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A herd of longhorn cattle is shown in a dusty, hazy landscape. The cattle are of various colors, including white, brown, and black, and have long, curved horns. They are moving through a field of tall grass, and the air is filled with dust, creating a sense of movement and atmosphere. The lighting is warm, suggesting a sunrise or sunset.

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Longhorns. If you're tough

A cowboy on a horse, wearing a hat and holding a lasso, is herding a large group of longhorn cattle. The cattle are of various colors, including brown, white, and black, and have long, curved horns. The background shows a rugged, hilly landscape with a dirt road or path. The scene is captured in a cinematic style with warm, golden light.

enough to handle 'em, they call you a cowboy.

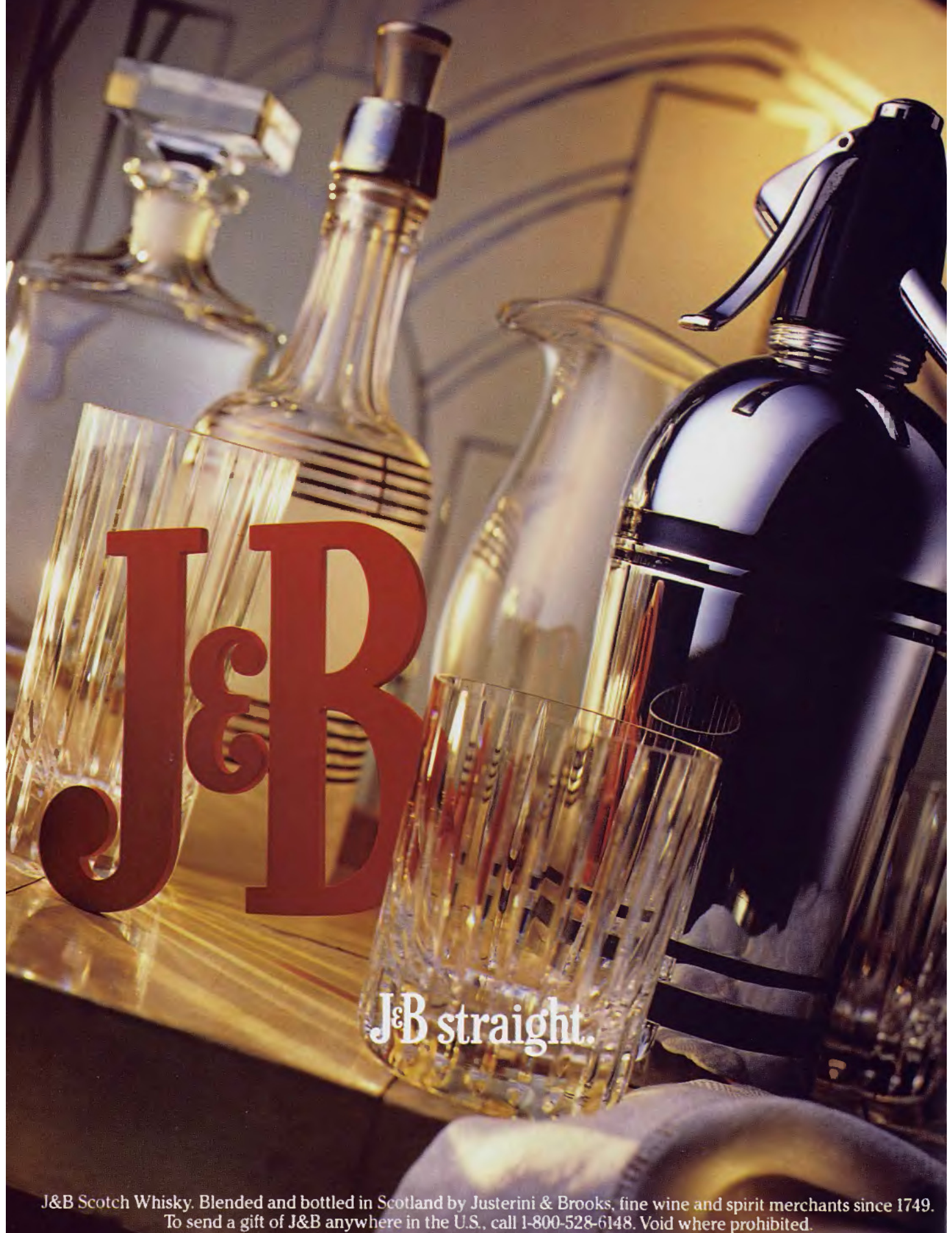


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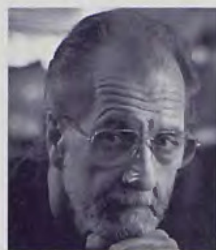
IT WILL PROBABLY come as no surprise to you that *Playboy* gets its share of unusual phone calls and letters. Few are as compelling as the call received this year from Federally protected witness and confessed contract killer **Donald Frankos**. Why was this Mob guy different from hundreds of others? Frankos said he knew who had killed **Jimmy Hoffa**. Intrigued, if skeptical, we dispatched private investigator **Lake Headley**, who has worked on other projects for *Playboy* and recently wrote, with **William Hoffman**, *The Court Martial of Clayton Lonetree*, to verify Frankos' claim. The result, *The Hit on Jimmy Hoffa* (illustrated by **Gary Kelley** and **Kinuko Y. Craft**), makes fascinating reading. Is Frankos telling the whole truth? We'll let you judge for yourself.

The Mob also played a part in the current savings-and-loan fiasco, which has some very practical implications. After you read the adaptation of **Stephen Pizzo**, **Mary Fricker** and **Paul Muolo's** book *Inside Job: The Looting of America's Savings and Loans* (published by McGraw-Hill), you may well consider stuffing your hard-earned money under the mattress. We also have a pithy excerpt from *USA Today* founder **Al Neuharth's** Doubleday book, *Confessions of an S.O.B.* Everyone snickered when *USA Today* was first published, but now even TV is trying to copy its style. One thing you can say for Neuharth: He doesn't pretty up the truth. Many of us were very disturbed by the Supreme Court's recent abortion decision and its grim lesson: Poor women will once again suffer the most. Frequent contributor **Robert Scheer** studies the economics of the decision in an important "Reporter's Notebook": "Abortion: The Bottom Line." We have more great talk this month. In the *Playboy Interview* with Soviet chess master **Garry Kasparov**, correspondent **Rudolph Chelminski** gets Kasparov's opinion on everything from *glasnost* to **Natalya Negoda** to the inner game of chess. *20 Questions* pits two major **Bonnie Raitt** fans, writer **Paul Engleman** and Articles Editor **John Rezek**, against the best slide guitarist ever to attend Radcliffe. She comes out a definite winner.

Turning to fiction, we have an excerpt from **Stephen Coonts's** new book, *The Minotaur* (also to be published by Doubleday), illustrated by **Greg Spalenka**. It's about a U.S. Navy computer technician who peddles Pentagon secrets to the Russians and bungles the job. **Dan Thrapp's** science-fiction story *Dr. Spinther* is a cautionary tale about the high price of beauty (illustrated by **Pater Sato**).

November may mean turkey and stuffing to most of you, but around here, it means it's time for our wrap-up of *Sex in Cinema 1989*, with text by Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**. His report says that today's conservative social climate has forced film makers to use sex more subtly. We'll let the photographs tell the story. Speaking of visual stimulation, don't miss—as if you could—our photographs of the beautiful **Donna Mills** by **Earle Doud**. Doud met Donna in the Sixties. Since he was a professional photographer, it was only natural that he'd have Donna do a shooting for him. Doud went on to become a successful comedy writer for many of TV's great ones. Meanwhile, the negatives of his photos of Donna lay in a file cabinet—until recently, when it occurred to Doud, still a big Donna Mills fan, that her other admirers might enjoy a look. He brought the photos to us; now we bring them to you in *Oh! Donna*.

There are more charms this month, including a feature on dude clothes modeled by **John Clark Gable**, actor son of one of the movies' original dudes, **Clark Gable**. If you don't already have a personal video player, consider buying one. Then, next time you're flying to Pittsburgh on business and your seat companion asks your sign, just ignore her, pull out your hand-held player and plug in an 8mm tape of *The Misfits*. **Jonathan Takiff's** *Personal Video . . . to Go* tells which equipment suits you best. Before you go anywhere, check out Idaho, stomping grounds of Miss November, **Reneé Tenison**: You may just want to stay home and dream. Lastly, see our feature on brown-suede shoes if you want to make a fashion statement at Thanksgiving dinner. But please, don't spill cranberry sauce on the magazine—at least read it first.



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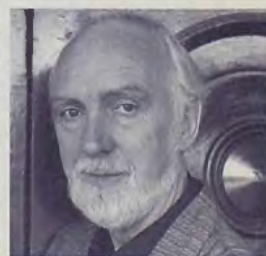
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 36, no. 11—november 1989

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

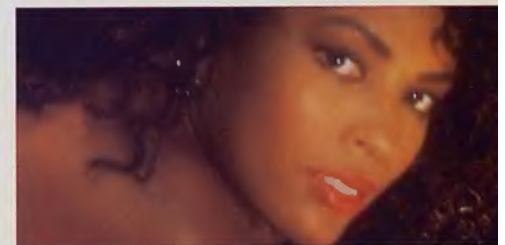
PLAYBILL	5
DEAR PLAYBOY	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	17
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS 34
MEN	ASA BABER 36
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL 37
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	45
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK:	
ABORTION: THE BOTTOM LINE—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER 55
PLAYBOY'S WESTERN ROUNDUP—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE 57
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GARRY KASPAROV—candid conversation	61
THE HIT ON JIMMY HOFFA—article	74
OH! DONNA—pictorial	82
DR. SPINTHER—fiction	DAN THRAPP 88
PERSONAL VIDEO . . . TO GO—modern living	JONATHAN TAKIFF 92
INSIDE JOB: THE LOOTING OF AMERICA'S SAVINGS AND LOANS—article	STEPHEN PIZZO, MARY FRICKER and PAUL MUOLO 94
THE TOAST OF MELBA—playboy's playmate of the month	98
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	110
THE MINOTAUR—fiction	STEPHEN COONTS 112
HOW SUEDE IT IS!—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE 114
WORKING GIRL—pictorial	118
CONFESSIONS OF AN S.O.B.—article	AL NEUHARTH 120
PLAYBOY COLLECTION—modern living	122
SEX IN CINEMA 1989—pictorial	text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON 128
20 QUESTIONS: BONNIE RAITT	140
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	193



Oh! Donna P. 82



Dude Duds P. 57



Boise Beauty P. 98



Spinter's Creature P. 88



COVER STORY

"Oh, Donna, oh, Donna. . ." Fifties crooner Ritchie Valens devoted this romantic tune to his beloved Donna. On our cover and in a very special pictorial, we celebrate the beauty and vitality of another beloved Donna—Donna Mills. The cover was produced by Associate Photo Editor Linda Kenney and shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. By the way, the Rabbit Head always gets a sterling rating with us.

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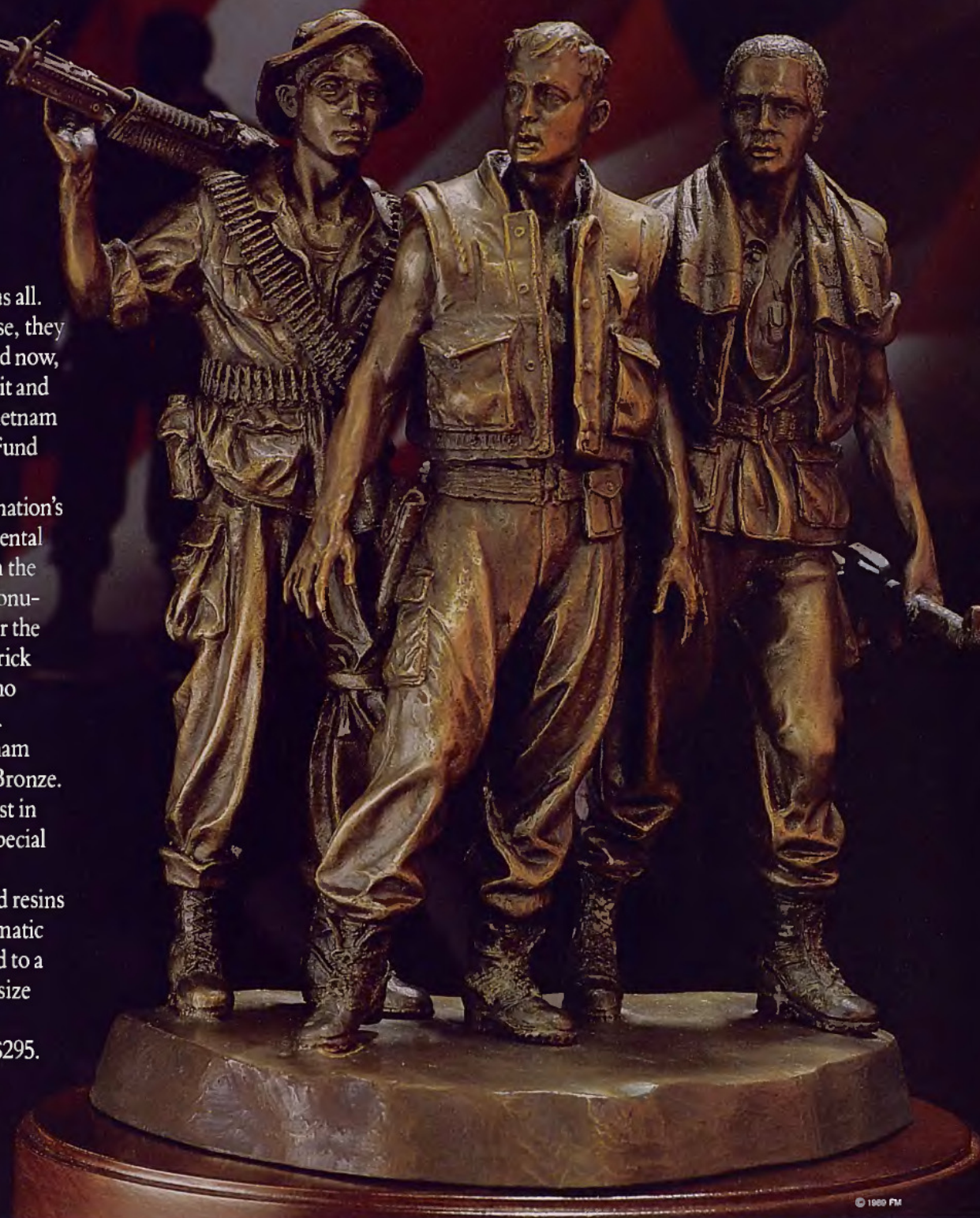
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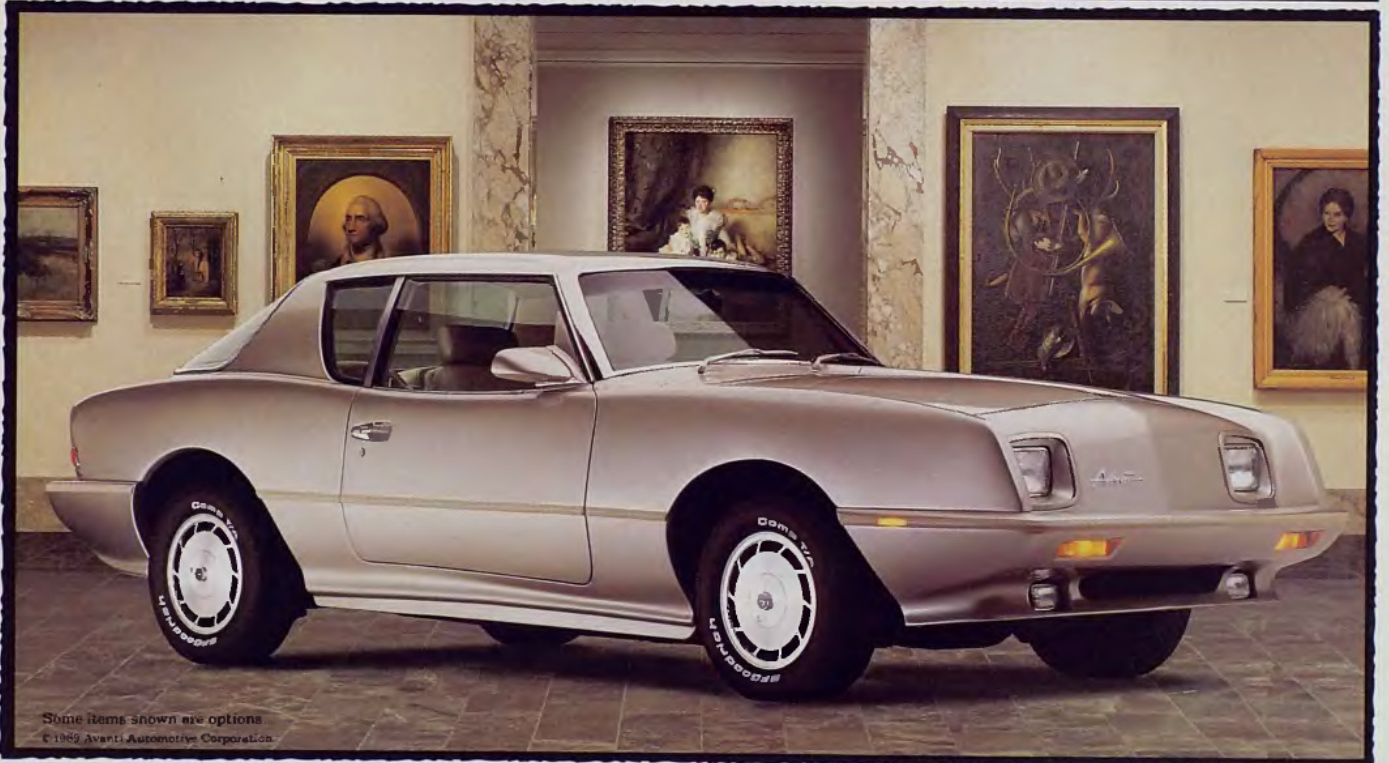
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TORRES ON TYSON

After reading José Torres' book excerpt *Fire and Fear* (Playboy, August), I am struck with a lingering feeling of compassion for Mike Tyson and of enmity for the author. This excerpt reflects one of the worst aspects of boxing—and of journalism—namely, how people are exploited for personal gain. Torres attempts to make this point about exploitation while unwittingly showing himself to be an avid practitioner of it.

One would have to believe that the obviously naïve Tyson told Torres (if, indeed, he did so) of his personal feelings and intimate events in his life in the belief that Torres was a friend. This type of betrayal seems epidemic in journalism today.

Norman G. Hotz
San Francisco, California

I read the article *Fire and Fear* and wondered who was the bigger jerk—Mike Tyson or Robin Givens. I gave Tyson my vote. What a dweeb! Any man who likes to hurt women or, in Tyson's words, "hear them scream with pain, to see them bleed" is not a real man. And screwing every woman in sight doesn't make you a man, either.

I'm black and was raised in a depressed environment, too, Mike, but that doesn't give me the green light to be an asshole.

Michael D. Ross
Oakland, California

Mike Tyson! Wow! What a great guy! I'll bet millions of minority kids want to grow up to be just like him: ignorant, insane, criminal, bullying, woman-hating.

After I finished José Torres' article, I flashed back to the second paragraph, where he writes, "Had he not met Cus [D'Amato], Tyson would probably be dead or in jail today." Too right! He *should* be in jail today, for various crimes that, as heavy-weight champion, he commits with seeming impunity. It's only a matter of time until he kills someone, and not in the ring.

I may be lacking in empathy, but I think the world would be a better place if kids

had better heroes than Tyson. I nominate Sugar Ray Leonard.

Diane Silver
Arleta, California

Fire and Fear is the most disgusting piece of material I have ever read concerning a public figure. Tyson's gloating over his sexual escapades (which no one cares about) and his apparent disrespect for women are inexcusable. I was aware of his lack of education, but I was not as knowledgeable about his lack of common sense.

Janice Parker
St. Louis, Missouri

While I realize that your magazine presents the excerpt of *Fire and Fear* as only José Torres' view of Mike Tyson, your inclusion of it suggests your approval of Tyson, who can only be seen as an imbecilic thug.

Your quote by Tyson, on the cover, no less, in which he brags that his best punch was the one he threw at Robin Givens, also disturbs me. Whether she was a victim of his outrageous physical rage or a conniving gold digger only after his money is irrelevant; the simple fact is that hundreds of thousands of young male eyes will see that quotation, relate it to your glorification of Tyson and draw one more time the conclusion that hitting a woman is sometimes justified. Wife/girlfriend abuse is already too much of a problem for you to be adding to it, even if subtly; don't you agree?

Chris W. Kellogg
Wallingford, Pennsylvania

Playboy has promoted the principles of gentlemanly behavior for 35 years, and hitting or abusing women has never been, nor will it ever be, behavior we condone under any circumstances. As for "glorifying" Tyson, we think the picture Torres paints of him is far from glorious, though it is perhaps tragic.

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Remind me not to invite John Cougar Mellencamp, the subject of your August *Playboy Interview*, to any party of mine! If I ever meet him, I'll be sure to stay out of



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his way rather than risk being made fun of "until it's fucking embarrassing." On second thought, with my inhibitions lifted after drinking a few beers, I might tell him what a pompous, sanctimonious ass he is.

Michael J. Woods
Wellesley, Massachusetts

Thank you for an entertaining interview with John Cougar Mellencamp. Although big business in the States, he seems to be at the stage in Britain where the heavy-metal press don't cut him any slack, 'cause he ain't heavy enough, and the bland-music press don't either, because, to them, all rock music is heavy metal. Well, there are a lot of J.C.M. fans over here.

Jimmy Keegan
Oldham, England

I'm so relieved. John Mellencamp feels that it's OK for my five-year-old son and seven-year-old daughter to listen to and sing along with such classic lyrics as "We want some pussy" and "Stick your pussy on my face."

I'm not going to try to shield my children. Instead, I'm going to—are you ready?—"Prepare them for the real world!"

Bobby Hatfield (half of the Righteous Brothers)
Huntington Beach, California

We deduce from your sarcasm, Bobby, that you've lost that lovin' feeling for Mellencamp.

Thanks for the great interview with John Mellencamp. It's refreshing to see a star who still has a conscience and who hasn't sold out to the big corporations, like numerous other stars. Rock on, John.

By the way, can *Playboy* tell me how to get a letter to John C.?

Michael Biller
Louisville, Kentucky

Mellencamp doesn't have a fan club, but you can write to him c/o PolyGram Records, 825 Eighth Avenue, New York 10019.

A TIME FOR MICKEY MOUSE

A Time for Mickey Mouse (*Playboy*, August) is a disturbing article desecrating a family institution, Disneyland. David Mamet must have known he was touching on some rather sacred ground. How could he not? He speaks of Riverview, where he went as a child to be terrified. A place where there was "illicit gambling, one could die on the rides, the place reeked of sex." Certainly no place for a child—or morally sane adults, for that matter!

When Walt Disney created Disneyland, he designed it so parents and children could go on rides together and have fun without fearing for their lives. From what I have read, carnivals, fairs and amusement parks of the day were usually dirty, disorganized and poorly run. Disney wanted a clean, safe, friendly park. It took nearly 20

years for his dream to be realized, and in my opinion, it was well worth the amount of thought and planning that went into creating Disneyland. Sure, it's commercialized. Isn't everything?

Stephanie French
Las Vegas, Nevada



War, famine, terrorism, racism . . . and David Mamet feels a need to trash Disneyland! Seems to me that Mamet could use a good enema.

Sam Shabrin
Allentown, Pennsylvania



th character.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MINIKINI FANS

I'd like to apologize to the many hundreds of readers who have written to inquire about the Minikini (*Wet Mischief*, *Playboy*, April). The response has been so



great that I have been forced to look for a manufacturer in the U.S. with capacity sufficient to handle such a volume of orders. Unfortunately, I have not yet located one that is satisfactory.

I can only ask readers for their continued patience and hope to supply them with the swimwear.

Marilyn Cole
London, England

ASA'S OLIVE BRANCH

I have always thought of *Playboy* as a magazine that liked and respected women. However, months of reading Asa Baber's bitterly misogynistic attacks upon women have shaken my faith in you. The final straw is his August *Men* column, "Peace, Cynthia," which is entirely devoted to attacking one of my *Playboy* favorites, Cynthia Heimel.

It seems Heimel's crime was poking a little fun at Baber's rampant paranoia. Her punishment is a long, whining tirade that accuses her of being a feminist bully—a ridiculous label to tack onto one of the most evenhanded and sensitive columnists I read.

Carl Skutsch
Brooklyn, New York

Cheers to Asa Baber for his August *Men* column, "Peace, Cynthia," in response to "We're Gonna Get You, Suckers" (Heimel's May *Women* column).

What *does* Heimel have against men?

Faye Noutelle
La Crosse, Wisconsin

CHRISTIE'S SHARP

I recently saw a segment of *McLaughlin* on which Christie Hefner was a guest. The host, John McLaughlin, questioned her on topics ranging from the resurgence of *Playboy Enterprises* as a profitable organi-

zation to the role of *Playboy* in championing women's issues. She displayed humor, diplomacy and a razor-sharp wit in answering a series of rapid questions.

Three cheers for Miss Hefner. She's my kind of woman.

Antonio Nord
Bedford, Massachusetts

WOMEN OF WALL STREET

I enjoyed your August pictorial *Women of Wall Street* and, most notably, Robin Mormelo and Cheryl Petersen.

I hope that *Playboy* will enrich us with the opportunity to see these two beautiful ladies again as Playmates of the Month.

