I don't care about Aristotle. You are an intellectual man. How can those paintings of his that are in imitation of my style be superior to mine?"

"His surfaces are smooth, his colors are transparent, his lines define forms, his details are precise."

"That's not my style!" Rembrandt cried out in pain. "Flinck is an impostor! I don't paint that way."

"Then perhaps you ought to," counseled Six with a smile, "if you want to regain your popularity and get prices like his."

"And then," said Rembrandt with a sneer, "my paintings would be copies of his imitations of my originals."

"Exactly," Six agreed. "Best of all, you would not have to spend time doing any more originals, would you?"

"And what name should I sign to them? Mine or his?"

"You'd make more money, I think, if you signed them with his. Or, if you like, perhaps you can persuade Flinck to sign the name Rembrandt to yours."

"Can he do my signature in my style, too?"

"Oh, yes, he does that, too. He could even do your signature with a more classical hand than yours."

"Should I start with your portrait?" Rembrandt challenged acidly. "I can begin changing it now."

"Continue with mine as you have it, please."

"No, let me change this original of you to make it appear like an imitation of what Flinck will do in imitation of me with the commissions he receives for portraits like yours in the style of the one I am doing of Jan Six after people see yours."

"Leave this one alone."

"I can even date it in the future to make it more valuable, to look like a copy by me of the imitation by him of the portrait of you by me."

"I wish you to proceed with ours exactly as you've begun and exactly as we have discussed," said Six. "I did not know, my friend, that you could be so humorous."

"I am not being humorous."

"I admire my face."

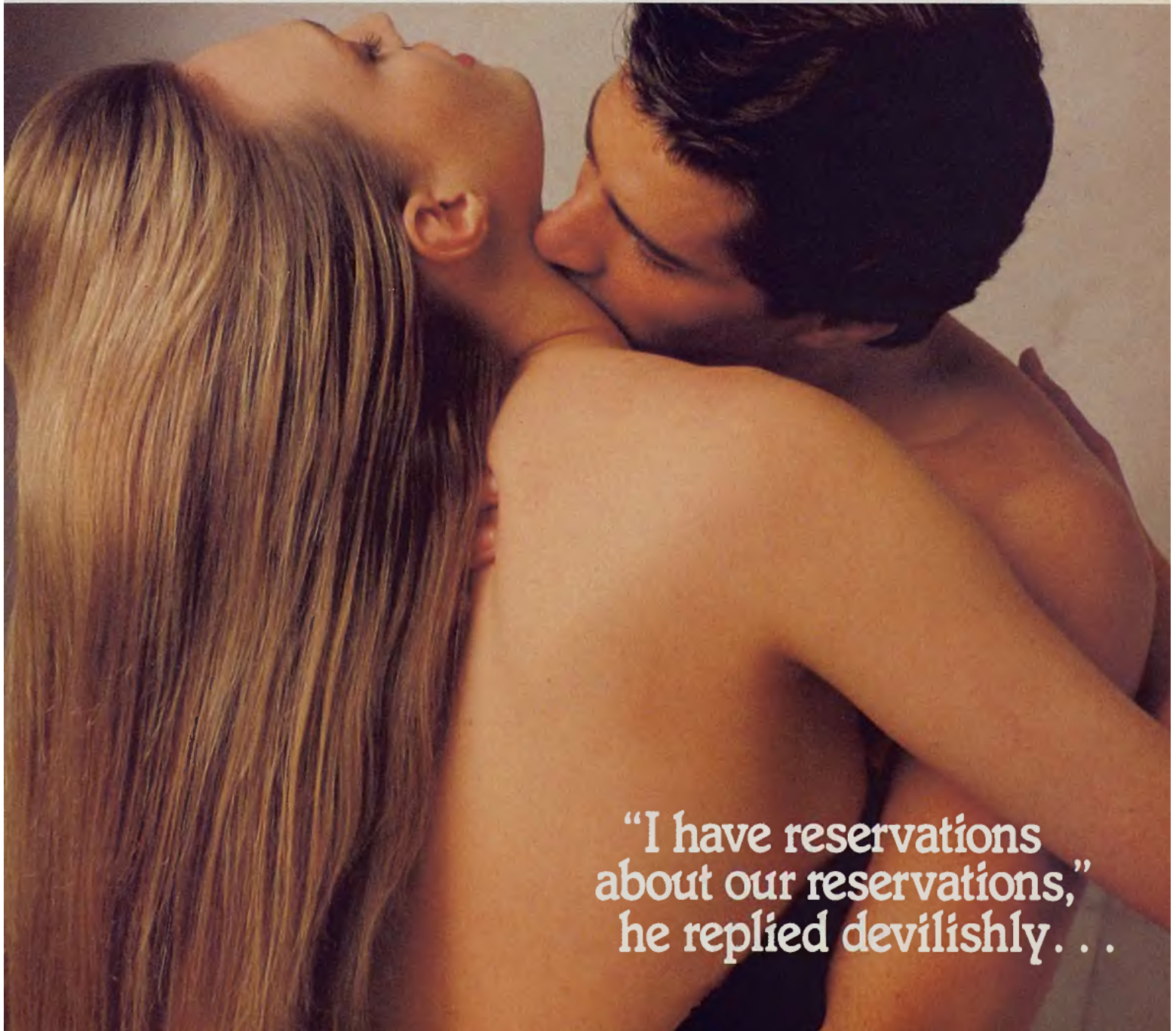
"It isn't yours."

"That one isn't Aristotle's. You've changed it a bit, haven't you?"

"I will change you, too. I'm going to make you look older."

"Harder, I see. Almost ruthless. You're giving me cuffs—and a turned-up sleeve? Will you let me watch? Or will you do all your tricks in secret? Are you making me heavier?"

"Older. You will be more mature. You will not always be that slender, you know, or that young. I will paint you like a man



"I have reservations about our reservations," he replied devilishly . . .

who always makes the right decisions. It's the way you will want to look when you are a regent and a burgomaster."

The conversations always seemed to Aristotle to take a more intellectual turn when Six was there, especially when he talked of Aristotle.

"In his *Poetics*, you know, Aristotle praises you for this portrait of me," commented Jan Six, and Aristotle pricked up his ear. Rembrandt moved in at once with an ebony overglaze and sank the ear back into the shadows where it belonged. "Not by name, of course. He talks of painters."

"He doesn't say Rembrandt van Rijn?"

"Nor does he say Govert Flinck. Aristotle instructs dramatists to follow the example of good portrait painters. He says that they, while reproducing the distinctive forms of the original, make a likeness that is true to life and yet more beautiful. I think you are doing that with me. I think that your Aristotle seems in a lighter

frame of mind today than I have ever seen him. He looks almost cheerful, as though he enjoys hearing me talk about him. Have you changed him again? He looked morbid before."

"He'll look morbid again," vowed Rembrandt. "Sometimes I go too far in one direction and have to go back to the other. I have a question about business that I think you should be able to answer. Among the paintings that I own are more than seventy by me that I can put out for sale."

"Sign them with Flinck's name," joked Six, "and you will be a wealthy man in Amsterdam."

"Should I do that?" inquired Rembrandt seriously.

Six shook his head. "To sell a product for money, says Aristotle, is not the proper use of that product. A shoe, for example, is made to be worn."

That was easier for Aristotle to say, replied Rembrandt crossly, than for any of

them to do. With a cloth he went back to the canvas and wiped what looked like a smile off Aristotle's face.

And as he listened that afternoon, Aristotle shuddered with the memory of the time earlier that year when, eavesdropping, he had suddenly wished he had someplace to hide. Six was telling of Descartes and Spinoza, and Rembrandt interrupted to ask to borrow 1000 guilders. Aristotle cringed when he offered to pay interest.

"When I lend you the money, my friend," Jan Six chided softly, "it will not be to earn interest."

When Six married, the portrait he commissioned for his wife was not by Rembrandt but by Govert Flinck. And sometime before 1656, Six sold the Rembrandt debt for 1000 guilders at discount to a man who demanded payment, eventually forcing Rembrandt into bankruptcy.

We don't know why.



Neither Six nor the second man needed money.

Aristotle was no help.

By then, he was already in the castle of *Signor* Ruffo in Sicily. Aristotle was glad to be going from that sinister, dark land of northern Europe when he finally set sail. With the Treaty of Westminster, his dreams of liberation had come true. He felt free when wrapped from head to toe for his sea voyage and packed inside a wooden crate. He looked ahead bravely in keen anticipation to the new world that awaited him.

He left Amsterdam by tender on June 13, 1654, with a shipping order consigning him to the captain of the freighter *Bartolomeus*, which lay at anchor at the port of Texel, and departed on June 19 of that year, bound for the city of Naples as the first port of call. In August, the *Bartolomeus* docked at last at the port of

Messina in northeastern Sicily.

Aristotle rejoiced unnoticed when he heard he was there. He remembered Messina from his reading of Thucydides about the disastrous Athenian expedition to Syracuse that had been championed by Alcibiades.

The crate containing Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* was unloaded, claimed and then carried by cart up a bumpy road to the castle of Don Antonio Ruffo, where its arrival was awaited with rambunctious and tremulous suspense.

Aristotle held his breath while the crate was hammered open and his painting was unwrapped and lifted out. His reception could not have been better. There were cries of amazement and delight when the people saw him. Aristotle, who was known to have been vain, was exhilarated beyond measure by his warm welcome and the exclamations of excitement and cheer with


which his appearance was greeted. These people were expressive! There was no doubt from the first that they liked his looks. The painting was lifted high and rushed eagerly to the archway of the balcony to be admired in sunlight. There was effusive Italian praise for his attire and his jewelry, for the gold chain first, the medallion, his earring and his pinkie ring, for the excellent detail in the fine brushwork of the eyes and the reflections of light in the hat and the dark beard. Aristotle glowed with pride, with immodest self-satisfaction, basked without shame in their unrestrained adulation. At last, he was with friends who could truly appreciate him.

"I wonder who it is?" he heard one gentleman say.

"Albertus Magnus?" another guessed.

"He looks like a phrenologist."

Aristotle was speechless.



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WHY DO THE WOMEN GO WILD OVER THAT WOODSY ALVIN? HE DOESN'T HAVE A GREAT BODY. HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A LOVER. HOW DOES HE GET THEM TO MAKE HOT, PASSIONATE LOVE TO HIM? HAH?

Annie F: Oh, Woodsy, make hot, passionate love to me!





END

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"He kept the route a secret from everyone, even Laura, who might decide he was a geek if she knew."

worth losing sleep over, in the end, Steven philosophizes, is your grade-point average. His near-straight-A average of 3.85 has not come easily, not with so much competition in his honors classes; and since sophomore year, he has studied diligently until about 12:30 A.M., Sunday through Thursday. He has always been superstitious. During sophomore year, he came upon the Rodeo Drive route. Reciting geometry postulates to himself, he missed a turn on the way to school one day and found his car snarled in Rodeo's slow tourist traffic. Steven cursed at the top of his lungs, furious at having allowed exam pressure to put his brain in a fog. He had to drive four blocks out of his way before he finally got to the school's gate, ten minutes tardy to his first class. He received a 96 on his geometry test that morning, his highest mathematics mark ever at Beverly and a sure sign to him that his new route was fated. He has kept the route a secret from everyone, even Laura, who might decide he was a geek if she knew. Hell, everybody has something to hide, he's discovering. A friend from seventh grade whom he had never seen do anything more hedonistic than swim naked in his pool checked into Coke-Enders this summer, Laura told him.

"Six hundred and seven are escaping in June," he muses, which is to say that he has counted 607 classmates' names in last year's yearbook. "I wish I *really* knew, like, *ten* people in my class. That would be a freak—to know what they are feeling."

Tension over the bullshit—his grades, S.A.T. and Achievement Test scores—tension over his lack of college prospects. Tension over the big black void in front of him. Worse, Andy must meet his not so amicably divorced parents for lunch at Spago. His parents have come together over a pizza to get advice from a private counselor about college admissions. Andy arrives 15 minutes late. The counselor, devouring a salad, tells his parents that having Andy apply to an Ivy League school would be "like shooting for Jupiter when we should be satisfied with a nice trip to San Diego."

"I'm hoping for something fairly prestigious," says his mother.

"Aren't we all?" the counselor says blithely, shrugging. "But San Diego State and Arizona State will take him. Then there is graduate school to think of. There is no reason why, at a place like Arizona State, Andrew couldn't graduate with a three-point-nine or a four-0 and go to medical school or law school wherever he would like."

"I think a three-point-nine at Harvard or Yale, though, would take Andy a lot further," his father interjects.

"Am I correct in saying that we're all friends here?" The man has spread his hands and placed them on the center of the table, palms up, ready to sell. "I think that Andrew is as fine a young man as anyone could hope to meet, but what is working against us here is figures—norms, averages, high ends and low ends. I am advising you to consider seriously Arizona State, San Diego State, a couple of the UCs on the bottom end, the state colleges, Claremont—which, incidentally, I see as a top-end school for Andrew—along with the University of Colorado, the University of San Francisco and the College of the Pacific. And this is my reasoning. . . ."

Andy doesn't hear any of the reasoning, his mind having been numbed by the

crushing disappointment of what he has heard, head down, teeth absently working on the pizza in front of him—chew, chew, chew—a dumb animal reduced to grazing.

"Andy, do you have anything that you want to add?" he hears his father saying.

"Uh, no." His mother is frowning. What has he done wrong? "I mean, I understand," Andy says. "Maybe I'll get a miracle on the S.A.T. Maybe Harvard will suddenly want to take a lazy and shiftless white kid."

"That's not the positive kind of attitude that you want to have going in," the counselor says amiably. His business is finished here. "You're a wonderful candidate, Andrew, and we're going to find you a wonderful school."

His father stands to leave with the counselor, murmuring "Nice to see you again" in the direction of his ex-wife while looking over her shoulder for the exit.

"Never embarrass me again with that faraway stuff," his mother says to Andy after the two men have gone.

On Wednesday, another discussion in Steven's history class is going nowhere, and somehow, they're talking about college



"First, which of you is Mr. Marshbanks?"

admissions, particularly how the admissions of minorities with lower test scores may affect their own chances. "I don't see how that is fair," says a blonde girl in the back of the room. "I want everybody to have equal rights, but I don't want to be screwed because some black kid lives in a poor area."

"I don't know why everybody is so down on blacks," says a red-haired girl. "They don't have it as good, and things should be better for them. I'm not saying that they should get every college spot, but you have to give them some because they don't get the same kind of good education. It is bizarre what black people had to go through in the Forties and Fifties. They couldn't even eat in the same restaurants in some places."

"Bullshit," says a boy in the back. "That was just a few places in the South. They did some marches, and John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson gave them their equal rights. They didn't have to go to war or anything. They got what they wanted. It didn't take them so long."

"I don't know about that," says the redhead.

"It took just a few years after Martin Luther King started marching," says the boy. "Nobody fought them real hard about it. I saw this television thing where they went to Washington and spoke and then they got their rights. It was pretty easy. And now they want a lot more. They have everything already. I don't see why they have to get a better advantage than white

people in going to colleges and stuff. I don't think that is fair."

"When did Mexicans get equal rights?" someone asks.

"Same time as blacks," someone else answers, "or maybe just a little after."

"I just don't think that is very smart," says the redhead. "Since everybody is American, I think everybody should have more feelings for people who haven't had it easy. We can't always be thinking about ourselves."

"Well, *you* give up your spot at UCLA," says the blonde girl.

Steven is ambivalent about the issue of special minority admissions. Nonetheless, he gets angry. "You guys are so bogus," he says. "You don't know anything that went on in the Sixties, do you?"

"You're so sarcastic," says the blonde girl.

"*Lighten up, Steven,*" says the boy.

"OK, hold it down," admonishes the teacher.

"How much of this will be on the test?" demands the blonde girl.

It disgusts him, thinking about it. He doesn't agree with most of what the Sixties kids wanted, but at least a few of them demonstrated some social commitment. Making a flurry of phone calls to college and high school acquaintances whom he had met during fund raising for the Ethiopian famine victims, Steven tried to entice them into working for Republican Senatorial candidate Bobbi Fiedler. Nearly all begged off. Most people never have

time for anything other than school, except when a trendy cause such as the Live Aid concert comes along, something hip, designer relief. In his 17 years, the prevailing causes have risen and fallen so quickly around him that they have been reduced to fads—the environment, hunger, nuclear disarmament, Central America, tax reform, South Africa, El Salvador, Nicaragua. . . . Whether in politics or in business, a "cause" remains alive, believes Steven, the young Republican activist, only as long as its sponsoring politicians believe it to be "sexy." He saw the term in a *People* magazine article.

Andy has received an early Christmas present, a copy of a letter of recommendation that his uncle in New York sent to his good friend, the dean of admissions at a small but prominent Northeastern college. "Andy's imagination, ingenuity and social concern do not manifest themselves in the standard measure of grades," the recommendation reads.

He has spent, fortunately or unfortunately, depending on your perspective, little time with books, preferring to be in hospital wards helping patients or in garages perfecting his bass guitar. But this year, having been told of the unfortunate reality that is the 1986 college-admissions experience, Andy has pledged to show his prowess in the classroom, too (I think, Norman, that his fall term will yield nothing but A's and B's). Andy is a renaissance man—a thinker, an artist and a young man of good character. It is my conviction that he qualifies as an outstanding candidate for admission at your institution and I hope and expect that when you review his record, you will share my judgment.

Regards,
Phil

Along with his uncle's recommendation letter, Andy has received a photostat of the dean's reply:

Dear Phil,

Thank you for your most heartily appreciated letter regarding the admissions application of your nephew Andrew. How is your knee doing? Those cement courts do it every time. I think that I can say with some degree of certainty that if Andy performs as you expect this year, we will doubtless be able to grant him a spot in the class of 1990. What do you hear from Flannery? I expect to see the two of you at the reunion.

Best,
Norman

And paper-clipped to the dean's reply is a brief note in his uncle's handwriting:

Andy,

Your old man told me you were thinking of applying to my alma mater, so what the hell, I took the



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liberty of sending a flier to an old friend with whom I did enough during the old days so that either one of us could jail the other for moral turpitude. Maybe someday I'll fill you in on the sordid details. Anyway, kiddo, I've sent something else along in a Saks box, but I expect you'll find the enclosed letters better than anything I could get you at a department store. As you might have gathered from the dean's note, a strong performance this semester should get you in. He told me in a telephone conversation that it's harder these days to get the cream of the crop, with kids applying to so many places. That helps your chances, no offense meant. Your father has some young chickadee who's young enough to be your sister, I hear. We've always liked them young. Some genetic flaw, I suppose. Or is it a blessing? Everyone sends his love, if not his booze. The Jim Beam goes to your dad and the chickadee, though I imagine they're doing fine without it. I am, if nothing else, old and envious. Merry Christmas.

Uncle Phil

The final exams in January may mean his future, Andy tells himself. He calls the hospital to explain that he will not be able to come for his volunteer shift during the next few weeks: He has too much studying to do before finals. He gets to his bedroom desk by four o'clock every afternoon, resisting the urge to turn on his stereo. But there is only so much that can be changed. His study habits, dormant for so long, cannot possibly be reawakened and tuned in time for him to compete with Beverly's top students. So on a couple of meaningless quizzes in December, he cheats to test the system before the January finals. Nearly everyone cheats at Beverly, he tells a couple of friends. Why not us? They use crib sheets, notes on their palms, multiple-choice answers on pens and pencils. They spend, Andy notices, almost the same amount of time devising cheating systems as they do studying. The tension worsens. He finds himself studying his teachers' movements during the quizzes, looking over his shoulder between stealing glances at the letters on his pencil.

He gets A's on his English and physiology quizzes.

He is still in the running.

He is still top drawer.

His uncle and father will be so proud.

"We have to get you together again with that private college counselor we hired," his father says to him the next day over lunch, still wearing his Hawaiian shirt and a lei that he bought just before boarding the flight to Los Angeles. "Let's just get him to tell us what colleges look like possibilities, which ones look like certainties and which ones aren't realistic for you. We'll have him go down the list again."

"He's taking your money, Dad. I'll be happy at San Diego State or some place like that. I've been thinking about it. I don't need anyplace else."

"Use his expertise; that's all I'm asking. My friends have some pull at some colleges, your uncle has some pull and I have some pull. Maybe we can work something out somewhere. Use all of us in this thing. Use the counselor and anyone else you can; that's all we're asking. I know you are depressed, and your mother knows you're depressed. She called me. Which is why I thought you needed a present, though your birthday is three months away. These are yours. . . ." He gives Andy some car keys. "It's being delivered today. Hope you like it in silver. If you don't, well, we'll fix it so you get something you like. A BMW 325i. And here's a pineapple and a lei for you." Andy feels sweaty petals around his neck. Dead flowers, laden with Hawaiian humidity. Oh, but getting a car: a *Beamer*. He can always count on getting hot gifts in bad times. His mother, who vowed after the divorce never to speak to his father except in the event of an emergency (a dip in the currency exchange rate or a credit shutdown at Saks), must have called him to wail that their disturbed progeny looked suicidal, homicidal or something-cidal. Mom never quite knew the right words, but her passion always got the message across. His father cannot look at him squarely in the eyes, seems to be stealing glances at the side of his face.

"Is that earring you got on *new*?" he finally asks.

"Oh, yeah. I forgot it. I'm just wearing it outside school, not in school, Dad. You don't hate it, do you?"