Scott Rinker
Laurel, Maryland

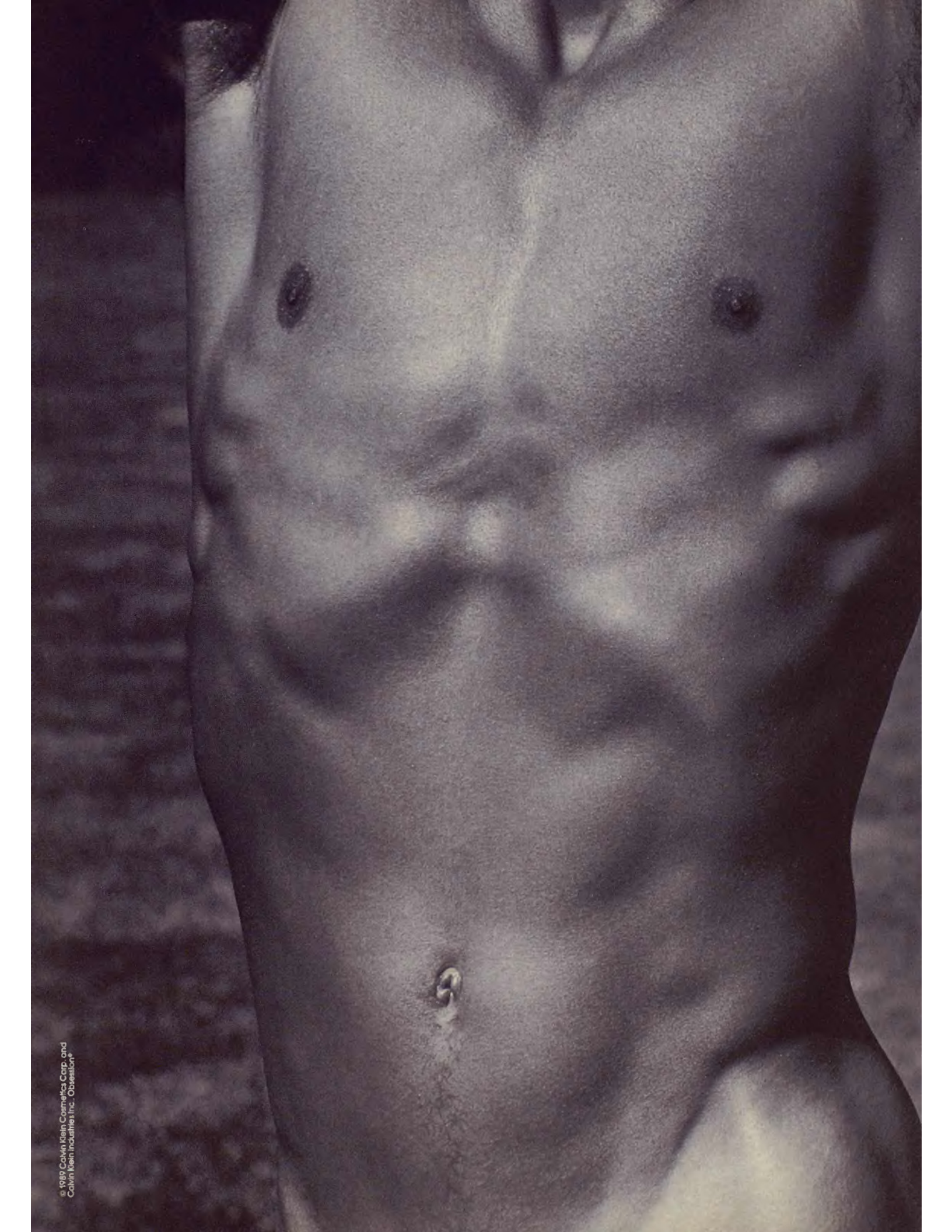
Women of Wall Street's Kimberly Ann Clark is the best-looking girl I've seen on *Playboy's* pages for a long, long while. I was captivated by her smile. She says her only Wall Street downer is "clients who don't want to invest with a twenty-four-year-old." Here's one client who would happily invest all his money with her.

Phil Hollowell
Wallington, England

Thank you, Paine Webber!

Mike Miller
Jacksonville, Florida





OBSESSION

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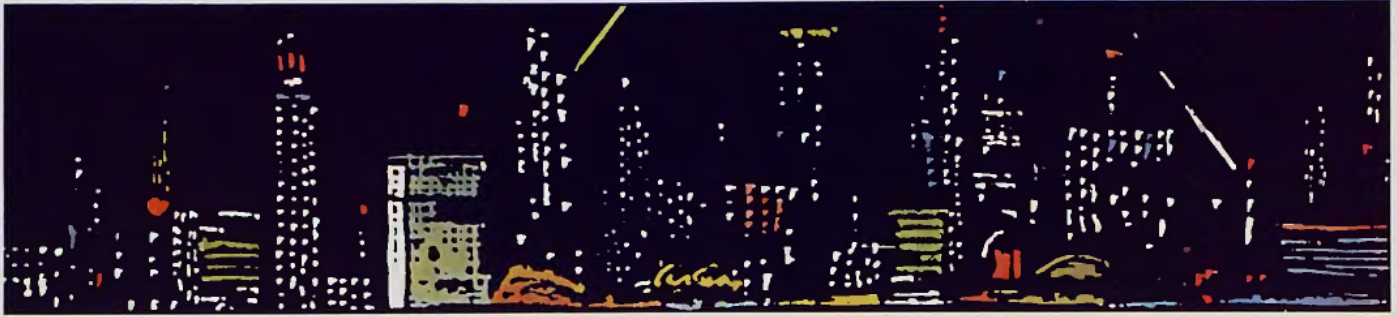
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HIGHBROW YUKS

So here's what we want to know: If the people at an occasional Los Angeles club called Comedy IQ are so smart, how come they aren't on *Carson*? How come they meet sporadically on Saturday evenings (bumped by weddings, *bar mitzvahs* and samba showcases) in a grungy room off to one side of a Continental/Brazilian restaurant called Gio's, on an untrendy section of the Sunset Strip? And, most important, how come their jokes are so dumb?

Comedy IQ was started by a lawyer/comedian (does that mean—har, har—if you don't like his jokes, he'll sue?) named Tom Shiekman, who wanted to create a free space for what he calls "intelligent stand-up comedy." Comedy IQ was seen as an alternative to a world of comedy filled with yellers and shouters and dead-dog jokes. The purpose of Comedy IQ, says Shiekman, is to make people think, to deal with issues of the day, to bring back the world of topical comedy pioneered by Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce.

We finally got to a session of Comedy IQ after about two months of trying and found a room populated by three middle-aged women from the San Fernando Valley, four blandish guys and a table of four women in their early 20s, three of whom had fire-engine-red hair. The nine-o'clock show didn't start until 9:30. That's when a fellow named Glen climbed onto the stage and announced that this was Comedy IQ and that if we didn't get the jokes, there were Cliffs Notes and transcripts available. Then he asked if there were any sports fans in the audience and told a joke about Pete Rose. The redheads laughed and ordered a round of Long Island iced teas.

Glen introduced a chubby comedian who described himself as the Middle Eastern Pillsbury Doughboy. He told us that he was Lebanese, which he said most people in Hollywood think is when two girls like each other. He told us that eating at Denny's is like going to the bathroom—everyone does it and nobody talks about it. He talked about J.F.K.'s sex life, saying his best-known quote should have been, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do on me."

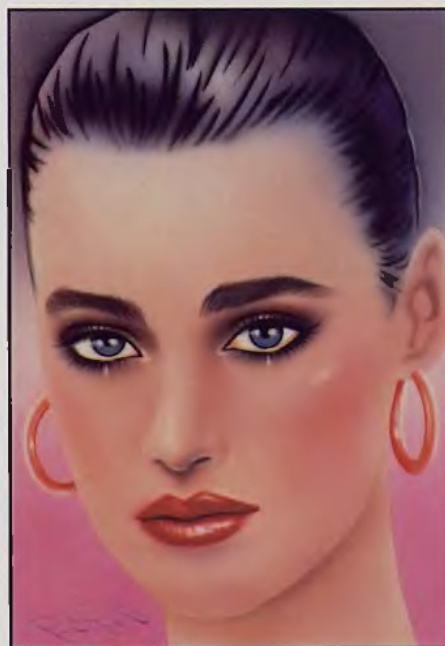
Then a woman named Beth came on. She said she was addicted to sleep; it kept her up nights worrying about it. She said she was on a plane flying from New York to Los Angeles, and the guys sitting in front of her were complaining about the bad attitude of New York women, so she leaned over the seat and told them, "I'm a New York woman, and fuck you!" She also mentioned Leonard Cohen.

Even the redheads lost interest. Between acts, one turned to another and said she had a bottle of brandy at her house, and they could all go there and finish it off. We followed their lead and headed for the street. There had to be something better—maybe not smarter but better. . . .

BRITCOMS

As it turned out, there was. Margaret Thatcher and Prince Charles make it easy to forget that the British are funny. In fact, the U.K. is currently hosting a comedy explosion similar to the current (normal I.Q.) American one. So we checked out the British comic galaxy and found a number of rising stars worth catching.

Billy Connolly, a Scottish George Car-



lin-meets-Robin Williams, leads the pack. "I frighten people on the beach," he says, "because being Scottish, I'm pale blue. It takes me a week to get white."

And Victoria Wood sings weird doggerel and cracks wise in a style not unlike Jay Leno's. "This ballad," she says, introducing a tune on her *Victoria Wood Live LP*, "is dedicated to my deep interest in the act of physical lovemaking. It's very short." The problem, she says, is that her first boyfriend "had a sex manual, but he was dyslexic. I was lying in bed and he kept looking for my vinegar."

Our favorite is Lenny Henry. As Low-down Lefthanded Dirty Hounddog, Henry is a would-be delta blues singer dressed in fedora, sunglasses and giant suit. "The blues," says Hounddog, "is when you meet a beautiful woman wearing a long, shimmering white dress. You take her home and you make love all night long! And the next day, you find out it's the Pope." Impersonating British heavyweight Frank Bruno, Henry dresses in boxing gloves and Shakespearean pantaloons and does the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. As Theophilus P. Wildebeeste ("The most fertile man in the universe"), he plucks a woman from the audience and croons, "Tonight is your lucky night. I'm gonna let you have my body. All of it. Even the long, wobbly, floppy, dangly bits." Look for his film *Lenny Live and Unleashed* due out soon in the U.S.

There you have it. U.K. humor is, as the rappers say, real stupid. And that's good.

SAUDI NAUGHTIES

A commercial film maker we know accepted the following set of restrictions when he agreed to shoot a soft-drink commercial for Saudi Arabian television:

1. No dancing.
2. No comparative advertising.
3. No glamorous/appealing females. In particular: no miniskirts, hotpants, swimming suits or bare shoulders.
4. No two people sipping or eating from the same glass or dish.
5. No car racing.
6. No showering sequences.
7. No winking/burping.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"If that plane doesn't fly, the debate is over. It is far too expensive to be a Stealth taxi."—SENATOR SAM NUNN on the B-2 bomber's per-plane cost of \$500,000,000.

BUTTON UP

Number of Americans who had colds in 1987: 61,900,000.

Number of Americans who had the flu that year: 91,000,000.

In 1987, 21 percent of the people living in the Midwest had colds; in the South, 24; in the Northeast, 27; in the West, 33.

TOT COUNT

Number of children under five now living in the United States: 18,000,000.

Projected number of children under five in the year 2000: 16,900,000.

State currently with the most children under five: California (2,300,000).

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

Percentage of Americans who know that Dan Quayle is Vice-President: 75.

Percentage in 1952 who knew who was Vice-President: 69.

Who was Vice-President in 1952? Alben Barkley.

Percentage of Americans who know what the Fifth Amendment is: 50.

Percentage in 1957 who knew that: 42.

Percentage of Americans who know that the first ten Amendments to the Constitution are called the Bill of



FACT OF THE MONTH

In a *Washington Post* poll, 54 percent of the respondents knew the name of the jurist on television's *The People's Court*, Judge Joseph Wapner. Only nine percent could name the current Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, William H. Rehnquist.

Rights: 46.

Percentage in 1954 who knew that: 33.

TRAVEL I.Q.

Percentage of Americans who take at least one trip a year: 80.

Percentage who know that smoking is prohibited on domestic flights of less than two hours: 83.

Percentage who know the difference between a direct flight and a nonstop flight: 30 (direct flights may make intermediate stops before reaching the final destination).

Percentage who think a passport is needed to travel from the continental U.S. to Hawaii: ten.

STUFFED

Percentage of Americans who say they eat a lot of green vegetables: 51.

Percentage of Americans who say they eat a lot of red meat: 23.

Percentage of Americans who say they eat a lot of potatoes: 31.

Percentage of Americans who say they eat a lot of pasta: 30.

PLANE FARE

Cost of a Boeing 747-200 passenger jetliner in 1986: \$29,000,000.

Cost of an identical plane in January 1989: \$32,000,000.

Original cost of a McDonnell-Douglas DC-8 in the Sixties: \$3,000,000.

Cost of an identical plane today: \$14,000,000.

8. No suggestive looks or acts by female models; no sexy laughs.

9. No beard shaving.

10. No advances or compliments from male to female, and vice versa.

11. No crosses, David Stars [*sic*] or any resemblances featured.

12. No kissing.

13. No words such as magic, mystery, paradise, hell, etc.

14. No religious expressions describing product.

15. Commercials should be appealing: no hairy males, for example.

16. Always use the right hand.

GUIDE TO THE GUTS

One of the great unsung components of a college education is the gut course. You know, the easy one that introduces a bit of fluff into an otherwise heavy load. You can recognize guts by their irreverent nicknames. For your edification, we've assembled an all-guts honor roll of sorts. Here are the great guts, with schools and popular tags included:

Amherst College: Human Sexuality (Poles & Holes); Princeton University: Geology (Rocks for Jocks); University of Chicago: College Algebra (Math for Trees); University of North Carolina at Greensboro: Applied Social Theory and Qualitative Research Methodology (Deadhead 101—because the class studies the Grateful Dead); Yale University: Ancient Egypt Through the Time of Tutankhamen (Mummies for Dummies). Does it kind of make us wish we were back in school? Nah. We haven't the guts for it.

Z RULES

A reader sent us a clip from the Japanese publication *Kansai Time Out*, with these "Rules of the Road in English," which were once allegedly posted in the Central Police Station in Tokyo:

1. At the rise of the hand policeman, stop rapidly.

2. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

3. When a passenger of the foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet at him. Melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor, express by word of mouth the warning "Hi-hi."

4. Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaust box at him as you pass him by. Go soothingly by.

5. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

6. Go soothingly in the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.

7. Avoid tanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

8. Press the braking of the foot as you roll round the corner to save collapse and tie up.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THERE'S NARY a dull moment in *Johnny Handsome* (Columbia), with Mickey Rourke once again showing the slow burn and sizzle that originally cinched his claim to stardom. Adapted from a novel by John Godey, director Walter Hill's dark revenge drama is a *film noir* full of gleaming evil. Rourke starts out as a hideously malformed criminal whose life is changed by plastic surgery, a lot like Joan Crawford in her 1941 star vehicle *A Woman's Face*. Mickey, however, winds up having more in common with James Cagney's do-or-die classics. Stabbed in prison after taking the rap for two double-crossing colleagues on a New Orleans robbery, he comes out with a new face, a new job, a new life—and old scores to settle at whatever cost. In a supporting cast that's all aces, Elizabeth McGovern plays the nice girl who comes along too late to save him, while masterful Morgan Freeman hovers over the action like a Greek chorus foretelling Johnny's fate. Rourke's enemies are a treacherous duo played with go-for-broke style by Lance Henriksen and Ellen Barkin, with Barkin as the nastiest screen bitch since Baby Jane. You must have guessed by now that *Johnny Handsome* is a lean, mean, suspenseful psychodrama of the old school, and Rourke comes out of it *magna cum laude*. ★★★½

A big Italian wedding in the Bronx is scrutinized by fledgling writer-director Nancy Savoca in *True Love* (MGM/UA), winner of the jury's top prize at this year's U.S. Film Festival in Park City, Utah. An NYU film school grad who co-authored the screenplay with her husband, Richard Guay, Savoca has a sharp eye for satire but seems to curb her hard-edged observations just this side of outright cruelty. While often hilarious, *True Love* is also a pointedly sardonic slice of life about Donna (Annabella Sciorra) and Michael (Ron Eldard), who are eager, young, sexy but entirely unready for the marriage they are backing into because their plans are too far along to be stopped. They quarrel about everything from her shrewishness and the company he keeps to the color of his tux. Before the nuptial celebration is over, she's sobbing in the ladies' room, and their frozen smiles in the wedding photographs can scarcely conceal that the future looks bleak, indeed. *True Love* seems to say, "That's life" but says it with warmth and spontaneity. We'll be seeing more from Savoca, who obviously has a flair for comedy with the common touch. ★★★

A prize-winning student film maker (Kevin Bacon) connives, compromises and betrays his friends and himself before fortune smiles a second time. That's the norm



Handsome is as Mickey does.

Mickey scores, Hollywood gets skewered and Burt Reynolds ages gracefully.

in Hollywood, according to *The Big Picture* (Columbia). This buckshot satire co-authored by Christopher Guest, a *Saturday Night Live* alumnus, exuberantly directing his first feature, misses as often as it hits, and the plot matters little—it's *What Makes Sammy Run* recycled with a snicker. Some of the incidental bits are choice, though, none choicer than Martin Short's wild take on an asinine Hollywood agent. Jennifer Jason Leigh is also a hoot as an eccentric avant-garde *cinéaste*, and J. T. Walsh scores as a mogul who only *listens* to movie plots, which we see imagined on screen in film clips expressing pure chaos. Cameo performances by John Cleese, Eddie Albert, Sr., Elliott Gould and Roddy McDowall add to the mischievous, improvised tone that finally makes *Big Picture* a collage of small treats. ★★★½

Playing a safe-cracker in his 60s, gray and aged beyond his actual years, Burt Reynolds in *Breaking In* (Goldwyn) gets back to some real acting. He drops all the smug superstar swagger for this amoral, easygoing comedy written by John Sayles, directed in his customary low key by that mischievous Scot, Bill (*Local Hero*) Forsyth. Sayles's screenplay brings together Burt as Ernie, the seasoned crook, and a rank amateur named Mike (Casey Siemaszko, in a large leap up the career ladder), who breaks into houses mainly for kicks. They're a lawless odd couple, hostile at first, eventually drawn together by a common interest in wrongdoing and easy money. Then they begin to double-date

two heart-of-gold whores (Sheila Kelley and Lorraine Toussaint) and wind up collaborating on a big Fourth of July caper that spells the beginning of the end of a beautiful relationship. Well, not exactly the end—but to divulge more might spoil the surprises of a dandy little sleeper. ★★★

Wired (Taurus), director Larry Peerce's misbegotten screen version of the best seller by Bob Woodward, wastes no time cutting to the West Hollywood hotel where comedian John Belushi (played by Michael Chiklis) died of a drug overdose in 1982. All too soon, we leap from grim realism to grotesque fantasy, with Belushi propelled in and out of the morgue—at times munching a sandwich or witnessing his own autopsy—accompanied through past, present and hereafter by a Hispanic cabdriver (Ray Sharkey) who calls himself Angel. Get it? Wait, the plot sickens. Earl Mac Rauch's adaptation pushes the metaphysical angle even further with the entrance of author Woodward (played like a private eye by J. T. Walsh), whose research takes him from tête-à-têtes with the widow (Lucinda Jenney) into flashbacks, including a deathbed dialog between the comic and his biographer. Chiklis obviously has talent, though several of his imitations of Belushi in performance are painfully unfunny; and Gary Groomes—all facial tics and vocal gymnastics—portrays Dan Aykroyd as if to embalm still another wayward comic spirit. Patti D'Arbanville salvages a few moments of truth as Cathy Smith, the dealer who administers Belushi's final fix. Otherwise, *Wired* adds up to a wan and wearisome reflection of the book, the man and the high-flying nights in Babylon that made it all happen. ★

Director Ron Howard's *Parenthood* (Universal) is a doggedly heart-warming family comedy that may send your old aunt Sally into shock unless she's a real swinger (see *Sex in Cinema* in this issue for further details). Steve Martin, Mary Steenburgen, Dianne Wiest, Rick Moranis and Jason Robards lead a dandy cast through one damned crisis after another in several upscale American homes full of kids, communication breakdowns and angst. Call it schmaltz with a cutting edge. ★★★

Star power mitigates the flaws of *Old Gringo* (Columbia), a multifaceted but unsteady vehicle for Jane Fonda, Gregory Peck and Jimmy Smits (of TV's *L.A. Law*). As a Mexican rebel fighting with Pancho Villa, Smits more than holds his own, helped by having the only major role that makes any real sense. Fonda's presence as a spinster governess with a father fixation doesn't quite figure, and Peck, portraying Ambrose Bierce, an American writer with

a death wish, remains an imposing puzzle-ment throughout. Few among us may remember that Bierce was, in fact, a West Coast literary lion who disappeared in



Furst, back to the drawing board.

OFF CAMERA

When the Oscar for Best Art Direction is awarded in 1990, one hot nominee is sure to be 45-year-old **Anton Furst**, *Batman*'s production designer. Furst modestly acknowledges that the brooding, stylized Gotham City he conjured up for this made-in-England megahit nearly stole the show. "I know they're saying the design has been a very strong part of the film's success. It *was*, I believe, the biggest outdoor set built in Europe since *Cleopatra*. We took up the whole lot at Pinewood." Furst, an Englishman of Russian descent who was in special effects before becoming a full-fledged production designer, says *Batman* was not his toughest assignment. That honor goes to Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket*. "You know Kubrick. Very brilliant but doesn't like to travel. We had to re-create Vietnam in England with total accuracy. So we bought palm trees in Spain and trucked them across the Continent. In *Batman*, we could invent our own reality." Furst is currently talking to Columbia Pictures about *Awakenings*, to be directed by Penny Marshall, with Robin Williams and Robert De Niro starring. "I'll be building it in New York. It's a film about encephalitis, sleeping sickness, people taking a drug that's sometimes hallucinogenic, so we'd have to reconstruct *their* reality in the design. What I'd go for is Dada-esque, almost Magritte." While he's in demand for more highbrow, high-tech fantasies, Furst admits being partial to such cinematic golden oldies as *The Red Shoes*. "What I'd like to do next is a great musical, an updated Busby Berkeley kind of film. You suppose that's possible nowadays?"

Mexico circa 1913. Few will care, I'm afraid, because the screenplay directed by Argentina's Luis Puenzo (his *Official Story* won a 1986 Oscar as best foreign-language film) befores more issues than it explains. What we're left with is magnificent scenery, *mariachi* music and a lot of top-notch talent twisting in the wind. **YY**

As a married couple on an endless quest for their next fix, Matt Dillon and Kelly Lynch are both strong screen presences performing valiantly to alleviate the dreary hopelessness of *Drugstore Cowboy* (Avenue). Fine, gritty work by everyone, including director Gus Van Sant, glues attention to the decline and fall of young junkies knocking over pharmacies and hospital supply rooms in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon. An imaginative effort but roughly equivalent, entertainment-wise, to a free weekend at a methadone clinic. **YY½**

British pop star Adam Ant portrays the unscrupulous owner of an L.A. art gallery in *Trust Me* (Cincom). The title's your hint that he's not to be trusted, and his brain storm in this modest, stylish thriller directed by Bobby Houston is to find a promising artist whose works will skyrocket in price if he dies young. David Packer winningly plays the laid-back would-be painter marked for fame and sudden death, with Talia Balsam (daughter of actor Martin Balsam and Joyce Van Patten, who plays Packer's mom) as the sympathetic gallery manager who helps foil Ant's plot. Adam makes an amiably evil villain, the kind of rotter who'd be a worthy antagonist for James Bond. **YY½**

Jeremy Irons and Anthony Hopkins top the bill in *A Chorus of Disapproval* (Southgate), directed by Michael Winner—the first film based on a play by England's prolific Alan Ayckbourn. Hopkins pretty much steals the show as the flamboyant director of an amateur theatrical troupe, cuckolded by his leading man. The foreplay's the thing for Irons as a nerdish young junior executive turned Lothario, but you can see too much effort in his performance. Chalk up *Chorus* as a middling comedy for dedicated Anglophiles. **Y**

Any movie starring an actor named N!xau is likely to be extraordinary in some way. Even so, *The Gods Must Be Crazy II* (Weintraub), like many a sequel, exudes an aura of *déjà vu*. South African writer-director Jamie Uys returns with N!xau as a native looking for his lost children, who are whisked away by ivory poachers. The movie has slapstick, fast action, white civilians and Third World soldiers lost in the veld, plus cute animal shots, all of it looking like a *Gods Must Be Crazy* rehash with very few fresh ingredients. **Y**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- The Abyss** (Listed only) Benign undersea aliens amid eye-popping effects, plus Ed Harris and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio as deep-float divers in love. **YYY**
- Batman** (Reviewed 10/89) Not often soaring, but a major event. **YYY**
- The Big Picture** (See review) A tongue-in-cheek hooray for Hollywood. **YY½**
- Breaking In** (See review) Burt burgling as a good ol' boy. **YYY**
- Casualties of War** (10/89) GI grunts (Michael J. Fox vs. Sean Penn) and a girl in Vietnam. **YYY**
- A Chorus of Disapproval** (See review) To England with a love triangle. **YY**
- Cookie** (10/89) Emily Lloyd is a Mobster's daughter, scene stealer Dianne Wiest his favorite bimbo. **YY½**
- Do the Right Thing** (8/89) Spike Lee's bright, disturbing black comedy. **YYYY**
- Drugstore Cowboy** (See review) Young marrieds hooked on chemistry. **YY½**
- The Gods Must Be Crazy II** (See review) But a bit crazier the first time. **YY**
- The Heart of Dixie** (10/89) Southern belles learn a teeny bit about life. **YY**
- Heavy Petting** (10/89) Multimedia nostalgia about sex in the Fifties. **YYY**
- A Hungarian Fairy Tale** (Listed only) Highly imaginative fantasy about an orphaned boy's search for Dad. **YYY**
- Johnny Handsome** (See review) Rourke on a roll, bent on revenge. **YYY½**
- Licence to Kill** (9/89) Dalton's Bond hangs in there the second time around. **YYY½**
- Old Gringo** (See review) Peck and Fonda with a pack of Mexican rebels. **YY**
- Parenthood** (See review) Kids, kin. **YYYY**
- Romero** (10/89) El Salvador's martyred churchman, played masterfully and movingly by Raul Julia. **YYYY**
- sex, lies, and videotape** (9/89) Truth or consequences on camera. **YYYY**
- Shirley Valentine** (10/89) A 42-year-old Liverpool housewife (Pauline Collins) breaks the ties that bind. **YYY½**
- True Love** (See review) Dim, droll view of a great big Italian wedding. **YY**
- Trust Me** (See review) Death and treachery in the L.A. art world. **YY½**
- Turner & Hooch** (Listed only) Tom Hanks shares billing with a De Bordeaux: ugliest, maybe funniest pooch ever. **YY**
- When Harry Met Sally . . .** (10/89) Long courtship equals high comedy. **YYY½**
- Wired** (See review) Lots of loose ends linked to the late John Belushi. **Y**

★★★★ Outstanding

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



1960.



1968.



1975.



1980.



1986.



1990.

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VIDEO

THE VIDEO WORLD SERIES



If the line-up for this year's Fall Classic doesn't do it for you, consider a video trip around the world series with Major League Baseball Productions' 46-tape collection of series highlights (1943-1988). Before you step to the plate to watch, be forewarned: Screening

these videos is a lot like baseball and sex—if you're not enjoying it, you're not doing it right. So bring low expectations, a sense of humor and a remote control with rewind, slo mo, freeze action, fast forward and volume control. To save you time, here are some choice moments:

Best Early-Days Bits: Semisharp close-ups—in real time and stop action—of Jackie Robinson gobbling grounders in the 1949 *Highlights* (Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Yankees); a hairy Joe Garagiola smacking four hits in game four of the 1946 *Highlights* (Cardinals vs. Red Sox); Willie Mays's miraculous over-the-shoulder catch in the 1954 *Highlights* (New York Giants vs. Indians).

Worst Editing: The 1956 *Highlights* (Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Yankees) tape is as choppy as a bad-hop single. In one sequence, Yogi Berra gloves Don Larsen's last pitch of the first and only perfect series game. The video cuts away from the diamond to a bogus stock shot of an ump motioning "Out!" Back on the field, we catch only the tail end of the famous Berra hug. Yogi, a film critic himself, would say that the editors shoulda known it wasn't over, even though it was over.

Best Over-all Tape: 1971 *Highlights* (Pirates vs. Orioles). The on-field drama builds, and the cameraman is so close he's like a tenth player. The Birds soar with four 20-win hurlers and the clutch play of Brooks and Frank Robinson, but the Bucs have Roberto Clemente's arm. They steal the series in seven.

Best Moment: Also in the 1971 *Highlights*. Pirate Bob Robertson steps into the batter's box with game three on the line—ignoring the third-base coach's bunt signal and oblivious to Clemente on base calling for time—and blasts a three-run homer.

Best Single Game: Game five steals the show in the 1968 *Highlights* (Cardinals vs. Tigers), as Tigers catcher Bill Freehan blocks Lightnin' Lou Brock thundering from second. Super-slo mo favors the ump's out call, and the Tigers roar from behind to capture the game and, ultimately, the series.

Best Player Performance: Brooks Robinson diving for hot smashes all over

your living room in the 1970 *Highlights* (Orioles vs. Reds). See it to believe it.

Best Legendary Heroics: Reggie Jackson's trifecta in the 1977 *Highlights* (L.A. Dodgers vs. Yankees). In one game, Reg smacks three home runs in consecutive at-bats, each on the first pitch.

Best Narrator: Bob Costas in the 1988 *Highlights* (L.A. Dodgers vs. Athletics)—as graceful and rhythmic as the video's star, pitcher Orel Hershiser.

Best Music Vid: A montage of the Oakland A's forearm-bashing set to a take-off of *The Monster Mash*, also in the 1988 *Highlights*.

—GARY A. WEINSTEIN

(To order, write to MLB Productions, 1212 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10036, \$19.95 to \$39.95 per tape.)

THE HARDWARE CORNER

The Big Picture: How giant is a giant screen? Mitsubishi just made it 70 inches. Set for a fall unveiling, the VS-7002R is the biggest rear-view-projection TV ever. With 700 lines of resolution and six speakers, it'll sell for \$5999.

Instant 3-D: Looking for the camcorder of the future? You may already have it. Just add one accessory—Azden's 3-D video adapter. It uses LCD shutters that alternate left- and right-view images to the recorder, so that when you view your playback (wearing special LCD glasses), you can see 3-D effects on any TV (\$1000).

—MAURY LEVY

GUEST SHOT



"My all-time hall-of-fame movies to rent are 2001, *Blade Runner*, *Blue Velvet* and *A Clockwork Orange*—for the obvious eyeball reasons," says pioneer inner-space scientist Timothy Leary. "But my secret favorites are horrible films that I rent and re-edit. For example, I select a crucial, dramatic scene from the monster movie *Rambo* and replace Stallone with an ugly gorilla running amuck in a native village, shouting patriotic slogans with a Minnie Mouse helium voice. I put my version in the box and return it." —DAVID SHEFF

SHORT TAKES

Best Lonely-Guy Video: *Attracting Birds to Your Backyard* with Roger Tory Peterson; **Best Video Snack:** *Edible Wild Plants*; **Televangelist Video of the Month:** *Sex in the Bible*; **Best Didn't-We-All Video:** *I Married a Witch*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *How to Use Soft Plastic Lures*; **Best Video Epic:** *How to Play Harmonica Instantly* (three volumes); **Best Live-on-the-Edge Video:** *How to Have a Moneymaking Garage Sale*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Be a Juggler*.

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO LAUGH	Who Framed Roger Rabbit (Toons vs. tough guys in the londmork madcop escopode; scored four Oscars); Working Girl (secretary climbs to top of corporate ladder; Melanie Griffith gold); Bringing Up Baby (Gront and Hepburn in the guy-meets-girl-meets-leopard screwball classic; new to vid).
FEELING INTENSE	Beaches (Bette Midler and Borboro Hershey in Garry Marshall's teory take on the triumph of friendship); Little Dorrit (sterling Alec Guinness in Dickens' epic love story; two ports, three hours each—brew the coffee).
FEELING SUSPENSEFUL	Patty Hearst (Paul Schrader's tense, surreal telling of the kidnaped heiress turned Third World terrorist); The January Man (Kevin Kline gets o C for romance, on A for computer work. Over-all: B); Her Alibi (mystery novelist smitten by stunning murder suspect; stars Tom Selleck and Paulino Porizkova).
LOOKING FOR STAR-CROSSED LOVE	Cousins (cousins by marriage in romantic tangle at family wedding; Ted Donson ond Isabella Rossellini stor); Baby, It's You (early John Soyles chormer about rocky Sixties romance; features a young Rosonno Arquette ond stellar golden-oldies score); Say Anything (eccentric kick boxer falls for school's pretty vloedictorian; surprisingly good teen romonce).



1956.



1964.



1969.



1975.



1988.



1990.

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MUSIC

RAFI ZABOR

IN ITS MOST accustomed context, Johnny Hodges' alto saxophone was the lush layer of cream floating elegantly atop the strong coffee of the rest of Duke Ellington's reed section. Outside the Ducal purview, Hodges was often a bluesier and more easeful presence. On ballads, his famous tone had such luxuriance, and his grace notes so large a sweep of grace, it amazes me that he was able to lift the music into so purple a great beyond without even one gossamer thread of sentimentality attaching itself to him. Music doesn't get much truer or more beautiful than this.

The Complete Johnny Hodges Sessions 1951-1955 (Mosaic) documents the five-year stretch during which the altoist decided to try his luck as a bandleader and cut a handful of records for Norman Granz. His working bands were composed mostly of Ellingtonians, and they all made rich music and swung. There are some particularly magical contributions from Ben Webster, Jimmy Hamilton and, on one session, an incalculable Billy Strayhorn. Others, such as Shorty Baker and Lawrence Brown, are merely excellent.

Mosaic has, in its usual exemplary fashion, re-collected every tune these bands recorded (including alternate takes), re-mastered the recordings as finely as possible, documented the entire shebang thoroughly but with a refreshing lack of pedantry and put the resultant six records and booklet into a box available by mail order only (from Mosaic Records, 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Connecticut 06902; telephone 203-327-7111). Along with Charlie Parker, Johnny Hodges is the greatest player of the alto saxophone in the history of the instrument. These records are wonderful even beyond informed expectation.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

After the *Superman* movies mocked themselves into wimpdom, it was a relief that the makers of *Batman* had the courage to take their hero seriously. Once you suspended disbelief, you were not shaken out of the strange new world by continual winking. The only distractions I found in the movie were Prince's songs. The man's talent is huge, but his little boy/little girl tenor—for all its mischief—just doesn't sound like either the Joker or Batman to me. There is nothing homicidal about Prince's voice, and there is plenty of homicide in both characters. Maybe that's why the movie sticks with minor-key orchestral stuff most of the time and minimizes Prince's contribution. The album *Batman* (Warner Bros.) is more a Prince mini-opera based on the movie than it is the sound track. As a work of art unto itself, it is entertaining and danceable. It is



Mosaic does right by Hodges.

A jazz must, plus new takes by Prince, Henley and LL Cool J.

flawed by Prince's inability to summon the decadent horror of Gotham City, which is only a slightly exaggerated version of the decadent horror of present-day New York. Worst of all, Prince borrows the refrain of *Batdance* from the wretched, self-mocking TV series of the late Sixties. For *Batman II*, I suggest Metallica or Motorhead.

DAVE MARSH

In other hands, the title track that kicks off Don Henley's third solo album, *The End of the Innocence* (Geffen), might be just another Yuppie blues. But Henley makes this dolorous collaboration with rockin' New Ager Bruce Hornsby into something poignant and closer to the spirit of the Texas blues in which all his solo work (unlike his Eagles material) is steeped.

"We've been poisoned by these fairy tales," Henley swears, accounting for his long-running hate affair with the media (continued here with *Little Tin God* and *If Dirt Were Dollars*) and maybe even a softening of his even longer-running hostility to women (expressed in *The Heart of the Matter* and *The Last Worthless Evening*). Perhaps the most impressive stuff, though, is the rock and roll. *I Will Not Go Quietly*, he declares over crashing drums and exploding guitars. If you're initially conscious that the best rocker credentials here belong to coproducer Danny Kortchmar, by the end, you'll remember Henley's one-night stand with Guns n' Roses more than

his decade with the Eagles. In these parts, that's significant progress.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Marshall Crenshaw is one of the endless line of pop geniuses who aren't very popular. Each of the three albums that followed his 1982 debut sold a little worse than the one before it, and although Crenshaw never lost his touch, each seemed more confused and depressed. Not *Good Evening* (Warner Bros.). Having given up on servicing the pop market outside, he's free to express the pop sensibility inside—still sweet and ecstatic—and he mourns the romantic certainties of a bespectacled adolescence more knowingly with every year. Writing less, Crenshaw takes over songs by

GUEST SHOT



Clint Black's first LP, "Killin' Time," is one of the hottest country debuts since Randy Travis' "Storms of Life." "It'll all sink in," Black says, "when I get a big check and three weeks off." As a loyal Don Henley fan, Black sounded out the ex-Eagles' new one, "The End of the Innocence."

"Henley affected me a lot. He's written songs that helped shape my life, warned me about certain pitfalls and, honestly, helped me avoid them. This is a great record—even if you just got the music without the lyrics, you'd be getting your money's worth. The title track hit me so hard—and you know if the first song on an album hits, you open yourself up to the rest. That lyrical hook line—you can feel the emotional weight of it. Elsewhere, like in *Little Tin God*, some serious points about the world at large are made. The love songs come from the heart, but they have points to make, too. They made me look back at my love affairs. Henley must have been pulling from things he's been through. Almost all of his writing has real points to make—*The End of the Innocence* is the type of LP you'll listen to five years from now and get something you never caught before. The guy continues to inspire me."



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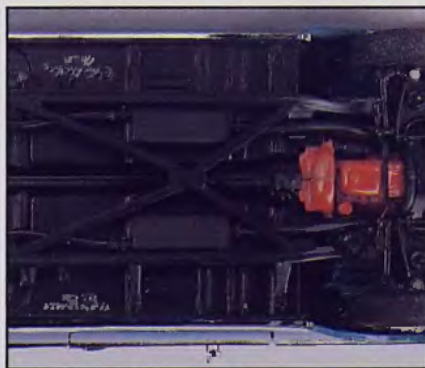
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FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Marshall Crenshaw <i>Good Evening</i>	9	8	7	7	8
Don Henley <i>The End of the Innocence</i>	3	8	8	8	8
LL Cool J <i>Walking with a Panther</i>	8	6	8	6	6
Prince <i>Batman</i> sound track	8	6	7	7	6
Stevie Ray Vaughan <i>In Step</i>	8	7	6	7	7

WILL IT EVER END? DEPARTMENT: The first convention of Elvis impersonators is set for Chicago next June. For more info, write to Ron Bessette, EPIA, 2900 Pinetree Court, Aurora, Illinois 60505.

REELING AND ROCKING: The Fat Boys are filming *Fat Tuesday*, a New Orleans-based movie about an evil spell (for more about the Fat Boys, you can dial 900-909-4FAT for a daily earful). . . . Willie Nelson says that Bob Dylan will produce a movie based on Willie's autobiography. . . . INXS' Michael Hutchence will play poet Percy Shelley in Roger Corman's *Frankenstein Unbound*. . . . Patti LaBelle news includes a role in the movie bio of Mahalia Jackson, a USA Network film called *Fire and Rain*, a possible reunion with Sarah Dash and Nona Hendryx and a potential Broadway role in Duke Ellington's *Queenie Pie*. . . . Tom Waits is filming *Queens Logic*, about seven working-class friends in Queens, with Kevin Bacon, John Malkovich and Jamie Lee Curtis.

NEWSBREAKS: John Entwistle is working on a book of anecdotes about the Who. The band may also release a three-album set of some of the songs from its 25th-anniversary tour, plus a home video of the L.A. production of *Tommy*. . . . The upcoming cable tribute to John Lennon will include a dance salute choreographed by Paula Abdul and starring Rudolf Nureyev. . . . A campaign is being mounted to get Muddy Waters' star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. . . . The Pet Shop Boys have started their first tour ever, in the Far East and England. An American tour is in the works for the first part of 1990. . . . Bobby McFerrin plans to conduct the San Francisco Symphony next March, but first he's taking some lessons from Leonard Bernstein to get ready for Beethoven's *Seventh*. . . . Writer and ac-

tor Eric Bogosian, who did *Talk Radio*, is working on a new piece for a one-man off-Broadway show called *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll*. He'll play a variety of characters, including a jaded English rock star. . . . Ronnie Spector is writing *Be My Baby: The Autobiography of Ronnie Spector* with Vince Waldron. It's due in bookstores next year. . . . Martha Reeves is trying to collect royalties from Berry Gordy, Jr., for *Heat Wave*, which she recorded with the Vandellas in the Sixties. . . . Roger Waters' current favorite dream: to perform Pink Floyd's *The Wall* one more time—at the Berlin Wall before it's torn down. . . . Dwight Yoakam has been working on a pilot for a TV series you should see any day now. . . . It's happy 15th anniversary to the Ramones, who met in high school, but as Dee Dee points out, "We didn't go to school very much. We kinda met hanging around the flagpole." . . . Look—or, rather, listen—for National Public Radio's *BluesStage*, hosted by the first lady of rock and soul, Ruth Brown. . . . Shelley Duvall plans to continue to use rock stars in her TV children's-theater productions. *Mother Goose Rock 'N' Rhyme* will star Cyndi Lauper and Paul Simon. The musical take-off on *Mother Goose* will appear on the Disney Channel after the first of the year. . . . Last July, 447 guitar players got together in South Carolina and played *Louie, Louie* for a half hour straight. Just trying to break one of those silly records. . . . Finally, we heard it through the grapevine: Michael Jackson is joining the California Raisins in their new commercials. It's bad enough that so much pop music has been reduced to background noise, but to have the gloved one endorse it? Do we want the kids of tomorrow to think raisins wrote all those tunes? —BARBARA NELLIS

Richard Thompson, John Hiatt and Bobby Fuller, with the sincere soul that always underpinned his harmonies now dominating. Chances are, this one won't sell either—Warner quickly picked its worst cut as the single, and it stiffed. But that's secondary—he'll be pop till he dies.

NELSON GEORGE

Ego is crucial to rap. A listen to even one rap 12-inch will tell you that. But what hasn't been as natural to the music is ambition, particularly in the creation of albums. There have been many great rap singles but less than a handful of artistically satisfying albums. Run-DMC's *Raising Hell*, the Beastie Boys' *Licensed to Ill* and Public Enemy's *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* are among the exceptions.

On LL Cool J's *Walking with a Panther* (Def Jam/Columbia), this rap star mates his ego and artistic ambition to create a song collection (20 on cassette, 16 on vinyl, 18 on CD) that wants to be great. Well, it's not great, but its hits and misses make it a fascinating listen. As you might imagine, out of 20 songs, there's a bunch of duds: The up-tempo *Nitro* and the ballad *One Shot at Love*, for example, must be avoided.

But cut through the deadwood and you'll find several dope jams. The best cut is *Fast Peg*, a character study of a drug dealer's girlfriend that is beautifully rapped and sharply observed. *Big Ole Butt* is about LL's extreme booty lust. *Def Jam in the Motherland*, inspired by a visit to Africa, makes tasteful use of MFSB's *Love Is the Message* for a backing track.

Unlike more limited rappers, LL has a variety of approaches—hoarse shouts, sexy whispers, rapid scatting—that, backed with tough, funky beats, keeps *Walking with a Panther* an erratic, though successful, experiment in versatility.

VIC GARBARINI

Stevie Ray Vaughan is the Eighties equivalent of Johnny Winter—a great white blues hope from Texas with a funny hat, fast fingers and plenty of raw talent. His 12-bar purist approach is spiced with a near Hendrixian fire, though he has been guilty of irritating lapses of taste.

In Step (Epic), Vaughan's first studio release since his recovery from substance-abuse problems, is a re-energized and focused return to form. His songwriting is tight and his playing economical on *The House Is Rockin'* and the MTV fave *Crossfire*. If he keeps this up, he may follow his brother Jimmie's band, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, up the charts. But his most tasteful and impassioned playing is reserved for the eloquent yet plain-spoken *Wall of Denial*, a moving account of his recent struggle with his inner demons. *In Step* may not be the chart-topping masterpiece Stevie Ray's fans have been waiting for—but it's a step in the right direction.

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MAGNAVOX

By DIGBY DIEHL

STEPHEN KING recently signed a four-book contract for roughly \$40,000,000, and *The Dark Half* (Viking) is the first book. So it's pretty hard to pick this novel up without thinking, OK, Stephen, show me something worth \$10,000,000. Within the first ten pages, he gives it his best shot. King takes us through an astonishing scene in an operating room where a malformed eye, part of a nostril, three fingernails and two teeth are removed from the brain of an 11-year-old boy. These are the remains of his twin brother, devoured in an act of *in utero* cannibalism. How's that for a start?

The boy, Thad Beaumont, mysteriously activates the remains of his twin when he writes his first short story. As we soon discover, this twin continues to take shape in Thad's mind and emerges as an alter ego who writes gruesome murder stories through Thad, under the pseudonym George Stark. The gory fun begins in earnest when Thad is persuaded to "kill off" his pseudonym to write books under his own name, and George doesn't like it.

Among the spectacular throat slashings and grisly shootings, King sprinkles some thoughtful speculations regarding the creative process, psychic phenomena, medical studies about identical twins, police procedure and ornithological folklore. He is a confident storyteller who borrows shamelessly from many sources (and even has his characters crack jokes about them) but transforms those elements into his own style. He infuses everyday objects such as pencils with sinister meaning and sees deadly menace in a flock of sparrows.

The master of horror reaches a new high point in his chilly conjuring, and *The Dark Half* builds, chill by thrill, to a terrifying climax that will satisfy even the most bloodthirsty fans.

N. Scott Momaday, who won the Pulitzer Prize in 1969 for his novel *House of Dawn*, returns to fiction 20 years later with another powerful story of Native American life. *The Ancient Child* (Doubleday) is about a beautiful young medicine woman named Grey and a painter from San Francisco named Locke Setman. Their vividly erotic love story is intermixed with the Kiowa legend of the bear, the mythology of Billy the Kid and a rich poetry of the American West that is spellbinding. The juxtapositions of sophisticated urban life with the timeless Kiowa and Navaho traditions and with fantasies of the 19th Century old West give this book a dazzling complexity.

Three new books about science are outstanding. George Gilder's *Microcosm* (Simon & Schuster) is a rare, visionary book that shows you the future of the computer culture with such clarity that when you finish, you feel ready for the 21st Century.



King's gory *Dark Half*.

Chills and thrills from King; Harlan Ellison goes to the movies.

He provides a step-by-step analysis of how microchip technology is already transforming the global economy, and his chapter on how the telecomputer will eclipse TV in a few years is truly startling. Stephen Jay Gould, who has made the science of paleontology accessible to us in books such as *The Panda's Thumb*, now illuminates millions of years of prehistory in *Wonderful Life* (Norton). Like the Frank Capra film of a similar title, this witty, readable book demonstrates the significant role that every organism plays in the drama of evolution. *The Cuckoo's Egg* (Doubleday), by Clifford Stoll, may be the first nonfiction high-tech detective story. Supported by the FBI, the CIA and the N.S.A., Stoll tracks down a computer spy in Hanover, West Germany, who is breaking into American military and industrial computers and selling information to the Soviets. This tale of a Berkeley, California, systems manager's following the international computer tracks of a hacker in West Germany gives a new meaning to the term technothriller.

As a former Secret Service agent, Gerald Petievich brings a detailed knowledge of police work to his novels that escalates their excitement. In *Earth Angels* (New American Library), his description of cops caught up in the drug wars of East Los Angeles *chicano* gangs is very scary. Far more vivid than newspaper articles, this novel gives you a long, hard look at how vicious and violent the gang world can be. Petievich focuses with sensitivity on what

this environment does to the lives of four policemen working in an antigang unit.

Most movie reviewing is a matter of immediacy, an entertaining consumer service that fades from relevance as a film runs its cycle from glamorous premiere to tacky video store. Not the reviewing in *Harlan Ellison's Watching* (Underwood-Miller). Not only is this the angriest, most outraged and outrageous assortment of film commentaries you will ever read, it is also a tough insider's ongoing report (1965 to the present) about the state of moviemaking. Ellison is devastating in his hatreds and euphoric in his praises—either way, you're never in doubt about how he feels. Most important, at the center of these 482 pages of essays and polemics is an articulate, knowledgeable, engaged, colorful personality with a lot to say about movies.

Another impressive mind at work is Steve Erickson's. Although most readers know him as the author of novels such as *Days Between Stations* and *Tours of the Black Clock*, his latest book is an excursion into gonzo journalism called *Leap Year* (Poseidon). Ostensibly, it is an eccentric record of the 1988 Presidential race. In actuality, this book is a marvelously thoughtful, impassioned and funny account of Erickson's travels. He logs thousands of miles in trains and cars while ruminating on the condition of America and hearing the voice of Sally Hemings, Thomas Jefferson's black mistress. Strung together with personal symbolism and fantasy, Erickson's memoir has moments of literary genius.

BOOK BAG

Curses! Broiled Again! (Norton), by Jan Harold Brunvand: A compilation of the greatest "Have you heard the one about . . ." legends and tales. From the woman who cooked her insides after repeated tanning-salon visits to the cat saved by firemen then run over by the fire truck. And you thought they were all true.

Ernie's America (Random House), edited by Dave Nichols: This collection of Ernie Pyle's travel dispatches from the Thirties and early Forties reads like a counterculture history book. His eye for detail and his wit and wisdom are enduring gifts.

The Airline Passenger's Guerrilla Handbook (Blakes), by George Albert Brown: Where to sit, when to fly, sneaking extra bags on—aha!—how to make love on a plane. We knew they'd get to the good part.

The Reader's Catalog (Reader's Catalog/Random House), edited by Geoffrey O'Brien with Stephen Wasserstein and Helen Morris: This is a Sears catalog for books, a virtual athenaeum between two covers. Throw in fax and 800 numbers for ordering by mail and you'll never have to use the library again. Uh-oh.



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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

In the fun and frolic of sports journalism, there is hardly anything more amusing—to me, at least—than a writer gathering all of his moral standards into a large pile, then climbing on top of it to belch at his fellow man.

Not that it isn't OK for a sportswriter to have morals. I have personally known three who had morals in the past two centuries alone.

But dumb old me. I recently discovered that moral standards for sportswriters can evidently be bought at almost any convenience store.

I noted this some months ago on the occasion of Barry Switzer's suddenly resigning as the head football coach at the University of Oklahoma.

Just as suddenly, there were all of these sportswriters around the country seeking out the high moral ground and bellowing from their pulpits.

They took great pleasure in writing that there was no need to feel sorry for Barry Switzer or to be moved by his resignation speech. They wrote that he was a "rogue," a "pirate," a "hustler" and a "con man" and said that he got what he deserved by being forced to resign and that college football would be better off with his departure.