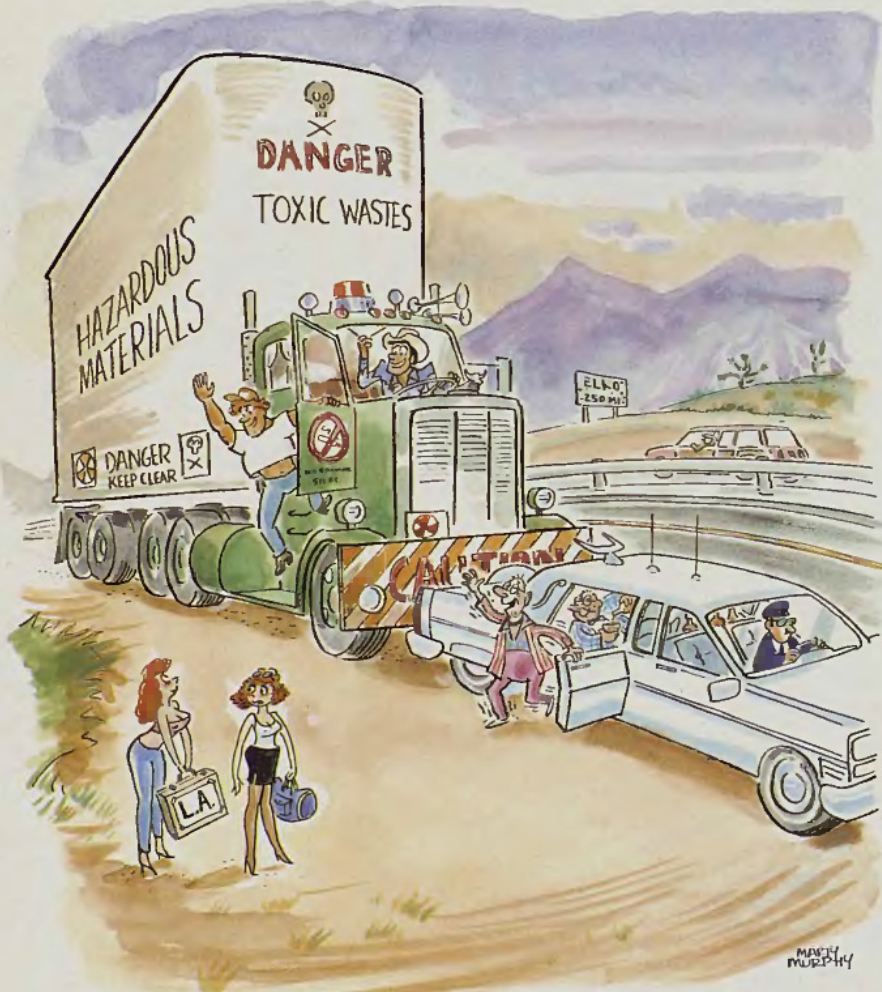
"It just surprised me when I saw it," his dad says, grinning. "But don't feel like you have to excuse it. Nobody has to excuse that kind of thing. I used to wear a bandanna and a ponytail. My bandanna was a kind of emblem, my own personal emblem, I guess. I understand what you're trying to say with your earring."

"Oh, God."

"What comes around goes around, pal."

Laura has come over to Steven's with some news: She has broken up with Aaron. It does not come as a surprise, and yet Steven can't think of anything to say, sensing that this breakup may be the catalyst in their own relationship.

"He was kind of an asshole," she says. "He shook me when I let him know. I should never have told him face to face. I



"Golly! . . . Decisions, decisions!"

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got these bruises on my wrist."

She pulls up the sleeves of her sweater to reveal red-and-gray bumps on her olive skin. He has a fleeting image of her from the summer before, hitting a tennis ball, thin arm straightened on a follow-through. He lets his thumb and index finger light only a second on her bumps before pulling them off, frowning his brow, trying to demonstrate that his concern is nothing more than clinical. "Shouldn't you put a bandage on those?" he says. He touches the bruises once, twice more. Her arm is as taut as ever.

"They'll be fine," she says. "But I gotta change the number on my phone, because I know he'll bother the shit out of me if I don't. Why was I so stupid? That's what I wonder. He was such an ass."

"I didn't expect to see you," he says. "I have to go over to Vickie's to take some wallpaper off her bathroom walls."

"Sounds *happening*," she says, laughing.

He shrugs. She pulls her sleeves down, kisses him on the forehead. "I know you have to go. I'll be fine. Don't worry."

Within 20 minutes, Steven is knee-deep in torn, gluey wallpaper that has ducks swimming on something that looks like a pond in the Florida Everglades. "This shit

is awful," he says. "How could anybody have put this up in your bathroom?"

"Wait until you see the new wallpaper," says Vickie. "It's just like the paper we have in the bathrooms at our beach house, a lime green, but not *loud, loud lime*, just an interesting green. You'll love it. I almost forgot to tell you. My mom said we could use the house after the prom if we want."

He keeps his eyes fixed on the torn ducks. "Let's not make any definite plans until we know what we're doing, OK?"

"We're going to the prom, aren't we?"

There it is. The Question. They have been doomed from the beginning, he realizes. Only the grinds and scents of sweet sex have held them together this long. A simple no from him and it could be over in five minutes. He could be at Laura's in another ten.

"Well, aren't we?" Vickie demands.

"Sure," he says.

"God, the way you said that, I wasn't sure for a sec," she admits.

"I just want to keep the after-prom stuff open, OK?"

"OK," she says cheerfully, then shouts down the hall. "Hey, Mom, we're going to the prom, but can we let you know about the house?"

"Certainly," says a voice from down the hall.

Now there is a witness to his capitulation. Within 15 minutes of his indecision, he has signed and sealed himself over to her for prom night and, in effect, for the rest of his senior year. She squeals, hugs him. "Oh, I want to go to bed with you," she whispers in his ear.

"Two A's and three B's," Andy's mother reads aloud from his report card. "This is the most impressive report card I've ever seen from you. This is extraordinary."

"I hope it's worth more than dick," he says glumly.

"I wish you wouldn't talk that way," she whimpers. "I've told you that I've heard it all before. Don't tell me you talk that way all the time around your father and his girlfriend." She pauses, waiting, Andy suspects, less for confirmation or denial of this than for a story about her ex and his latest nymph. Andy doesn't bite. His mother straightens, changes tack. "Anyway, no matter who admits you to their school, the most important thing you've proved with this report card is that you can succeed, dear. I think it's just terrific. And now you have nothing to worry about the rest of the way, since the colleges don't look at the final-semester grades, right?"

"Uh-huh," he says.

"You're free, then."

Liberation, a friend called it the other day. Short of failing a course or being busted on a morals rap, nothing they could do as seniors in their second semester would matter. Months before, Andy dreamed of such freedom, believing that it would come at the precise moment that finals ended in early February; but finals have passed, and although he skips second-semester classes whenever he feels the urge, a new pressure has seized him, leaving his mouth dry when he thinks about it. He cannot get his mind off his upcoming college interviews. The season of being judged by self-satisfied Yuppies in pin-stripes and blue pinpoint-oxford shirts has begun.

He sat for an interview last Saturday. He had drunk three large glasses of water at home to prevent his nervous voice from cracking, but by the time he got to the interviewer's home, he had to pee and didn't want to ask permission to go to the bathroom. The interviewer, an earnest, balding investment banker in his weekend Polo shirt and deck shoes, told him that he had been in the class of '73, explaining that he should have graduated in '72 except that he took 1968 off to work for Eugene McCarthy. Andy didn't know who Eugene McCarthy was. The interviewer glanced at a pile of books on top of his television set and asked Andy if he had ever read *Moby Dick*. Andy thought that he had heard of the book once and guessed that this man mentioned earlier, Eugene McCarthy, probably had written it. "Not all of it," Andy said. "I've been very busy with



"Your hat or your life!"

school and finals, of course, so I haven't gotten around to reading everything I should. So you're a big fan of Eugene McCarthy's writing, too, huh? I liked *Moby Dick* a lot." The interviewer's quizzical frown told Andy that he had somehow blundered into saying something either confusing or stupid or both, and, suddenly self-conscious, he became aware of the twitching of his legs, his body's involuntary reaction to his chief physical need at the moment. The interviewer shifted the discussion to the subject of nuclear holocaust, leaning back on his couch, awaiting Andy's pronouncements. Andy said something about how he thought everybody should turn in all his weapons to the UN.

"The UN has no clout," the interviewer said, absently arranging a couple of sailing books on a side table. "It can't even get people to pay their dues. Trust me on this one. Money is my sphere."

At the end, Andy was convinced that he could strike that school off his list; the interviewer's impression of him seemed clear in the way he had limply shaken his hand on the way out. Andy doesn't care. One dead application does not finish him. He has an interview this coming Sunday at the Brentwood house of an alumnus of a small New Hampshire college, and then an interview Monday afternoon in Century City.

"I don't feel exactly free from anything, Mom," he says. "I feel real nervous about this college stuff. I don't think that guy on Saturday was exactly blown away by my intellectualness or whatever."

"You should bring up a topic of your own next time," she softly suggests. "And just be yourself. Your uncle and father will get you in with some help. Don't underestimate your uncle."

"He's a dick sometimes."

"I thought you liked him."

"He always makes you feel that he's going to be responsible for the good things that happen to you when he helps."

"When has he ever helped you before?"

"Like when he helped me get into that computer summer camp after sixth grade. And I would have gotten in on my own

anyway, because my teacher had ranked me number two in our class. But Uncle Phil always said, 'Andy, aren't you happy I got you into that camp? Wasn't it a great camp?' Blah blah blah. He's so conceited. He makes you feel like you are nothing. Dad tries to run my life a lot, too."

"He's just trying to help. Take whatever help your uncle or father or this counselor can give with colleges. Everybody uses all the help he can get, if he is smart. Play the game when you meet these new people."

That, actually, makes sense to Andy. For his interview with the representative from the small New Hampshire school, Andy, remembering the preppie attire of his last interviewer, arrives in a natty blue blazer, a powder-blue shirt, khaki pants and penny

tracts flies."

"Oh."

The man raises an eyebrow. "You mean you believe that?"

"No. I just thought that was kind of funny, but I don't believe it."

"Good," says the man, "because that's kind of stupid, thinking that flies come to a workbench."

"Uh-huh."

"This fly business is absurd. . . ."

"Sounds like it."

"When you think about it very carefully," says the man, jutting a forefinger into the air, "you realize that it is the ants of the world that have something against the professional and recreational builder."

"Ants."

"Of course. Developers and builders are always destroying their hills, correct?"

"I guess," says Andy carefully.

"So there you are. Do you follow me?" The man raises his eyebrow again.

"Sure," Andy says.

"You like crafts?"

"Well, a couple of times, I've helped this guy make surfboards."

The man wipes his mouth and spits. "That's not building, that's a sport. So you want to go to college?"

"Uh-huh. Yes, sir. Very much."

"Why?"

"Well, I'm not real good with explanations, but I'll try. . . ."

"How's your Kool-Aid?"

"Fine, sir."

"Son, don't answer that question I just asked you. Talk to me about whatever gets your blood pumping."

"Pardon me, sir?"

"You heard me. Building things gets my heart going. What does it for you?"

"Really?"

"Yes, son."

"Playing rock and roll."

"Tell me about it."

Andy tells him about his band for the next 20 minutes. The interviewer uses the time to whittle and slap flies that land on his neck. "OK," he finally says. "Why, if you like this rock and roll so much, do you want to go to college?"

Andy figures he has nothing to lose. "I've thought about that," he says deliberately, "and kind of decided that whether I

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Deal yourself a winner. Taste and compare for smoothness. We bet you'll say: Windsor Wins.

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loafers with Argyle socks. The interviewer, a rawboned man in his early 40s, is wearing jeans with weed stains and suspenders, a faded college sweat shirt and brown boots. He pours each of them a glass of Kool-Aid from a plastic pitcher and signals Andy to follow him outside to his backyard picnic table, which has an electric chain saw on top of it.

"So what do you think?" the man asks.

"Of the college?"

"Well, sure, if that's what you think I meant. Actually, I was talking about my little outdoor workshop here. I keep all my tools on the patio. We use the picnic table as a workbench, though my wife seems to take exception to it. She says it somehow at-

make it at rock and roll or not, a college education can only make me better."

The man studies his whittling knife. "Well, I think a school like my old one can use someone like you, son," he says. "So I'm going to recommend you, and you can save all that mumbo jumbo about your extracurricular activities at school for someone else. What do you think of that?"

Andy smiles. "Good."

The next afternoon, Steven skips his economics class to go surfing with a few buddies. It is his first time out since last October. His timing has altogether left him, but just falling off his board and thrashing about in the water renews him. Driving home, he feels serene for the first time in a couple of weeks. It is a good mood in which to confront the day's mail, filled with news from four of the colleges to which he has applied. If these are rejections, he tells himself, I can live with that. I have an acceptance to Berkeley. I can do well there. I have a good life. I've done my best. I wish Laura were here. Or Vickie or anybody else who could assure me that bad news would not be the end of the world. Stay calm; I can surf tomorrow if I want to. His mother, standing next to him, finally tells him to stop staring into space and open the damned things. His father, hearing her order, has come rushing out of his study. One by one, Steven opens the thick envelopes filled with papers and forms and reads the first couple of sentences of each letter. The four envelopes contain three acceptances and one waiting list, which comes from a school that he doesn't care about. His mother's eyes are brimming. His dad hugs

him. "I'm in," says Steven. "It's over."

Within a couple of hours, the thrill has worn off. Will he be able to compete in an elite university? He has told Laura, Vickie and most of his buddies about the news, then suggested that they all get together to party. He picks up Vickie, and everyone meets at the house of a surfing buddy whose parents have gone out of town for the weekend. The group chips in to buy two bottles of Chablis, four six-packs of Heineken, two bags of potato chips and \$300 worth of cocaine. "If you're going to have a party, you have to have the kinds of things that people party with," Steven explains later. "If my parents had a party, they wouldn't buy eight cases of soft drinks and one little pint of Scotch. They'd get a lot of Scotch. So we get some coke. So what? We're not kids anymore. These are parties. You get what people like."

Midway through the party, Laura arrives. Vickie, who has been talking with some of Steven's surfing buddies from Palisades High School, quickly returns and puts a proprietary arm around his waist. Laura strolls over.

"Hi, Vickie," Laura says. "I like your shoes."

Vickie smiles, looks to the side. "Hi, thanks. There's stuff to drink in the kitchen."

Laura moves on to the kitchen to get a glass of wine. Vickie excuses herself and goes back to talking with a guy from Pali. Someone proposes a toast: "Here's to either the future governor of California or the next derelict surf bum." The kid raises his beer mug. "This Heinie's for you, Steven."



goldwater

(continued from page 70)

President solemnly nodded. He said events were moving too quickly and we should try to calm the country. We shook hands. We honored the spirit of that private pact throughout the campaign.

But reflecting on the campaign now, perhaps the Vietnam war should also have become a matter of public debate. I had suggested to and agreed with President Johnson not to make a partisan political issue out of it to avoid further division on the home front. In retrospect, had Johnson and I squared off on the issue, the President might have revealed his intention to escalate the conflict without a military plan or diplomatic policy to win the war. We might have saved many American lives.

During 1964, I discussed the theoretical possibility that some day, the American military might use tactical—not strategic—nuclear weapons. Today, NATO's defense is based on the possible use of nuclear weapons. As a candidate, I brought to the attention of the American people an issue of the gravest importance and was castigated for it. Never did I advocate the use of such weapons.

Yet Johnson, Bill Moyers, who later became his press secretary, and others in the White House waged a campaign of fear against me in what came to be known as the "card" and "bomb" ads. In their campaign television commercials, they portrayed me as a destroyer of Social Security and a mad nuclear bomber. I was depicted as a grotesque public monster. They converted my campaign slogan from "In your heart, you know he's right" to "In your guts, you know he's nuts."

Their card ad showed two hands—meant to be mine—tearing apart a Social Security card. That was what Barry Goldwater would do if he became President, the commercial threatened, so save the system and elect President Johnson. The ad was a repellent lie. Moyers knew it yet approved the ad, and it was shown throughout the campaign.

Moyers ordered two bomb commercials from the New York advertising firm of Doyle Dane Bernbach. He oversaw and approved their production. The first was a one-minute film that appeared during prime time on NBC. It showed a little girl in a sunny field of daisies. She begins plucking petals from a daisy. As she plucks the flower, a male voice in the background starts a countdown: ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . his voice becoming stronger. The picture suddenly explodes and the child disappears in a mushroom cloud. The voice concludes by urging voters to elect President Johnson, saying, "These are the stakes: to make a world in which all of God's children can live, or to go into the dark. We must either love each other or we must die. Vote for President Johnson on November third. The stakes are too high for you to



"Quiet. My wife frowns upon passion."

stay home."

There was no doubt as to the meaning: Barry Goldwater would blow up the world if he became President of the United States.

The White House exploded its second bomb about a week later, again on network television. Another little girl was licking an ice-cream cone. A soft, motherly voice explained in the background that radioactive fallout had killed many children. A treaty had been signed to prevent such destruction. The gloomy voice said a man—Barry Goldwater—had voted against the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. A Geiger counter rose in a crescendo as a male voice concluded, "Vote for President Johnson on November third. The stakes are too high for you to stay home."

The commercials completely misrepresented my position, which called for treaty guarantees and other safeguards for the United States. Republican National Chairman Dean Burch filed a protest about the commercials with the toothless Fair Campaign Practices Committee. The committee requested that the Democratic National Committee drop the ads, which Johnson and Moyers were forced to do. They later claimed that the ads would have been canceled anyway.

Those bomb commercials were the start of dirty political ads on television. It was the beginning of what I call electronic dirt. Moyers and the New York firm will long be remembered for helping launch that ugly development in our political history.

Over the years, I've watched Moyers appear on *CBS News* and the Public Broadcasting Service. He has lectured us on truth, the public trust, a fairer and finer America. He portrays himself as an honorable, decent American. Every time I see him, I get sick to my stomach and want to throw up.

Toward the end of the 1964 campaign, several newsmen asked me for one last thought. I was sipping a bourbon and was finally beginning to relax a bit. "There was one big disappointment," I said. "We may not have spelled out the issues as well as we

could have. That was the point of it all—the point of the entire campaign." I put down the drink and said, "If Jack were here, we would have had a good campaign."

Those were my final words of the campaign. My wife, Peggy, and I went home. As we drove north toward Camelback Mountain, she was very quiet. I looked at her and simply said, "Peg, we were ahead of our time."

We lost to the Johnson-Humphrey ticket, 43,000,000 to 27,000,000 votes, a Democratic landslide. The Goldwater-Miller ticket won six states.

This old-timer has led two lives all these years, from my early days in school to my

I ever beat the Feds.

Over nearly 60 years, I've piloted about 15,000 hours and logged 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 miles in the air. It always seemed better than a lot of the hot air around Washington.

My family will never forget fliers Jimmy Doolittle and Chuck Yeager for saying that for many years, every pilot in the military knew he had a copilot up there flying with him. His name was Barry Goldwater. He did his damndest on the Senate floor to get them more flying time and better planes.

A plaque hanging from my office wall reminded me each day of my obligation to our younger generation of military pilots. It carried me through some heavy thunderstorms on Capitol Hill.

It was found by my friend Bill Quinn in a small shop in Seoul, South Korea. It reads:

A PILOT'S PRAYER
GOD GRANT ME THE
EYES OF AN EAGLE,
THE RADAR OF A BAT
AND THE BALLS OF AN
ARMY HELICOPTER
PILOT.

After the 1964 election, I got back on the speaking circuit, but this time, I was making money, more than I ever had in my life. The speeches covered the gamut of public issues, but audiences were primarily interested in two topics—where the Republican Party was going and how to win the war in Vietnam.

For the next four years, the war became one of the

driving forces of my life. I regularly spoke with American troops in Vietnam through the MARS network that had been patched into the ham-radio shack next to our home. I also toured our military bases on five visits to Vietnam, getting the views of many old friends and acquaintances—military commanders, pilots and GIs in the field. I was still flying in the Air Force Reserve.

In the spring of 1965, I decided to visit President Johnson in the White House. We discussed the war and my travels to Vietnam and around the United States. I told the President that when you go to war, the first decision you must make is to win it. There were too many political restrictions



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last in the U.S. Senate. Show me a gadget and you've found a handyman who'll be late to dinner. Lead me to a car engine or a television set on the fritz and you're talking with an amateur mechanic who just decided not to go to a party. Taxi a new military fighter plane onto a runway and you've got an old jet jock who has tossed his day's schedule—sometimes even in the Senate—into the wastebasket.

Flying is my first love. It has been a hobby and a part-time career. I flew in the U.S. Army Air Corps for about four years in World War Two. After the war, flying was so much in my blood that I formed Arizona's Air National Guard. The Government even paid me for it. That was the only time

on our commanders, including bombing limitations and a ban on "hot pursuit" into enemy sanctuaries in Laos, Cambodia and North Vietnam. We weren't trying to win the war. We were in a twilight zone, fighting a political conflict while using troops as pawns.

It was clear from our conversation that Johnson was playing the war by ear. Neither he nor Defense Secretary Robert McNamara had any definitive strategy or policy for victory. I told Johnson and old colleagues on Capitol Hill that we had two clear choices: Either win the war in a relatively short time, say within a year, or pull out all our troops and come home. If the choice had been to win it, I would first have addressed the Congress and the American people and spelled out our choices—a short or long war, projected casualties and financial costs, the long-term effects on the American economy and the need for national unity. As Commander in Chief, I would have stated precisely what I proposed to do. At the same time, I would have warned the North Vietnamese by dropping thousands of leaflets on Hanoi and the rest of the country. My address and those messages would have said clearly that either they halt the conflict or we would wipe out all their installations—the city of Hanoi, Haiphong harbor, factories, dikes, everything. I would have given them a week to think about it. If they did not respond, we would literally have made a swamp of North Vietnam. We would have

dropped 500-pound bombs and obliterated their infrastructure. Also, I would have sent our troops north and used our sea power to mine and blockade North Vietnamese ports.

I never discussed nor advocated the use of nuclear weapons with Johnson or anyone else in authority. I supported a total conventional air, ground and sea war. That was not to be. Indeed, late in the conflict, it would not have been supported by most Americans. By then, millions saw little purpose to the war.

Some argue that in the course of the conflict, we actually hit North Vietnam with more bombs than were dropped in World War Two. They add that our most sophisticated weaponry did not halt the march of men and supplies from North to South Vietnam along the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

The trail was the wrong target. There was, in fact, no single supply route. The trail changed every few days. In our limited time frame, knocking it out was not the answer. There was too much territory to cover in Laos and Cambodia.

I know, because I flew over the trail as well as over the North Vietnamese supply depots and troop sanctuaries in Laos and Cambodia on visits to Vietnam between 1965 and the end of 1969. My first flight over the trail and Communist staging areas in Laos and Cambodia in 1965 was about six months after the Presidential campaign. I was 56 years old. The last was

in 1969, when I was 60 and had returned to the Senate. The official reason for my visits was to talk with MARS outfits to see if they had sufficient equipment to contact radio stations leading to the United States. I was still a brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve.

I never wanted to talk about those missions, because some people might say, "There goes Goldwater again, still trying to get into combat." Now that the war is over and I'm pretty much out of public life, a few thoughts about those flights may be informative.

My first reconnaissance was in a slow-moving Army twin-engine Beechcraft Bonanza, which flew at about 2500 feet. I wanted to have a close look at the thickness of the jungle and determine whether our pilots could see supplies moving. It was important to know if heavy bombing in the area was a realistic objective.

I saw very little of the trail, despite our low altitude and slow speed. The same was true for our small spotter planes. After a two-hour flight over the trail, during which we caught glimpses of narrow paths as well as some open stretches, I saw that hundreds of walkways crisscrossed one another over the long, wide terrain. It was a hidden and dispersed target, not ideal for heavy bombing.

On other missions, I flew in T-39s. We went farther north, where I spotted North Vietnamese surface-to-air missiles and smaller anti-aircraft support. Presumably, we were flying over North Vietnam, though I no longer have the flight plans. We again flew over Laos and Cambodia, where the North Vietnamese had placed SAM and other anti-aircraft firepower. U.S. pilots were not allowed to bomb those sites unless fired upon.