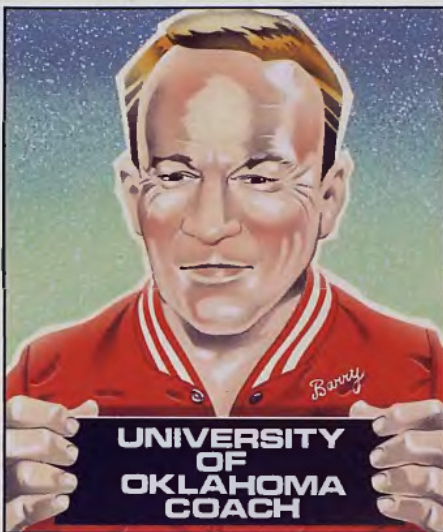
The fact is, none of them could have babbled any of this nonsense if they had known Barry Switzer personally, or spent any time around him, or understood the realities of college football today.

Barry Switzer won seven national championships in 16 seasons at U of O. This tied him for the most in history with Bear Bryant and Howard Jones. So college football had lost one of its greatest coaches, ever, as well as one of its greatest guys—a guy who would have a cocktail with you, laugh with you and tell you the truth if he could trust you to know what *not* to write—but none of the moral-guardian sportswriters knew this.

All they knew was that Barry Switzer had won too much, so he must have been a cheater, which was why the N.C.A.A. had finally "got" him, and that he hadn't been able to stand watch over all 100 of his athletes 24 hours a day, 365 days of the year, in order to keep four or five of his "bad apple" recruits out of the courts or the slammer, or both.

It's interesting how moral-guardian sportswriters get to pick their spots.

Barry Switzer is a rogue if his quarterback, Charles Thompson, gets busted for stupidly trying to sell drugs, but Bobby



THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE BARRY

Bowden is not to blame whatsoever if his all-American defensive back, Deion Sanders, attended classes at Florida State only on those rare occasions when he had a limo to take him.

Barry Switzer is a pirate, a hustler and a con man if the Sooners get slapped with recruiting violations involving money, but there was nothing atrociously wrong with the football program at Southern Cal a few years ago when 30-odd members of a Rose Bowl team were discovered to have received passing grades in a speech course they didn't know existed.

If the topic is education, I ask you which is the greater crime, giving some spending money to poor kids because the idiotic, hypocritical N.C.A.A. doesn't allow it or giving grades to "scholar athletes"?

One big point the moral-guardian sportswriters missed is that there has never been a great coach in college football, from Knute Rockne to Bear Bryant, who wasn't a rogue, pirate, hustler and con man along with being a brilliant recruiter, motivator and strategist.

But the biggest point they missed was the real reason Switzer quit. The hypocrites won. Which is too bad.

Maybe if they listen to some of his words again, from the day he resigned, they'll get a suspicion about what's truly wrong with

collegiate athletics.

In part, Switzer said, "We have created a system that doesn't permit me or the program to buy a pair of shoes or a decent coat for a player whose family can't afford these basic necessities. How can any coach stick to these rules when a young man's father dies many miles away and the son has no money for a plane ticket home to the funeral? It's very difficult to turn my back on these young men when they need help. How would you like to see a player stay in a dorm during a weekend because he can't even buy a hamburger?"

If Switzer was more lenient in this respect than other coaches of successful programs, though it goes with winning, it was understandable. He came from pure poverty as a kid. He didn't see electricity or a telephone until his freshman year at the University of Arkansas, and he always had immense sympathy for the disadvantaged athletes who played for him.

No coach of any big-time program has to buy football players. The alumni do it for him. But Switzer had a better selling point. The young recruit would come into his office and look at the jewelry case, a display of national-championship rings and Orange Bowl rings a player could earn if he wore the Oklahoma helmet. The recruit's eyes would light up and Switzer would say, "You want to come here and be on a national-championship team, or play against us and get your ass beat?"

One night a couple of years ago, when I was having a beverage with Barry—and I suppose it's all right to publish this now—he said, "Listen, I don't buy football players, but when I get 'em, I take care of 'em."

The world, of course, is doomed if trying to "take care" of his kids was Barry Switzer's greatest sin.

I'm sorry the moral-guardian sportswriters didn't get a chance to hang out with Switzer when he was on top of his game, to enjoy his sense of humor, his expertise, his vitality, but I don't know that they would have appreciated it.

All in all, I'm sure they'll be a lot happier and morally comfortable covering the closed-to-the-press workouts of Bo (We run a clean program because I say so constantly) Schembechler at Michigan and lapping up the divine truth as dished out by the honest and always aboveboard Lou Holtz at Notre Dame.



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By ASA BABER

OK, men, it's time to fess up and admit that we have been pulling a gigantic con on the universe. We pretend that we are mature and responsible individuals with reasonable expectations of our women, but we know that in reality, we are the neediest, greediest, lustiest, hungriest creatures on the planet. What is worse, most of us try to cover up our insatiable natures. We lie to the women we love about what we want from them, and we do it on a daily basis—because what we want from the women in our lives is *everything*, and we want it now!

"You don't want a wife, you want a mistress," women have said to me. I, of course, always lie and deny it.

"You don't want a mistress, you want a daughter," women have said to me. I, as usual, lie and deny it.

"You don't want a daughter, you want a mother," women have said to me. I lie and say I don't.

"You don't want a wife or a daughter or a mistress or a mother," women have said to me, "you want something so enveloping, so godlike and feminine and comforting that she could only be called a soul mate." That, too, I lie about and deny.

Well, I have to lie. You guys understand that. How could I ever admit to the women who were pinning me to the wall that they had it right, that I want them to be all of the above—wife and mother and mistress and daughter and soul mate? That I want them to be masseuse and whore, virgin and nurturer, intellectual and primitive, confidante and advisor, audience and receptacle, lover and friend, child and spirit?

I mean, if I admit to all that, the women in my life will have proof that I am a neurotic, selfish, acquisitive, covetous, avaricious, desirous, grabby, grasping, lecherous, yearning, throbbing hunk of lust and greed who wants far more from any one human being than could reasonably be expected and who sets up failure in his relationships before he begins. That couldn't be me, could it?

It may be true that I am all of those things, but I sure as hell do not like admitting it. So I lie to the women I know and tell them that I have very few needs and that I am a self-sufficient man. For some reason, they look suspicious when I say that, but what do *they* know?

"You don't want a wife, you want a mistress" is usually accompanied by another charge that we have all heard: "All you



THE FIVE-SIDED WOMAN

think about is sex." This charge is absolutely true, but it is disastrous to admit it. So I respond in a level, deceptive, neutered, logical, chilled-out voice, "That's not true. I want much more than sex. I want a long-term relationship with one woman I can call my wife, period." There is a problem after I say this. I want to laugh. At what? At my own hypocrisy. Do you know that yawning is a very good way to cover up laughter? So is stretching your arms and looking out the window as if there were a fire next door.

"You don't want a mistress, you want a daughter" is often accompanied by, "You can't handle a really mature and independent woman, can you? You have to run away to some obsequious floozy who will obey your every command." It is true that I can't handle the frequent fierceness of the independent woman, and it is true that I wish the world were filled with women who obeyed my every command, but I cannot admit all that, not even to myself, so I lie about it. "No," I say, this time in an angrier voice, which indicates that I'm being treated unjustly, "I love independent women who scold me a lot and kick sand in my face and find fault with everything I do. That's equality, and that's what I stand for." Usually, when I say this, the lie is so huge that I feel slightly nauseated. I get up and go to the window and stare at the horizon until I feel more stable and steadier.

"You don't want a daughter, you want a mother" is very often followed by, "You're a groveling, slimy, dependent, perverted sex addict and hedonist who would like to live his life with a woman's nipple in his mouth twenty-four hours a day." No truer words have ever described me, as I well know, but if I give them that, I may as well give them the keys to the car and the deed to the condo, so I have a comeback that goes like this: "It's a cliché to suggest that every man wants his mommy back, so please try to say something original." Experience has taught me that as I say this, I will have an incredible urge to suck my thumb, so I advise you to sit on your hands before speaking. Against the hankering that you will inevitably have to pee in your pants and take a nap immediately thereafter, I have no proven defense. You might try opening the window and breathing fresh air. Or you might cuddle in her lap with your Teddy bear.

"You don't want a wife or a mother or a mistress or a daughter, you want an impossible creature with supernatural qualities called a soul mate" is always accompanied by, "Your demands and expectations about women are so unrealistic that I think you should be committed to an insane asylum or shot at dawn." Whatever you do, don't respond with a joke such as "Can I choose who I eat before they shoot me?" or "Do they make strait jackets for two?" This will only incite her to deeper and more accurate criticisms of your sensual nature, and unless you're into pain. . . . OK, I take it back; you're a man, so of course you're into pain, so kid her and be done with it.

What we want from women is no mystery. We want salvation and succor, pleasure and immortality, unconditional love and elegant eroticism. Simple needs for simple men, right? So what's the problem? We want five-sided women with all the qualities we cherish, and we want them to display the side we need at the time we need it. Isn't it amazing how difficult they can make it seem when we ask for that? You'd think they'd learn how to do what we wanted without so much fuss and bother. God, we're only asking them to be gods.

Pentawench, I call her, the five-sided woman of my dreams. She gyrates in the air like an angel in flames, and she glides across my psyche as cleanly as a Madonna on skates. One day I know I'll find her—or die trying.





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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

They are everywhere. They are a plague on our houses. They spring from the abysses of the city's rancid darkness to frighten the simple citizenry. Their eyes gleam red with eager malice as they prowl and drool through the gutters and the alleys of our streets. They are a poisonous epidemic, leaving disease and decay in their wake. They are a scourge.

Couples. I hate them. They make me puke.

You think I'm bitter? Of course I'm bitter! How would you feel if every time you walked four blocks to the bookstore, you encountered approximately 16 couples holding hands and staring mistily into each other's eyes, gold wedding bands glinting in the sun? Why don't they just slap me in the face?

If you're not from Manhattan, you may think I'm bonkers. In other parts of the country, couples, especially married ones, know how to treat each other: with good-natured hostility, progressing steadily toward simple hatred.

In Boise, for example, Herb will call his wife, Blanche, his ball and chain. Blanche will intentionally burn the pork chops and develop a mad crush on the meter reader. In Tulsa, Jimmy Bob and Charlene will have to be pried apart at the Liar's Saloon before Charlene's grip on Jimmy Bob's throat becomes terminal.

This is normal. This is the true nature of marriage. You fall in love, you become dependent upon each other, you resent this dependency, you freak out. Before you know it, either you're divorced or you've tenaciously fought the dark and selfish side of your natures and love conquers all for the time being. Marriage is an endless cycle of love and fury, passion and revulsion.

But not in Manhattan. These people are thrilled to death with themselves.

It's about AIDS, of course. And the new conservatism. And just plain, bloody-minded perversity. In Manhattan, marriage is a trend. Couples kiss over their arugula-and-radichio salads. They fondle each other's genitals while devouring their pasta *puttanesca*. By the time the *tiramisu* arrives, they've slid under the table.

Oh, God, the incessant smugness that radiates like beacons from these twits! The constant "we"-speak! The hideous complacency—nay, maliciousness—with which they treat their single friends!

"We're so happy!" a close relation who just dumped her husband and married another man said recently. "Aren't we happy,



A SOCIAL SCOURGE

bunny? You should try it, you know."

And so sanctimonious. Suddenly, every member of a couple realizes that all his/her life, he/she has secretly yearned for monogamy, that all those nights prowling the bars and the clubs, all those passionate and furtive sexual dalliances in his/her past, well, that wasn't really him/her. He/she is really into monogamy, into intimacy, into real estate and child rearing. It's enough to put you to sleep for a decade.

What's even worse is that I feel left out. I want to be an asshole like everyone else. I want to go home to someone besides two interminably necking teenagers and one prancing-in-circles little dog. I want to go with someone to Italy, and when I get there, I want a hotel room with a king-sized bed instead of two singles. I want a joint checking account. I want to file a joint return. I want couples to stop looking at me as if I were a pitiful gnat. It's hard to keep out of the fray of social pressure, not to feel sorry for yourself when others do.

So I feel sorry for myself. I especially feel sorry for myself when I'm with people who have, against all odds, found each other and who are deeply in love and not just trendy. I know two such couples. I was in a cab with one of these couples recently and it killed me. They kept grinning and looking tender. A hand was on a knee. They were together and I was separate and it caused such a sick, demented yearning,

such an astringent feeling of loneliness that I felt a deep crash in the pit of my stomach.

I remember love and closeness, but it was always strenuous for me, because I was insane and frightened, and if a man went loopy over me, it brought out my mean streak. I have been lousy with suspicion and distrust and had a penchant for drama and plate throwing.

I have finally figured out the rudiments of how to love somebody, but here it is, ironically, 1989 and I'm old. There are no men my age, and if there *are*, they want 22-year-olds to bear their children. Will I ever be able to practice this loving?

"No," said my friend Brendan. "Shut the fuck up and get used to living alone. You don't have a chance."

"I am used to living alone," I said. "I just would prefer not to in the biggest way."

"You know ninety-five percent of guys are assholes," said Brendan.

"Maybe, but at least eighty percent of women are assholes, too."

"So that makes five percent nonasshole men for twenty percent nonasshole women, and all of them are insulated by the assholes all around them. Assuming you're not an asshole. . . ."

"Thank you very much."

"You're totally fucked."

This is true. But at least I'm not desperate. What if I were? What if every morning when I woke, there were a horrible thud of fear in my brain? What if every day were filled with anxiety and a fevered search for Mr. Right? What if every night concluded with my crying my eyes out?

I was like that once. I was taught from babyhood that men were the answer to my problems. My mother, my aunt, my grandmother worshiped men and felt a slight distaste for women. A woman was as important as the job her husband held, as the state of her kitchen counters, as the clothing on her children's backs. A woman had little or no intrinsic worth. I was never told there was an option of growing up, acquiring skills, working for a living. I was told that when I grew up, I would get married and live happily ever after.

So I thank God that marriage is simply the latest trend, not a requirement. That I do not have to play the role of the gay divorcee or the woebegone spinster. That I can go into restaurants alone and not be spat upon. That nobody can arrest me if I point at these couples and laugh (hollowly).



Black can also mean good fortune.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I are both 31 and have been married for six years. We both have degrees and, while we hold professional positions, I would describe ourselves as middle class as opposed to Yuppies (perhaps because our three-year-old son takes precedence over our social life most of the time—but not always, as I'm about to explain). We have many friends who are beautiful, handsome and, above all, fun. Our parties are full of drinking, dancing, hugging and parting kisses. About six months ago, something just clicked in my head; I woke up one morning and looked at my wife and thought, I'd love her to fuck Frank. I put the notion in motion by having more parties, speaking more provocatively and always pairing off with Frank's wife, Shirley, so my wife would be alone with him. I was hoping that they would develop a closer relationship. They did and I got closer to Shirley. Anyway, we had dinner at Frank and Shirley's with a number of others. After the meal, everyone danced a little and poured a lot of wine. After all of the other guests left, the four of us popped another cork and before you could say "Refill," we had our clothes off. There on the deep pile, I made it with Shirley while Frank made it with my wife. The fantasy had come true and we tried it again the next weekend, with less alcohol. After that encounter, I started to feel that I had made a big mistake. I talked to my wife about it and found out that she had been indifferent to the idea from the start. She added that it wasn't a particularly good idea but that she'd seen "the fire" in my eyes and felt that I'd get over it in time. I am not jealous about my wife's role, nor am I mad at Frank. How could I be? I designed the swap and, besides, my wife is thrilled that this chapter is closed. As for Shirley, men would kill to make it with her because she is so beautiful, but I cannot recall the sensation or what her body looked like. I am, however, feeling very uncomfortable. It's not too threatening—I mean, I won't go crazy over this—but I definitely have something to work through, since I have been off center for the past seven weeks. My question is, What is the psychological basis for wanting to share one's wife with another man?—D. E., Seattle, Washington.

There could be any number of psychological explanations as to why you wanted your wife to make it with your friend. One of the primary reasons is simply to prove that she is, indeed, very attractive to other men. This is reassuring—at least theoretically—to you and to her. Another consideration is that even though she has a "fling" with another man, she still finds you more attractive. This should be a boost to your ego. Additionally, the voyeur in you probably enjoyed watching your



wife make love to another man—and, what's more, you had a chance to swing a bit yourself with your friend's wife. All of these rationalizations aren't of much value, however, when reality sets in. Living out fantasies sometimes brings out insecurities—or enhances existing ones. As we've said many times, some fantasies are better off left as fantasies. If necessary, talk to a therapist or a counselor to help you deal with your mixed emotions. Perhaps you'll overcome the discomfort you are now feeling.

I am confused by the classification of Bordeaux wines. Some so-called fifth growths are consistently superior, in my judgment, to some second growths. Isn't the old classification system out of date—and, if so, why doesn't Bordeaux change it?—R. S., Atlanta, Georgia.

The 1855 Médoc classification of Bordeaux wines is very much out of date in some important ways. It was hashed out by wine merchants at Prince Louis Napoleon's behest for an exhibition in Paris that year. The system ranked wines into five growths, solely by cost, not by quality. The first growths—châteaux Latour, Lafite-Rothschild, Margaux and Haut-Brion—are still some of the priciest wines. The only change in the classification occurred in 1973, when Baron Philippe de Rothschild was able to have his Mouton-Rothschild elevated (some say by paying President Pompidou \$1,000,000) to a first growth. More importantly, the old classification system does not recognize the improvement some châteaux have made over the past 134 years, and the deterioration some have suffered during the same period.

Getting Frenchmen to agree to change anything is difficult; when it involves money,

it's next to impossible. Château owners live on their reputations. One suggestion to change the classification was put forth by Henri and Bernard Enjalbert, both specialists in the geography and wines of Bordeaux. Their system would include both the old classification and a new one; for example, Brane-Cantenac, second growth in 1855, would be a first growth in 1989. It is doubtful that such a system will ever be adopted. Rather than wait for anything official to happen, we suggest you follow Robert M. Parker, Jr.'s, reclassification in his book "Bordeaux." And above all, trust your palate, not the price tag.

A young woman recently proposed to hold my penis closed at the conclusion of a hand job, claiming this would enhance the sensation. I wouldn't let her, for fear of bodily injury. I can't help wondering what would have happened. Would my balls have exploded? Would semen have gushed out of my ears?—A. N., New York, New York.

Nothing that gruesome: The body would have simply absorbed the semen. Unless your partner holds your penis closed with a pair of vise grips, you should experience no harm. No great thrill, either, but at least it cures the problem of the wet spot.

On a recent trip to my record store, I was smooth-talked into buying a special gold-master-recording compact disc of the Police's *Synchronicity* album for \$24.95. Was I suckered or what? Does the gold improve the sound or does it have an effect on the life of the disc?—E. H., Clark, New Jersey.

We have nothing against the new 24-karat-gold compact discs. Manufacturers believe that the more expensive metal will increase the life of the disc while providing a better sound. We know of one study that compared gold with aluminum in an accelerated aging test: Aluminum showed an increased error rate; gold showed none. Of course, if we subjected you to temperature ranges from 149 degrees above zero to 22 degrees below zero at varying rates of humidity for a time equivalent to ten years, your important parts would probably exhibit an increased error rate, too. A properly maintained aluminum compact disc, manufactured and distributed by one of the major recording companies, should last indefinitely. Hear's to it.

Does exercise increase sex drive? Almost all the members of my health club claim that sex has been better since they started to work out. Are there any studies to support this impression?—D. E., Chicago, Illinois.

How come no one ever asks if exercise improves mental ability, decision-making skills, investment sense or appreciation of fine art? There are any number of surveys, usually conducted by fitness magazines, suggesting that

exercise improves sex—or that people who read fitness magazines boast a lot. A survey of 8145 women, most of whom exercised three times a week for as long as an hour a session, found that the jockettes reported an increase in sexual confidence. For some, there was a measurable increase in frequency of intercourse and increases in ease of arousal and ability to climax. A survey of 3140 runners found that two thirds reported increased sexual vigor, and a full 80 percent reported increased sexual confidence (whether this means they were able to win the chase or elude pursuit remains unclear). But too much exercise can infringe on an active sex life: More than half of the people who run more than 30 miles a week say that they are sometimes too tired for sex (compared with only a third of those who run less). In swimming, the magic numbers for improving sex life stop at three days a week, 45 minutes a day. Heavy training—swimming 18 hours or more per week—results in decreased sexual desire. This should not be surprising: Obsession in any form usually reduces the chance of having astonishing sex.

A few questions about the venerable tuxedo: Are pleated trousers less proper than plain-front trousers? Should braces be worn with the cummerbund? And on wing-collar shirts, should the points of the collar be tucked behind the bow tie or should they rest on top of it? As a new owner of a tuxedo, I would appreciate any other information you may care to offer on the subject.—R. A. B., Dallas, Texas.

With more and more men purchasing their own tuxedos, we seem to be getting an influx of questions on the rights and wrongs of proper tuxedo wear. Considering the increasing cost of tuxedo rental, buying your own can certainly be a wise investment. For first-time buyers, we suggest basic black in a single- or double-breasted model with peaked lapels (these being the most traditional models that will never go out of style). Pleated pants are considered a bit more elegant and are certainly in style today, but plain-front pants are also acceptable. You should always conceal the waistband of your pants with a cummerbund, a vest or a closed double-breasted jacket. Braces can be worn with a cummerbund, but that is more a matter of personal preference than proper etiquette. However, they should be worn with pleated pants only. Wing-collar points are worn behind the bow tie and trouser bottoms are always finished plain—never cuffed.

To my good fortune, an attractive, intelligent young woman was recently hired to work under my supervision. There is something slightly aloof about her and, normally, I would not bother pursuing the matter any further, but there seems to be something subtle in her body language—the way she sits, the way she thrusts one hand as deeply as she can into her pocket when she's talking to me, etc.—that suggests that maybe there is a spark of passion

beneath the surface. How can I let her know how much she arouses me without scaring her off or seeming threatening? I do not see as much of her at work as I would like, and I want to make the best use of that time to subtly let her know how I feel. Any suggestions?—B. R., Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

Let's guess: This is the first attractive co-worker you've had in your life, right? We recall a study that had men and women watch a video tape of an attractive female interacting with a man in an office setting. Inevitably, the men would report that the attractive female was flirting with her co-worker. Women who watched the tape would see only neutral behavior, not seduction. So while there is a chance that your new co-worker has a spark of passion beneath the surface, there is no evidence that you are the cause. Maybe the hand thrust deep into the pocket is holding a can of Mace. Right now, you are dealing with your own imagination, which is perfectly normal. On the other hand, there is a chance she may be wild about you. If so, let her work on giving you a clearer signal. When you get it, forget everything we've said. You don't need to see more of her at work—you need to see more of her at lunch or dinner. Ask.

Can you recommend a source of information on classic motorcycles? My first bike, back in college, was a Triumph. I don't know why I traded it, but now I would like to find a replacement. What do you think?—D. A., Hartford, Connecticut.

Yesterday's toys are today's collectibles. If the Government ever changes its silly rules about IRA accounts, we'll put all our pension funds into Nortons (and our kids' college trust funds into Transformers). The best source of information on old bikes is "Walneck's Classic Cycle-Trader" (7923 Janes Avenue, Woodridge, Illinois 60517). A subscription runs \$20 a year, but they'll send you a free copy if you ask real nice. The magazine is filled with ads for cherry bikes, as well as contacts for spare parts. Take a roll down memory lane, then park in memory garage for a weekend of repairs and polish.

Have you ever heard of a sexual technique called *pompoir*?—A. L., Detroit, Michigan.

Pompoir is the ability of a woman to bring a man to orgasm using only her vaginal and pelvic muscles. Richard Burton (the explorer, not the actor) described the practice as follows: "She must . . . close and constrict the yoni until it holds the lingam as with a finger, opening and shutting at her pleasure, and finally acting as the hand of the Gopala girl who milks the cow. This can be learned only by long practice and especially by throwing the will into the part affected." Alex Comfort mentions the technique five times in "The Joy of Sex," going so far as to suggest that someone invent a training device with a rubber cylinder and a pressure gauge to help women learn: "The technique to try would involve having a bulb in the vagina and a light or

pressure gauge to enable you to know when you were doing the right thing. . . . Sucking a large, strong Pyrex test tube into the vulva without hands is another recommended exercise. Once learned, it is wholly involuntary and needs no effort." Once your partner masters this technique, it opens up whole new worlds of erotic possibility: You can even make love undetected on the old, creaky bed in her parents' house.

This may seem trivial, but what is the proper amount to tip pizza-delivery people? The standard 15 percent seems like too much when you consider how much less work they do than waiters and waitresses.—D. C., Los Angeles, California.

Waiters don't have to fight traffic, find a place to park or walk up three flights of stairs. Do the right thing: Tip 15 percent.

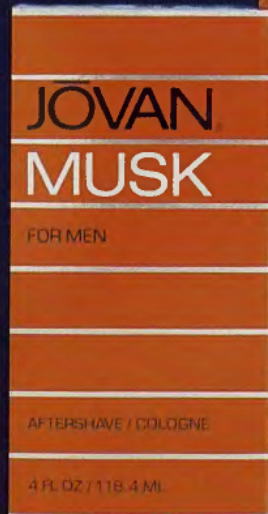
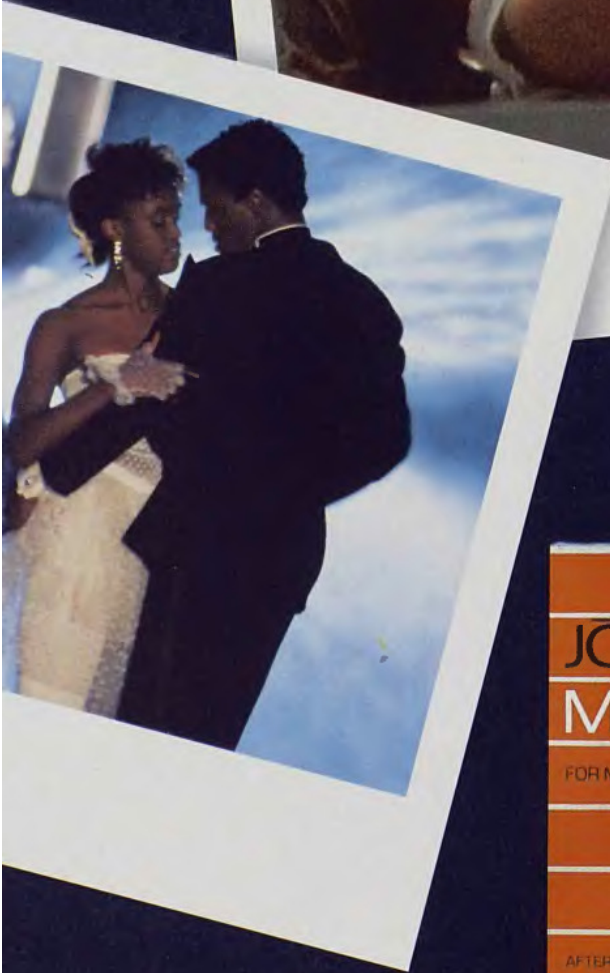
Is there anything that can be done for curvature of the penis? Over the past few years, my erection has acquired a distinct bend to the right. It is not painful, but it is embarrassing. I've heard of something called Peyronie's disease (I think I read about it in this column years ago) and the recommendation that a curved penis be treated with vitamin E. Can you offer any advice?—D. J., Richmond, Virginia.

In the July 1989 issue of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, Dr. John Gregory and Michaela H. Purcell, R.N., report that curvature of the penis is an increasingly common ailment. In the Seventies, urologists saw two to three cases a year; nowadays, they see one to two a month. There is some evidence that Peyronie's disease runs in families, but perhaps the majority of cases of acquired curvature are the result of trauma. Are more people trying the Chinese basket trick and having the rope break? The initial accident may be minor, but as the injury heals, scar tissue forms and deformation results. The curvature often becomes less severe within six months but seldom straightens completely. The authors do not recommend rushing into therapy unless the curvature actually interferes with intercourse. In the past, doctors have treated the condition with vitamin E, ultrasound, aminobenzoate potassium and steroid and collagenase injections. However, current opinion holds that any changes observed were the result of natural improvement. In severe cases, surgery can straighten (and consequently shorten) the penis. In the worst cases, doctors can perform a penile implant. Our advice: See if the situation improves over time. If not, check with a doctor.

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



What is sexy?



Jovan Musk

What sexy is.

TRINITRON XBR

● SOUND RETRIEVAL SYSTEM

SONY

SONY

SUPER WOOFER

ATTENCIÓN

MAX

MIN



The Sony Trinitron XBR. Your Typical Over-Achiever.

To the acknowledged brilliance of the Trinitron XBR picture, Sony adds SRS stereo—a sound advancement.

When is good not good enough? When is acceptable unacceptable? When you're Sony Trinitron® XBR™ TV, and over-achieving runs in the family.

Ever since the creation of the first Trinitron television 20 years ago, Sony has continued to epitomize the much-overused phrase "owning the best." A description earned by the realism of its picture, its unquestioned reliability, and now, its stereo sound breakthrough.

The Trinitron XBR picture. Exciting. Extraordinary. Exclusive.

At the heart of the astonishing Trinitron XBR TV is its astonishing picture. And this year, the brilliant color is even more brilliant. The sharp resolution even sharper. And the impeccable detail even more detailed—thanks to a series of technical enhancements like our CCD Color Pure Filter™ and new Dynamic Color™ circuitry.

Now Sony presents SRS.® The biggest breakthrough in sound since stereo itself.

Until now, television sound has been a real under-achiever. Because hidden in every stereo television program is a spectrum of great sounds ordinary televisions haven't been able to deliver.

Now SRS—Sound Retrieval System—finally does deliver television's full audio performance. The magic behind SRS lies in the sophisticated circuitry which duplicates the way our ears hear—a technology which reprocesses the audio signal to add depth, width and dynamics.

The result is sound that's more real. More intense. Sound you can almost reach out and touch. From virtually any spot in the room,

because there's no narrow sweet spot. The great SRS stereo sound envelopes you, with no extra speakers or expensive add-ons. And Sony is the first to bring it to you in television.

Mare ways to enjoy the television that does more.

The new Trinitron XBR TVs give you exciting new ways to change the scene on your screen. Some models even have advanced digital picture-in-picture to let you instantly switch to a split screen, inset picture, or view an instant replay. And our channel index feature lets you sample seven programs simultaneously. All thanks to Trinitron XBR TV's unique combination of 2 built-in tuners, so you don't need any additional video source.

And its A/V window on-screen displays guide you through the advanced XBR features—like the programmable timer, channel captioning, even storing picture settings for 3 different video sources.

The rarest of combinations. A beautiful face and a beautiful voice.

The new family of Trinitron XBR TVs unquestionably take television to a new level—a level where brilliance in sight and sound are in harmony. Add their other remarkable capabilities, and you can see why we describe these 27" and 32" televisions not merely as achievements, but over-achievements.

SONY®



Which would you rather hold
if you were thirsty
and playing blackjack?



The choice is simple.
America chooses the less filling beer that tastes great. Miller Lite.



COMPLICITY

IS NOT COST-FREE

when companies cave in to pressure groups, are they being profamily—or antifreedom?

If we learned one thing from the Fifties, it was this: Senator Joseph McCarthy loomed as the largest villain, but he was not the only one. McCarthyism existed in part because the silent majority denied the danger posed by one man who saw evil everywhere.

The Reverend Donald Wildmon is the new McCarthy and tacitly supporting his boycotts—which target everything Wildmon thinks is evil—creates a similar shameful silence.

The press has played its part in this conspiracy of silence (*The Playboy Forum*, October), but so has big business. Corporations have bowed to the pressure of Wildmon—and then conveniently denied his influence.

Pepsi, for example, declared that its cancellation of the Madonna ad had little to do with Wildmon. Commercials were purportedly yanked because consumers had reported confusion between the ad and her music video.

General Mills and Ralston-Purina pulled advertising from *Saturday Night Live*. Domino's Pizza followed suit, as part of a general decision to reposition its late-night advertising.

Mazda claimed that it ceased advertising on *Miami Vice* and *Hunter* "on our own accord." Yet, coincidentally, both shows had been targeted by Wildmon.

Noxell Corp., after discussions with Wildmon, "formalized . . . an existing policy to steer away from programming that is overly violent or contains gratuitous sex and profanity."

Several major companies—Mars, Inc., Exxon Corp. and Hardee's Food Systems—drew up boycott lists of television programs they would not support with advertising. The public-affairs flack for Hardee's explained, "There's a mood swing against permissiveness. People are getting very upset about it. . . . It becomes a business risk."

**KIMBERLY-CLARK HAS
A NEW USE FOR KLEENEX—**



**ONE IT HOPES YOU
DON'T HEAR ABOUT**

**DOMINO'S PIZZA
COMES IN A NEW FLAVOR—**



CHICKEN

Kimberly-Clark and Tambrands pulled ads from *Married . . . with Children* after copycat boycotter Terry Rakolta threatened action.

An advertiser who spoke on the condition that his name not be used claimed, "The heat is on. Advertisers are knee-jerking out of everything."

An executive for an ad agency whose unnamed clients pulled commercials when Wildmon opposed the critically acclaimed docudrama *Roe vs. Wade* said, "I don't believe advertisers have a moral obligation to put their products on the line for the benefit of freedom of speech."

It has been said that McCarthyism was partly the creation of the media and that when the press finally saw through "the scrappy Senator" and started remembering what America meant, he lost his influence. But much damage had been done. Wildmon, that "scrappy preacher," is gaining a McCarthylike influence. The silence of corporations and ad agencies only contributes to the spread of the cancer.

Executives who pulled ads because they saw their profits threatened may have believed that if they'd kept a low profile, the controversy would go away. They were wrong. The ad concepts on this page suggest another way of looking at such corporate cowardice.

There is some poetic justice. Last spring, Mennen pulled ads from *Heartbeat* after Wildmon's TV monitors called it "a potpourri of perversion." Was Wildmon appeased?

On July 17, CLear TV, the pressure group founded by Wildmon, announced a year-long product boycott against two companies for running ads on *Miami Vice*, *Dream Street*, *Tour of Duty*, *A Man Called Hawk*, *Midnight Caller* and *Gideon Oliver*. (So much for war stories, drug enforcement, black heroes and talk radio.)

One of the companies was Mennen.

ABORTION

When a woman consents to a sexual encounter and then becomes pregnant, why should she alone be legally endowed with the power to have an abortion?

Hiram R. Johnston, Jr.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

Since the "Roe vs. Wade" decision, some men have sought to obtain a court order forcing their mate to bear a child against her will. The appellate courts have all upheld the woman's right to an abortion, noting that any decision for one of the men would take away the decision from the pregnant woman and, therefore, would place the power to decide in the hands of her mate—and the state.

I am against abortion, though I realize that I have no right to force my belief on others. I do feel, however, with the exception of rape, incest or medical reasons, the Government should not fund abortions. Taxpayers who are against them should not have to pay for them.

Mark B. Sasse
Abilene, Texas

In a sense, you are forcing your beliefs on others—on women too poor to afford abortions. In an ideal world, taxpayers would be able to check off exactly what they wanted their money to fund. Many Americans wouldn't send their dollars off to finance the B-2. Unfortunately, it's not an ideal world. Why should anti-abortionists get to dictate how their money is spent?

I have heard too many people say that they don't want their tax dollars spent on a poor woman's abortion. Fine. Protest the \$200 cost of abortion and then think of the thousands of dollars that must be spent on medical care for a deformed baby or a cocaine infant or an abused child who is put under state care or a child who starts life on welfare and ends life on welfare. I don't think that human life can be estimated in dollars, but if pro-lifers are going to use the money argument, I'll use it, too.

M. Burns
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

The pious efforts of the anti-abortion crusade will only increase the death toll



FOR THE RECORD

SOCIETY'S CHILDREN

"Although we want and expect children to be healthy sexually when they are adults, we punish them for masturbating, for touching their genitalia and for engaging in childhood sexual rehearsal play with playmates of their own age. If we truly wanted to encourage the sexual well-being of our children, we would teach them about healthy sexual relations instead of teaching them that sex is bad. Because of our antisexual attitude toward normal sexual development, we have literally created an epidemic of sexual disorders which surface in adolescence and maturity."

—DR. JOHN MONEY, director of the Psychohormonal Research Unit at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, professor emeritus of medical psychology and pediatrics

of children dying of starvation, babies dying in infancy and women dying from complications of pregnancy and botched illegal abortions. It is monstrous to claim—as pro-lifers do—that they are motivated by love and concern for babies. The babies suffer the most and are the first to die.

Martin Olson
Washington, D.C.

The Supreme Court should not heed the hysterical religious zealots who want people to suffer for having had sex.

Jim Senyszyn
Naugatuck, Connecticut

I suggest that we spay women who are unfit to have children.

(Name and address withheld by request)

We guess that this is the logical extension of forcing some women to have children—forcing some women not to have children.

HERE WE GO AGAIN

Time magazine, in writing about the man who was arrested as being the Green River killer, says that, like Bundy, he was an "avid consumer of pornography." Time also says they were both students at the University of Washington. What do you think, should we close down UW?

J. Davis
Seattle, Washington

If Dr. James Dobson wants personal testimonials about pornography and violence, I'll give him mine (*The Playboy Forum*, July). I've looked at pornography ever since I was six. I have never raped or killed a woman. Dobson should realize that there isn't a fine line between sex and violence.

Randy C.
Warren, Ohio

DATE-RAPE PREVENTION

The following is the Dater's Bill of Rights, drawn up by the date-rape-prevention advocate at Dartmouth College:

"We, the people of Dartmouth College, in order to form more enjoyable relationships, establish justice, ensure dating tranquility, provide for the common good, promote the general welfare and

secure the blessings of relationship liberty to ourselves and other students, do ordain and establish the Dater's Bill of Rights:

"1. In self-chosen relationships, we have the right to pursue what we need, what we deserve and what we are ready for, within mutually consenting boundaries.

"2. We have the right to hold attitudes, values and beliefs about relationships and intimacy. We do not have the right to force or expect others to hold the same beliefs and attitudes as ours.

"3. We have the right to experience emotions and to express them. We have

R E S P O N S E

the right to expect respect for the expression. We do not have the right to assume what another person is feeling.

"4. We have the right to engage in consenting intimacy. We have the right to be responsible for the consequences of our intimacy. We do not have the right to force someone into intimate acts by using pressure, intimidation, exploitation or violence.

"5. We have the right to set sexual limits and communicate those limits. We have the right to expect acknowledgement and respect for those limits.

"6. We have the right to choose consenting partners and to recognize and be responsible for our needs and wants.

"7. We have the right to view a person as a person and not a gender symbol. We do not have the right to expect someone to feel or behave in certain ways because of [his or her] gender.

"8. We have the right to relate to each other without blame or guilt. We do not have the right to interpret someone's intentions or consent.

"9. We have the right to communicate

verbally and nonverbally and to be responsible for our communications.

"10. We have the right to say no to sexual intimacy and to expect respect for this position. We have the right to behave in caring, friendly, exploring ways and to enjoy relationships that promote mutual consideration and respect.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all people are created equal with certain inalienable rights. That among these rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in enjoying companionships and relationships!"

What do you think of this code of conduct?

D. Taylor

Hanover, New Hampshire

While much of the code is sensitive, some of it clouds the issue. Let's make it simple: Date rape is wrong. When it comes to sex, silence is subject to misinterpretation. Make a clear request. Expect a clear answer. In the absence of a definite yes, keep it zipped. The consumption of alcohol does not convey consent. If you haven't discussed birth control, don't do anything that requires it. If

someone needs to know what it means, he or she should ask before, not after. Losing control is the end, not the means, of sex. Stay cool. It is not a jungle out there.

ANIMAL RIGHTS

Please refrain from portraying animal-rights activists—of which I am one—as a lunatic fringe (*The Playboy Forum*, September).

David Kveragas

Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

OK, will bozos do?

WHAT WE LEARN IN SCHOOL

Last year, I was a freshman at Mt. Hood Community College in Gresham, Oregon. My freshman English instructor gave the class an assignment to write something worthy of publication in a magazine. When the assignment was completed, we were told to give it to her, along with an envelope addressed to the magazine of our choice. The magazine of my choice was *Playboy*. Unfortunately, when the instructor returned my paper, she told me that although it was worthy

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST

Instead of weeping, wailing and gnashing your teeth at those Rolex-wearing TV preachers, become your own "powerhouse pulpit pounder" by playing the board game **Fleece the Flock**. You, too, can parlay your collection plate into an empire of TV stations, theme parks, stretch limos, record companies and corporate jets. Just remember—the shadier you are, the more money you'll make. To order, call 800-443-3080.

Fleece the Flock
AN IRREVERENT GAME FOR GROWN-UPS

THE TV EVANGELIST GAME

of an A, she had lowered my grade to a B because of my "poor choice of magazine."

Douglas Ticknor
Gresham, Oregon

Last year, I was president of the Springdale, Arkansas, chapter of the Future Farmers of America. As my last act in office, I published an eight-page newsletter, *Farmboy: Entertainment for Future Farmers*. It contains short interviews with the 13 outgoing FFA officers, an FFA year in review and a pictorial, a composition of six photos from FFA events. When Springdale High School principal Harry Wilson saw it, he had the FFA sponsors confiscate 200 copies. I do not understand why he wanted them pulled—ap-



parently, he found them offensive. He will say only that he "has a moral responsibility to the students."

The newsletter itself is not a big deal—and one would have to be incredibly thin-skinned to find it offensive—but the fact that it was censored is. This is what high school students in Springdale, Arkansas, are being taught about the First Amendment.

Jason Yates
Springdale, Arkansas

Our theory of education holds that teachers and school administrators should help prepare students for life in the real world. Because the real world is filled with those who abuse authority, the administrator and the teacher described above have definitely done their job.

HEF SLEPT HERE?

academics erase the sexual revolution

We first heard about the new Kinsey report at Hef's wedding. One of the guests mentioned that he had read somewhere that a recently unearthed study claimed that the sexual revolution of the Sixties had never happened. "If that's the case," he said, "what was I doing in the hot tub all those years?" At first, we filed this with all those *Enquirer* stories that claim space flight was a media invention—that man didn't walk on the moon in 1968 but that the whole thing was shot in an abandoned warehouse in Arizona.

But, lo: The study exists. *Sex and Morality in the U.S.*, by Albert D. Klassen, Colin J. Williams and Eugene E. Levitt, could be subtitled "The Night of the Living Dead, by Moe, Larry and Curly." It seems that in 1970, Klassen and Levitt set out to study attitudes toward homosexuality, then expanded the study to include attitudes toward premarital, extramarital and commercial sex. In 1975, Williams was brought on board to rescue a bogged-down project. Five years later, book finished, they argued about whose name should be on top—while other Americans argued about whether the man or the woman should be on top. At long last, the battle of egos has been resolved and the authors have released their study, which concludes that "the purported sexual revolution of the Sixties didn't occur. In terms of public morality, the American population tends to be very conservative and has continued that way."

Did these people survey the membership of the Moral Majority? Before you wonder what planet you've been living on, let's put the sample into perspective. Almost everyone who answered the questionnaire was over 21 in 1970; almost 80 percent were married; most lived in rural or small-town America. In short, the respondents had a draft deferment when it came to the sexual revolution. The baby boomers and college students who were majoring in drugs, sex and rock and roll are conspicuously absent.

This is a book about what your parents, or in some cases

your grandparents, thought about the sexual revolution. The study consists of interviews with the spectators, not the participants. The authors sniffed their academic noses at crude behaviorism, so they didn't ask many questions about what people were actually doing. Instead, they focused on attitudes and came up with some amazingly Neanderthal notions that they claim are the sacred norms of public morality.

Here are some of their statistics: Seventy-two percent of those questioned thought extramarital sex was always wrong; 57 percent thought prostitution was always wrong; 78 percent thought homosexuality was always wrong; 27 percent thought masturbation was always wrong.

In the end, most of the findings show that the public morality of America is hypocrisy: Although 79 percent of the men and 41 percent of the women had engaged in premarital sex, between 33 percent and 68 percent thought it was wrong (depending on whether or not the partners were in love) and 29 percent thought it should be against the law.

Our favorite finding: Thirty-seven percent of these people agreed, either strongly or somewhat, that Communists were trying to use sex education to weaken the morals of our children.

Why is *Sex and Morality in the U.S.* being published now? The Kinsey Institute says that the information in this study is invaluable for studying AIDS and for formulating new policy. How? Will it help Jerry Falwell to learn that some people in 1970 thought gays should not be allowed to work as judges, schoolteachers, doctors and ministers? Will it help the Supreme Court develop a new consensus on abortion or sodomy laws to learn that our forebears were victims of sexual ignorance?

Our guess is that Alfred Kinsey is rolling over in his grave.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DEVIL OR DOVE?

PASADENA, TEXAS—Several schools in east Texas forbid their students to wear the peace sign. A spokesman for the Pasadena Independent School District said that the



symbol is "inappropriate." Apparently, an author of a book on Satanism convinced school officials that it represents Nero's cross and is used by Devil worshippers. Students, meanwhile, contend that sometimes a peace symbol is just a peace symbol.

TUFTS LIFE

BOSTON—At Tufts University, T-shirts with hostile or derogatory messages can be worn in dorm rooms and on campus lawns—but not in classrooms. This "zoning" arrangement is a compromise between free speech and campus decorum and is a result of T-shirts sported by Tufts males giving 15 reasons WHY BEER IS BETTER THAN WOMEN AT TUFTS—all of which were disparaging to women.

THE BIBLE TOLD ME SO

VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA—Law students at CBN University took the American Bar Association to court for refusing to accredit CBN University law school. They contended that the A.B.A. was interfering with their "religious convictions and beliefs." The A.B.A., which has accredited about 50 law schools with some religious affiliation, said that it was concerned with the adequacy of the CBNU

faculty and with possible threats to academic freedom. According to the A.B.A., "There could conceivably be a situation where the school could so restrict a faculty member's view that it would inhibit a free classroom exchange." The law school dean admitted that the school's philosophy is that "faith in the Bible is relevant and fundamental to every course that's taught." The court threw the students' case out. Meanwhile, on the promise that CBNU will behave itself, the A.B.A. has granted "provisional approval."

CHANGING LIFESTYLES WIN

NEW YORK CITY—Recently, San Francisco officially recognized "domestic partnerships" of homosexuals. Now New York is moving in the same direction. The New York State Court of Appeals ruled that a gay couple in a long-term relationship meets the definition of "family" for purposes of rent control and that, therefore, a surviving partner can take over the couple's rent-controlled apartment upon the death of the person who signed the lease. In addition, Mayor Edward Koch may issue an executive order granting bereavement leave to homosexuals and to unmarried heterosexuals whose partner dies.

A GAMBLER LOSES

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY—Atlantic City casino owners are breathing easier now that a Federal jury has ruled that a gambler is responsible for his losses even though the gambling establishment plied him with free booze and painkillers for his aching back. The jurors in the case said that the casino may have been negligent but decided that that action did not cause the gambler to run up a debt of \$28,000, which the casino is suing to collect. The jury noted that the plaintiff's two-week gambling spree included a free \$1000-a-day room and \$16,329 in other complimentary services.

DIAL-A-PORN LIVES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court unanimously struck down Congress' 1988 ban on dial-a-porn telephone services that provide indecent and sexually explicit messages, rejecting arguments that the ban is necessary to protect children. The Court stated that the law unconstitutionally limited adult telephone

use to what is suitable for children and cited technological advances that could safeguard children from gaining access to the phone services. Justice Byron White, author of the decision, wrote that the ban was a case of "burning up the house to roast the pig."

AIDS HOPE

Molecular biologists have found a way to halt the production of the AIDS virus in human cells. Researchers at St. Louis University School of Medicine added genetically engineered proteins to human cells in culture and found that they shut off the ability of the AIDS virus to reproduce. Duke University Medical Center researchers have also had some laboratory success with immunizing AIDS-infected cells by implanting genetically engineered genes into the infected cells. The implanted genes effectively blocked the AIDS-virus replication cycle. According to AIDS experts, both techniques have great potential but are years away from being of practical use.

U'RE CAUGHT

VOLUSIA COUNTY, FLORIDA—The sheriff's department has posted portable yellow diamond-shaped signs on Interstate 95



warning drivers: NARCOTICS INSPECTION AHEAD. There is no inspection, but drivers making illegal U-turns are stopped and their cars are examined for drugs.

ABORTION DEBATE

WEBSTER VS. REPRODUCTIVE HEALTH SERVICES

The Supreme Court decision on *Webster* upholds the state of Missouri's:

- ban on abortions in public hospitals or by public employees when the mother's life is not at stake;
- ban on using tax money for counseling women about abortions;
- provision that can require doctors to determine if a fetus 20 weeks or older is capable of surviving outside the womb (despite scientific evidence that "the earliest point of viability has remained virtually unchanged at approximately 24 weeks of gestation since 1973, and there is no reason to believe that a change is either imminent or inevitable").

SUPREME COURT BATTLES TO COME

The Supreme Court agreed to hear three more abortion cases in the fall 1989 term:

Hodgson vs. Minnesota. Minnesota requires that a teenaged girl, before obtaining an abortion, notify both parents—even if they are divorced and one plays no part in the teen's life.

Ohio vs. Akron Center for Reproductive Health. Ohio requires that doctors notify at least one parent before giving a teenager an abortion.

Turnock vs. Ragsdale. The United States Court of Appeals in Chicago barred enforcement of an Illinois law that requires clinics performing abortions in the first three months of pregnancy to meet standards similar to those required for hospital operating rooms. Illinois is appealing to the Supreme Court.



PRO-LIFE VIEW VERSUS MEDICAL VIEW

"We know that after abortions, [women] get sick, they die sometimes, they return home to empty lives, they commit suicide."

—pro-lifer at Operation Rescue rally

"The medical risks to a woman in childbirth are greater than the risks of abortion."

"Women who have abor-



tions are less likely to suffer psychiatric disability than women who are denied abortions."

"The predominant response to abortion is relief."

—from *amicus curiae* brief filed in *Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services* by the American Medical Association and seven other medical groups

ADOPTION OPTION?

"When it comes to abortion, there's a better way, the way of adoption."

—PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH

The facts:

- The majority of adopting couples want healthy, white infants.
- 34,000 children are available for adoption.
- 82 percent are not infants, are handicapped or have special needs.
- 51 percent are minorities.

In addition:

- 450,000 children are in state facilities or in foster homes because of abuse or neglect.
- 2,200,000 children are abused every year.

ABORTION FACTS

- 91.10 percent of abortions are performed in the first trimester.
- 8.89 percent in the second trimester.
- .01 percent in the third trimester—for medical reasons only.

LAWS WE CAN LIVE WITHOUT

Idaho passed a resolution that will outlaw abortions if the Supreme Court overturns *Roe vs. Wade*. The law provides that any woman who has an abortion—even in the case of rape—will receive a mandatory prison sentence of one to five years. The doctor who performs the abortion will receive an even stiffer sentence.

In Chicago, some aldermen have proposed two measures that restrict "any health institution duly licensed as

an abortion clinic" from being within 1000 or 5000 feet of a school.