On several occasions, I flew Marine helicopters from Danang. We were never fired on, but those flights were tricky, because we often flew lower than the hilltops on either side. It would have been easy for any sniper to open up on us. After one of those flights, the North Vietnamese fired a 120-millimeter rocket into our Danang billets. It exploded nearby and killed several Marines. I still have a piece of that shrapnel as a reminder of that day.

Those flights convinced me that we should never have made the Ho Chi Minh Trail a prime target. Rather, we should have concentrated our firepower on the North Vietnamese's sources of waging war—harbors, cities, protective dikes and similar areas.

My plan—as tough as it may seem to some—would have been more merciful to both sides. The war continued for another decade, with 58,000 American dead, 303,000 wounded and perhaps 1,000,000 Vietnamese killed. Many more were injured on both sides. And none of this describes the civilian suffering.

As Johnson and McNamara upped the



"That crack about the oily boid wasn't funny the first time, Buster!"

ante in Vietnam, an ironic twist from the Presidential campaign came to haunt them. It was an anonymous quote on Johnson's claim that if elected, Barry Goldwater would lead the nation into a massive war in Southeast Asia. The quote was, "I was told that if I voted for Goldwater, we were going to war in Vietnam. I did, and damned if we didn't."

In 1969, I returned to the U.S. Senate for a third term after defeating Roy Elson, a longtime aide to Senator Carl Hayden, by a wide margin. Richard Nixon became our 37th President.

Despite the positive contributions Richard Nixon made to his country, his lies will probably be remembered longer than his legitimate labors. He was the most dishonest individual I ever met in my life. Nothing in my public life has so baffled me as Nixon's failure to face Watergate from the time of the burglary and tell the entire truth.

In December 1973, after publicly criticizing Nixon for not coming clean to the American public, I was invited to have dinner with the President and Mrs. Nixon. It was, to say the least, remarkable timing and turned out to be a most unusual experience.

Pat Nixon greeted me in the second-floor yellow oval sitting room of the family quarters. A comfortable Christmas fire crackled. I had a small glass of sherry. We chatted amiably.

Other guests arrived—Bryce Harlow and his wife, Betty, Pat Buchanan and his wife, Shelley, speechwriter Ray Price, Julie and David Eisenhower, Rosemary Woods, the President's longtime personal secretary, and Mary Brooks, an old friend of the Nixons' who was director of the U.S. Mint.

The President entered after we were assembled. He was quite amiable, even garrulous. He moved quickly among us, rapidly jumping from one topic to another. Then, unexpectedly, his mind seemed to halt abruptly and wander aimlessly. Each time after such lapses, he would snap back to a new subject. I became concerned. I had never seen Nixon talk so much yet so erratically—as if he were a tape with unex-

pected blank sections.

Pat Nixon eased us into the private family dining room. It was the first time I had the pleasure of dining there. As soup was served, Nixon was preoccupied with whether he and Pat should take the train to Key Biscayne, Florida, for a brief Christmas rest. The question seemed odd, even bizarre, considering all that was happening in Washington. The President asked for my opinion. I told him that the trip was fine. However, if he were caught on the train without good communications and something serious happened in the world, the country would never forgive him. I said, "Act like a President."

The words shot out with a sting I never intended. Perhaps it was my subconscious

behavior among his family and other guests, I asked myself the unthinkable: Is the President coming apart because of Watergate?

Suddenly, Nixon was addressing me: "How do I stand, Barry?"

He did not, of course, mention Watergate.

The table fell silent for the first time that evening. I said the obvious: "People are divided—those who want you to go and others who wish you'd stay. Among the latter, there's a particular group who believe a President should not resign."

It was a tip-off. I was telling him that some of us in Congress neither expected nor wanted a President of the United States to quit. It would humiliate the office

in the eyes of the world and was too horrible for Americans to contemplate.

There was no reaction to my remarks—none whatever. I sat back, stunned and silent.

Julie looked at her plate. Price and Buchanan seemed to be staring into the distance. Harlow gazed at me without expression. Rosemary Woods toyed with her salad. Nixon peered into the bottom of his wineglass.

They all knew what I was telling them. It was simple and straightforward. I wanted the President to go on television and tell the American people the truth—whatever it was.

Dinner ended on a somber, strained note, with several stretches of silence—except for the President. He

jabbered incessantly, often incoherently, to the end.

I phoned Harlow the following day and bluntly questioned him about the President's behavior. He said that Nixon was drunk before and during dinner. To this day, Pat Buchanan will not comment on it.

The evening was a watershed for me. Nixon appeared to be cracking. The Presidency was crumbling. I would not stand idly by if the situation worsened. Nixon had to come clean, one way or the other.

To this day, Nixon has never asked the nation for forgiveness. Yet he was given a pardon by President Ford. Ford called me just after granting the pardon but before announcing it. It was four A.M. when the

Black velvet. Gold standard.

Don't hide the taste. Compare for smoothness, straight or on the rocks.
We bet you'll say:

Windsor Wins.

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talking. I was upset about Nixon's obsession with Watergate and his lack of leadership. What was so important about a trip to Florida? He didn't have his priorities straight. I bit my lips to say no more. But such gibberish coming from the President of the United States when the mood of the country was approaching a crisis worried me.

Nixon continued his ceaseless, choppy chatter. I was becoming more and more uncomfortable. What's going on? I asked myself. Why is Nixon rambling all over the map? Hunching and quickly dropping his shoulders? Incessantly sputtering, constantly switching subjects? Finally, searching for some reaction to his erratic

phone rang at Newport Beach, California, where Peggy and I were on vacation. I said, "Mr. President, you have no right and no power to do that. Nixon has never been charged or convicted of anything. So what are you pardoning him of? It doesn't make sense."

Ford said, "The public has the right to know that in the eyes of the President, Nixon is clear."

I replied, "He may be clear in your eyes, but he's not clear in mine."

The changes in the Republican Party in the past three generations have been enormous. But some observers already see cracks in the solidity of the new G.O.P. and the conservative cause.

Ronald Reagan will be missed. I will miss him. We fought for the conservative cause and were good friends, to boot.

However, I am critical of President Reagan, especially for the Iranian arms sale. It was the biggest mistake of his Presidency to have traded with the most notorious terrorist gang in the world. I believe the President did know of the diversion of Iranian funds to the *Contras*. He had to know. The White House explanation makes him out to be either a liar or an incompetent.

But whatever mistakes he might have made, Reagan has managed to do something that no one in the nation has accomplished since Teddy Roosevelt. He has projected a Republican populism—indeed, a conservative populism. He represents the spirit of the modern Republican Party, with its themes of family, hard work, patriotism and opportunity.

Nostalgia for old days and other times rises like the sun most of my mornings. But in the evening, when the cool desert air refreshes my spirit, my blood flows faster and I shake my fist at the present. I am not happy with what I saw in my last years in Congress—nor about today or tomorrow.

A Senator no longer lives or dies on his legislative effectiveness, as in the old days. Appearances—media attention, staff-generated bills and professional packaging—often replace legislative tenacity.

The younger members of Congress seem to know a little about everything but not enough about anything. The Senate floor today is often chaos. It's every man for himself; his personal agenda, not completing the business of the institution. That makes one Senator temporarily more powerful, but often renders the body powerless.

Senators often don't know what they're voting on. That's a lousy way to run a lemonade stand, much less our national legislative process. My bill to reorganize the Department of Defense ran 645 pages. I myself had a helluva time understanding everything in it. Multiply that several thousand times and you begin to have some idea of the confusion in which Congress operates.

Worse yet, members often haven't the foggiest notion of the long-range implications of a law they have passed. Members of the Federal bureaucracy wind up interpreting and finalizing the law. No one elected them. They are responsible to nobody. So off they go into the wild blue yonder!

The final weeks of almost every session of the Congress now look and sound like a bargain-basement sale. Bills are passed so wildly that they often contain unprinted amendments. That means Congress is passing legislation it has never read!

A new breed of Senator, born of a much more independent and self-centered attitude, walks the corridors of power today. These new Senators are interested in doing a good job, but their mentality is different from that of most of their predecessors. The first priority of most is re-election. Genuine accomplishment in the Senate is secondary.

The same is true in the House. Thomas "Tip" O'Neill, in his decade as Speaker,

was much of the time unable to control a bunch of Democratic Young Turks. They ranged from those with a TV-celebrity complex, such as Brooklyn Democrat Stephen Solarz, to political punk rockers, such as California's Ron Dellums, whose behavior reflected the unpredictability of the Democratic Party itself.

In my 30 years in Congress, the most self-serving group was the black caucus, which thrived on charges of racism. They saw most black problems as civil rights issues, not questions to be solved in and of themselves. Black leadership in Congress still lives 20 to 30 years in the past. Men such as Michigan's John Conyers, Jr., and Dellums peddle the past. Black leaders can no longer merely plead economic and cultural deprivation. It won't wash. The nation desperately needs new black leaders with ideas, ingenuity and modern goals—not yesterday's pols who treat their people with contempt by addressing them with old slogans and tired promises of Government salvation.

But I was never put under greater pressure than by the Israeli lobby, nor has the Senate as a whole. It's the most influential crowd in Congress and America, by far. The Israelis can come up with 50 or more votes on almost any bill in the Senate that affects their interest. They went to extraordinary lengths to get me to vote for them, even sending some of my dearest and closest Arizona friends, such as Harry Rosenzweig, to lobby me in Washington.

The Israelis never raised the fact of my being half Jewish, but they stressed protecting Israel in the event of war. I told them over and over, "Without a treaty, we've already promised to go to war to protect Israel. And the United States is not getting all that much out of the deal. I think Israel is doing pretty well. I don't worry about Israel when I go to sleep at night. I worry about the U.S. Constitution, which I've sworn to uphold—not Israel's constitution, not that of Saudi Arabia, Lebanon or anybody else in the Middle East or the world."

That usually shut them up, but they went away mad, because I was not about to support everything they wanted.

In my life, I've personally spoken to and shaken hands with about 20,000,000 Americans. The one question I've been asked more than any other is this: Should a young person go into politics? Unhesitatingly, I've always answered yes. But...

You must have the courage to accept considerable criticism, much of it unjustified. You must feel it in your gut and have the courage to accept defeat and continue toward your goals. Finally, you must believe in yourself, in your principles and in people. Of all of those, I considered my belief in people to be my greatest strength. I genuinely liked people and still do. If you don't love people, don't go into politics.



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FAST FORWARD

FOR THE RECORDS

She's a rarity—a high-ranked female exec in the male-dominated music biz—but Christine Reed claims she doesn't feel any particular pressure. "I'm not a women's libber," says Reed, 42, president of megastar Sting's new company, Pangaea Records. "I've never felt like I was fighting battles for women. I resent particular attitudes about women in this industry, but I'm undaunted by them." She spent seven

years at the illustrious classical label CBS Masterworks—where she secured prestigious artists such as Phillip Glass, Wynton and Branford Marsalis and Placido Domingo—before joining forces last fall with Sting, whom she met backstage at Radio City Music Hall. "Branford introduced me as his 'classical-music producer,' and Sting put his arm around me and said, 'I sympathize with you.' We all laughed, and from that moment, we were friends." Pangaea's current roster includes Pakistani-Chilean guitarist Fared Haque, Argentinean-bordello music man Astor Piazzolla and composer Michael Convertino. It's a motley but mesmerizing crew, echoing Reed's penchant for the offbeat personal statement. "I have a passion for fashion," she enthuses, "but I'm not a traditional person. If the fashion world says short skirts are in and you can't wear pants, I'll wear pants. That's the way I am."



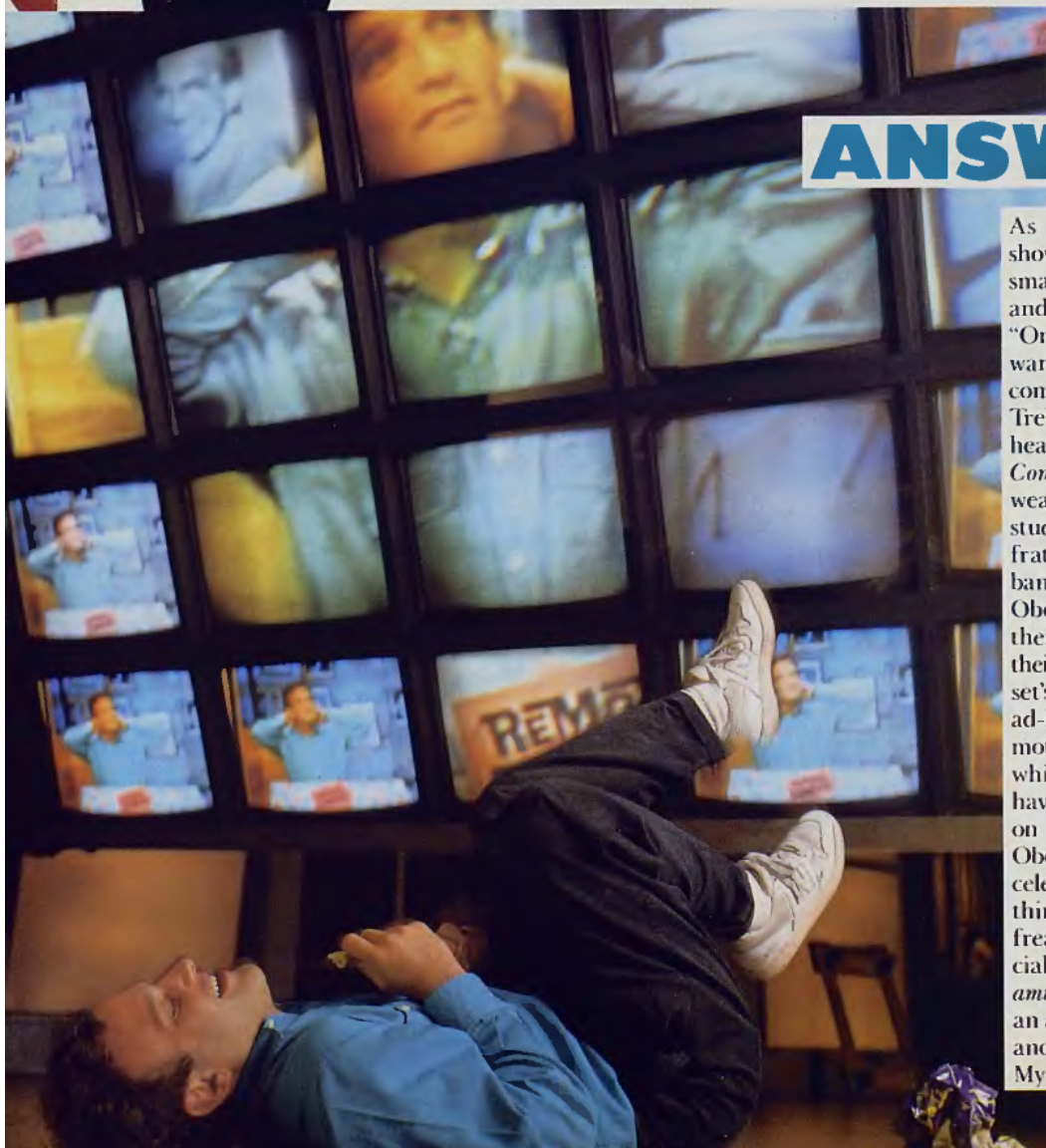
RABBIT REDUX

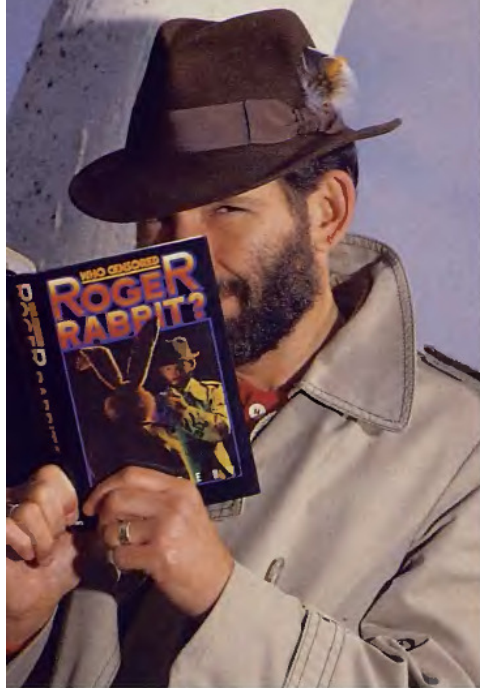
Unless you've spent the summer in solitary confinement, chances are good that you've heard about Roger Rabbit. But you still may not know about Gary Wolf. The former is a cartoon character, the star of a \$40,000,000 Walt Disney/Steven Spielberg production. The latter is a real person, the man who created Roger Rabbit. In 1981, Wolf, then a Massachusetts advertising copy writer, wrote a fantasy-mystery novel—*Who Censored Roger Rabbit?*—about what life would be like if cartoon characters were real. Disney bought the rights and the project eventually turned into *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. Disney is hoping that his creation will be "the Mickey Mouse of the Eighties," says Wolf, 37, who is now a full-time writer and novelist. "He is a character of the Eighties, in that he suffers a lot more emotional stress than most cartoon characters. I mean, Bugs Bunny really doesn't have a whole lot of angst." —MATTHEW SMITH

but mesmerizing crew, echoing Reed's penchant for the offbeat personal statement. "I have a passion for fashion," she enthuses, "but I'm not a traditional person. If the fashion world says short skirts are in and you can't wear pants, I'll wear pants. That's the way I am." —GERRIE LIM

MTV'S ANSWER MAN

As host of MTV's unconventional trivia show, *Remote Control*, Ken Ober gets to smash bowls, fling cocktail wienies, sneer and generally rough up the contestants. "On our show, we can do whatever we want," says Ober, a 31-year-old stand-up comedian. "You're not going to see Alex Trebek go over and get a contestant in a headlock, are you?" During one *Remote Control*, a retro-*Jeopardy!* for the generation weaned on *Star Trek* reruns, three college-student contestants—usually boisterous frat types—failed to remember a single band Eric Clapton played with. Fed up, Ober yanked all three off the air, sending them crashing through the back wall in their vinyl recliner chairs. Another time, the set's power went out unexpectedly. Ober, ad-libbing in the dark, began yelling at his mother for having pulled the plug out while vacuuming. Moments such as those have made the show, which began airing on MTV last December, so popular that Ober has become an overnight campus celebrity. "I'm a little stunned by the whole thing," he says. "I mean, really, I'm a little freaked." Ober had appeared in commercials, comedy clubs and one episode of *Miami Vice* before *Remote Control*. "I went on an audition," he says, "and one thing led to another. Boom! I was a game-show host. My dreams were answered." —AMY ENGELER





TIMOTHY WHITE

Y TILLY TIME

You have to be pretty smart to play daffy, and actress **Jennifer Tilly** is rapidly cornering the market on delightfully wacky film roles. "I like playing uncomplicated people," she admits, "because you look back to when you were a youngster and everything got you excited and you were filled with a sense of wonder." Tilly, 27, who appeared in *Rented Lips*, *High Spirits* and *He's My Girl*, grew up in rural British Columbia. After graduating from college, she drove as fast as she could to Los Angeles, where her offbeat good looks and peculiar voice soon caught Hollywood's attention. "I don't really have a funny voice in real life," she maintains. "I only do characters who have funny voices." Although Tilly is not blonde, an increasing number of film makers regard her as the heir apparent to Judy Holliday and Goldie Hawn. "I think men perceive me as sexy and kookie and vulnerable," she says, smiling. "I have a lot of energy that shoots out in every direction and knocks people over. If I don't have anything to say, I talk anyway, and at the top of my voice. In fact, I always wanted to do films, because you're always looking for ways to make sure you're around annoying people even after you're dead."

—ROBERT CRANE

HERE'S BOOMER

Singer Rick Astley, 22, doesn't immediately impress. His bland round face makes you think of the sort of neighborhood kid who delivers the papers—that is, until he opens his mouth. Where, you have to ask, is that big boomer of a voice coming from? "I don't really know," says Astley. "I've never taken a voice lesson in my life. I just listened to a



SIMON FOWLER

lot of American black singers, and I guess their styles rubbed off on me." Guess so. Astley's first hit, *Never Gonna Give You Up*, topped the British charts, making him a star in England nearly a year before he hit in America. His unlikely appearance is matched by an unlikely attitude toward stardom. "I'm surprised to find myself being recognized when I walk down the street," he says. "I don't want to turn into Michael Jackson. He may be a nice enough bloke, but I find the whole thing that surrounds him very off-putting. That's just not me."

—MERRILL SHIMLER



TONY COSTA

CONDOMS

(continued from page 80)

"One student declared, 'If you love somebody, you want to share everything with him—even death.'"

reported. But that fact seems to have limited impact among my students. I asked the women whether they now inquire if potential male partners have ever had sex with other men. Almost one quarter of the upper-class students claim that they do ask, while the rest are confident that men attracted to them must be straight and that bisexual men are recognizable and can be avoided. *Can they be recognized?* On the sexual-orientation question, one student in that class identified himself as bisexual, and I would have bet my coveted faculty parking space that his classmates couldn't agree on his identity. Students, like everyone else, trust their ability to judge people. Stylishly dressed, clean-cut collegians don't appear to use drugs or visit prostitutes. Why insult your date by asking?

What is clear from the patterns of answers, and from talking with students, is that fear of pregnancy—far more than fear of AIDS or S.T.D.s—governs their sexual choices. My women students have always ranked the pill as their favorite birth-control method, and the diaphragm is consistently number two. Condoms are ranked fourth, after withdrawal, but higher than nothing but a

prayer, rhythm, foam and I.U.D.s, in that order.

Indeed, many students make trade-offs that minimize the risk of pregnancy but increase the risk of S.T.D.s. Unmarried, their education at stake and wanting to avoid the trauma and expense of abortion, many college women opt for the pill, because they believe it provides safer contraception.

In fact, used with spermicidal jelly or foam, the condom is just as effective. And condoms and diaphragms, of course, provide more protection against S.T.D.s. Yet women who are dating around—the ones at higher risk—are more likely than those with steady partners to choose the pill over barrier methods. There need be no awkward discussion about the pill, whereas using condoms and diaphragms requires the partner's cooperation and good will. College-age women, it seems, are more likely to face the conversation and paraphernalia with someone they know very well.

The stubborn avoidance of condoms can reach alarming proportions. In a disquieting study of teenagers in San Francisco, a city with a high prevalence of AIDS and intensive media and school campaigns to

publicize the value of condoms in preventing S.T.D.s, only two percent of the girls and eight percent of the boys reported using condoms every time they had sex. The boys believed that their partners wanted them to use condoms and said they were willing to do so. Most girls would not require their partners to use condoms and were not sure if their partners were willing to do so in the first place. What's clear is that partners rely on assumptions rather than frank talk, and that responsibility for birth control, if any, is still left to females.