The National Right to Life Committee is working on "innovative" proposals to ban abortions in cases where a couple did not use contraceptives.

PRO-LIFE DICTIONARY OF TERMS

enemies: anyone who doesn't believe everything pro-lifers believe

death-scorts: those who escort pregnant women through pro-life picket lines

killers, butchers: doctors performing abortions

killing centers: abortion clinics

killing devices: I.U.D.s, the pill

preborn children: embryo or fetus

pro-aborts: pro-choicers

rescue mission: obstructing women from entering an abortion clinic

search-and-destroy missions: prenatal tests

PRO-LIFERS' PRAYERS

"Please, Lord, shut the mouths of those [pro-choice] women and the awful things they say."

—Operation Rescue member

"We pray that Thou Who are sovereign over nations and men will let their days be few and let another take their office. Let their children be fatherless and their wives be widows."

—ROBERT L. HYMERS, fundamentalist minister, on Supreme Court liberals

PRAY FOR THE DEATH OF PRO-DEATH COURT

—pro-life banner

**THE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO MAKE YOUR ABORTION DECISION
(AS WELL AS YOUR BIRTH-CONTROL DECISION)**

WHAT THEY SAY

"I think contraception is disgusting—people using each other for pleasure."
—JOE SCHEIDLER, Pro-LifeAction League

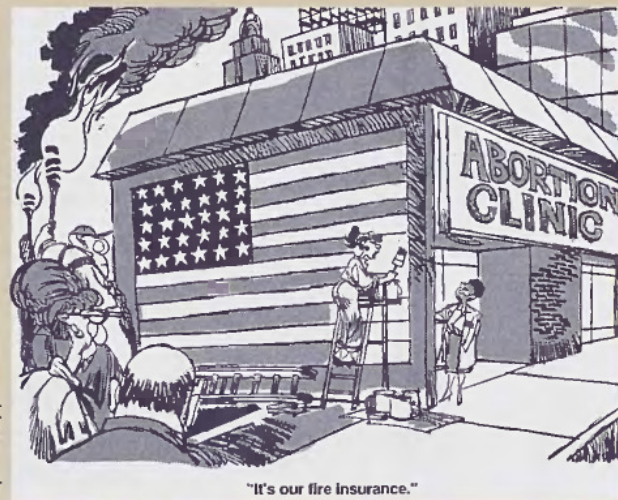
"Groups like Planned Parenthood . . . the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Organization of Women are all part of an anti-Christian network whose cause is to work for anti-Christian goals."
—JAMES J. CONDIT, JR.,
Cincinnati Party

"We are totally opposed to abortion under any circumstances. We are also opposed to abortifacient drugs and chemicals like the pill and the I.U.D., and we are also opposed to all forms of birth control, with the exception of [the rhythm method]."
—JUDIE BROWN, American Life Lobby

"Incest is a voluntary act on the woman's part."
—CHARLES RICE, Notre Dame University, in *The Human Life Amendment: No Compromise*

WHAT THEY DO

Right-to-life-run crisis pregnancy centers purport and sometimes even advertise that they provide abortions. When a woman enters the center, she is shown an anti-abortion slide show depicting the procedure as being extremely dangerous—and immoral.



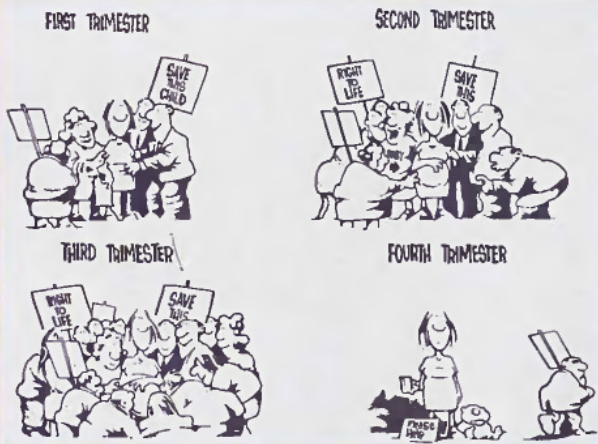
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Federally funded family-planning centers—both national and international—were threatened by the Reagan Administration with having Federal money withdrawn if counselors even mention the word abortion to clients. In the vast majority of cases, the national ban on the A word was held to be unconstitutional, but the international ban still stands.

The attorney arguing the pro-choice position in *Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services* has been harassed by mail and telephone, has had his home-phone lines cut and has been sued by a Right-to-Lifer who claimed he assaulted her as he walked a woman to an abortion clinic. (He was cleared by a jury.)

Pro-life organizer Joe Scheidler hired a private detective to track down a 12-year-old girl scheduled for an abortion. When Scheidler found the girl and her mother, he harangued them, shouting at them through a bullhorn, demanding to see the child alone.

- In the years between 1977 and 1987:
- 607 abortion clinics have been picketed
 - 134 abortion clinics have received harassing mail or telephone calls
 - 208 abortion clinics have received bomb threats
 - 32 abortion clinics have been bombed
 - 38 abortion clinics have been set on fire
 - 60 abortion clinics have received death threats against their personnel



Reprinted by permission of UFS, Inc.

"I don't think Christians should use birth control. . . . I know there are some people in the audience who are saying, 'But I have four children. I can't afford any more,' but I tell you, my God will provide!"
—RANDALL TERRY, Operation Rescue

"There is nothing loving about sex."
"Sex is self-satisfying but not meant for pleasure."
—FATHER PAUL MARX, Human Life International Symposium

"Women have babies and men provide the support. If you don't like the way we're made, you've got to take it up with God."
—PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY, Eagle Forum

FAILURE RATE OF BIRTH CONTROL

- The pill: 6 percent
- Condoms: 14 percent
- Diaphragms: 16 percent
- Rhythm: 16 percent
- Spermicides: 26 percent

Birth-control failures cause 43 percent of all unintended pregnancies. Nearly half of unintended pregnancies end in abortion.

"If you want [abortion] to stop, why don't you join us in working for better birth-control technology?"

—FAYE WATTLETON, Planned Parenthood Federation of America, speaking to Congressman Robert K. Dornan of California, anti-abortion activist

ABORTION FACTS

In the U.S. (population 248,800,000), where abortion is legal, 1,589,000 abortions are performed every year.

In Brazil (population 147,400,000),

where abortion is *illegal*, 3,000,000 abortions are performed every year.

HUMAN-LIFE AMENDMENT

President Bush and other pro-life proponents support the Human Life Amendment, which bans the termination of pregnancy from the moment of fertilization. If passed, this would outlaw the pill and the I.U.D.

ILLEGAL METHODS OF ABORTION

RU486, a pill that can induce an abortion if taken within seven weeks of conception, has been outlawed—for any medical use—in the U.S. This pill potentially treats breast cancer, ulcers, Cushing's syndrome, endometriosis and prostate cancer. The Moral Majority has taken credit for pressuring the FDA into banning it.

The National Association for Perinatal Addiction Research and Education says that hospitals in every major city

have reported cases of women's ingesting cocaine in order to induce miscarriage. Cocaine-induced abortions can cause heavy bleeding in the mother and a high rate of retardation in surviving babies.

Number of illegal abortions per year pre-*Roe vs. Wade*: 200,000 to 1,200,000.

Number of deaths per year from illegal abortions pre-*Roe vs. Wade*: 100 to 150.

Number of deaths from legal abortions: 1.9 per 100,000 (twice as safe as a tonsillectomy, 100 times as safe as an appendectomy and five times as safe as childbirth).

THE FINAL WORD

"I don't want anybody else telling me what my daughter's got to have, or my wife, or my girlfriend. We live in a free country. There is absolutely no way that [abortion is] anybody's business but the person involved." —TED TURNER

FIGHTING THE RIGHT FIGHT

TO MANY OF OUR DAUGHTERS, THIS LOOKS LIKE A COAT HANGER.



PLEASE SIGN THE PLEDGE TO KEEP IT THAT WAY.

Small text block containing a pledge and contact information for the National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL).

Pro-choice ads by NARAL (above) and Planned Parenthood (right). Pro-choice check (far right) by Message Check, P.O. Box 3206—Choice 10, Seattle, Washington 98114.

To qualify for a federal judgeship, you have to pass a tough exam.



Small text block providing context for the 'AGAINST ABORTION' graphic.



How would you like the police to investigate your miscarriage?

Small text block containing a message and contact information for Planned Parenthood.



Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc.
810 Seventh Avenue
New York, New York 10019

National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL)
1101 14th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20003

National Organization for Women
1000 16th Street, N.W.
Suite 700
Washington, D.C. 20036

American Civil Liberties Union
132 West 43rd Street
New York, New York 10036

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ABORTION: THE BOTTOM LINE

the decision in "webster" is another vote for privilege . . . and a blow to the poor

opinion By ROBERT SCHEER

A quarter of a century ago, back when Christian virtue supposedly still prevailed, in the good old days before the Supreme Court made abortion legal, I drove a bleeding woman across the California border from Mexico. She was near death from a botched Tijuana abortion and I was about to become an accomplice to murder. Not because the fetus of seven weeks had been removed but because the mother could have died—just another statistic of her time, proving that the danger of death from an illegal abortion is 30 times greater than that from a legal one.

At a gas-station phone near a cheering crowd at the Del Mar race track, I put in a call to Dr. Pérez, who had performed the procedure in a dirty clinic without benefit of anesthesia or painkillers. Dr. Pérez' advice was not to call again. Whatever kind of doctor Pérez was or wasn't, he had already received his \$400. That was all the unemployed black father of the baby had been able to scrape up; he had been unwilling or unable to accompany the mother on this trip. So I had volunteered for the drive to the border, made the mysterious phone calls to a Tijuana taxi stand, followed the back-alley guide to the clinic.

Abortion was and still is illegal in Mexico. It's estimated that last year 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 illegal abortions were performed in Mexico, producing 50,000 deaths and the hospitalization of another 240,000 women for serious complications. Under legal conditions, first-trimester abortions are 13 times safer than childbirth. That was the case back then, too, if you could fly to Sweden and have the procedure done safely and cleanly in a government-run hospital. But abortion was illegal in both California and Mexico, and the desperate woman I was escorting could not afford an airline ticket to Stockholm. She could not even pay the illegal street rates of California; she could afford only the lower Mexican fees of a foul-smelling dungeon they dared call a clinic.

They understood little English at the clinic; they took no medical histories. The woman sat in line with a row of equally worried Mexican women. Her turn arrived, she went in, and when she came out, pale and trembling, it was back to the land of the free. And then the heavy bleeding started.

Fortunately, in this case, after five physicians turned us away, a courageous sixth doctor in L.A. came through. The bleed-

ing was stopped without much more money having to change hands. And let's not kid ourselves: The abortion issue has *always* been a matter of money.

Rich women easily obtained a safe abortion after an expensive plane ride to some modern country or from a competent U.S. doctor willing to take the risk for a high enough price. Poor women went to Tijuana if they were close enough to the border or did it to themselves with coat hangers.

Ah, yes, the good old days before *Roe vs. Wade*. That decision had the effect of legalizing abortion, but what that Supreme Court actually said was that a woman, as a right of privacy, had a constitutional right to control over her body. At first, that was interpreted as a right established for all women equally. But, in fact, since that moment, the courts have—case by case—interpreted the right mainly as a convenience for women with money.

In 1977, a pre-Reagan Supreme Court held that the constitutional right made effective by *Roe vs. Wade* did not mean that the states had to provide Federal Medicaid money for the treatment of the poor who had "elective" abortions. So much for equal protection under the law.

Then in July 1989, the Reagan Supreme Court decided in *Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services* that the states should be the ones to decide on abortion. But the most immediate effect of the ruling was to put additional barriers in the path of poorer women, preventing those dependent upon county hospitals, rural facilities and other publicly funded abortion services from getting a medical procedure that is available with few restrictions to those with private funds.

If abortion is murder, as the pro-lifers claim, how the hell can they justify allowing only people of means to commit murder? They can't, which is why the *Webster* decision was a temporary political trick rather than a reasoned constitutional argument. If the Reagan Court had declared abortion murder, it would have at least seriously inconvenienced the wealthy and powerful with the necessity of going abroad. Instead, the Justices struck at the politically weakest segment of the population by denying poor women equal access to medical knowledge and technology.

Admittedly, the language of the majority decision indicates that the Court may soon go further and strike at the basic principle of *Roe vs. Wade*—that there exists a consti-

tutional right to privacy guaranteeing women control over their bodies. For the sake of justice, that might be preferable to the current situation: At least the law would be applied equally to different economic classes. Again, as in the old days, those with the price of a ticket abroad would barely notice. This time, however, if the Court continues on its path toward moralizing about what a human being should do with her own body, these respectable citizens will be committing murder by the (new) laws of their own society.

Make no mistake: In the *Webster* decision, the Court did not just nudge the law back over the line to some modest niche to the right of *Roe vs. Wade*. Instead, Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist's language in *Webster* embraces the most extreme of the pro-lifers' charges—that abortion is murder. Rehnquist wrote: "We do not see why the state's interest in protecting potential human life should come into existence only at the point of viability . . ."

Why not go further and include the sperm and the egg under such protection? Why not forbid all effective forms of birth control? The pro-lifers will say they avoid discussing that because the major religions divide sharply on the issue of when life begins. Thorny stuff, that, so best not to deal with it. But why does it matter what *any* of the religions say, and why is the Court taking such notions seriously, when the U.S. Constitution explicitly mandates a separation of church and state?

The basic accomplishment of the pro-life movement has been to make it more difficult for those women who already have the least access to prenatal care and birth-control information—teenage girls and poor women—to get an abortion. The pro-lifers seem unfazed by the fact that those same fetuses they "save" go on to be born and become the very children most of them most despise. It's an extraordinary kind of belief: These people hold in dear fetus, which is trafficked about in jars across the country, as a thing of beauty. But the actual child born to an unwed teenage mother they hold in contempt.

In a 1987 survey of 10,000 abortion patients, two thirds of the women lived in a family with an income of less than \$11,000. How do you raise children on that kind of income? On the campaign trail, I would ask pro-lifers I encountered that question. Almost all, even those who were skilled at (concluded on page 150)



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PLAYBOY'S

WESTERN ROUNDUP

dude clothes are back in the saddle with john clark gable
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

JOHN CLARK GABLE is living proof that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. The only son of the late Clark Gable, 28-year-old John makes his film debut this fall in *Bad Jim*, a 21st Century Film Corporation Western. The classic Gable look—arched eyebrow and wrinkled brow—perfectly suits the movie's Western theme. Gable the younger also fits nicely into the Westernwear pictured here, in dude-style duds such as a snap-closure yoked shirt, a lambskin duster, snug jeans and, of course, cowboy boots. (Bolo ties and metal collar tips complete the look.) A throwback to those frontier days when cowboys roved the land, the dude look was originally more practical than fashionable. Take the stylish mid-calf, high-heeled boot, with ornate leather tooling, overlays and decorative stitching. Its height protected the wearer from brush and gravel; the stitching helped the leather wear longer; the heels kept the cowhand's feet from slipping out of the stirrups.

The wide-brimmed hats helped protect the cowboy from the elements and shaded his eyes as he rode into all those sunsets. Today's urban cowboy can sport Western-style demiboots and



Stetsons with his business suits in honor of J. R. Ewing. Although authentic dude style demands the worn-leather look, you don't have to stand in the elements for the same effect. Weathered leather goods can be bought at Western-apparel shops. Remember: The fashion frontier is where you make it. In the film *It Happened One Night*, Clark Gable took off his shirt to reveal that he wasn't wearing any undershirt—which sent the underwear industry into a tail spin. John Clark Gable has a fashion statement of his own to make: Go Western, young man!

Left: The pure Gable gaze—and a weathered lambskin duster with knit collar, button front, breast pocket, large patch pocket, pleated button vent in back and “barbed-wire” holes, by Robert Comstock, \$1000; plaid cotton shirt, \$95, and indigo jeans, \$85, both by New Man; sterling-silver collar tips, by Al Beres, \$150.



Left, clockwise from 11: Brushed-leather-and-lizardskin Western boots, by Justin, from Alcala's Western Wear, Chicago, about \$270. Sterling-silver-and-black-leather bolo tie, from Zona, New York, \$125; atop Stetson cowboy hat, from J.J. Hat Center, New York, \$110. Antique leather cavalry saddlebag, from One-Eyed Jacks, Los Angeles, \$395. Fringed deerskin gloves, from H. Kauffman & Sons Saddlery, New York, \$54.95. On the gloves: Circa-1920 Western-style watch, from Time Will Tell, New York, \$525. Hand-tooled-leather belt with silver buckle and belt tip, by Al Beres, about \$150. Denim shirt with leather yoke, by M. Julian, \$75; shown with silver-and-malachite collar tips, from Mark Fox, Los Angeles, \$24. (Antique spurs, from One-Eyed Jacks, \$650.) Right: John Clark Gable home on the range in a wool blanket coat, \$425, denim jacket, \$135, denim shirt, \$175, and suede jeans, \$225, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren; plus leather Western boots, by Justin, \$172, and Chaparral hat, by Resistol Hats, \$110.





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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

GARRY KASPAROV

a candid (even for glasnost) conversation with the soviet world chess champ about genius, russian sex, communism's failure and "the most violent sport"

Chess is a strange, strange game. It's played on nothing more complicated than a regular checkerboard. A child can learn the movement of the pieces in a few minutes and the full rules of the game (a good deal simpler than, say, Monopoly) within an hour. The object of the game is as straightforward as football, kick the can or capture the flag: two armies, one black, one white, each trying to beat the other. Nothing to it.

Nothing to it, but just start trying to consider all the moves and the countermoves that will enable your army to beat the other guy's. The complexities go spinning off into mathematical infinity. One baffled mathematician estimated the number of possible moves and combinations in the average chess game as roughly equal to all the atoms in the universe.

Chess is and will always be the king, the emperor, the noblest of all games. Neither bridge nor go, nor Mastermind nor any of the fads will ever be able to supplant it. The skills required in chess—art, science and war—have fascinated and maddened great minds since its obscure invention in India (some say Persia) in the Sixth or Seventh Century. Napoleon, Castro, Lenin and a host of other, more savory figures of history were chess players, and doubtless many of them took inspiration for their geopolitical policies from the game itself.

Even played strictly on a board, however,

chess can prove dangerous to the player who becomes addicted. Tales of chess-induced insanity are endless. America's Paul Morphy swept through the game like a firestorm in the mid-19th Century, easily wiping out everyone who stood in his path, then quit at the height of his glory and ended his days wandering the streets of New Orleans, mumbling to himself. Prague's Wilhelm Steinitz, a world champion, tried to get in touch with God and challenge Him to games, offering Him odds of pawn and move (the black king's bishop pawn is removed from the board; white makes the first two moves). When some well-intentioned doctor at the famous Bedlam madhouse thought it would be good therapy for his inmates to play a chess match, he issued a challenge to the Oxford University team. Guess who won? Bobby Fischer, the genius from Brooklyn, perhaps the greatest chess player ever, smashed all his opponents, as Morphy had, with contemptuous ease. But after a short reign as world champion in 1972, he simply went off to California and hid. He hasn't played chess since and hasn't come out of hiding. Fischer is to chess what Howard Hughes was to aeronautics.

Since 1985, the chess champion of the world has been a muscular, darkly handsome Soviet named Garry Kasparov. Among his more dazzling accomplishments may be the fact that he is so resoundingly sane. Half-Ar-

menian and half-Jewish (born Garri Weinshtein, he took his mother's maiden name after his father died when he was seven), Kasparov was born and raised in the Caspian seaport city of Baku, where they take high-grade crude oil from the seabed and black caviar from the bellies of sturgeon. He began playing serious chess at the age of six and today, 20 years later, is seriously challenging Fischer's reputation as the strongest player in history. Some say he's already there. One English critic calls him the Napoleon of chess and another grand master, who had the sobering experience of playing against him, "a monster with a hundred eyes who sees everything."

Kasparov, the swarthy southerner, took the title away from Anatoly Karpov, a squeaky-voiced defensive genius who had inherited the title left vacant when Fischer disappeared into the mists of Pasadena. Karpov was just the kind of champion that Soviet rulers of the Brezhnev era wanted: well behaved, obedient, a party member with pure Russian genes and a holder of the Order of Lenin. And for several years, he seemed unbeatable; then along came young Kasparov, knocking over his opponents like bowling pins in every elimination match until he sat down to face Karpov in 1984. It was fire against ice. Vastly more experienced, Karpov took a huge early lead by playing parry and thrust to Kasparov's fervent attacks; but the boy from Baku clawed



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RUDOLPH CHELMINSKI

"Chess is a game for fighters. I have been a fighter since the age of six. I already have twenty years of blood on my hands. My main rivals are now competing for the right to challenge me. They all want to kill me."

"A normal lifestyle does not exist here in the Soviet Union. Life here is what I would call a distortion of normal life. It's like living in a house of mirrors. Well, the only way out is to smash those mirrors."

"The two things actress Natalya Negoda and I are showing in Playboy—her beautiful body and my thoughts—have been absolutely excluded from Soviet life. Intellectual life was frozen, and sexual life, too."

his way back into contention in what was to become the longest and most exhausting championship match in history—more than five months. Panicked, the Soviet chess authorities leaned on the president of the International Chess Federation and persuaded him to simply cancel the rest of the match. White with fury, Kasparov swore revenge. He got it the following autumn, when he clobbered Karpov and became, at 22, the youngest champion ever.

Ever since, the Soviet authorities have been trying to figure out how to deal with their new national sensation. On the one hand, he is terrific propaganda material for the superiority of the Soviet chess machine; on the other, he is an outspoken opponent of the Marxist-Leninist system. He is also a permanent headache to the Soviet sports establishment, which had always treated its "amateur" athletes like indentured labor, keeping 99 percent of their winnings. Kasparov appeared and announced that he was keeping all his money. Now other top Soviet athletes—hockey and basketball players and tennis stars—are following his lead.

It was at this turning point in the history of both chess and Soviet athletics that Playboy sent Rudolph Chelminski, a veteran foreign correspondent who has owned three chess computers—and smashed two because they usually beat him—to fly to Baku and meet Kasparov at his training camp. His report:

"Garry Kasparov is the most famous citizen of Baku. His car is equally celebrated. The blue Mercedes that he sends to the airport to meet visiting businessmen (deals with the West), chess analysts (the champion's sparring partners) and journalists (he is one of the U.S.S.R.'s few authentic stars) covers the 25 miles to his seaside training camp at just a hair under the speed of light, driving all the lesser herds of Volgas and Zhigulis and Moskviches into the gutters at the imperious sound of the horn operated nonstop by his driver, Kolya.

"The training camp, or sanatori, as it is officially billed at the entrance, is a sprawling collection of low, motel-style buildings facing the Caspian and reserved for the families of the privileged rich. The Kasparov clan—his wife, Masha, his mother, Klara, his two resident chess analysts and his friend and general factotum Kadjar—occupies a large six-bedroom suite spanning the entire top floor of a concrete structure. The champ's computers are in a room by themselves (he has a data base covering all the important recent games of his rivals). The living room is filled with a collection of Western gear brought back from his travels: TV set, VCR, tape recorders, portable phone, electric kettle, tea machine, the works. And over by the balcony, in front of a big thronelike chair, are his tools: a single chessboard and the 32 Staunton-pattern pieces that go with it.

"In the four days I spent with the Kasparovs, the chess set saw a fair amount of play—cousins and friends dropping by, Kadjar in his spare time (he wields a mean

bishop), miscellaneous demonstration positions—but never once did I see Garry sit down and seriously push a pawn. It was only logical; after all—who in hell could give him any competition? It would be like sending Nolan Ryan up against little-leaguers.

"For the champion of a sport that has been marked by so many eccentrics and dingdongs, Garry comes across as a remarkably sane and well-balanced guy. Fast-talking (his English is excellent), overflowing with energy and ideas, built like a middleweight fighter, he is a knot of passionate intensity waiting to explode. Since he doesn't smoke, drink nor indulge in any drugs ('What for?' he asked), he releases his energy in physical activities, swimming often in the Caspian and taking high-speed walks around Baku. At a match, of course, he releases his energy in more concentrated form. Watch Kasparov when he walks out onto the stage, sits down and stares at the board: You can almost see the smoke curling out of his nostrils, bright little flames dancing at the corners of his mouth, laser beams flashing from his eyes. 'The ogre' the other chess players call him, and I could see why after a few hours of conversation. He's

*"Let me tell you
a secret: Chess is
the most violent
of sports.
You whip him
or he whips you."*

really an extremely friendly and bright young man, but in his line of work, he takes no prisoners. Don't ever, ever dare say that chess is a game for sissies. Garry Kasparov might eat you and spit out your bones."

PLAYBOY: The May issue of *Playboy* had a pictorial on Natalya Negoda. Now here you are as the subject of the interview. With *Playboy* still forbidden inside the U.S.S.R., do you think the average Soviet would have been shocked to see your compatriot Natalya on our pages?

KASPAROV: He would be just as shocked as you would be if . . . if you saw a humanoid from another planet. That sort of thing just doesn't exist here. Anyway, Natalya and I are showing different things [laughs]. But I think it's important for us both to do this. The two things we are showing—her beautiful body and my thoughts—have been absolutely excluded from Soviet life. Intellectual life was frozen, and sexual life was, too.

PLAYBOY: While the uproar was still going on, the emcee of *Kino-Panorama*, a popular Soviet television show, held up a copy of the May *Playboy* and explained that it was a very respectable magazine, didn't he?

KASPAROV: No. He didn't say respectable, exactly. What he said was that the fears Soviet people had about Natalya's pictures were mostly ghosts and illusions, and that *Playboy* was a very good magazine with serious articles.

PLAYBOY: If there were a Russian-language version of *Playboy*, would it sell well?