If those San Francisco boys had voiced their willingness to wear condoms, their partners might have regarded them as chivalrous and might happily have agreed. But I'm not sure. I've heard both male students and men in their 30s complain that the women they date don't want them to use condoms. In my student surveys, women are as likely as men to say that they significantly reduce their sexual pleasure.

Darlene Mininni, the AIDS education coordinator at UCLA, lists the following as the students' most common reasons for not using a condom: "It cuts down on sensitivity"; "It spoils spontaneity"; "It's embarrassing to talk about"; "He'll assume we'll have sex if I take one on a date"; "She'll think I think she's sleeping around if I offer to use one"; "If you really trust your partner, you don't ask." A freshman in a UCLA English-composition course wrote, "Sex should be free and unrestrained." Another declared, "If you love somebody, you want to share everything with him, even disease—even death."

Obviously, it's essential that partners talk about the risk of infection and condoms. That very talk may lead to a more relaxed mood—and better sex. Besides, sex with a condom is likely to last longer. There are also several ways to preserve sexual pleasure while using one (see box). There are also ways to increase their reliability. The Food and Drug Administration estimates that only four to 20 of every 1000 condoms fail due to manufacturer defects. Leakage and breakage are most often due to improper use.

More than anything else, condoms fail because people aren't using them. It's great that campus groups are staging dramatizations to help students learn how to talk about using condoms. Some demonstrate how to fit condoms into sexual rituals to keep erotic spontaneity alive. But it still boils down to getting people to accept condoms as second nature, no talk or fancy tricks needed. If you're not in a known risk group for AIDS, or sleeping with someone who is, your probability of coming into contact with the HIV virus is slim. Now is the time to *ensure* that you won't be among the grim casualties of the Nineties. The bottom line is, Be responsible for yourself. The bonus is showing that you care about your partner, too.

CONDOMS 101

practice and applications

MEN

1. Buy a reputable brand of condom. This is no time to be cheap.
2. Buy condoms prelubricated with nonoxynol-9, a spermicide that also kills the AIDS virus.
3. Buy enough to be prepared, but keep your supply fresh. Store away from heat and light (don't carry them in your glove compartment or wallet).
4. Read the instructions in the package.
5. Have a dress rehearsal. While not sized, condoms come in a variety of lengths and widths. Figure out which one fits you best.
6. Place a dab of lubricant *inside* the tip of the condom to increase sensitivity.
7. If you buy the receptacle-tip variety, squeeze out the air; if you prefer the plain end, leave half an inch at the tip to catch the force of the ejaculate.
8. Withdraw while still erect, holding on to the base of the condom.

WOMEN

1. Be prepared with your own stash of condoms.
2. Etiquette of the Eighties dictates that if he is gentlemanly enough to provide the condom, you buy the always-necessary additional lubricant.
3. *Don't* use an oil-based lubricant (petroleum jelly, baby oil, face cream). These attack rubber and account for a large proportion of condom breakage.
4. *Do* use a *water-soluble* lubricant; several brands are readily available over the counter at the drugstore. Dryness causes irritation and greatly increases risk of condom breakage.
5. If you meet with the line "Baby, I don't want to use one of those things, 'cause I won't feel as much," you may want to answer, "Honey, if you don't use one of these, you won't feel anything at all."



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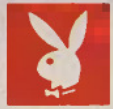
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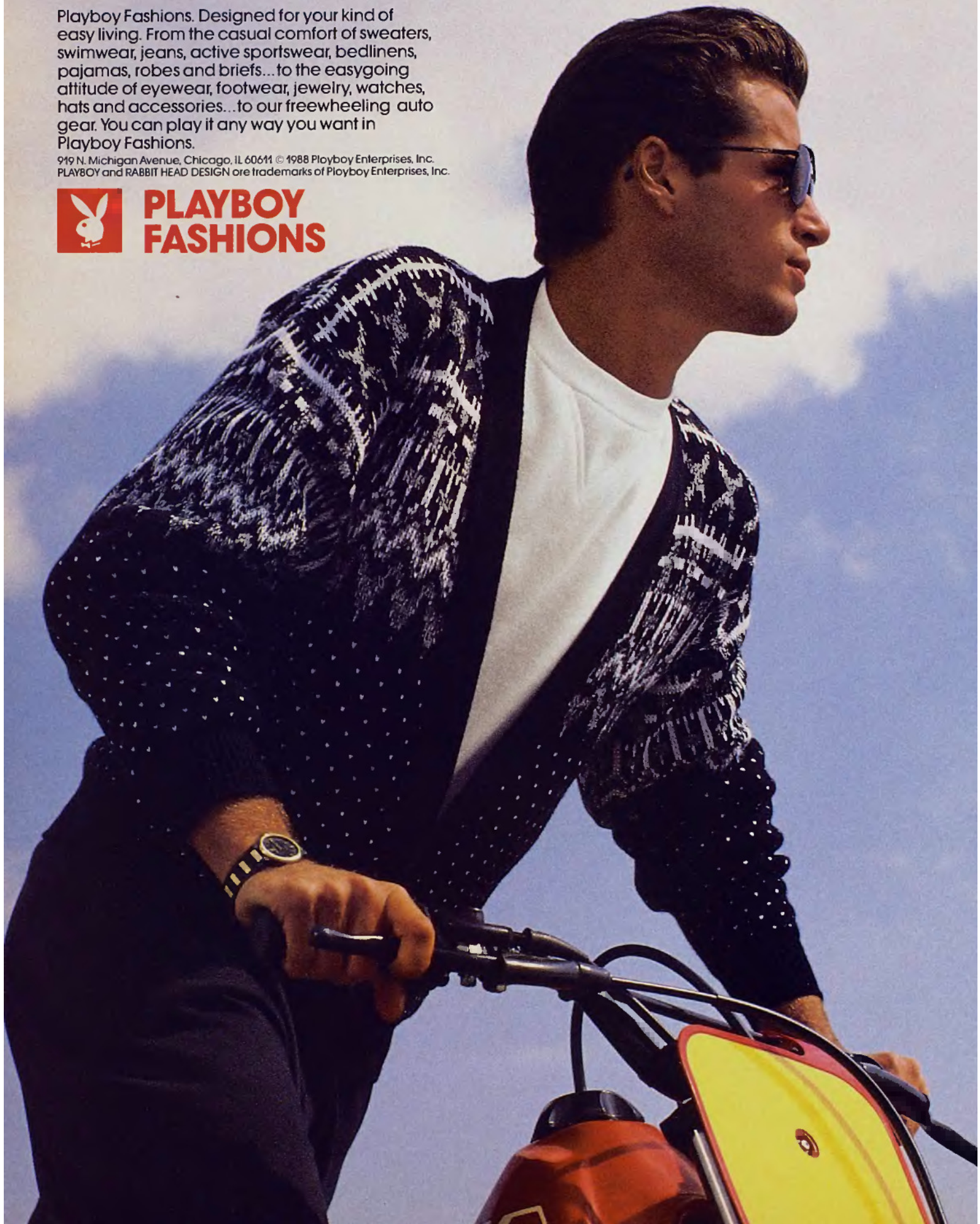
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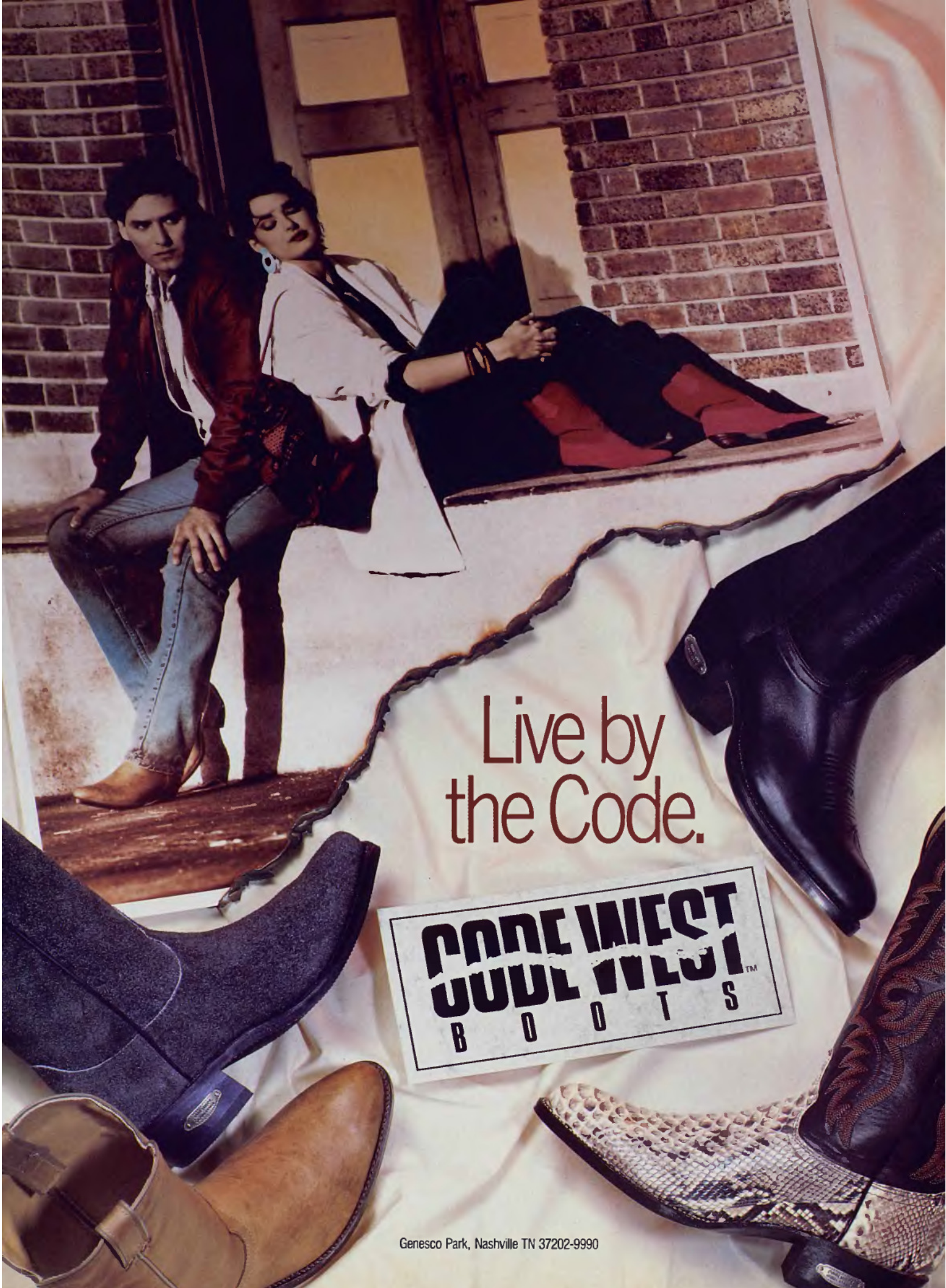
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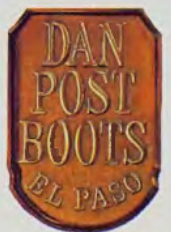
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More Handcrafted Comfort In Every Step.

"The 405 is a driver's car. It goes where you point it, with a sureness reminiscent of a production racer."

The 405 was winner of Europe's highly coveted Car of the Year award, and even the blasé French sit up and take notice when one zooms past. Our scarlet 405 attracted stares and waves as we motored about Paris. On the Champs Élysées, several smiling gendarmes, normally very serious, gave us a cheery nod and a thumbs up. Later, enjoying the arrow-straight Route Nationale south from Paris, we cruised comfortably at 120 miles per hour, even took the 405 up to 140 for a mile or two.

Inside the 405, you're cradled in supportive Recarolike bucket seats. A fat leather steering wheel feels right in your hands. The instrumentation is big and bold, and the 405's shifter and close-ratio five-speed gearbox are very precise.

You'd expect some torque steer in a powerful front-wheel-drive car, but the 405's clever suspension minimizes it. Powerful ABS brakes are optional in the U.S. Michelin MXV tires mounted on finned alloy wheels are standard.

Obviously, the 405 is a driver's car—not a soft, comfortable conveyance. It goes where you point it, with a firm, tight sureness reminiscent of a production racer.

It's no wonder the European motoring press fell in love with the 405. There's nothing like it for the price. Come up with about \$22,000 and you can have one, too.

ALFA ROMEO 164

Italian cars have always been idiosyncratic. Either you loved their looks and tolerated their shortcomings or you didn't. Alfa Romeo thought it had broken fresh ground with its new Milano model about two years ago, but its angular lines and quirky ergonomics (not to mention an unfortunate delay in supplying automatic transmissions to Americans who hated to shift for themselves) resulted in an automotive launch that crash-landed.

Alfa Romeo, of course, is owned by Fiat, an enormous automotive power everywhere but in the U.S. Here, the Fiat acronym is not too fondly known as "Fix it again, Tony." So the exciting 164, Alfa's newest machine, represents a perfect opportunity for a rousing comeback.

The 164 started life as an international venture by Lancia, Fiat, Saab and Alfa, with the four companies sharing development costs on a common platform and then going their own way to create different finished products. Fiat's version, the Croma, is a functional sedan with little pizzazz. Lancia added some excitement by shoehorning a mildly detuned Ferrari V8 into its 8.32 Thema. Saab's spirited 9000 Turbo helped redirect that company's sales upmarket. Now it's Alfa's turn.

While ItalDesign created the Fiat and the Lancia, and Saab's stylists crafted the 9000 Turbo, Alfa sent the famous design firm of Pininfarina back to the drawing board to come up with a sexy shape for the 164. The finished product is an aerodynamic wedge that's exceptionally impressive in dark colors.

Alfa will introduce the 164 here with an improved version of its husky, high-revving 192-hp, three-liter V6. True *Alfisti* will thrill to the seamless power delivery of the big six.

We drove the 164 on the Milan-Rome *autostrada*. On an empty stretch, we took it up through all five gears. The 164 is surprisingly quiet at high speeds—and blazingly fast. We saw 145 mph on the speedometer before reluctantly backing off for plodding transporters and struggling little Fiat 500s.

Returning on secondary roads, we tossed the Alfa into one tight turn after another. The car's handling is remarkably neutral for a front-wheel-drive machine, and its perfect balance and immense pow-

er had us grinning from ear to ear. When slow-moving farm machinery presented a problem, a stab on the excellent ABS brakes hauled the 164 down smartly.

The \$25,000-to-\$30,000-sports-sedan segment of the car market will be hotly contested next year. Toyota's new Lexus and Nissan's forthcoming Infiniti will challenge the successful Acura Legend, and a spate of highly competitive European models will be battling for their share. Alfa's 164, priced at \$25,000 to \$30,000, should find itself in the thick of the fray. And plenty of Alfa *aficionados* are predicting that it just may end up the winner.

BMW 535i

BMW wisely decided upon a concerted upmarket thrust last year. It was just in time. Its competent three-series sports sedans had become the four-wheeled darlings of the Yuppies. But resurgent BMW had a bigger target in mind—to steal high rollers away from Mercedes-Benz and rake in sky-high profits. Taking a spare-no-expense posture, the Bavarians redesigned their aging seven-series sedan.

Savvy Germans, who generally favor four quick wheels over short airplane flights, quickly noticed the newest BMW's fast-lane superiority over the competitive Mercedes S class. Within weeks of its launch, the seven began outselling its rival from Stuttgart. Not long afterward, BMW



DUER BROWN

"Whattaya mean, what am I doing later?"

displayed the formidable 750iL—a slightly stretched seven featuring a butter-smooth 300-hp, 12-cylinder power plant. The Benz boys back at their drawing boards won't have a counteroffer until 1990.

To further stretch their lead, BMW turned its attention to the mid-sized five series. Although the existing 135-mph five is no slouch, its dated angular styling was overdue for a new look. Scaling down the seven was the answer; an all-new car was the result. Cleverly, BMW has used nearly 40 percent of the seven's components in the 535i—including the bigger car's 208-hp powerful but silky six-cylinder engine. On a lighter platform, that means the five tops out at 145 mph, and it gets there in one hell of a hurry.

Good news travels fast in Germany. Before the new fives even arrived in dealers' showrooms, BMW had received more than 20,000 orders. The rush to fill the home-market pipeline means that Americans won't see the new 535i (and its companion, the slower but nearly as well-equipped 525i) until the fall. When the cars do arrive, they'll be instantly recognizable as slightly shrunk sevens. The pinched hood, gently rounded flanks and sharply raked

windscreen bespeak fresh aerodynamics, but the famed twin-kidney grilles are still retained to reassure buyers.

Just like their bigger brethren, the fives are loaded with useful new features—and everything is standard. There's a three-mode (normal, sport and economy) electronically activated automatic transmission, powerful ABS brakes, ellipsoid headlights, a leather steering wheel with an integral air bag, electrically operated leather seats, an on-board fourth-generation computer, a ten-speaker stereo, alloy wheels with monstrous 225/60VR15 tires and even collapsible bumper boxes that protect the car in crashes of up to nine mph. The sole options are the high-trick automatic and a limited slip differential.

But even after the \$45,000-or-so sticker reassures you that there's nothing more you could want, you'll find that there is something: an autobahn. We drove the 535i in Portugal in the scenic Algarve area. After a few minutes, we couldn't wait to nail the throttle for fast results. When you select first gear in the crisply shifting Getrag five-speed and press hard on the gas, 60 mph arrives in a fraction over seven seconds. Without protest, the smooth-revving six hurls this unassuming-looking sedan at NASA-rocket rates. That is fine in speed-conscious Germany, but you take a real chance driving that way in Portugal, as its secondary roads are usually two-lane blacktops with uneven surfaces, frequent off-camber turns and random slick patches from rain-water runoffs. Common obstacles include sheep, cows and goats.

Despite those obstacles, the temptation to hustle was great. We succumbed and saw an indicated 220 kph (137 mph) before running out of straight road. Soon afterward, diving through a series of neatly linked turns, we rounded a bend, only to come face to face with a herd of goats. We stomped on the five's ABS brakes and our welterweight sedan stopped immediately.

As we mentioned, BMW will be pegging the five's price at about \$45,000, a big jump over its present car. And that's deliberate. With Japanese and lesser European makes pushing in, BMW knows that it must command the high ground. Your choices are clear. If it's plush comfort you seek, consider Jaguar's elegant XJ6. If quiet, competent dignity and the prestige of a hood ornament are what you're looking for, buy a Mercedes-Benz. But if you want a superb-handling luxury sports sedan, wait for Munich's fabulous new 535i.

FERRARI F40

"This is a very special car for very special customers," said Enzo Ferrari at the press launch of the F40 some months ago. And he wasn't kidding. The car appears to be cruising at 150 mph while standing still.

Factory engineers prefer to call the new model Le Mans to celebrate the firm's many victories in the famed French 24-hour race. Fittingly, the previous Ferrari with this name, the 250 LM, was the com-

pany's first street-legal mid-engined GT, and it achieved great racing success. That notwithstanding, *Commendatore* Ferrari says he prefers the name stamped on the new car's high rear spoiler: F40, commemorating four successful Ferrari decades.

The original price in Italy was pegged at 270,000,000 lire (about \$200,000)—and Americans were told to expect their EPA/ DOT-approved examples to cost at least \$250,000. In the months since the announcement, speculators have driven the proposed asking price up to \$400,000-plus. Ferrari has yet to set its official figure.

And the object of all this speculation? The F40 is really a thinly disguised Formula 1 car. Its tubular chassis is reinforced with lightweight composite subframes—a technique borrowed from the aircraft industry—and its featherweight body shell is formed of Kevlar, carbon fiber and a light alloy. The car's suspension height is adjustable, and Pirelli's latest tires, ultra-low-profile P Zeros, are on the corners.

Under the hood is a three-liter, twin-turbo V8 engine that develops 478 hp. As an option, Ferrari does offer a fiercer camshaft upgrade and even bigger turbos that will offer an additional 200 hp, but unless you're Bobby Rahal or Mario Andretti, you probably won't need it. In standard trim, the F40 will accelerate to 124 mph in just 12 seconds. Top speed is 201 mph.

At the F40's introduction, the press wasn't allowed to drive the car. Instead, we stood enviously trackside as factory test drivers took some hot demo laps. The F40's voice is a powerful pressurized rumble. The testers confided that inside the car's uninsulated and Spartan cockpit, noise levels approach earplug requirements.

Perhaps you're wondering what any sane purchaser will seriously do with a car that has a top speed of over 200 miles per hour, offers little in comfort and demands a mechanic with a Ph.D. to keep it in fine tune. Ferrari North America's president, Dr. Emilio Anichisi, agrees. He talks about the car as a "rolling sculpture" and suggests "numbering each of them. These cars are appreciating assets and that's why most people will buy them."

Ferrari expects that a few well-heeled customers will want to race these beauties. But most F40s will remain hopelessly impractical playthings that get only an occasional dust-off blast on a deserted highway or at a club track event. The rest of the time, they'll sit in the garage like a certificate of deposit on wheels.

Ferrari plans to introduce limited-edition models such as the F40 every few years to ensure its place at the pinnacle of car manufacturers. It's easy to predict that each subsequent Ferrari *speciale* will start its own wave of price speculation.

From red-hot sports sedans in three distinct flavors to perhaps the ultimate sports car, it's clear that the best is yet to come from overseas this year and next.



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"I know I'll always be controversial, whether I wear a choir gown or nothing at all."

together. I don't know what the future holds for me. I know I'll always be controversial, whether I wear a choir gown or nothing at all, because I can't be a phony like Jim Bakker or Jimmy Swaggart or Jerry Falwell. I've spent a lot of time praying in the past year, wondering about God's plan for me, and finally decided just to trust in Him. I have a plaque in my room here at the Playboy Mansion that reads JESSICA, TRUST ME. I HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL. SIGNED, JESUS. Whatever the future is, I know it will be part of His plan."

God's plan—or the machinations of modern-day evangelism—hurled Jessica Hahn into the spotlight last year. The former secretary at Full Gospel Tabernacle Church in Massapequa, Long Island, became the unwitting Delilah who brought down a multimillion-dollar empire called the PTL—and became a fugitive from the wrath of Jim Bakker's angry followers.

More than a decade ago, at Full Gospel Tabernacle Church, the teenaged Jessica fell under the influence of the charismatic Reverend Gene Profeta, a freewheeling tent preacher whose moneyed lifestyle and private plane were funded by the one-dollar-for-God-and-one-dollar-for-me style of collection-plate finance. Although raised in a strict Catholic household, Jessica fell for the fiery, lecherous leader of the flock.

Profeta, Jessica says, showered her with attention and convinced her that heavy petting with the pastor was part of her role as church secretary/baby sitter/consort and would leave her still "technically" a virgin. Now under investigation by a New York grand jury for his creative financial strategies, Profeta mesmerized young Jessica with a combination of fire, brimstone, money and sex.

Jessica knew there was "something wrong with this picture" but told herself that what might be sin with another man was acceptable with her spiritual guide. A naïve 18, she figured that if that was what God wanted, so be it.

"I thought, God understands," she says. "Even though this had to be kept secret, I thought that God understood that I would do all I could for my pastor." To a confused Jessica, that meant that the subject of Gene Profeta was off limits. In July 1981, seven months after the Jim Bakker/John Wesley Fletcher incident in Florida, Profeta persuaded Jessica to have sexual intercourse with him for the first time. "He said, 'I'm going to prove to you that I'm not like Jim and John. Not all men are like that.' He was going to show me how a woman should be treated."

Upon reflection, Jessica now thinks, "My relationship with Gene Profeta and his

Full Gospel Tabernacle Church was even more important to me than anything that happened with Jim Bakker."

After returning from Florida, she sought comfort and advice from her pastor/friend. Profeta, says Jessica, was the only one who knew the details of the trip to Florida, and he was outraged and consumed with feelings of guilt and remorse.

"He convinced me that, unlike Jim and John, he would take care of me and that our love would be wonderful and pure. But I want to make it clear that I wanted the relationship as much as he did. I could have walked away but chose not to. He loved me. He made me feel safe."

Soon after, Jessica began a full-fledged romance with Profeta. However, she began to notice that he was becoming increasingly obsessed with the conduct of his fellow clergymen. "He would say to me, 'I'll help you forget the pain Jim and John caused; I'll make things right.' It all sounded like something I'd heard before, and I knew something was wrong."

While Jessica would have liked to end the affair on any number of occasions, she found the combination of security, power and gifts, along with Profeta's increasingly tight hold over her personal life, much stronger. "I loved the man, but as I have grown up, I realize the power and the gifts and all of that were also very intoxicating."

Eventually, as the revelations about Bakker grew imminent, Profeta took over and began to orchestrate her every move. He contacted the PTL, hired Paul Roper, the law student who Jessica thought was an attorney, who negotiated the "settlement," and told Jessica what to say and to whom.

"Even when I was telling my story to *Playboy* the first time, Gene refused to let me talk about him. I was protecting the guy, because I loved him."

To everyone's surprise, at the same time that the *Playboy* piece was being published, the New York attorney general began looking into the Full Gospel Tabernacle Church and the Reverend Gene Profeta. Of course, having been at his side for more than eight years, Jessica was the primary source of information in the case. This made Profeta extremely nervous.

"Gene figured that now that I had some money and independence, I was liable to say something about him that was damaging. That's when all of these liars came crawling out of the woodwork with Jessica Hahn revelations.

"Listen, I was no angel, especially when I was with Gene, and I certainly wasn't a hooker at 17 or any age! All of the people who came forward with 'information' on me were associated with the church in

some way, and they all knew about Gene and me. I find it interesting that not one of them mentioned our affair—which would have buried me at the time—because it didn't look good for the pastor."

"I covered up Gene Profeta's role in my story," she admits now. "I did it to protect a man I loved. He was in control of my story. He demanded that I be silent, and I was until the grand-jury investigation, when I decided to cooperate.

"Unlike Gene, Jim Bakker had perverted ideas about sex. These men behind the pulpit—they think sex is dirty," she says. "They spend so much time telling people it's dirty that when they finally give in to it themselves, it is dirty."

Bakker's sexual perversion of December 6, 1980—Jessica has called it rape—has been widely recounted (see *The Jessica Hahn Story*, *Playboy*, November and December 1987). He forced himself on a bewildered girl, then left her to be ravished by Fletcher. Bakker's financial rape of the PTL, which made Profeta's alleged mismanagement of his own church look penny ante, led to the crumbling of his empire.

"Bakker used other people to service him—emotionally, financially and sexually," Jessica says. "He thought he was bigger than God, and it finally caught up with him."

Through PTL operatives, Bakker promised Jessica \$265,000 in "hush money." Of this, she actually received only \$20,000, plus several small payments from a PTL trust fund. Her "legal advisor" took \$95,000. The rest remained within the PTL "family." Still, she kept Bakker's dirty secret to herself for seven years before the story broke last fall. Jessica expected fundamentalists to be shocked by the revelations about Bakker but was stunned when she realized that they would neither forgive nor forget her. Even her own congregation turned against her.

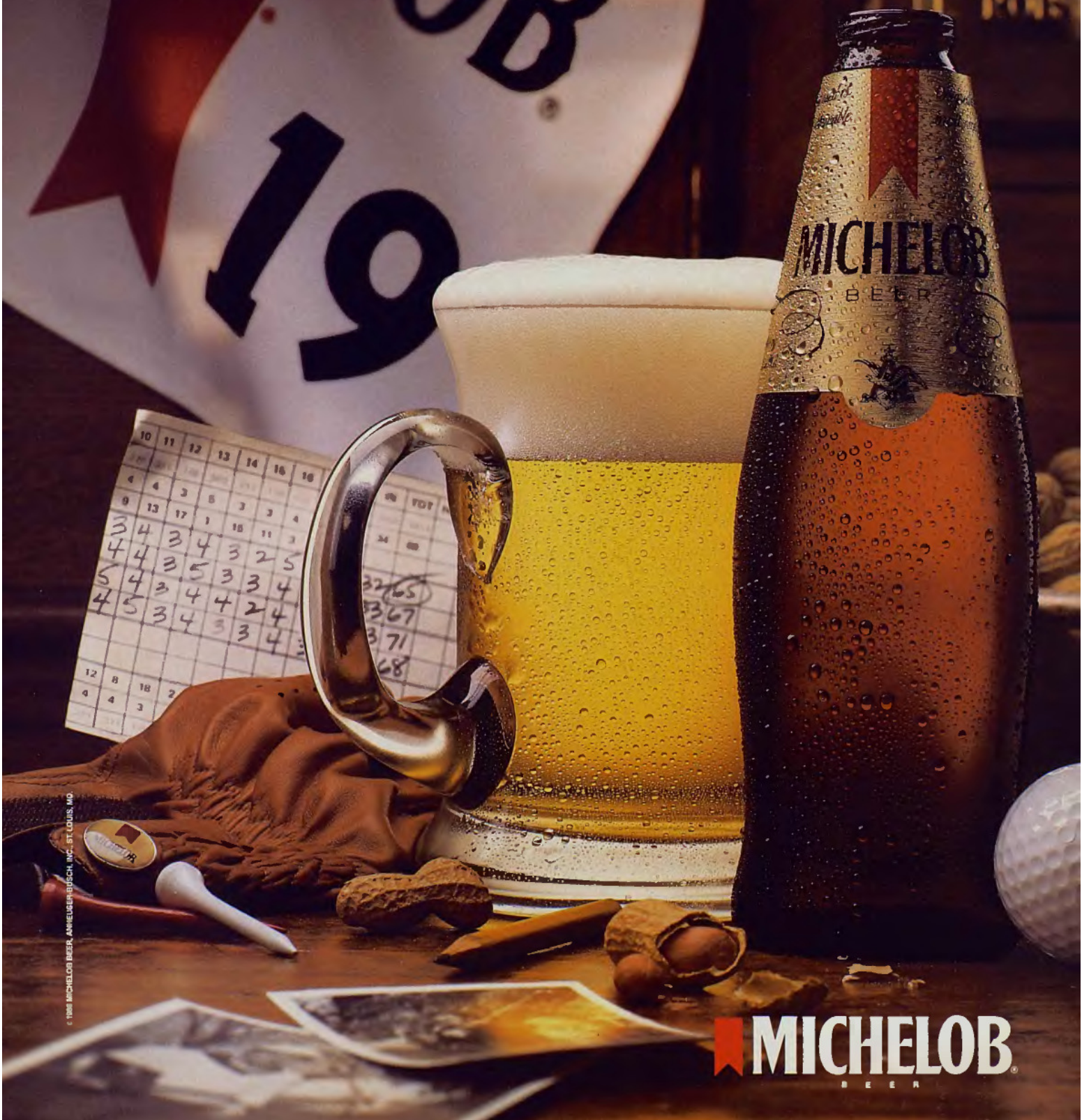
"They blamed me for the fall of the PTL," she says. "They still do. That's what makes me angry and bitter. Instead of saying 'OK, all the dirty stuff is over now; let's get back to worshiping,' they chose to blame me." Watching the sun on Hugh Hefner's pool, she reflects, "Instead of saying 'Jim Bakker set himself up,' they chose to hate me. They called me a liar and a prostitute. Men came out of the woodwork to say they'd had affairs with me, when, in fact, I'd been at church, at Gene Profeta's side, almost 24 hours a day. I took lie-detector tests and passed them. Still, no one wanted to believe me. I was on my own, except for the reporters and photographers who camped out on my lawn."

Lying in bed on her 28th birthday, she contemplated suicide. She says she spoke with God and asked for a miracle.

"The next day, *Playboy* called. That was my miracle."

Hungry, broke, friendless, she agreed to Hefner's offer to tell her story in full. In the following months, the walls came crumbling down on Jim Bakker and the PTL, while Jessica went from frightened

ONE GREAT ROUND DESERVES ANOTHER.



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and broke to confident and nearly wealthy (before taxes).

"I guess you could call me Jessica Hahn, media creature. I don't mind. I'm growing into the role," she says. "At times, I've felt like doing an Elvis and shooting the TV. I've even seen it reported that I had 'an affair' with Jim Bakker! But I've learned to take the bad with the good. The first time I posed for *Playboy*, I was scared to death of what people would say. I thought, God, am I going to catch hell for this! And, of course, I did. But I survived and got stronger. This time, I concentrated on pleasing me. And let me tell you, the pictures you see here are more of a fantasy for me than for any man who is going to pick up the magazine."

This month, *Playboy* features Jessica's new attitude, as well as her new nose, teeth and breasts. She is not at all abashed about admitting she has had cosmetic surgery.

"What you see here is what I fantasized the first time I posed for *Playboy*. This is the soft, sexy, new Jessica."

During the shooting of these pictures, she found herself getting more excited every time Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley clicked a shutter. She insisted that Fegley work overtime to capture every soft, sexy impulse that arose from the new, improved Jessica.

"As Richard took these pictures, I thought, Jessica, you don't have to be ashamed ever again. You don't have to answer to any preacher, or any preacher's wife, or anybody. We put on music—some of it was even Gospel—and all of a sudden, I felt free. I didn't have to cover my breasts anymore. And it wasn't dirty, it was pretty," she exults. "Here's the one thing I'd like to tell all the people back at Full Gospel Tabernacle Church: God loves the sinners and the centerfolds, too, not just the saints and the righteous."

Since Jessica moved into the Playboy Mansion, she has moved in a circle of celebrities. Still, she says, Hefner is the number-one celeb in her life.

"He opened his home to me. He calls me 'the unsinkable Jessica,' but I might have sunk if not for him."

This year, in an incident that still mystifies her, Jessica was cast as home wrecker in a palimony suit between Hefner and his ex-lover Carrie Leigh. When Leigh sued Hefner, she said Jessica had been "instrumental" in the breakup. The juicy implication of this charge—which Leigh later recanted—made headlines.

Hefner's new consort, leggy Canadian Kimberley Conrad, is less of a problem for her friends. She and Jessica share clothes and make-up, read the newspapers together, romp with Kimberley's dogs and sometimes bicker like sisters.

"It's like having a whole new family, living here, and yet we all have our privacy," says Jessica. "Kim has her time with Hef and I have my time with me."

In her private times, Jessica reflects on her year in the eye of controversy and

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keeps one eye on the televangelists. She is amused by Jim and Tammy Bakker's latest bid to rebuild their shattered empire.

Jimmy Swaggart, she says, is a phony. "He's power mad. Now he wants to preach again. He thinks he's above the law, even God's law. Men like Jimmy Swaggart have hurt religion for millions of people who just wanted to get closer to God. It's going to take a miracle for those people to feel like they can go to church again without being taken. Remember, I do believe in miracles. They happen every day."

In April 1988, Jessica received a request from PTL's legal department for the \$160,000 remaining in the trust fund. At that point, Jessica was unaware that the fund was intact. Jerry Falwell had assured her that it no longer existed. When she learned that the PTL was trying to take over the fund, Jessica said, "I'd be glad to help, if only the PTL would tell me how it would be used. I didn't want them buying Jacuzzis with it. I'd gladly have given the money to PTL if it would be used to save the ministry. Then I read in the paper that the PTL could never accept help from Jessica Hahn, a sinner who lives in Hugh Hefner's house. Well, they did ask for my help. I have their request in writing."

Jessica says she looks for God on her own, without benefit of television clergy.

"I'm not worshiping through any man or any ministry, but my relationship with God hasn't changed. I talk to Him all the time."

She would like to have a church to attend but knows she would be unwelcome at Full Gospel Tabernacle back home in Massapequa. Driving up and down the California coast, pained by its occasional resemblance to Long Island, she has searched for a house of worship. She has walked into a few, between services, ever ready to turn and run lest she be recognized, pointed at and cast out again, but has yet to find a church to call her own.

Among the "sinners and centerfolds" at Playboy Mansion West, she walks, prays for guidance and gathers her strength in preparation for the next chapter in the life of the most famous church lady of the televangelical age.

"I would like to make up for the hurt so many people have felt—those whose faith got shaken by these scandals—to touch their lives. I would like to reach out to all the people who have hurt like I have hurt, and searched like I have searched, and are close to giving up hope. I would like to tell them that there's always a way out. Just when you think your story is over, there's a miracle around the corner. Don't give up hope. Just look up—that's where your source is, where to find your strength."

The next chapter may be the most unlikely of all. "I can hear people saying, 'Jessica, are you talking about preaching?' All I know is, I have a message. If God wants that message to be heard, He'll take care of everything. He always does."

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"I did Jenny Hill, a female version of Benny Hill. I touched a lot of blokes' willies at bus stops."

were cringing. A bit rough with the merchandise, Telly.

6.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your Fox boss, Rupert Murdoch. Where are the chinks in his armor?

ULLMAN: I've never met him. I've been told he's brilliant. He was in the audience for our first show, he got jet lag and had to leave. He looked a bit bugged. He had too many kangaroo canapés on the plane or something. What do they serve on Australian first class? Wallaby wienies? He does send his Aussie friends on guided studio tours, so I'll crack Aussie jokes for their benefit. [With an Aussie twang] "How're ya, mate? Shovin' your head up a big bear's ass? Har-har-har!" I'm not sure they much like that.

But he's given me a great opportunity. I can't knock him. All his newspapers in England used to shock me, though. Page one in *The Sun*: "DEBBY IS 26 AND HAS BIG BREASTS." Page ten: "RIOTS IN SOUTH AFRICA." I never gave interviews to his papers. What would I talk about? They want to hear about the night you did cocaine with

Duran Duran while you were having Rod Stewart's baby. They're just the worst. They're the daily equivalent of the *National Enquirer* here, which Americans take with a grain of salt. But we believe *The Sun*. It's England's biggest newspaper. The Falklands fuss was its finest hour: "THE FALKLANDS' LOVELIES—GIRLS WITH COMBAT BREASTS ON PAGE THREE." It's insane.

7.

PLAYBOY: How tempting is it for a British comedienne to become a Benny Hill girl? How close did you come?

ULLMAN: I did Jenny Hill, a female version of Benny Hill, in a sketch on one of my British television series. In it, there were lots of men running around. I touched a lot of blokes' willies at bus stops. It was great fun.

Sometime before that, however, I was a bit desperate, because there's nothing for British women in comedy—it's either class comedies starring Sarah Ferguson before she became a member of the royal family or Benny Hill girls. I rang up Benny once and he was really strange. He said, "If you come see me, will you bring me a bottle of

milk?" And I said, "Why would I bring you a bottle of milk?" He said, "Everyone who comes to see me has to bring me a bottle of milk." It's, like, a Benny Hill tradition. Weird, isn't it? I never went. I saw a rerun featuring his bimbos. I thought, "My tits aren't big enough, and, moreover, do I really want to have a bikini ripped off me?"

My friend Allison, who's really dim, but so funny, did the show for a year. We all sat around to watch her the first time she appeared. She was on screen in a leotard with a complete hole cut out for her tits—her tits were out. Then, later on, she was in a cutaway dress that came flying off. Unbelievable. We were in shock. I go red just thinking about it. She makes a lot of money in reruns. But it just wasn't worth that to me.

8.

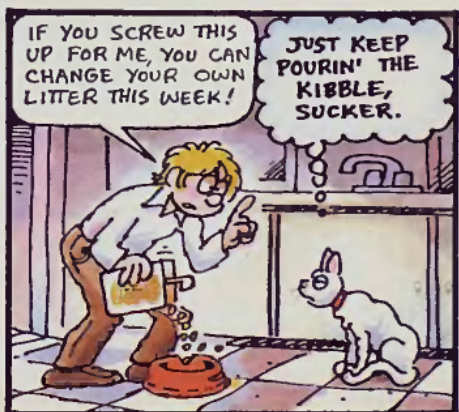
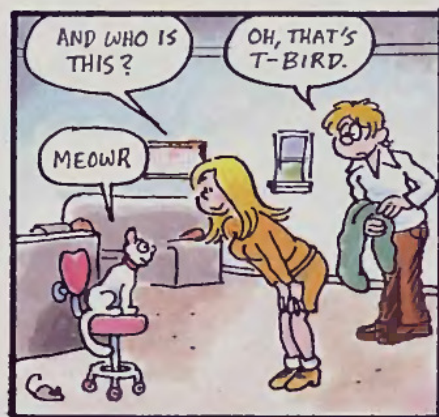
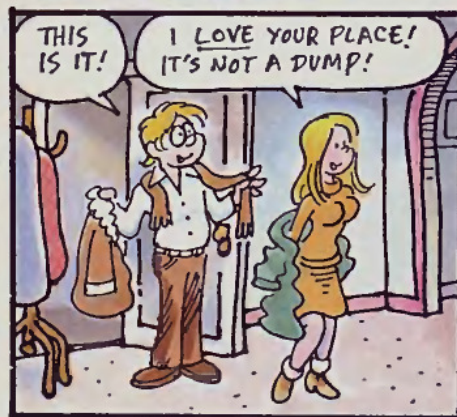
PLAYBOY: How do you think you look in a bikini?

ULLMAN: I wore one on a record cover once in England. I'd just got a new Rabbit car and I was so thrilled with it, I thought I should pose on the hood in a bikini. Never again—though I'd just had a wax, so I wasn't too hairy.

I did go topless once in Europe. I remember being on a beach with just my bikini bottom on and this old drunkard who'd been going out with my sister was watching me. He looked at my tits and said, "You're not very much like your sister, are you?" So I gave him the eye

CRUISER

by Christopher Browne



and said, "Yeah, well, you hardly pack your trunks!" I loved that. It became the quote of the holiday.

But ever since then, I haven't had a lot of faith in my body. And you know what? That guy took a picture of me that day, which he sold to a newspaper years later, when I'd become famous. They printed it a week after I had met Prince Charles, with the caption: "Tracey Ullman met Prince Charles last week. Good job she didn't meet him like this!" And there I was in the picture, squinting on a beach with my little tits. I was really pissed off at that guy who hardly packed his trunks.

9.

PLAYBOY: You met Charles and Diana? Any lingering impressions?

ULLMAN: I did the Prince's Trust show and shook their hands in a receiving line. It's amazing. You have to be briefed and checked for guns and everything. I was wearing a bright silver suit I'd just got in New York that I thought was really cool. When Princess Diana saw me, she said, "I hope you don't melt." I did look a bit like a baked potato. Perhaps she thought I might cook myself.

She is really pretty from up close. My husband, who is possibly the biggest antiroyalist in the world, met her farther on down the line and they talked for about two hours. She told him about how she likes to play her radio loud in the palace. Everyone said, "She's after your Allan." This has gone to his head. Whenever he's asked whether he's met the royal family, he says, "Met 'em? Ha! Diana was after me, man!" It's slightly annoying, but we must humor him.

10.

PLAYBOY: What are the royal family's love secrets?

ULLMAN: They won't give up, will they? In England, there's a great magazine called *Private Eye* that really brings the royals down to our level. They call the queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Brenda and Keith. Princess Margaret is called Yvonne, and Charles and Di are called Brian and Cheryl. I really hope those two are

They caught the BBC rehearsing her funeral. It's going to be a top ratings-getter when she goes.

I just don't get the royal family. I never got it. Why do we pay them millions of pounds to be better than us and ride around in coaches, spraying us with mud, while we go, "God bless you, Mum." It's the one thing I really don't miss about England. That's one advantage to being in America. At least there's no bloody royal family.

11.

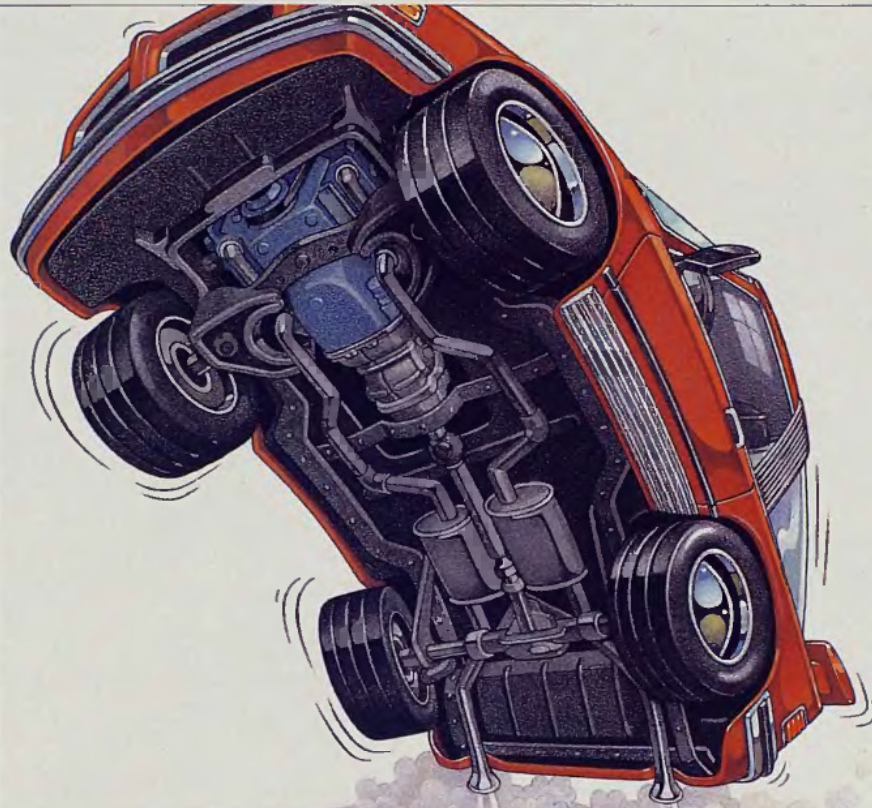
PLAYBOY: In one of the classic sketches on your show, you lived out every woman's nightmare, playing a character who physically turned into her mother. Any early warning signs of this actually happening to you?