KASPAROV: How many millions would you like to sell? Don't forget, though: Many of those copies would be bought in order to burn them, because we have lots of intolerant people, you know. Soviet people don't know about this kind of life, so many of them were shocked when they heard about Natalya in your magazine. . . . But they are just as shocked by pictures of Western supermarkets on TV. You are shocked when you see something that is completely unfamiliar to you.

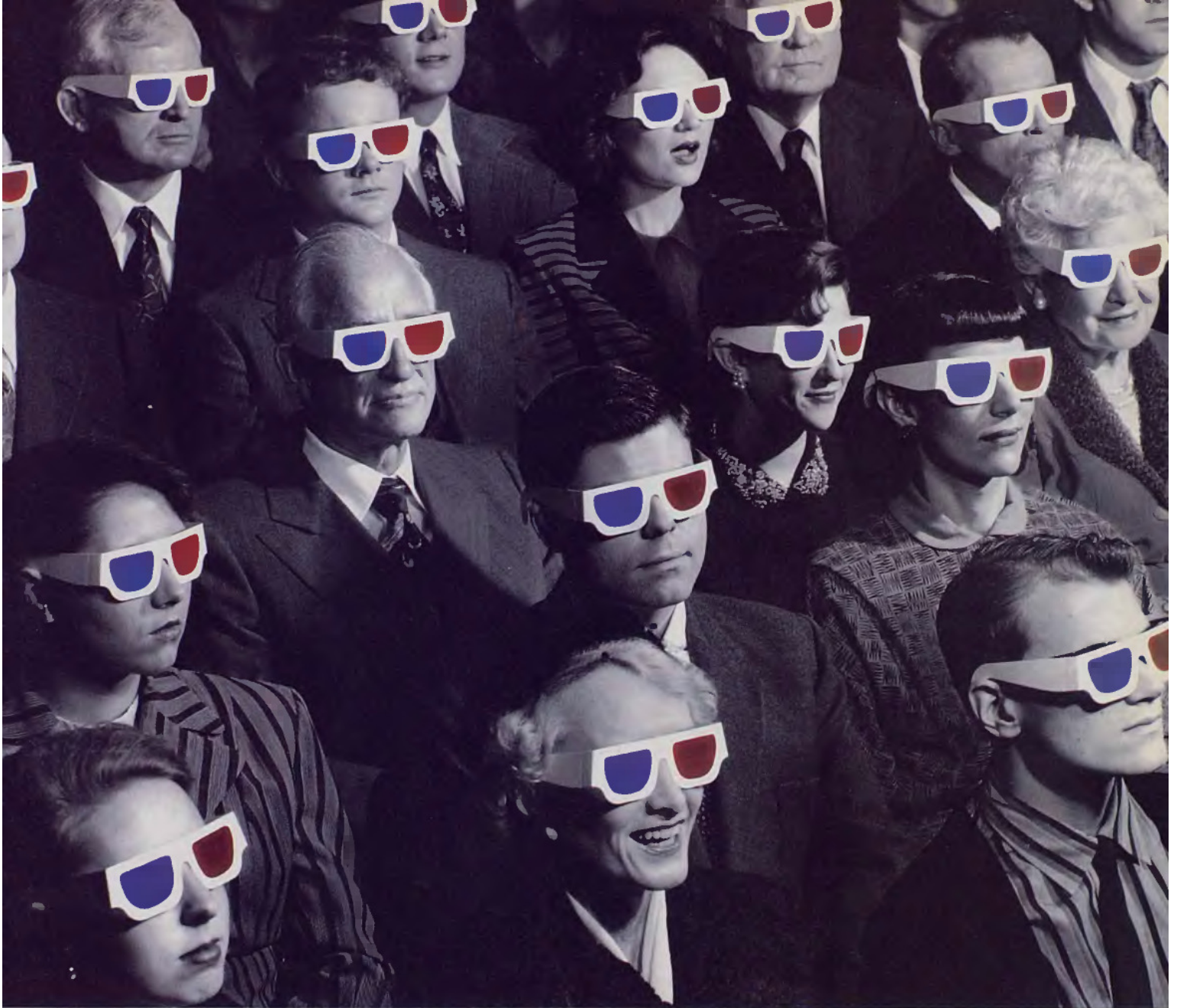
PLAYBOY: Many things that were unfamiliar to Soviet people are becoming familiar. *Glasnost* is apparent wherever you go in the Soviet Union today. People are no longer afraid to talk openly, and the whole country is involved in a vast campaign of self-criticism. It must be an exciting time to be a Soviet citizen.

KASPAROV: I'm not sure. It's exciting, but it's also a very difficult time for the average Soviet citizen. Self-criticism may be exploding, but the food supply is diminishing. We were all very happy when Gorbachev appeared with his new thinking and this openness of ideas called *glasnost* appeared. But *perestroika*—the economic restructuring—isn't on the right road, and everything is going too slowly. I'm afraid the government hasn't realized that we can't wait anymore.

This country is in trouble. The economy is on the verge of being destroyed. It is in tragic shape. It's ninety-nine percent catastrophic. We have to take strong measures immediately. Private enterprise must be released, economic activity has to be open to the market and the people must be given political freedom. It's hard for me to know whether Gorbachev is moving so slowly because that's all he can do or because he really doesn't want to change everything. Remember, he is still a Communist. Very often in the West, you tend to forget that. Right now, I am afraid that the changes of *perestroika* so far are only cosmetic. We need real reforms if we are going to save the state.

PLAYBOY: Those who know you as the Soviet Union's world chess champion may be surprised by your outspoken views on Soviet politics. We'll return to those views, but let's begin with your chess background. Most people think of chess as a gentlemanly pastime. In American colleges, chess has the image of something wimps do to avoid real sports.

KASPAROV: Are you crazy? Let me tell you a secret: Chess is the most violent of all sports. I'm a pretty good soccer player and a long-distance swimmer, and recently, I've taken up tennis, but I can tell you that



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there's no sport as competitive—yes, I'll say as *rough*—as chess. The only goal in chess is to prove your superiority over the other guy, and the most important superiority, the most total one, is the superiority of the mind. And there's no luck involved, no picture card coming up at the right time, no roll of the dice that saves you. It all has to come out of your head. You whip him or he whips you. It's as simple as that. Or as complicated as that.

PLAYBOY: It's a game of domination, then.

KASPAROV: Yes. Complete domination. I mean, your opponent must be destroyed. Fully destroyed. He has no way to escape. If you can put a rating on the times in your life when you win something, *this* is the highest possible kind of victory. When you checkmate your opponent, you have proved that you are stronger and smarter and just *better*.

Chess is a game for fighters. I have been a fighter since the age of six. I already have twenty years of blood on my hands. Right now, my main rivals are playing elimination matches to see which one of them wins the right to challenge me for my title in 1990. They all want to kill me.

PLAYBOY: Bobby Fischer used to say he enjoyed seeing his opponents squirm. He enjoyed hurting them. Is that true of you?

KASPAROV: I like to win the game. I love it, yes. I need it. But on the other hand, I do not like to hurt people. The game, for me, is a kind of lesson for them. I can teach them something. I don't think I hate the opponent personally, but before the game and during the game and until the end of the game, he represents the alien will. He represents the enemy. It is not my opponent personally but what is on the board there. It is my enemy.

PLAYBOY: And you want to kill what's on the board.

KASPAROV: Absolutely. Yes. I can't explain it, but it is opposing me and I have to destroy it to win this game. It means I have to kill this almost living thing. I am very hungry about strong, sharp feelings. Strong impressions, you know? It's kind of a drug. You must be on the edge. That is the best place. When I am at the edge, that's when I really feel alive.

PLAYBOY: Chess players have been known to react to losses in the most extraordinary ways: hurling pieces across the room, knocking the board over, screaming insults. There was even one famous master who urinated on the floor.

KASPAROV: Yes, that is chess. Usually, that sort of thing happens just among amateurs, but even at the top, at grand-master level, players can be destroyed. For instance, when Bent Larsen, the Danish grand master, lost 6–0 to your Bobby Fischer, he was never the same afterward. You can't say he lost his chess ability, but today, even if he is still a grand master, he is like a shadow of the old Larsen. At the highest level of chess, you have to win the games twice: First you win psychologically, and then you win the game on the board.

PLAYBOY: How do you do that?

KASPAROV: The best example I can think of is the last game of my world-championship match against [Soviet grand master] Anatoly Karpov in Seville in 1987. It was game twenty-four, and I had to win it to keep my title—a draw would have given the title to Karpov, my old enemy. My career was riding on that game.

When it was adjourned, I had one extra pawn and some positional advantage, but the victory was by no means guaranteed. I estimated the position at fifty-fifty, but when I went onto the stage the next day, I looked at Karpov's eyes and I *understood* that he didn't believe that he could save the game. And, you know, he lost his confidence. It was as if his energy flowed from him to me. I won the game and I kept my title.

PLAYBOY: Tigran Petrosian, the former world champion, used to say that chess players were intellectuals but not necessarily always intelligent. Raymond Keene, the English chess writer, has called you the greatest chess player who has ever lived. Does this mean you are a genius?

KASPAROV: Yes, in all immodesty, I suppose there is something to that. You probably have to be some kind of genius to become number one in any human field. Without this great gift from God, you can't become world champion, especially in chess.

PLAYBOY: What are the qualities that make the difference between a good chess player and a great chess player?

KASPAROV: First of all, I repeat, he must be a great fighter. It should be in his blood. And second, he has to have a kind of mystical feeling for the game. Just understanding it or having a lot of book learning isn't enough. But if you have a feeling for the game, you can create something new.

PLAYBOY: Can you explain why the level of Soviet chess is so high? Why do so many millions of people play serious chess in your country when they don't elsewhere?

KASPAROV: Because most of the time, there's nothing else to do in our country! Chess fits the Soviet Union perfectly. It's the simplest of sports. You don't need a special field or court for it. Just a chess set, pieces and a quiet place in the park. It's the easiest way for people to have a little bit of enjoyment. And if you become a strong player, chess is one of the best ways for a Soviet citizen to improve his life, to get a better position and maybe raise his standard of living above the average—which is not so good, by the way. [*Spreads some caviar on a toast point and eats it.*]

PLAYBOY: As a Russian—

KASPAROV: Don't call me Russian. I'm not Russian. I am half Armenian and half Jewish. And I live in Baku, in the republic of Azerbaidzhan. You can call me a Soviet, if you like.

PLAYBOY: OK, as a Soviet, do you usually have caviar for breakfast? Is that a normal meal for you?

KASPAROV: Yes. Sure.

PLAYBOY: Do all Soviet chess professionals

eat caviar for breakfast? Is it brain food?

KASPAROV: Not many of them can afford it. But I was born here on the Caspian Sea, and it's our local product. It's from the sea, so I can get it more easily than other players. It's quite expensive, but I can get deals on it. As for its use in chess, yes, I usually do eat it during competitions, because at the beginning of a match, you need to get a good supply of calories, but you need something light that you can eat in five or ten minutes.

PLAYBOY: With or without caviar, most top chess players have exceptional memories, sometimes even freakish ones. Were you born with a great memory, or did you develop it through chess training?

KASPAROV: No, I was born with it. You have to have special talents to become a first-rate chess player. That's a precondition.

PLAYBOY: You reportedly have the ability to remember hundreds of phone numbers. Does that kind of memory come in handy in other ways, too?

KASPAROV: Sure. I played chess all the time when I was in school, so I would miss several months of classes at a time, especially toward the end of high school. So when I went back, I would have to take tests covering, say, forty chapters of a book. Well, I could read the book and memorize it and then play it back, like a tape.

I can keep a lot of information for a short period. It's a specialty of my memory. But, oddly enough, memory *isn't* extremely important for chess. It will help you at the beginning, but you can remember just a limited number of openings. At the top level of the game, you have to be able to calculate extremely well and very, very far ahead. There's a big difference between memory and calculation.

PLAYBOY: How many moves ahead can a great chess player calculate?

KASPAROV: It depends on the nature of the position. Chess is a complicated game. But in positions where everything is forced—one move, one answer—I can calculate something between ten and fifteen moves ahead. But that happens very rarely. Usually, the positions are more complicated than that—one move, then five answers, each of *them* having five answers. You have to use your intuition in cases like that, your positional understanding. It's very good if you can calculate five, six, maybe seven moves ahead.

PLAYBOY: Do you hate to lose as much as other chess players do?

KASPAROV: Probably more, but I don't overreact like some of those you mentioned. I feel very uncomfortable if I lose, because if you lose, it means you have made a mistake somewhere along the line. If you have a good mind and you analyze your moves, you can find this mistake, and it is something I can't forgive myself for: How could I *make* this mistake? Every fighter hates to lose, but for me, it's worse, because it means I have lost to someone *weaker* than I am. I understand chess better, I play better, but suddenly, I lose because I make



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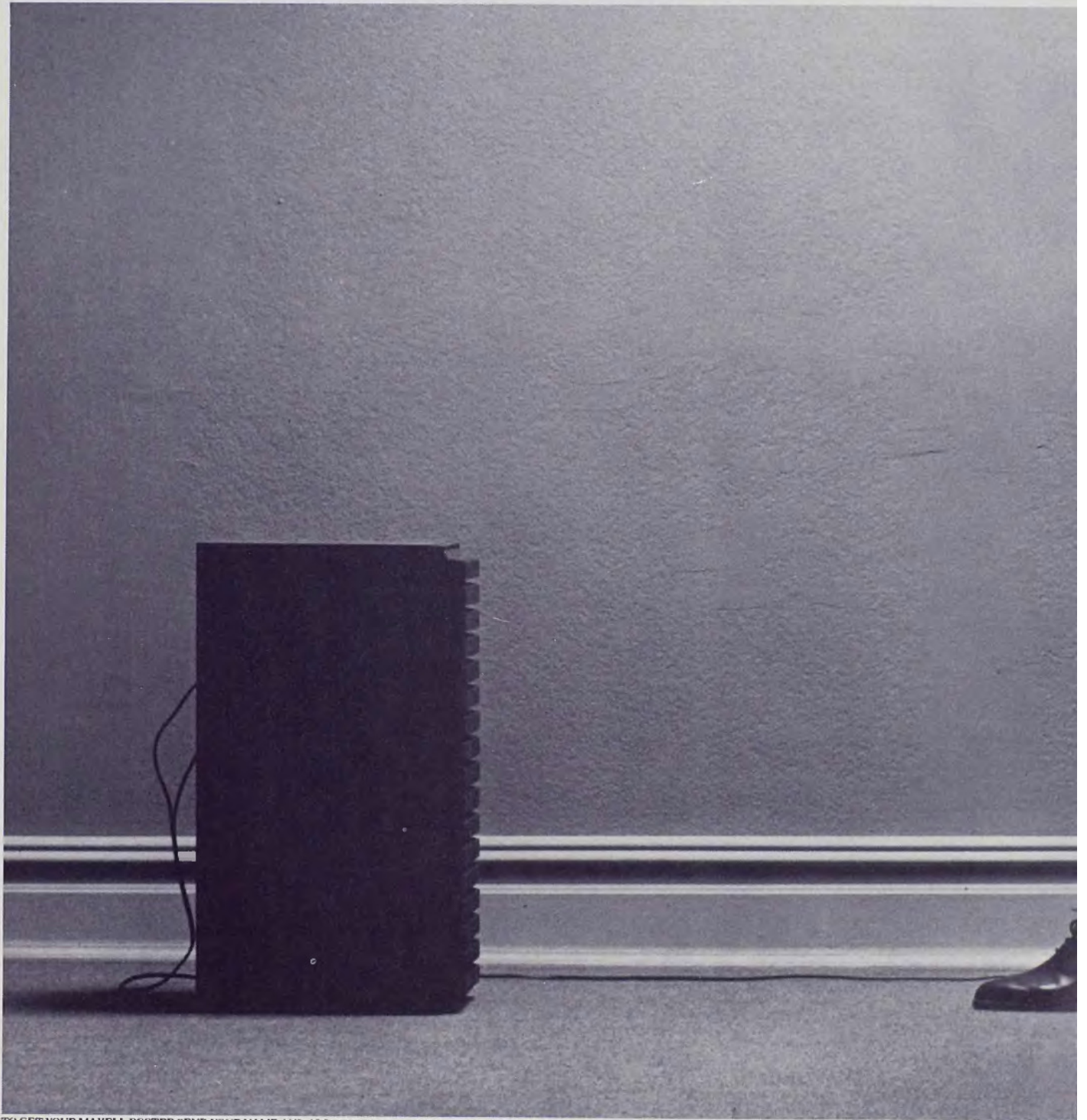
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some stupid moves. I can't forgive that. I hate myself at that moment. How could I show my . . . my *weakness* to this weaker player?

I even have this feeling during simultaneous matches, when I have twenty-five or thirty players against me, where you're more or less obliged to make mistakes, since you can't really concentrate on every game. When I get into bad positions, I feel *furios* to be losing against weak amateur players. Once I played a simultaneous match on French TV where I offered queen-odds—that is to say, I gave up my queen—against a pretty girl who wasn't a real chess player. It was part of the show. Well, everyone knows you can't possibly win without your queen, but even then, I got terribly angry when she started pushing me around the board. I had given up my queen, but I still wanted to win. Because in chess, when you lose, you die.

PLAYBOY: You sound like an American. Americans always want to be winners.

KASPAROV: This is a very *human* quality. It proves that Americans are very close to true human nature.

PLAYBOY: Do you know many Americans?

KASPAROV: No. Not many. I haven't spent enough time in America. I haven't played serious chess competitions there. Most of my time has been spent in Europe, so my relations with Americans are not so deep. I'm a little bit upset about this. They should be better.

PLAYBOY: Do you intend to play more and do more chess promotion in America?

KASPAROV: It's my great dream. It's very important to take chess into the biggest potential market and to take up the work where Bobby Fischer left off after he retired. It was a great tragedy for chess when he left the scene, because American chess disappeared with him.

PLAYBOY: Fischer was completely inhabited by chess. He thought of nothing else but chess. Is it the same way with you?

KASPAROV: No, of course not. But I think that's one of the explanations for his disappearance. Because chess *was* life for him. This created a big danger, and unfortunately, he couldn't save himself from this . . . this disease. He beat all the best chess players of the world. Beat them easily. He proved his superiority. He was absolutely the best player, ever, in history. But at the end, he lost his last battle—against chess itself.

You must have something to love beyond your profession, and Fischer had nothing. He was conquered by chess. After he became world champion, he couldn't play further. This was the danger: He had scaled his Everest. He had no reason to continue. He had found perfection. After that, all else would be less than perfection.

PLAYBOY: So it was logical for him to stop playing?

KASPAROV: Psychologically, yes. It wasn't logical for chess, though. Chess lost probably its greatest model.

PLAYBOY: You don't think he'll come back?

KASPAROV: No. Never.

PLAYBOY: Could he make a comeback if he wanted to?

KASPAROV: No. Absolutely not. I have no doubt that he continues with some chess activity. He probably reads books and analyzes some games. But chess is a fight, and I'm sure he has lost his fighting spirit.

PLAYBOY: If he did come back, though, would you beat him? Would you give him a shot at your title?

KASPAROV: Well, he can't come back, so this is hypothetical. We may as well discuss my possible encounter with [Alexander] Alekhine or [Emanuel] Lasker—world champions who are dead. Fischer is history. He left when I was nine. He is one of the most brilliant pages in chess history, but he's just history. If he were ever to play again, he would lose his legend.

PLAYBOY: You mean it would be like an old prize fighter coming back? Like Muhammad Ali trying to come back?

KASPAROV: Even worse, because Muhammad Ali had experienced *defeat*. That's important. This speculation is fascinating for discussion but not fascinating for chess.

*“Before a world-
championship match,
I have to prepare
myself physically.
Running and swimming
are best—two or
three hours every day.”*

PLAYBOY: Do you *enjoy* playing chess? Does the word have any meaning at your level?

KASPAROV: Yes, of course. It's the best form of self-expression for my nature. I'm very happy to create new ideas, to transfer my energy into something immortal. When I do that, I'm extremely happy. It's a great enjoyment when I find combinations, when I discover some very unusual, very unexpected move and play a masterpiece.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever played blindfold chess?

KASPAROV: Yes. Once I played a blind simultaneous match against ten opponents in Germany. I won 9–1. Eight wins, two draws. But it was very tough for me. Very unpleasant. You have to use your capabilities one hundred percent, and it feels like even more. You don't exactly see the whole position, but you remember its main contours. I made two mistakes in that “simul” and lost a piece. I managed to get a draw, but I didn't enjoy it. I told you my memory is like a tape? Well, that time, it was as if the tape had been erased. It disappeared. I don't want to do any more blind chess.

PLAYBOY: Is championship-level chess as

tough physically as it is mentally?

KASPAROV: Absolutely. In serious competition, if you lose your energy or if you have psychological problems, you can be destroyed. Before a world-championship match, I have to prepare myself physically with just as much care as for the chess itself. Running and swimming are the best for me—two or three hours every day. I also play soccer and some tennis, but mostly, it's the sea and the sun.

PLAYBOY: You're built more like King Kong than like the garden-variety chess player. Do you lift weights or do strength training? Or do those muscles come from just pushing pawns?

KASPAROV: No, I've never lifted weights. My energy comes from the sun and the sea. I develop my arms and shoulders and chest with long-distance swimming. This sort of conditioning is very important for chess marathons. Probably, it's because of that that I didn't lose the marathon match against Karpov, when I was behind 5–0. I was in better shape than he was.

PLAYBOY: Ever since your first championship match against Anatoly Karpov, you have been in a state of war against the Soviet chess authorities. How did that begin?

KASPAROV: It started even before the first match. As soon as I became a grand master, the Soviet chess establishment realized that I would be a danger for their hero, Karpov. And from that point onward, they tried to prevent my appearance on the world-championship stage. There were big scandals, big fights, because when Karpov was world champion, the *apparat* [system] protected him with as many dirty tricks as it could. I had to be stopped from taking the title away from him. Karpov represented the power of the system. I was a half-Armenian, half-Jewish menace to this good Russian boy.

But that wasn't all. They were suspicious of my character, too. My alien nature. I was someone who didn't accept the rules of the game produced by the system. As early as 1981, they made problems for me and tried to keep me out of strong tournaments. In 1983, they wouldn't allow me to go to Pasadena to play a qualifying match against [Viktor] Korchnoi. Trouble, trouble, trouble. Pressure, pressure, pressure. Still, I won *all* my matches. And I finally got to play against Karpov for the title, in the fall of 1984.

PLAYBOY: But the match started as a disaster for you.

KASPAROV: Yes. I had expected to become world champion by just killing Karpov, like I had killed all the players before him. But he was stronger than the others, and he had a lot more experience than I did. I attacked him with a game like fire, but he was a mountain of ice. After only nine games, I was losing 4–0. Karpov needed only two more games to win the match. Well, it was obvious that he wanted not only to win but to beat me 6–0—to destroy me. So I stopped attacking and used his own defensive technique. I began wearing him down in draws. It became the longest

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championship match in history—more than five months. Then I lost game twenty-seven. That made it 5–0, and by that moment, Karpov was absolutely convinced that the score would be 6–0.

PLAYBOY: Chess writer Raymond Keene characterized your performance in that situation as “the most impressive rear-guard action of any sportsman in any discipline in the history of recorded sport.”

KASPAROV: Yeah. There I was. Zero for me, five for him. One point from disaster. I forced four more draws, then I won game thirty-two. I took the initiative. More draws. Then I won games forty-seven and forty-eight. Then, suddenly, the match was stopped. Karpov's big friend Florencio Campomanes, president of the International Chess Federation, came to Moscow and— They just stopped the competition in the middle! It was so incredible! Karpov had lost two games in a row. He was completely destroyed. He couldn't play any further, and I was getting stronger and stronger. So they stopped it!

The old people who perpetrated this farce were Karpov's friends and supporters. They used the full political power of the Soviet chess authorities, the sports authorities and the party. They were the ones who were in charge of this, the biggest crime in chess history. They just didn't want to give me the chance to win. It was a risk they couldn't take. So they stopped it and set up a new match seven months later, when their boy Karpov wouldn't be so tired. Or so they hoped.

PLAYBOY: But things didn't work out the way they had hoped.

KASPAROV: No. I beat him. And became world champion.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel then? How did you react?

KASPAROV: While I was on the stage where we played, I kept an appearance of calm. But after I got back to the villa that was my headquarters, I finally let all the nervous tension out. I went from room to room and roared like Tarzan! The neighbors must have wondered if there was a murder going on. Karpov and I have played three matches since 1985, and I won them all.

PLAYBOY: Well, you didn't *lose* any of them. Your last match, in Seville two years ago, was a real cliff-hanger, wasn't it? It ended 12–12, and as incumbent champion, you kept your title. But you came within a hair of losing. You've developed something of a specialty of coming from behind and winning at the last second, haven't you?

KASPAROV: Yes. I think that's a part of my character. I like excitement. I need this desperate kind of fight, like a drug. I need a real problem to mobilize all my resources. As I say: I like living on the edge.

PLAYBOY: With two games to go, the match was just about over, wasn't it? It was all tied up, 11–11, and all you had to do was draw the last two games and you would keep the title. But you made a dumb move and you lost game twenty-three. So you went to the last game absolutely needing a win. And

you were up against the world's greatest defensive player. Fire against ice.

KASPAROV: Yeah. The roles had been reversed. Now I was the underdog again. Only chance to save my title, and probably my career, was to go for the win.

PLAYBOY: Did you really think you'd be able to get it?

KASPAROV: Of course. I've always said that if I have one chance out of a million, I will go for it. And this time, I had one chance—not out of a million but maybe out of a hundred. Odds like that are good enough to start the fight. Also, I had a plan. Karpov thought I would launch a wild attack like the ones I'd done in our very first match, and he had been able to turn them back because he is such a good defensive player. But this time, I played very quietly and carefully, working for a good position without big risks.