ULLMAN: I have a mom who always said, "Say vagina, it doesn't matter. The doctor wants to know what's wrong with you. You *must* tell him!" My sister and I would cringe, "Mommy, don't use words like that!" She'd tell people, "The girls are worried that their breasts aren't big enough." We'd go, "Mommmy!" She was very straightforward, in such a way that everything she said was embarrassing. I'm getting like her in that way, saying horrid things like that to Mabel.

You are kind of like your mother, though. You can't help it. But that's all right. She was really good with us when we were kids.

She was a good mom, very patient. With Mabel's being sick recently, I reminded myself of my mom, who always brought a scoop of scrambled eggs and magazines and let us chuck up in plastic buckets right in front of her. I don't think I'll be as unhealthy as my mom, though. I've got my California aerobics, so I'm always

(continued overleaf)



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splitting up. She's not a rocket scientist, is she? That's her problem. Fergie seems like more fun—in a pretty horsy, smelly sort of way. You could imagine rolling around on a bed, fighting with her. The royal men are hopeless; they never move their lips. Elizabeth is evidently a manic depressive and takes Thorazine or something. I don't know. And the Queen Mother, the old woman, is our equivalent of Bob Hope.

BONK

FORE.

GOLF

AN INTRODUCTION

BY KEITH ROBINSON

I PLAY GOLF 'CAUSE IT'S LIKE BOWLING OUTDOORS - YOU CAN DRINK AND SMOKE AND, IF YOU RENT A CART, YOU CAN STAY ON YOUR BUTT MOST OF THE GAME!

No one really likes to play golf. This is clear from the design of the game: The better you are, the less you have to play. A poor player will hit the ball over a hundred times and be on the course five hours, while a good player will only hit the ball about seventy times and be in the clubhouse draining a cold one in under three hours. Unfortunately, some executives still believe in the myth of the high-powered business golf game, so, for the sake of your career, you'd better be prepared....

THE CLUBS

- THE 3 WOOD - Used to tee off on par 4 and par 5 holes, and to throw as far as you can when your ball goes into the lake on the 6th hole.
- THE 5 IRON - Used to tee off on par 5 holes, and to throw as far as you can when your ball goes into the lake on the 8th hole.
- THE 9 IRON - To hit the ball onto the green when you're close enough that you could pitch it there yourself underhand (which you can do if everyone else is off behind a tree looking for his ball) and to throw as far as you can when your ball goes into the lake on the 13th hole.
- THE PUTTER - To hit the ball into the cup when on the green, and to throw as far as you can when you miss a four-inch putt.
- THE DRIVER, 2 WOOD, 4 WOOD, 5 WOOD, 1 IRON, 2 IRON, 4 IRON, 6 IRON, 7 IRON, 8 IRON, PITCHING WEDGE, AND SAND WEDGE - You won't use these. They're there to weight down the bag when you throw it into the lake on the 15th hole.

THE RULES

Real golf is played just like miniature golf, so you don't need to learn any new rules.

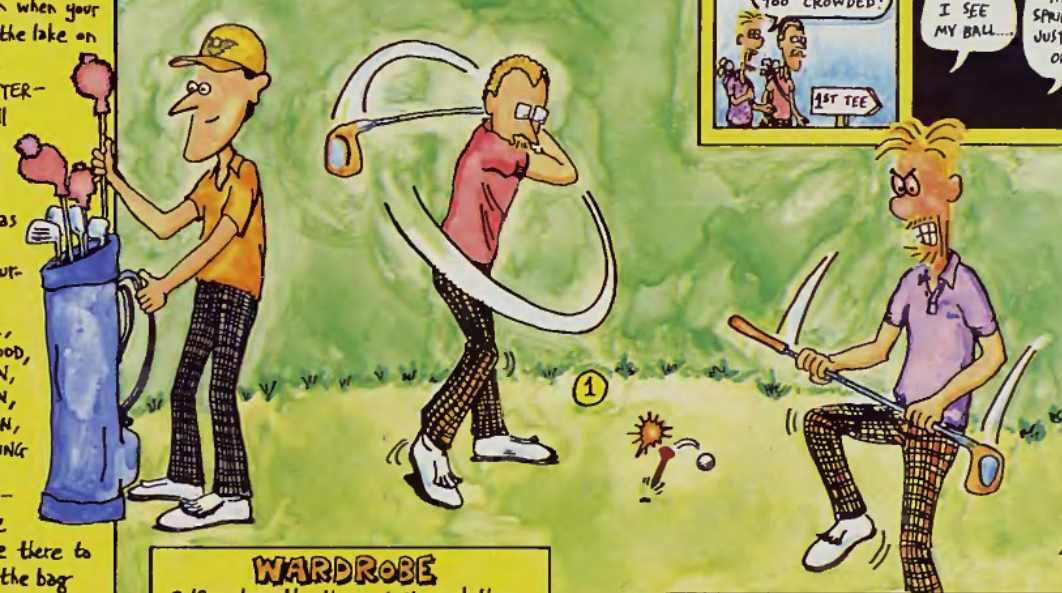
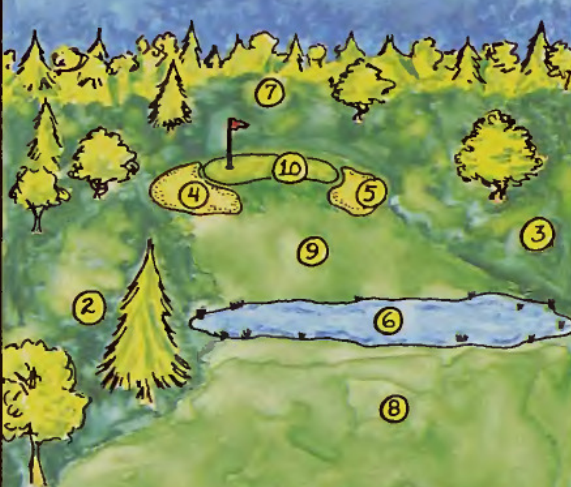
TEERING OFF

When teeing off, the ball can fall into one of eleven zones:

1. The That One Doesn't Count Zone
2. The Goddamn Hook Zone
3. The Goddamn Slice Zone
4. The Goddamn It Zone (left)
5. The Goddamn It Zone (right)
6. The Goddamn It to Hell Zone
7. Hmm... Don't Know My Own Strength Zone
8. At Least It Went Straight Zone
9. The I'll Take It Zone
10. The YeeHAW Whoop/Whoop/Whoop Zone
11. The That's It I Quit If You Want Me I'll Be in the Clubhouse Draining a Cold One Goddamn It Zone

WHEN TO PLAY

When reserving a tee time, remember it can take 5 hours to play...



WARDROBE

Golfers dress like they get their clothes off a dead clown. This is to keep the courses from getting too crowded by scaring off anyone with the least amount of taste.

Some people like the image of snapping their clubs in half over their knees. This will release your anger, bend the clubs a bit, and shatter your kneecap.





From the makers of Jack Daniel's...

going to look shit-hot. My thighs are going to be like tempered steel till I'm 54.

12.

PLAYBOY: Should Method actors be trusted?
ULLMAN: Better yet, should *any* actor be trusted? I hate all that Method-acting rubbish: "Don't talk to me—I'm motivating!" I loved it when a guy on the crew during the first few weeks of our show saw me concentrating and asked, "Can I talk to you or are you *in character*?" It's so stupid. I laughed at all that so much when I studied drama. These stupid teachers would come in and go, "Good morning, darlings, let's all be dustbins!" I'd go, "Oh, *shut up*. I wanna be a *banana!*"

13.

PLAYBOY: Describe the plight of a golf widow.
ULLMAN: My husband, Allan, has gotten better about this. He is a really good golfer, but I think he's realized that Mabel is going to keep wondering what he actually does for a living. You don't do a lot of business meetings in pink shirts and yellow pants. So he's been getting his suits out and they're all covered with moth holes. It's a sure sign that he hasn't been to work in years.
Golf, for me, just means a lot of afternoons in Palm Springs, wandering around leisure shops, buying velour suits and meeting a lot of women called Barbara and Deirdre. They go [*in a bored country-club whine*], "This is not a good course,

it's a *great* course." They all want their condos with mustard shag-pile carpeting overlooking the 11th hole. It's a world of tasteless frozen food and leisure suits and sprinkler systems. One of these women asked me, "Are you having a good time, honey?" I said, "No, I'm *twenty-six*. I should be at punk-rock concerts, screaming '*Fuck off!*' and '*Kill the queen!*'" They just pretended they didn't hear me.

14.

PLAYBOY: What's your position on leg waxing?
ULLMAN: I just had it done before I came to see you. I've got no hair at all. Look! [*She extends a leg for close inspection.*] I was a royal Hairy Mary until I had it done. It's a must when you're in California. But it's hell. They pour a lot of hot wax on you, and it's agonizing. I used to go to a real tough waxer, a Russian woman called Yanna. A lot of pain here. If you have any ingrown hairs, she goes [*grunts*], "Yanna fix." She puts a big needle in and picks out the hairs. "Stay still, darlink!" she'd tell me. "I make you look very, very sexy for men." Like yourself, Yanna? Try waxing your nose, Yanna. That'll make you look sexy. "You'll have *good sex* when you come to Yanna! I do for you *good!*"

15.

PLAYBOY: After four years, how do you rekindle the romance in your marriage?

ULLMAN: The romance is tough when you've got Mabel with gastroenteritis and the dog shitting all over, while I'm totally exhausted and trying to learn dialog, and Allan's practicing golf swings in the garden, hitting the dog on the head with golf balls. It's really hard, because our house is just a wooden hut, and it's becoming hell. Nothing's big enough once you have a baby.

We did go away together recently. We spent the whole time talking about the baby. We also talk about when Al was thin; he's a bit of a mess now. But I'm happy with Al.

16.

PLAYBOY: You can speak from experience: What's the best way to fluster David Letterman?
ULLMAN: Talk about him sexually. He's such an asexual guy on his show. I once said to him, "You've got a gap between your teeth, David, and my mother always said that men with gaps in their teeth are over-sexed." He pruned right up. But he'll also turn on me like a German shepherd.
I spoke to him on the phone once. I'd phoned up his girlfriend, Merrill Markoe, and she wasn't there. He answered. I said, "Will you tell her that Tracey Ullman called?" He said, "Yeah, sure." I said, "Is that you, David?" He said, "Yeah." I said, "Why didn't you say so? You know it's me!" He said, "Yes, I know." It's like he's a

horrible little boy answering the phone at home. But we ended up talking about loads of things, like how he thinks Robert Redford looks Chinese, for instance. I said, "I won't say we should have dinner sometime, because it would be just a ridiculous idea—the thought of my husband and me going out with you and your girlfriend. It's, like, a *horrible idea*."

You don't ever attempt any sort of congeniality with the man. You just treat him like what he is—an oversexed schoolboy. He's like the guy in the dorm who'd always say, "Let's phone New Zealand and mess up the phone system." Or, "Let's blow up the soccer posts!" He's such a genius. I love David Letterman.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's the sexiest thing you do?

ULLMAN: Winding down the electric window in my car and giving some driver the finger in the sexiest way possible. That and that little twist I do at the end of my show. That's me at my sexiest, swinging my hips.

18.

PLAYBOY: What mortally offends you?

ULLMAN: Leather ties. People who wear braces on their teeth after the age of 12. Obviously, they're women trying to get guys, so why do they make themselves incredibly ugly during their prime pulling

years? What else? These bloody Iranian minimalls with your one-hour photo, your Yum-Yum Donut, your French *pâtissière* with nothing remotely Frenchlike in it. Red-rimmed eyeglasses and the record pluggers who wear them. Also, I get hysterical over toupees. They're the most disgusting things. And gray gums are, like, the biggest turn-off. And if they happen to belong to an agent, that's, like, total devastation.

19.

PLAYBOY: You're alarmingly wise for your 28 years. How old do you feel?

ULLMAN: About 40. I'm just so cynical. And having a kid has made me feel even older. Jim Brooks [who produces her show] calls me an old soul. But I was like this when I was 12. I stayed up until 11 o'clock and was allowed to take puffs on cigars and sip wine. Even when I was five, a clown would come up to me and say, "Hullo, I'm Captain Billy's Banana!" And I'd go, "*Don't be so bloody stupid!* Don't patronize me! I'm six next week!" I would stay up all night, spelling swear words for my mum's and sister's boyfriends. I'd go, "Fuck! F-U-C-K." And they'd go, "Oh, she's so funny!"

It's really sad, in a way. I didn't have any sort of childhood. To get a bit serious, I never had a dad—he died when I was very small. I was never pampered or spoiled.

My mum wouldn't let us have any sugar or watch cartoons, anything childish. I looked after myself. It was understood that I'd leave school as soon as possible and get a job. That happened when I was 16. I worked in Berlin for four months as a dancer, which really made me grow up fast. I lived there with 20 homosexual dancers in pink platform boots. So I've been working solidly for 11 years now. I mean, you Americans don't leave school till you're, like, 22. There're always these daffy girls going, "Oh, I'm *rilly* scared. I'm only 23!"

20.

PLAYBOY: What do you know for sure?

ULLMAN: That the wrong people are in charge. Especially in America. That the people you thought knew what they were doing—doctors, scientists, politicians, lawyers, pilots—don't. That they're as stupid as you and I are, which is frightening. That educated people aren't necessarily clever. That there are no more rain forests nor ozone layer. That we're all going to die. That there are no bargains anywhere. That the Pinewood condos in Palm Springs are no match for the south of France. That you're never going to get a decent perm if you do it at home. And that the best thing to do in life is laugh.



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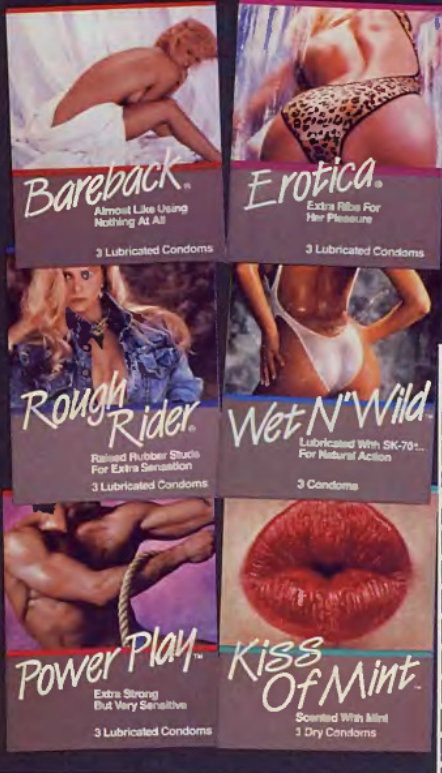
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PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

(continued from page 116)

seconds left to play and the score 38-31, Kosar handed the ball to Byner, and a clear path to the goal line opened for what would be the tying touchdown. A split second later, the ball was loose, Denver recovered and the game was over. Byner, the player Cleveland head coach Marty Schottenheimer calls the heart and soul of the Browns' offense, sprawled in defeat and dejection.

Frustration and self-pity would have made some teams regress. Schottenheimer instead scheduled meetings with each player, tacked the word RESOLVE on the bulletin board and hammered it into the players' consciousness. That resolve and eight current Pro Bowl players, including the best quarterback in football, should carry the Browns to Super Bowl XXIII.

Keys to winning: Linebacker Mike Junkin, last year's number-one pick, must recover from a wrist injury that cut short a disappointing rookie season. The Browns' first two draft picks from this year, Clifford Charlton and Michael Dean Perry, the Fridge's brother, must develop quickly to turn an excellent defense into a dominating one. Kosar and the Browns' offense have to adjust to the loss of offensive coordinator Lindy Infante, now the head coach for the Green Bay Packers. And Ozzie Newsome, the great Cleveland tight end, has to put together one more season before he hangs it up.

The Houston Oilers, a play-off team last year for the first time since 1980, may not have the experience nor the defensive grit to take them past the Browns, but coach Jerry Glanville has a cast of characters who still haven't figured out how good they can be. Quarterback Warren Moon, whose role as team rep during the players' strike helped him emerge as team leader, will improve on last year's solid performance. Houston's wide-receiver tandem of Drew Hill and Ernest Givins had more combined yards than any other pair of receivers in the N.F.L., Jerry Rice and company notwithstanding. Running back Mike Rozier now rates as one of the best backs in the conference, after gaining 957 yards for a 4.2-yard average last year.

Keys to winning: Improve a pass defense that allowed 25 touchdowns last year. Make productive use of last year's number-one draft pick, running back Alonzo Highsmith, a major disappointment after a prolonged contract holdout. Avoid injuries in the defensive secondary, where the Oilers are thin.

At Pittsburgh, head coach Chuck Noll is committed to shuffling the deck until he gets a winning hand. Quarterback Mark Malone, who lost both Noll's confidence and the support of Pittsburgh fans, was traded to San Diego. Todd Blackledge, acquired from Kansas City, will battle Bubby Brister for the number-one quarterback spot. Running backs Earnest Jackson and

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Frank Pollard are competent but in a quiet sort of way. Noll has a decent defense to work with, led by team M.V.P. linebackers Mike Merriweather and Bryan Hinkle. Unless he draws a couple of unexpected wild cards, the Steelers will continue to lose as many games as they win.

Keys to winning: The quarterback question must be settled early and decisively. Wide receiver Louis Lipps must return to form after two injury-plagued years. Cornerback Rod Woodson, last year's number-one draft pick, has to get his personal life in order and concentrate on football.

In Cincinnati last season, bad luck and bad judgment seemed to go hand in hand. The last seconds of the game against San Francisco in week two presaged the Bengals' year. Ahead 26-20, with six seconds left, coach Sam Wyche elected on fourth down to try to run out the clock with an end sweep instead of punting or taking an intentional safety. The Bengals botched their blocking assignments, and San Francisco took over with two seconds to go. Incredibly, 49er wide receiver Jerry Rice drew single coverage and proceeded to make the winning T.D. catch. Cincinnati never recovered, winning only three games the rest of the year. To everyone's surprise, owner Paul Brown has given the emotional head coach another season and a chance to redeem himself.

Keys to winning: Wyche must regain the confidence and respect of the players as he searches for a way to turn a talented bunch of individuals into a cohesive team. The Bengals need consistency from quarterback Boomer Esiason and running back James Brooks, out much of last season with an ankle injury. Some defensive stalwarts must develop to go along with All Pro nose guard Tim Krumrie.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Trudeau has done an adequate job when Hogeboom has been out. Members of the Colts' defensive backfield will have to prove that they didn't play over their heads last year.

The Buffalo Bills are a team on the up-swing. Jim Kelly has matured into one of the premiere quarterbacks in the N.F.L. Cornelius Bennett and Shane Conlan are the two best young linebackers in the conference. Coach Marv Levy, who was satisfied with the Bills' progress last year (7-8), will not be satisfied with anything less than a play-off berth this season.

Keys to winning: The Bills must improve their rushing game. They had no first-round pick in the draft, having traded it in the deal to acquire Bennett, so they were pleasantly surprised when Oklahoma State's Thurman Thomas was still available in the second round.

The New England Patriots missed the play-offs last year for the first time in three seasons. Injuries to quarterback Tony Eason, running back Craig James and defensive backs Raymond Clayborn and Roland James were part of the reason. They are all expected back, but linebackers Steve Nelson and Don Blackmon will not return—Nelson because of retirement, Blackmon because of a neck injury. Head coach Raymond Berry has emphasized the weight room in the off season, since he thinks the N.E.C. is more physical than the A.F.C. That idea probably first occurred to him in Super Bowl XX, when the Bears manhandled the Patriots.

Keys to winning: The Patriots must resurrect their running game. Number-one pick John Stephens out of Northwestern Louisiana State, thought by some pro scouts to be the best all-round runner in this year's draft, should help. Eason has to recover from his shoulder injury, and the defense must find more players like linebacker Andre Tippett.

Miami coach Don Shula succinctly sums up the problems of the Dolphins: "Defensively, we aren't even close to where we have to be to be a play-off team." And this year's draft, short on defensive talent, had the Dolphins reaching on their first pick when they chose Ohio State linebacker Eric Kumerow. Kumerow was regarded by most teams as a "tweener"—too small to play down at defensive end, too slow for pass coverage. But when you have Dan Marino at quarterback and the "Marks" brothers, Duper and Clayton, at wide receiver, you can never discount the Dolphins' chances, particularly with Shula drawing up the game plan.

Keys to winning: Shula must find answers to the Dolphins' defensive problems. The possible retirement of safety Glenn Blackwood following a knee injury and the questionable health of former Pro Bowl linebacker Hugh Green only complicate the situation, as does last season's knee injury to everybody's All Pro center, Dwight Stephenson.

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were hurt by injuries last year, none came close to the woes of the New York Jets. Add up the number of games missed by Jet regulars because of injuries, and you get the astounding total of 119. And cornerback Kerry Glenn and linebacker Lance Mehl may not be able to recover in time for this season. Much-criticized coach Joe Walton, electing to go on a youth movement, released popular Jet veterans Joe Klecko and Joe Fields. If you coach a professional sports team, there's no worse place to be when you're not winning than New York.

Keys to winning: Obviously, the Jets have to look more like a football team and less like a MASH unit. The offensive line has to protect Ken O'Brien, who is an excellent quarterback when he's not being handed his lunch throughout the game. Walton can hope that his draft picks quickly step in to fill the holes, but, frankly, there are too many holes for the Jets to challenge this year.

Don't look now, but Al Davis has been busy building another dynasty, the kind that's likely to dominate the A.F.C. for the next five years. It's missing only the crown jewel: a quarterback. If the Raiders get the right Q.B. instead of a revolving-door system with Rusty Hilger, Vince Evans and Steve Beuerlein, they'll give the Super

Bowl-frustrated Broncos a run for the division title. Linemen Bill Pickel and Howie Long anchor a Raiders defense that last year was second only to the Browns' in the A.F.C. in fewest combined yards surren-

WESTERN DIVISION	
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Los Angeles Raiders	10-6
Denver Broncos	9-7
Seattle Seahawks	7-9
Kansas City Chiefs	7-9
San Diego Chargers	5-11

dered. Offensively, the team can put Marcus Allen, Bo Jackson (expected to return again once he finishes the baseball season at Kansas City) and Tim Brown on the field at the same time.

Davis' craftiness doesn't end with player deals. He hired his new coach, Mike Shanahan, away from the Broncos just before the deadline that prohibits teams from negotiating with coaches from other N.F.L. franchises. Thus, Dan Reeves not only lost Shanahan and a couple of assistants but was unable to look elsewhere in the N.F.L. for replacements.

Keys to winning: The Raiders must either deal for a quarterback who can be their number-one guy or settle on one of the group they have. The offensive line

has to avoid injuries, since there is little depth. A couple of project players on defense must develop, particularly draft pick Scott Davis, who right now has more talent than motivation.

The only team to play in three consecutive Super Bowls is the Miami Dolphins. That feat is exactly what the Denver Broncos will have to duplicate if they're to redeem themselves after two successive Super Bowl defeats. They have John Elway, the Nolan Ryan of pro football, the three amigos (Vance Johnson, Mark Jackson and Ricky Nattiel) at wide receiver and the enormously competitive Karl Mecklenburg on defense. But so far, that hasn't been enough to get them through the second half of their two Super Bowl games. The Giants decimated them in the second half of Super Bowl XXI. Last year, the Redskins owned them in the final 30 minutes of Super Bowl XXII.

Keys to winning: The Broncos must become a more physical team on defense; and running back Tony Dorsett, acquired in a trade from Dallas, will have to prove he's not over the hill.

The Seattle Seahawks were a study in inconsistency last year. What was most unsettling was the margin of some of their losses: a 40-17 drubbing by Denver in the season opener and a 37-14 loss to the Raiders in a Monday-night game in which Seattle appeared to quit. Head coach Chuck Knox, perennially dissatisfied with quarterback Dave Krieg, has acquired Kelly Stouffer from Phoenix, the Cardinals' number-one 1987 draft choice who sat out all of last year because owner Billy Bidwell wouldn't come up with the bucks he thought he deserved. While Stouffer may help in the future, the Seahawks' defense, 22nd in the league last season, ought to be Knox's major concern.

Keys to winning: Linebacker Brian Bosworth will have to start living up to his press clippings. While defensive end Jacob Green and linebacker Fredd Young are Pro Bowlers, they need help, especially now that safety Kenny Easley has been forced to retire because of a medical problem. Q.B. Krieg has to cut down on his habit of throwing the ball to the wrong team (he had 15 interceptions last year).

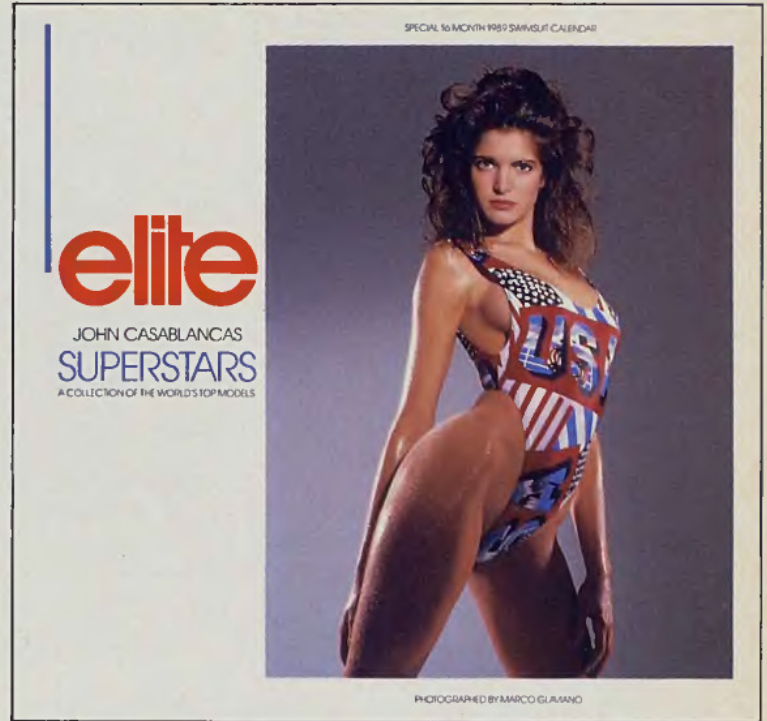
Frank Gansz, the second-year head coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, was very successful when he was coach of their special teams. That's how he got the head-coaching job. But Gansz got an unwelcome surprise last year when the Chiefs' defense suffered a major letdown. Gansz has addressed the problem by hiring three new assistants and toughening up the off-season training program. He has also settled on quarterback Bill Kenney as his main man and acquired Steve DeBerg to act as Kenney's second. The pleasant surprise for the Chiefs last year was the emergence of rookie Christian Okoye, the running back from Nigeria who started playing organized football five years ago. Evidently,



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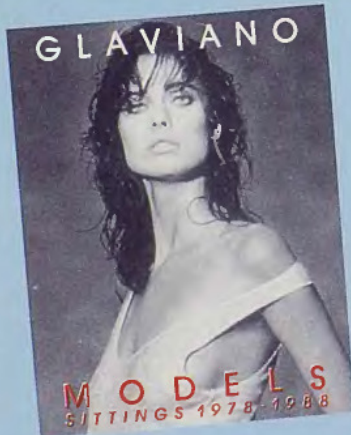


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SIDE-LINES SCOOP

THE MAD, MAD WORLD OF N.F.L. OWNERS

N.F.L. owners offer this advice to those looking to make a small fortune: Start with a large fortune and buy an N.F.L. team. Then you'll have a small fortune. Here is a team-by-team look at what those intriguing N.F.L. owners have been up to during the past year.

N.F.C. EAST

Redskins—Owner Jack Kent Cooke is coming off a whirlwind 12 months. In July 1987, he married a 31-year-old PR assistant. By November, he had waived her out of the league. Last January, just days before the team beat the Broncos in Super Bowl XXII, Cooke's estranged wife had a baby girl. And the man is 75! Cooke then stuck it to the other N.F.L. owners in March when he lured Bears free agent linebacker Wilber Marshall to Washington with a five-year, \$6,000,000 deal.

Eagles—Owner Norman Braman made news when it was revealed that he had given hundreds of Super Bowl tickets to Republican Presidential candidate Jack Kemp, a former Bills quarterback. Kemp used the tickets to help solicit \$1000 campaign contributions. Technically, there was nothing wrong with what Braman did; but several N.F.L. owners didn't like seeing Super Bowl tickets used as political favors.

Cardinals—In the new deal owner Billy Bidwill has in Phoenix, he will net nearly \$19,600,000 annually from premium-seat season-ticket sales at Sun Devil Stadium, \$9,700,000 from regular season-ticket sales after splitting the revenue with Arizona State University and the visiting teams and \$500,000 in parking and concession revenues; and the city of Tempe is building him a \$6,500,000 training facility. Also, Bidwill will get \$2,400,000 a year from luxury boxes that will be completed by next year.

Cowboys—America's team went on sale for the second time in four years last spring. Why? Former owner Bum Bright saw his large fortune turn into a small fortune when his oil, banking and football deals went sour. In 1987, the Cowboys had their worst attendance season since they moved into Texas Stadium in 1971, and 42 of Bright's new 118 luxury suites went empty. So he tried to sell the team and the stadium lease to billionaire Denver oilman Marvin Davis for \$150,000,000.

Giants—Yes, there is some honor left in the N.F.L. The Giants negotiated a

new five-year, \$4,300,000 contract extension with coach Bill Parcells before the 1987 season. But for tax and career reasons, Parcells refused until last February to sign the deal. Did Giants management try to cut Parcells' bucks after the team's horrible season? No. The coach got what he was promised.

N.F.C. CENTRAL

Bears—Is the great Bears era over? A lot of N.F.L. people think president Mike McCaskey sent his players the wrong message when he refused to match the Redskins' offer for Wilber Marshall. Marshall was the Bears' highest-rated player. Can you stay on top in the N.F.L. if you allow your best players to walk away because of money? McCaskey will soon find out.

Vikings—Give general manager Mike Lynn a ton of credit. In 1985, he was hit by a hostile take-over attempt that few believed he could survive. But Lynn stayed tough, solidified his own financial backing and fought the take-over bid in the courts. Last winter, he won a big court ruling, and now he has complete control of the franchise.

Packers—President Robert Parins thought he pulled off a real coup during Super Bowl week when he persuaded Michigan State coach George Perles to take the Green Bay job. But when Perles went back to Lansing to tell the school the news, he changed his mind. A very embarrassed Parins ended up hiring Browns offensive coordinator Lindy Infante as his new coach.

Bucs—Owner Hugh Culverhouse, the N.F.L.'s financial godfather, has a plan to restructure the league to limit its anti-trust liability. Interestingly, he came up with the N.F.L. owners' line of the year at the league meetings in Phoenix last March during a discussion about anti-trust. It seems that Culverhouse was confronted at the meetings by Raiders boss Al Davis, whom he hates. "Let me make it clear what I think," Culverhouse said to Davis in front of the other owners. "Fuck you!"

Lions—The big news in Detroit is the emergence of Jerry Vainisi in the Lions' front office. General manager Russ Thomas, who is preparing for retirement, hand-picked Vainisi, the former Bears general manager, as his successor. Vainisi's first big test was the draft. He passed with flying colors when he suckered the Chiefs into a one-sided

first-round trade that brought the Lions a free high second-round pick.

N.E.C. WEST

49ers—September 1974 Playmate Kristine Hanson, now a TV sports reporter in Sacramento, made news last spring when a San Francisco gossip columnist linked her to 49ers coach Bill Walsh, whose marriage had fallen apart. Meanwhile, he is under the gun for the first time in years at S.F. He has lost his first play-off game in each of the past three years. 49ers owner Ed DeBartolo, Jr., wants more than that for the \$1,400,000 a year he's paying the coach.

Saints—Owner Tom Benson, the guy who dances with the umbrella after Saints victories, is presiding over the hottest organization in the league. General manager Jim Finks and coach Jim Mora turned this joke franchise around in just two years. As a reward, Finks ripped up Mora's contract, which still had two years left, and gave him a new five-year deal last spring.

Rams—John Robinson is the team's big-name coach, but the real power in the Rams organization is finance V.P. John Shaw. Shaw has owner Georgia Frontiere's complete confidence, and during the past year, he made himself the club's main man on draft-choice decisions and trades. It was Shaw, not Robinson, who negotiated running back Eric Dickerson's trade to the Colts.

Falcons—Our sources say St. Louis will make a big bid for this team in the next year. Falcons owner Rankin Smith, who is having a hard time getting a new Atlanta dome off the ground, could be vulnerable to a move if the team continues to lose and draw pitiful crowds.

A.F.C. EAST

Colts—Coach Ron Meyer finally found a way to keep team owner Robert Irsay quiet: He won lots of games. Meyer took the Colts from the A.F.C. East cellar to a division title in one season. Of course, he had to mortgage the future by trading a load of draft choices for Eric Dickerson to do it. But Meyer doesn't care. The incentives in his contract are based on immediate success. For Meyer, the future is now.

Bills—Owner Ralph Wilson is becoming the grim reaper among the league's owners. In 1985, when former Eagles owner Leonard Tose was going down the financial tubes, Pete Rozelle appointed

him to a three-man committee to help Tose. Tose ended up selling. This year, Rozelle named Wilson to a two-man committee to help former Patriots owner Billy Sullivan. That's right; Sullivan had to sell, too. Obviously, if Rozelle puts Wilson on your case, you're in big trouble.

Patriots—Former owner Billy Sullivan held his franchise hostage when he wouldn't sell the team despite the fact that his family was \$126,000,000 in debt. Finally, last spring, he gave up his more than two-year fight and agreed to sell the team to Reebok chairman Paul Fireman, a Boston native, for \$82,000,000.

Dolphins—Owner Joe Robbie is the first N.F.L. owner to build his own stadium, which he opened in August 1987. So what happened? The players went on strike. Robbie lost much-needed gate receipts. The networks held back more than \$1,000,000 from each team. And Robbie had a miserable first year. He had borrowed more than \$100,000,000 to build his stadium. He's hoping 1988 is better.

Jets—Owner Leon Hess could be facing troubling decisions. Team president Jim Kensil, citing heart problems, retired in June. Coach Joe Walton would probably have been fired if it weren't for the strike; and personnel honcho Mike Hickey may be in trouble, despite his close relationship with Hess. Dick Vermeil wants to get back into N.F.L. coaching. If Walton and the rest of this Jets gang falter, Vermeil could be the answer.

A.F.C. CENTRAL

Browns—Owner Art Modell is one guy who really wants the league to settle with the N.F.L. Players Association. If it continues its antitrust case against the N.F.L., the league will have a hard time improving its network-TV contract in 1990. That is a subject very close to Modell's heart, because he is the owners' representative in the network negotiations. Modell and Pete Rozelle handle all N.F.L. TV talks.

Oilers—Owner Bud Adams, a league recluse, traveled to the meetings in Phoenix last March. It was the first N.F.L. meeting that Adams had attended since 1984. Why did he go to Phoenix? Well, it seems that his appearances at N.F.L. meetings are like U.S. Presidential elections: He goes to them every four years, whether he has a reason to or not.

Steelers—President Dan Rooney is considered the voice of reason among N.F.L. leaders. Unfortunately, he was overpowered by league hawks when it came to dealing with the Players Association during the strike. But here's a prediction. If there is a settlement between the league and the union, look for Rooney to play a key role in the peace talks.

Bengals—After last season, Bengals

boss Paul Brown wanted to fire coach Sam Wyche. But assistant general manager Mike Brown, Paul's son, wanted him to stay. Mike won. But Wyche has zero margin for error going into 1988. If he doesn't win the division, he's gone. N.F.L. personnel people believe Wyche has the best talent in the A.F.C. Central. But he hasn't had the Bengals in the play-offs yet.

A.F.C. WEST

Broncos—What do you do if you lose two Super Bowls in a row? If you're coach Dan Reeves, you bang your head against the wall, consider firing your defensive coordinator (whose charges gave up 81 points in the two games) and threaten to trade every player but quarterback John Elway. If you're owner Pat Bowlen, a marathoner, you just run until your mind goes blank and you can't sulk anymore.

Seahawks—In early April, owner John Nordstrom thought he had a buyer for his team in Denver oilman Marvin Davis. The team had been for sale for almost two years. Suddenly, Davis switched his attention to Dallas. Our sources say Nordstrom believes it was Browns owner Art Modell who guided him.

Chargers—Coach Al Saunders started off the 1987 season 8-1 and looked ready to win Coach of the Year honors. But after a terrible late season, he finds himself in hot water. One rumor going around the league has director of operations Steve Ortmyer replacing Saunders if the Chargers get off to a bad start. One thing's for sure: Owner Alex Spanos, who is not known for his patience, won't stay long with Saunders if the team doesn't change its losing ways.

Raiders—For the past few years, Al Davis has been among the 15 finalists for the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Voting for the Hall of Fame is done by the writers. Davis has his supporters, mostly the old A.F.L.-beat men. But he has his detractors, too: guys who don't like him personally and blame his L.A. move for the league's ills. OK, so Davis isn't a perfect person. But old-timers will tell you Ty Cobb was anything but a nice guy. Would the National Baseball Hall of Fame have any credibility if it had kept Cobb out? It's time to let Davis in where he belongs.

Chiefs—The guy on the spot in K.C. is general manager Jim Schaaf, who has taken responsibility for the team's success. Owner Lamar Hunt has had Schaaf and president Jack Steadman running the team since the early Seventies, without much success. But we hear things could change with one more bad year. Our sources say Schaaf must have a strong season to remain in control. If he goes, look for Steadman to leave the organization to run Hunt's Kansas City holdings.

—FRED EDELSTEIN, publisher of "The Edelstein Pro Football Letter"

if you weigh 253 pounds and run the 40-yard dash in 4.45 seconds, you don't need much practice.

Keys to winning: Get the defense on the same page it was on in 1986, when it was second in the A.F.C. in fewest combined yards allowed. Changing back to the 3-4 alignment should help, as will the addition of number-one pick Neil Smith, the defensive end out of Nebraska with a seven-and-one-half-foot wing span.

Some teams, the Giants and the Eagles, for example, never recovered after their scab replacements put a three in the loss column during the strike. However, for head coach Al Saunders and the San Diego Chargers, the problem was a little different. Their scab team won three times. Those wins, combined with some heroics from the regulars on their return, gave the Chargers a total of eight straight victories, and San Diego fans and some of the media took the Chargers for what they aren't: a good football team. Instead of being able to patiently rebuild with realistic expectations, Saunders finds himself in an undeserved hot seat in only his second year.

To compound the Chargers' problems, veteran quarterback Dan Fouts put his battered body in retirement, leaving San Diego quarterback-desperate. A trade for Pittsburgh's Mark Malone gives them a warm body at the position, but Malone was never the answer for the Steelers.

Keys to winning: Malone must flourish as he never did at Pittsburgh. The draft, which doesn't appear to have been a particularly strong one for the Chargers, must come through beyond expectations.

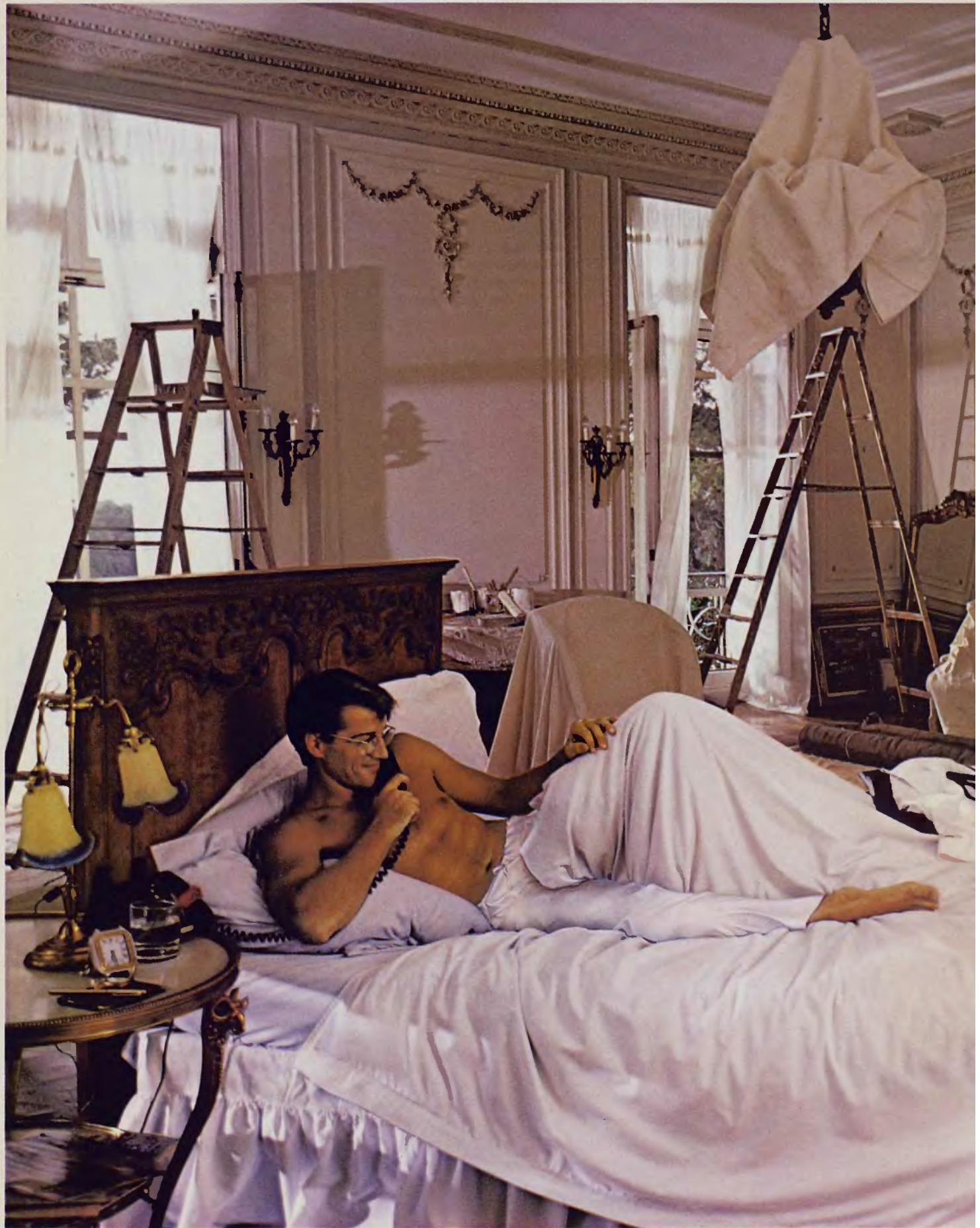
WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco 49ers	12-4
New Orleans Saints	9-7
Los Angeles Rams	7-9
Atlanta Falcons	3-13

Last year, the San Francisco 49ers thought they had the best team in football. Until they were ambushed by the Vikings in an N.F.C. play-off game, the stats showed that they were probably right: best regular season record (13-2), first in the N.F.L. in total offense (399.1 yards per game) and total defense (273 yards per game), most points scored (459) and fewest giveaways (26). But head coach Bill Walsh is never content to stand pat. Remember, he's the guy who had the foresight to acquire Steve Young, one of the best backup Q.B.s in the league. Before the draft this year, the 49ers listed their priorities as wide receiver and defensive lineman, in that order. They made a deal with the Raiders that brought them wide receiver Dokie Williams, then drafted University of Miami defensive end Daniel Stubbs. That sort of logic year after year is what keeps the 49ers at the top of the league.

Keys to winning: The only questions about the 49ers are on defense. The



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linebacking could be thin if Keena Turner can't come back from knee surgery. The defensive backfield could use a healthy Eric Wright, who hasn't played much the past two seasons because of injuries. Finally, the 49ers must guard against their number-one nemesis: overconfidence.

In a year that left a lot of fans feeling shortchanged, the folks down in New Orleans had a party that lasted from September to December. The Saints, who had never had a winning season in their 20-year history, marched to a 12-3 record and their first play-off appearance. They are good at a lot of positions but do not dominate at any. Until last year, even most diehard football fans would have had a hard time naming more than a couple of Saints players. What they lack in big names they make up for with teamwork.

Keys to winning: Running back Reuben Mayes, who tore knee ligaments in last year's wild-card game, must return to peak form. Craig "Ironhead" Heyward, the 251-pound fullback who was the Saints' first draft pick this year, will have to live up to his nickname.

If the Los Angeles Rams couldn't get to the Super Bowl with Eric Dickerson, the best running back in football, how can they get there without him? Only time will tell if the plethora of picks they garnered

in the Dickerson deal will take them where Eric couldn't. The Rams still have a strong rushing game with Pro Bowlers Jackie Slater and Doug Smith up front and Charles White in the backfield. However, speedball receiver-kick returner Ron Brown opted for early retirement when he couldn't get the contract he wanted.

Keys to winning: The Rams need intensity on defense, where they gave up 1000 yards more than the 49ers did last year. Quarterback Jim Everett, who has shown brilliance on occasion, needs those occasions more consistently.

Somebody has to be on the bottom, and unfortunately for the Atlanta Falcons, it's still their turn. Coach Marion Campbell's immediate job is to prevent them from having the worst record in the N.F.L. They need help almost everywhere. They got some at linebacker when they drafted the number-one pick, Aundray Bruce, from Auburn. Marcus Cotton, another linebacker, picked in the second round, could wind up being as good as Bruce. Quarterback Chris Miller needs time to mature.

Keys to winning: Use their future high draft picks wisely and plan for the future.

This year, the N.E.C. East will be pro football's strongest division from top to bottom. It has produced the past two Su-

per Bowl champions, and the Philadelphia Eagles are one of the most improved teams in the N.F.L. The only thing the teams in the N.E.C. East have going against them is that they have to play one another twice.

Buddy Ryan, of the Philadelphia Eagles, is the kind of coach who challenges, confronts, pressures and, if necessary, ridicules his players in order to motivate. He knows how to get in their heads and under their skin. But he also aligns himself with his players in an us-against-them mentality. During last year's strike, Ryan disdained the scab games, siding with the regular players. The short-term effect was three losses for the Eagles by what was probably the worst scab team in football. The long-term effect was an even closer emotional bond between Ryan and his players. The Eagles enter this season with good talent and superior motivation.

The center of the Eagles' offense is quarterback Randall Cunningham, who

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Philadelphia Eagles	11-5
Washington Redskins	10-6
New York Giants	10-6
Dallas Cowboys	7-9
Phoenix Cardinals	6-10

only a couple of years ago was regarded by many in the N.F.L. as not the stuff quarterbacks are made of. He was considered inconsistent, not a player who could handle the clutch situation. Two seasons ago, Ryan experimented with an unusual platoon system in which Cunningham played only on third-down situations. Says Cunningham, "The pressure Ryan put on me was more intense than that of the game. But he made me realize I could play with pressure and succeed." Last year, the Eagles averaged 25.2 points per game.

Keys to winning: The Eagles have to do a better job of running the ball. If Keith Byars can have a healthy season, their rushing should improve. Number-one pick Keith Jackson is a tight end who will be compared to Kellen Winslow. On defense, Reggie White, the best pass rusher in the N.F.L. last season (21 sacks), needs only to continue what he has been doing.

If you take the best team from last year, the Super Bowl champion Washington Redskins, and add an All Pro linebacker, you're a cinch to repeat as S.B. champ, right? Wrong. First of all, your opponents are motivated, because you're the team to beat. Also, it's never quite as much fun to climb the mountain the second time. And then there's that All Pro linebacker Wilber Marshall. Sure, he's a great player, and general manager Bobby Beathard was an awfully clever guy to figure out that the Chicago Bears didn't have the nerve and the money to match the Redskins' offer for the unsigned and thus available Marshall. But the guy is getting \$6,000,000 for five years, guaranteed. That's more than \$22,000 per tackle, based on the rate at



"Hey, are we working out, or what?"

which he tackled last year (53 solos). A lot of the other Redskins now have arithmetic on their mind. And they're not happy. And not happy does not win Super Bowls.

Keys to winning: Marshall must play great from minute one, plus be the world's most likable guy. The Doug Williams-Jay Schroeder quarterback controversy has to be a positive, not a negative, factor.

Has a team ever had a worse Super Bowl hangover than the New York Giants? The Bears started things off by pounding them 34-19 on Monday-night-TV's season opener. It was downhill from there. Five weeks into the season, the Super Bowl champs of the 1986 season were history. In fact, they wound up with more books published by players and coaches than wins.

As the Bears can testify, it's hard to find the edge again once you've lost it. The Giants still have most of the players from their Super Bowl year, though left tackle Brad Benson retired and right tackle Karl Nelson, his Hodgkin's disease in remission, is trying to make a comeback. The Giants drafted to fill those holes, and fill them they did, with Eric Moore (296 pounds) and John "Jumbo" Elliott (305 pounds).

Keys to winning: Head coach Bill Parcells must mix the ingredients again and hope that he comes up with the right chemistry. The Giants still need a backup for running back Joe Morris. On defense, linebacker Harry Carson and lineman George Martin will need to take a sip from

the fountain of youth.

Winning develops pride, and since the Dallas Cowboys have done a lot of winning over the years, they have more than the usual share. That pride has made the past two seasons hard for the Cowboys to swallow. Two years ago, they sent their supporters a letter at the end of the season, apologizing for their disappointing performance and promising to do better next year. However, the Cowboys' problems—too much age at some positions and not enough talent at others—were too pervasive to be solved in one year.

Coach Tom Landry, at last realizing the full extent of the Cowboys' weaknesses, has made a commitment to youth, particularly in the offensive line, where he played rookies Daryle Smith and Kevin Gogan, even though he admitted they were still green. The Cowboys have also made a commitment to bulk, with players such as defensive lineman Danny Noonan (270 pounds), Nate Newton (327 pounds) and Jeff Zimmerman (slimmed down to 310 pounds).

Keys to winning: Steve Pelluer has to show that he can be the Cowboys' number-one quarterback, so that Landry can stop vacillating between him and veteran Danny White. With Tony Dorsett traded to Denver, Herschel Walker, the number-one all-purpose back in the N.F.L., will be an even more dominant force on offense.

Ornithologists, take note. There's a new species of cardinal inhabiting the South-

west. The football Cardinals, hatched in Chicago, have migrated to Phoenix after a 28-year layover in St. Louis. They were a bona fide offensive success last season, led by quarterback Neil Lomax (more than 3000 yards passing) and wide receiver J. T. Smith (91 catches, 1117 yards, tops in the N.F.L.). Only San Francisco and Washington had better offensive productions. The problem with the Cardinals is that they were also near the top of the league in most yards and points allowed.

Keys to winning: Some of the Cards' draft picks on the defensive side will have to develop quickly, particularly number-one choice Ken Harvey, a linebacker from the University of California. The team must adjust to its new environment, since moving a franchise is always unsettling—new homes, new routines, new climate.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Minnesota Vikings	11-5
Chicago Bears	9-7
Green Bay Packers	7-9
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	6-10
Detroit Lions	4-12

The Minnesota Vikings have been living in the shadow of the Chicago Bears for the past few years. This year, the sun is going to shine in Minnesota. The extent of the steadily improving football fortunes of the Vikings was clearly evident in last season's



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play-offs, when they trounced the Saints, surprised the 49ers and came within one play of forcing the Redskins into overtime in the N.F.C. championship game.

On offense, Minnesota has two quality quarterbacks (Wade Wilson and Tommy Kramer), a group of excellent running backs (Darrin Nelson, D. J. Dozier and Alfred Anderson) and, at wide receiver, the little magician, Anthony Carter. The defense, led by end Chris Doleman, is solid.

Keys to winning: Coach Jerry Burns has to juggle the egos of his two quarterbacks ever so delicately. The Vikings must find a solution to their punting problems, since neither Greg Coleman nor Bucky Scribner could get the job done consistently last season. Finally, they must overcome the mental advantage the Bears have had the past couple of years, when they allowed Chicago to win games it shouldn't have.

In the past four years, the Chicago Bears have won more games (50) than any other N.F.L. team. They've also brought home four Central Division titles, one Super Bowl ring and more TV ads than Brent Musburger has superlatives. If the Bears haven't been America's team, they've certainly been the media's team. In the fore-

front is Mike Ditka, pro football's P. T. Barnum. Whenever things begin to get dull, Ditka roller-skates through the halls of the Bears' front office for the cameras, criticizes the Fridge's wife for overfeeding him, spits at an official or hits somebody in the head with a wad of gum. When Chicago had the best talent in football, the antics of Ditka and the Bears were funny. It remains to be seen who will get the last laugh this year.

The Bears will miss the talent and character of the great one, Walter Payton. They will also miss Wilber Marshall, who defected to the Redskins. Marshall was a big part of Chicago's aggressive style of defense. The team is still plenty good, but age and a lack of hunger are starting to show.

Keys to winning: The Bears need a healthy Jim McMahon to be in the race. Neal Anderson, who has the unenviable job of trying to fill Payton's shoes, must not let the pressure get to him. Veteran Dan Hampton, the mainstay of the Bears' defensive line, has to stay injury-free.

At Green Bay, it may finally be time to stop thinking about the way things were and concentrate on how things are going to be. Forrest Gregg, the last reminder of

the Vince Lombardi glory days, has gone back to his alma mater, SMU, to rebuild its football program. The new Packers' coach is Lindy Infante, the former Cleveland Browns offensive coordinator. Infante has the kind of football smarts and style to finally get the Pack back to the top. What he doesn't have at Green Bay is a great quarterback like Bernie Kosar. He'll have to choose among Randy Wright, Don Majkowski and Robbie Bosco, the BYU phenom who has spent most of his pro career on injured reserve.

Keys to winning: Infante will have to work some magic to come up with the right quarterback from the three available candidates. The Pack has a potentially awesome running duo in Kenneth Davis and Brent Fullwood; that is, if Fullwood can get his act together.

The Tampa Bay Buccaneers make no secret about it: Vinny Testaverde is the franchise. Coach Ray Perkins has traded veteran Steve DeBerg to Kansas City. Now it's Vinny or nothing. And as the young quarterback improves, so will the Bucs. In the meantime, Perkins has the job of trying to teach the N.F.L.'s youngest team (average age, 25) how to play together, particularly on defense. If they can continue to use their draft picks wisely and Perkins and the Tampa Bay fans remain patient, the Bucs and Testaverde will be a team for the Nineties.

Keys to winning: The defense must improve, particularly on the line, where defensive end Ron Holmes is the only consistent pass rusher. The Bucs also need a wide receiver, a punter and better play from their special teams. Perkins will have to protect Testaverde from situations that can erode his playing confidence.

The Detroit Lions finally did something smart last year. Instead of firing their coach, the usual tactic for a team that loses too often, they hired a new player-personnel man and told him to acquire better talent for the coach, Darryl Rogers, to work with. The personnel man is Jerry Vainisi, who was the general manager of the Bears from 1983 to 1986, and who is highly regarded by his peers. At this year's draft, he did what he was supposed to do. He landed Bennie Blades, the best defensive back available in the draft, and then picked up linebacker Chris Spielman, a future Pro Bowler. Vainisi has some years of rebuilding ahead of him; but at least the process has started.

Keys to winning: Chuck Long, the Lions' quarterback of the future, must continue to improve. While the Lions have an adequate offensive line, they need a running game to go behind it. Defensive end Reggie Rogers, the Lions' first pick in last year's draft, has to overcome his personal problems and play football up to his considerable potential.



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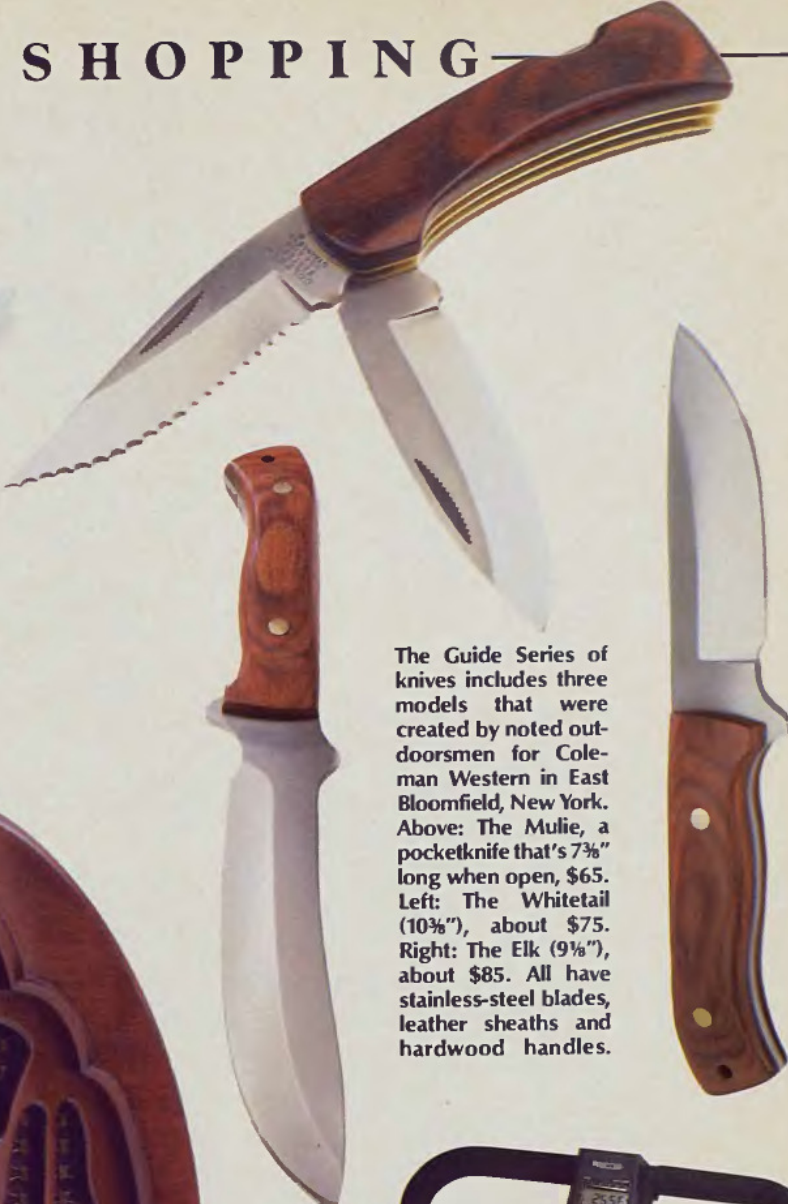
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S U P E R S H O P P I N G



Speedo's antifog, superlight swim goggles (top) come in a seascape of colors, \$7. Below the Speedo goggles are two Pasha goggles, by Tabata, \$16 each, which are antifog, adjustable and watertight for a comfortable fit during a leisurely crawl or a free-style workout. A stroke of genius!



The Guide Series of knives includes three models that were created by noted outdoorsmen for Coleman Western in East Bloomfield, New York. Above: The Mulie, a pocketknife that's 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ " long when open, \$65. Left: The Whitetail (10 $\frac{1}{2}$ "), about \$75. Right: The Elk (9 $\frac{1}{2}$ "), about \$85. All have stainless-steel blades, leather sheaths and hardwood handles.



Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear in the form of G.E.'s new 15" high AM/FM radio that's a scaled-down model of one marketed back in 1932. Its cabinet is wood veneer and the tuning dial lights up, \$75. The golden age of radio never looked so good.



While simulating the motions of hiking and climbing, the 718e Low Impact Climber strengthens legs, improves posture and burns calories. A computerized instrument panel has digital read-outs of strokes and time, by Precor, Bothell, Washington, \$430.



The write stuff. A French-made, elegant red-marble-lacquered fountain pen (pictured here actual size) with gold-plated trim and clip and a hand-shaped gold-plated nib, from Waterman Pen Company, Stamford, Connecticut, \$55, including a refill cartridge.



Timebeam is a high-technology optical projection system that throws an image of a working analogue clock onto a wall or a ceiling. Designed in England, Timebeam operates on a crystal quartz movement and a 50-watt, 12-volt halogen bulb, stands nine inches high and is also available in black or black and white, from George Kovacs Lighting, New York, \$500.



The VCT120 is a whole lot of video in one compact package.

The unit measures only 14" x 11½" x 14", yet it has a VHS cassette player (it does not record) that's built in and connected to a ten-inch color-television set. Features on the player include still frame, forward/reverse speed search, 12 channel presets and—get this—a D.C. adapter that enables you to tote the VCT120 with you and plug it into a car or boat's cigarette lighter, by Emerson Radio, North Bergen, New Jersey, about \$500. Nice.



A Prolight soft-shell bicycle helmet, \$69.95, extra Procap Lycra/mesh cover, \$11.95, both from Giro Sport Design, Santa Cruz, California.

GRAPEVINE



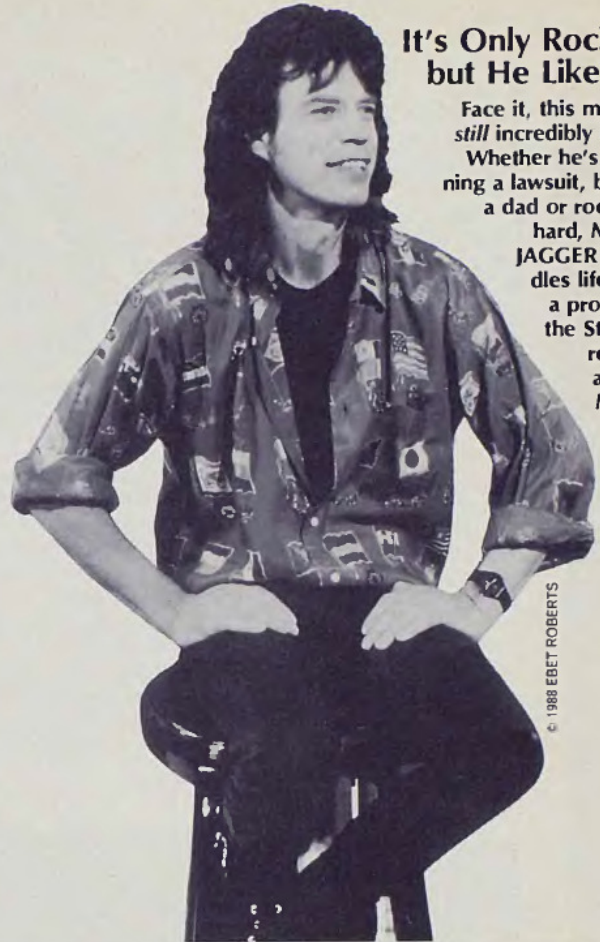
© 1988 MARK LEIVDAL

Hair Apparent

Meet AJA KIMURA. If you watch music videos, you'll recognize her from ones done by Shalamar and Morris Day. If you hang out in poster shops, you'll find Aja there. Or just feast your eyes on *Grapevine*.

It's Only Rock— but He Likes It

Face it, this man is *still* incredibly cool. Whether he's winning a lawsuit, being a dad or rocking hard, MICK JAGGER handles life like a pro. Get the Stones rolling again, Mick!



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BOB SEBRE

Audio-Visual

Humorist-singer-performance artist ROBYN HITCHCOCK is a hit on campus and off-beat radio stations. Tune him in.

PAUL NATVIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Stacey's Lacy

Dance-music queen STACEY Q's voice has been described as a mix of Valley girl and Betty Boop. Check out her album *Hard Machine* and see for yourself.

© NICK CHARLES





© KEN SETTLE

Company's Coming

Make way for the girls in COMPANY B. They won the National Dance Music Award for best new group and record of the year. An album will be out this fall, and so will they, dancing the night away.



© NICK CHARLES

Isn't Michelle Swell?

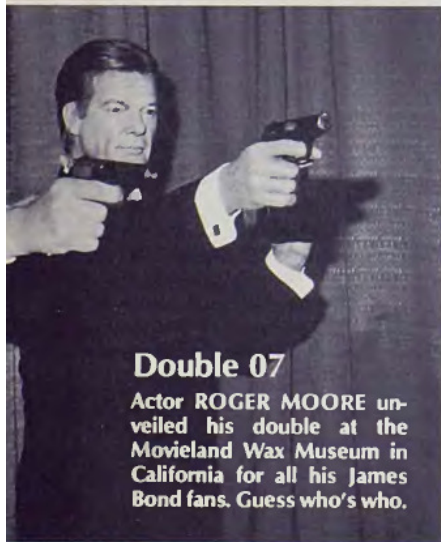
We'll let actress MICHELLE EVELAND say so long to summer for us. She's dressed for the job. To see more of Michelle—but not as much—look for her in *They Only Come Out at Night* on HBO.



© 1988 MARK LEYDAL

Shedding Some Light

This is not the Man in the Mirror, but we fooled you for a second, didn't we? It's SAM LLANAS, of the BoDeans. Llanas made a guest appearance on Robbie Robertson's *Somewhere Down That Crazy River* video. The BoDeans played to the crowds in Europe and the U.S. Now they're back in the studio working on an album. Hit it, Sam.



Double 07

Actor ROGER MOORE unveiled his double at the Movieland Wax Museum in California for all his James Bond fans. Guess who's who.

NEXT MONTH



COED COWGIRLS



DADDY'S GIRLS



DOUBLE TROUBLE



TRUE BREWS

"THE OLYMPIC TRAINING TABLE"—WHAT'S THE BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS? WHATEVER CORPORATE BACKERS PUT INTO THE FEED BAG. A REPORT ON THE SEOUL FOODS THAT FUEL OUR ATHLETES DURING THE XXIV GAMES AND HOW SPONSORSHIPS ARE BROKERED—BY **PAUL ENGLEMAN**

"GIRLS OF THE SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE"—ALL YOU COWBOYS OUT THERE MAY HAVE DIFFICULTY MINDIN' YOUR MANNERS AFTER A GANDER AT THIS BEVY OF COED COWGIRLS

"THE HOTEL-MOTEL BAR & GRILL"—AN EIGHTIES UPDATE OF *FATHER KNOWS BEST* BY OUR COLLEGE FICTION WINNER, **VALERIE VOGRIN**

MORTON DOWNEY, JR.—THE TALK-SHOW HOST WITH BULLYBOY TACTICS—SIZES UP **OPRAH** AND **PHIL**, DISCUSSES HIS TIME IN PRISON AND DEFINES "PABLUM PUKER" IN **"20 QUESTIONS"** BY **AL GOLDSTEIN**

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"—IN AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT FROM HIS NEW BOOK, THE GREAT AMERICAN ORAL HISTORIAN EXPLORES THE WIDENING GAP BETWEEN RICH AND POOR—BY **STUDS TERKEL**

"HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU"—FOLLOW THE CREW OF THE STARSHIP HOPEFUL AS IT MAKES CONTACT WITH BEINGS ON THE PLANET MATRIX, WHERE IMITATION MAY NOT BE THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY—BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

"AN ELECTION HELD HOSTAGE"—WAS IT COINCIDENCE THAT THE TEHRAN HOSTAGES WERE RELEASED MINUTES INTO REAGAN'S FIRST TERM? AN INVESTIGATION BY **ABBIE HOFFMAN** AND **JONATHAN SILVERS**

BRUCE WILLIS DIDN'T MAKE IT INTO SEPTEMBER, BUT WE PROMISE TO DELIVER THE GOODS IN OCTOBER. FIND OUT IF MARRIAGE TO **DEMI MOORE** HAS TAMED *DIE HARD*'S PARTY ANIMAL IN A WILD AND WOOLLY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"WELCOME TO WEIRD"—ODDBALLS ARE "IN," IN POLITICS, SHOWBIZ, SPORTS. WHY ARE THEY COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK? BLAME IT ON MR. NORMAL HIMSELF, **RONALD REAGAN**—BY **JERRY STAHL**

PLUS: THE RAREST BEERS FROM AROUND THE WORLD; **"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW,"** OUR UNCANNY FORECAST OF COLLEGE GRIDIRON WINNERS, BY **GARY COLE**; THE HANDIEST BAGS FOR A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE



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16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85.