Little by little, his position got worse. I overlooked one very good combination, but Karpov got into terrible time trouble. There were many complications, and time was running out on his clock. I came to the adjourned position with an extra pawn. I studied the position for several hours with my seconds, went to bed at something like three A.M., woke up around ten and continued to study. When I went back to the hall, I had confidence.

PLAYBOY: And you saw Karpov's eyes.

KASPAROV: Yes. I understood that he was through. Every time he has had to win a last game against me, he has not been able to do it. And every time, I have won.

PLAYBOY: You say you've been a fighter since the age of six, when you began serious chess. It's a strange way to grow up. In a way, you had to give up your childhood, didn't you?

KASPAROV: Yes. I lost the chance for a normal childhood. Also, my father died when I was seven, so I had to do a lot of growing up on my own. I realized quite young that everything has a price in life. You have to pay. If you want to become a strong chess player while you are very young, you must pay something, give something up. And the only treasure you have when you're fourteen or fifteen is your childhood.

PLAYBOY: You have another kind of treasure today. As a professional, how much do you charge to make an appearance? Rumor has it that the fee is at least ten thousand dollars a shot.

KASPAROV: I prefer not to name a particular figure here. Let's just say it's negotiable. It's reasonably high, but it's negotiable.

PLAYBOY: Well, then, how much can the world's chess champion earn in a year?

KASPAROV: Things are complicated in the Soviet Union because the authorities haven't quite come to grips with professionalism. But let's imagine that I live somewhere else and can do anything I want. In a normal year, if I spend all my energy on just earning money and take all the opportunities, I can earn between four hundred thousand dollars and half a million. In a world-championship year, it is a

lot higher. In the next match, in 1990, I expect the prize will run around three million dollars, with one point eight million going to the winner. That is to say, to me.

PLAYBOY: There are also endorsements.

KASPAROV: Yes, I have endorsed a chess computer, a soft drink—and there can be other endorsements, too. I am open to offers. I will listen.

PLAYBOY: You've become quite a businessman. Indeed, you shocked the chess establishment when you took on a business manager.

KASPAROV: Not the chess establishment. The Soviet chess establishment. They wanted to have everything under their control, and I escaped from them. My manager is Andrew Page, an Englishman who used to be an actor and a race-car driver. We get on well, and Andrew handles my business matters outside the Soviet Union. The Soviet chess mafia doesn't like this, of course, but I have a revolutionary approach to earnings: I believe that a professional sportsman should be able to *keep* his earnings and not *give* them to some federation or sports committee. I was the first one to do this. Now other Soviet athletes are beginning to follow in my steps. Up to now, they have been obliged to turn everything over to the state and get just a little stipend in return.

PLAYBOY: You travel quite a bit. Has it ever crossed your mind not to go home? To defect from the Soviet Union?

KASPAROV: No. It's important to live among your own people. Of course, I could do it. My life would be much easier. I am completely cosmopolitan, so I could live anywhere else. No problem.

PLAYBOY: You are cosmopolitan enough to have made a splendid adaptation of your lifestyle to the ways of the decadent West. Garry Kasparov, the most famous of all Soviet athletes, rides around Baku in a Mercedes 300SE, wears a gold Rolex, dresses in Savile Row suits and always has a suite reserved for him at the St. James Club when he goes to London or Paris. Did all these violations of socialist purity require much self-sacrifice on your part?

KASPAROV: Oh, come on. It's not a question of compromises or socialist purity or anything like that. The point is that there *aren't* two different kinds of normal life—one for here and another for the West. A life is a life. There's no difference. Everyone has the same kind of normal human aspirations. There may be two political spheres in the world today, but normal lifestyle exists in only one of them—and that is not here in the Soviet Union. Life here is what I could call a distortion of normal life. It's like living in a house of mirrors. Well, the only way out is to *smash* those mirrors.

For years, I had the feeling that something was *wrong* around us here in the Soviet Union; when I traveled in the West, the feeling only got stronger. I am looking for the same thing that everyone else is: a normal life, where a person can live well

and express himself well. It's very important for me to try to bring the normal life to my people. The daylight. When they see me in the nice Mercedes that I won after some very hard chess in Germany, I don't want them to think I am an exceptional case. They should understand this as *normal* for someone who earns it. It's a kind of preparation for their thinking. So, you see, I would lose one important thing if I went to the West: the stimulation to improve things and to fight for something. I am a fighter, and my greatest fight is right here in this country. I am fighting not only for chess and for professionalism but for the future of my people. I hope that doesn't sound pretentious, but that's the way it is.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes you sound less like a chess master than like a politician or a military leader. Are these the kinds of people you admire?

KASPAROV: I admire people who have really changed things, yes. Sometimes for entire populations. The top example is probably Caesar. Everyone knew that Rome couldn't exist without the republic, but he changed his entire period. Just one man. And look at Christ—just the historical Christ, forget about any quest of divinity. It's incredible what he did for the minds of people. He changed the face of the earth. Two thousand years later, we still admire his ideas. Look at Martin Luther, look at Lenin, even, whether or not you agree with what he did. These are all people who changed things single-handedly.

PLAYBOY: How about Napoleon? Keene also called you the Napoleon of chess.

KASPAROV: Oh, I'm very proud about this comparison. Napoleon changed a lot. He did a great job.

PLAYBOY: What are the qualities you admire in men?

KASPAROV: Strength. Any strength. I prefer mental to physical, but the most important is strength of character. Above all, you have to always fight for your interests. If you know your goal, you must be ready

cles. It's like the lock and the key, you know. They are a good combination. But she should maintain her independent person and not disappear inside her man, because if she does, she can't really support him. She should maintain her own character.

PLAYBOY: How about women chess players?

KASPAROV: Well, in the past, I have said that there is real chess and women's chess. Some people don't like to hear this, but chess does not fit women properly. It's a fight, you know? A big fight. It's not for women. Sorry. She's helpless if she has men's opposition. I think this is very simple logic. It's the logic of a fighter, a professional fighter. Women are weaker fighters.

There is also the aspect of creativity in chess. You have to create new ideas. That's quite difficult, too. Chess is the combination of sport, art and science. In all these fields, you can see men's superiority. Just compare the sexes in literature, in music or in art. The result is, you know, obvious. Probably the answer is in the genes.

PLAYBOY: Do you realize that you're expressing a sexist point of view, and that Western women will be enraged by it?

KASPAROV: Yes, but I'm not concerned. I'm sure that women can do many things better than men in many fields. I think it's wrong to want to be compared all the time, to want to be equal in everything. Men and women are different.

PLAYBOY: Whatever your views, have you encountered a great deal of female admiration during your travels? Women attracted to you because you're the champion?

KASPAROV: Forget about champion or not champion. I'm not so bad even without my title. But maybe the title adds a little superiority. A little tactical advantage.

PLAYBOY: The sexual scene in the U.S.S.R.



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PLAYBOY: And women? What are the qualities you admire in them?

KASPAROV: Very dangerous question. Whatever you answer, you're sure to make enemies. I think it's very important for a woman to help her man reach his goal in life, to support him when he faces obsta-

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is still quite prudish, isn't it?

KASPAROV: Sexuality has been repressed. This part of life was excluded. They used several weapons. First, there was the economic sanction. When you all live together in a single room, you have no place for intimacy. Second, there was the ideological influence. They told you that the country had very important goals requiring your labor and that you had to think only about the common interest. That's a problem. It destroys your normal mind.

PLAYBOY: You mean it affected people's sex drive?

KASPAROV: Yes, I think so. Things are starting to improve now, but still, the country is so ignorant about sex that there is a big need for education.

PLAYBOY: Are decent birth-control methods available in the U.S.S.R.?

KASPAROV: No. They're available in Moscow for the highest levels of officials but not for the ordinary citizens. Anyway, the official mind is very puritanical. And the poor quality of our nutrition is a factor, too. It is quite important for women to try to be pretty, but if you eat this food from your childhood on, it doesn't help anything. So there are hardly any ideals, models they would like to try to be like. If there is any example at all to follow, it is that of Western actresses. But it's just an impossible goal to look like that.

PLAYBOY: Do Soviet women wish to be liberated? Are they tired of being sex objects?

KASPAROV: But that's just the problem! They've been liberated for seventy-two years, and all they hope for is to *become* sex objects. It's almost a hundred percent the opposite of the West. That's why Natalya's appearance in *Playboy* was such an event.

PLAYBOY: You seem so passionate about freedoms in the Soviet Union. What about China? Could what happened in Tiananmen Square happen in the Soviet Union?

KASPAROV: It was terrible, terrible what happened. It's a horror even to think about such a confrontation here in the Soviet Union, because it would be the beginning of civil war. The problem here is that the central government is losing touch with the outlying districts, with the suburbs of the nation. Don't forget: The Soviet Union consists of many nationalities and fifteen national republics. Strong national minds are waking up. We are beginning a very dangerous period. And more serious than anything else is the need for economic reform throughout the entire country. Life in the Soviet Union is, for many people, so poor that there is nothing left to lose.

PLAYBOY: There was a story published that some forty-three million Soviets were living on seventy-five rubles a month. Officially, that is equal to approximately a hundred and fifteen dollars, but in reality, it's closer to a quarter of that.

KASPAROV: It's probably more than forty-three million people, because you can't trust Soviet statistics. They've been accustomed to distorting the figures for so many years that they can't even give accurate

ones when they want to. There's big inflation now, a huge debt but—more important—no prospect of improving the financial situation.

PLAYBOY: What's needed? Foreign investment?

KASPAROV: No. Foreign investment doesn't help, because it will just disappear into this chaos, like water into sand. Our only real chance is a true market economy. Unfortunately, the largest sector of our leadership isn't willing to use the human experience that is staring them in the face. They prefer to reinvent the bicycle. They want to improve, but they have only the old methods, the old ideas. The new mentality called for by Gorbachev hasn't come into the minds of our leadership yet. As for the people, the spirit of the system that they have had for more than seventy years has killed their ability to think in a normal way and work to improve their lives.

PLAYBOY: You, Andrei Sakharov and many other Soviet intellectuals often seem to be skeptical of Gorbachev. Yet he's probably the most popular man in the West today. Why don't you join in the unrestrained Gorbomania?

*"Why don't we sell
East Germany to
West Germany?
That would be
worth a fortune!"*

KASPAROV: Many people in our country used to admire him, but they admire him less today, because they're still waiting for some real changes in their lives, some improvement. I think that a lot of his foreign image is created by the excesses of Western propaganda. First you go one way too far, and then you go the other way too far. In practice, though, here, where it counts, the average Soviet person can't see any real improvement and can't understand how the government will improve his life.

PLAYBOY: The government says it is in the process of redefining socialism.

KASPAROV: Yes, but the trouble is, it's time to pay up. The bill has arrived. You know, Soviet people weren't expecting this. They were living with their illusions in this house of mirrors. They didn't feel reality. Now they discover that everything was wrong, and the government is asking them, "OK, please help, get to work, do the job the way it's supposed to be done."

But those are only slogans. And slogans don't work anymore. We must have *change*, real *change*. The system we have now is a danger not only for the Soviet Union but for the rest of the world as well. Making *perestroika* work is important for the whole

world. What I am fighting against is the same all over the world, wherever it happens to be: It is called evil. Others criticize elements, like single-party rule, but I go to the root of the problem. What is wrong is the system itself.

PLAYBOY: For a Soviet citizen in the public eye, you have strong, even radical, views about your political system. Have you ever thought of going into politics?

KASPAROV: Who knows? In a way, that's what I'm doing. I feel I have a mission to improve the world, because a change for the better in the Soviet system is terribly important for the rest of the world.

I can act because I was born at the right time and I am free to say these things and give my example. If a lot of exceptional people have been silenced and crushed by the system and one manages to escape, it is his duty to speak out for the others.

I can act by helping build new business relations with the West and by giving my people a sense of democracy by setting an example. I'm trying to give them hope, and pushing them to fight alongside me.

PLAYBOY: You're saying things that just a few years ago would have guaranteed your arrest—and a seat on the Gulag Express.

KASPAROV: Yes. That's why I say I was very lucky to have been born at the right moment. The others who tried what I am doing, and suffered and died or were killed, have prepared the ground for me. I have a responsibility to our common mission.

PLAYBOY: Until recently, the inevitable world-wide triumph of communism was the official gospel of the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc. Is that idea dead now?

KASPAROV: Of course. It's disappearing in the foundation of the home that was built for it, right here. The foundation is cracking. And the roof leaks, too.

PLAYBOY: Is there a chance of a multiparty system's coming to the U.S.S.R.?

KASPAROV: That's the biggest and the last step. But it's not easy. Perhaps it's easier for the moment to split the party into two parts, liberal and conservative. A multiparty system won't happen soon, but I don't exclude the possibility.

PLAYBOY: You have the sound of a politician, but you also seem to be a pretty fair businessman. Do you have ideas for future business projects?

KASPAROV: Sure. In our country, it's not so difficult, because all the opportunities are just lying there, ready to be picked up. *Everything* needs to be done. If you have good connections with businessmen in the West, you can establish the bridge easily. But look out: This is a very special kind of place to do business. I have a friend who has a computer business in Moscow, a cooperative company. When he meets new partners from the West, his first question to them is, "Have you read *Alice in Wonderland*?" They will answer yes, then he says, "Imagine you are in *Wonderland*, and we will start our discussions from there."

That's how it is here. But since that is so,

we can juggle all sorts of fantastic and unbelievable ideas. I just had a thought the other day: Why don't we sell the Kuril Islands to the Japanese? Frankly speaking, I'm not sure that these islands belong to us, and the Japanese, who claim them, would give us billions and billions of dollars for them! That would keep us going for maybe five or ten years. Then we could sell Mongolia to China and get a few more years that way. But the best deal would be to sell East Germany to West Germany. That would be worth a fortune—and maybe we could get even more money from England and France for *not* doing the deal!

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the Soviet Union and America can eventually come to some sort of understanding about coexisting peacefully?

KASPAROV: I hope so, but I think it's a long, long road. Our country isn't ready to be a real partner in world cooperation. It's too old fashioned and slow, too sleepy and too jealous of the West. It's been more than seventy years of the wrong direction, you know. You can't just change your identity like jumping off a wall.

PLAYBOY: Is it safe for the West to disarm?

KASPAROV: I'm not sure. I'm not sure at all. I think the West should be quite careful. They have to remember that many people in the Communist countries have woken up and believe in Western values—but on the other hand, the system *has not been destroyed* here. The bureaucracy has incredible power. The military is still on the top, and they represent the danger for the rest of the world. Many elements of the system are ready to start *any* adventure, if they feel it is in their self-interest.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone in the Soviet Union ever seriously believe that the West wanted to invade their country?

KASPAROV: Well, many people still believe it. It's an absolutely crazy idea, but they believe it because of propaganda. Though to prove how crazy this idea is, you have only to compare the standards of living in the U.S.S.R. and America. Why would the country with such a good life want to invade anyone else?

PLAYBOY: We've already spoken of politics, economics and nationalities. Are there problems with the environment and pollution in the Soviet Union as well?

KASPAROV: Pollution is not just a bad problem—it is the worst possible problem. We have already spoiled millions of square kilometers in our country. It is worse than terrible, because it was predicted. People knew about it and many spoke about it. They asked the government to stop and they agreed. But nothing happened. They don't care about our future, about our children or grandchildren. And now, on top of the Chernobyl disaster, we have polluted the Black Sea, the Aral Sea and the Sea of Azov. Even the Caspian is in trouble now. The system doesn't take responsibility for the future. It just lives day to day, and matters get worse.

PLAYBOY: What about your own future?

There are always matches and tournaments and "simuls," of course, but what other projects are you working on?

KASPAROV: One of the most important is my chess university. I am setting it up in Palma de Mallorca, in the Balearic Islands, with the cooperation of the Spanish authorities. The aim is to collect talented players, from the ages of ten to sixteen, from all around the world and give them the best coaching and knowledge possible. The first session begins next February. We have the building already, and we are working on multinational sponsorship to keep the costs to the students down.

PLAYBOY: This is another part of your wider plan—for the promotion and internationalization of chess. Bobby Fischer had a lot of the same ideas that you do about professionalism in chess.

KASPAROV: Yes. Fischer pointed the way and I am continuing his idea. Maybe it was too early to improve the image of chess in his time, in the early Seventies. But these are new times, and it's important to popularize the image of chess, to show it to the public for what it is: pure combat.

We could have multinational team com-

"The most important right of any individual is free choice. And that's what I'm fighting for with our athletes."

petitions, for example. We could mix the players up, so that one team wouldn't be all Americans, another all Soviet, and so forth. You could have ten, twelve teams consisting of, say, six players each and then go on tour with them and play for money from sponsors.

PLAYBOY: So there could be an IBM team, a Budweiser team and a Schweppes team?

KASPAROV: Sure. Why not? There's also active chess—twenty-five minutes total per player, using computer technology to teach the game to the public, with good commentators describing the games and making jokes to the public over headphones. It's quite impressive, you know, because the fighting spirit of the games really comes through. Things like this have changed a lot of people's minds about chess. I've even played chess in a London disco with flashing lights all around me. Why not? If that gets people interested in the game, I'll do that and more.

PLAYBOY: Garry, we have to say it: You're a born capitalist.

KASPAROV: Yeah, maybe, but I don't think this sort of thing belongs exclusively to

capitalism. It's just human nature. The market place.

PLAYBOY: Your ideas are spreading to other sports and other Soviet sportsmen and sportswomen, aren't they?

KASPAROV: Yes. Soviet athletes were always vassals to the Soviet sports establishment. They played where and when the establishment said they should, and the money they earned was paid directly back into the establishment. I started my fight not for chess players but for Soviet sportsmen in general.

I was the first Soviet sportsman who publicly announced that he was breaking away from this establishment and demanded professional status for Soviet sports. They didn't like that. Some high officials wrote a big complaint about me to the Central Committee, predicting that if things continued as they were going, Kasparov would probably be selling Soviet sportsmen off in the future. Today, I'm very happy that I was able to turn this fear into reality.

PLAYBOY: You mean you *are* selling off other Soviet athletes? You mean as some kind of middleman?

KASPAROV: No, I don't get involved like that. But when they come to me for advice, I can give them good information, because I know the West well and have lots of contacts. I can help them find managers, for example.

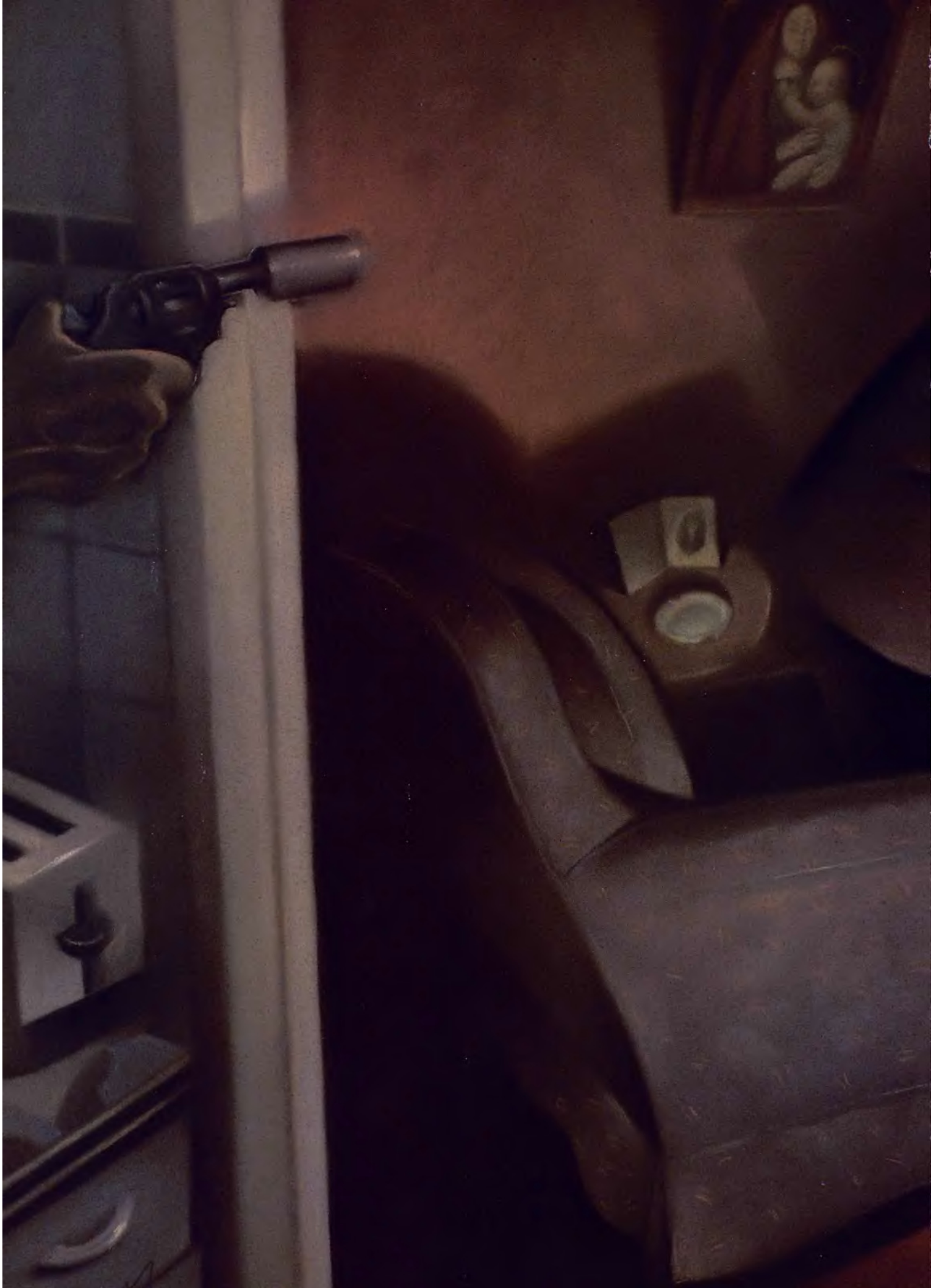
Now, our two best tennis players, Andrei Chesnokov and Natalya Zvereva, have signed up with ProServe, and Slava Fetisov, who was the captain of our national hockey team, has signed to play for the New Jersey Devils. More will come. I remember my discussion with Lou Lamoriello, the general manager of the Devils, when I went to his office and spoke with him about this. He didn't quite understand why I was fighting for Fetisov. I said it was because I had a very special political reason. I wasn't getting any money from the deal, but I was working on the opportunity for Slava and others to leave the country and be free. When somebody famous like him leaves the system and everybody sees it happening, it helps destroy the Soviet mentality of the closed circle.

The most important right of any individual is free choice. And that's what I'm fighting for with our athletes. All sports in the Soviet Union were completely dominated by political life and this is absolutely fundamental to the nature of things in the Soviet Union. And I'm afraid that the conflict between the system and the talented individual is as yet unresolved.

PLAYBOY: So the game of chess really isn't all there is to Garry Kasparov, is it? Chess is finally just an instrument, a weapon for you to use in your broader fight for democracy and human rights, for what you call a normal life.

KASPAROV: Absolutely! *Now* you have understood me.







The Hit on Jimmy Hoffa

THE MOST NOTORIOUS,
UNSOLVED CRIME OF THE
SEVENTIES, EXPLAINED

- *Who killed Jimmy Hoffa?*
- *Why was he killed?*
- *How was he lured to his death?*
- *Where was his body buried?*

Introduction: *Donald Frankos—Federally protected witness #38995066—has spent the past 30 years bouncing in and out of the New York State prison system on a succession of charges: drug running, aggravated assault, grand larceny, contract murder. His criminal career—on the street and in prison—has brought him into contact with the most notorious Mobsters of our time: Anthony “Fat Tony” Salerno, Joseph “Crazy Joe” Gallo and John Gotti. These Mob ties, along with his career in organized crime, have made Frankos, a.k.a. Tony the Greek, a prized source of information on the underworld. Frankos has stories to tell, and the Government has been eager to listen. His most spectacular revelations deal with the July 30, 1975, disappearance of former Teamsters leader Jimmy Hoffa, a crime that remains unsolved. Frankos, who claims to have been part of the hit team assembled to carry out the killing, re-creates Hoffa’s death, dismemberment and burial in this exclusive account for Playboy.*

PLAYBOY: You claim to have participated in the most notorious crime of the Seventies: the killing of Jimmy Hoffa. Tell us about it.

FRANKOS: In 1973, I had crap games on two floors of the Hotel Wilson, on Fifty-eighth Street in New York. I was sitting in the lobby around four o’clock in the morning, when John Sullivan—Fat Tony Salerno’s main hitter—told me Fat Tony wanted to meet me. I went up the following day to see him with Sally Bugs [Briguglio], a soldier in the Genovese crime family. We got in John Sullivan’s Mercedes and we drove up

Hoffa Goes Deep

according to frankos, the body lies under the meadowlands



Jimmy Hoffa's body is buried near section 107 of Giants Stadium, Frankos says. Asked to mark the spot on a seating chart, he gave a grim laugh and said, "X to mark the spot, and O to show where me and Joe Sullivan was sitting, just like in football." Frankos says that Sullivan hid the dismembered body in an oil drum and drove it from a safe house in Mt. Clemens, Michigan, to the Meadowlands, then under construction. He was shown the burial location by Sullivan while attending a 1981 Giants game at which they toasted Hoffa.



Phone Call from a Hitter

tracking down a killer story

Playboy receives more than its share of crank phone calls—everything from transvestites who claim to have slept with Mike Tyson to pot-smoking pals of Dan Quayle. Nearly all can be dismissed as liars or lunatics after a few minutes' questioning. So when a husky-voiced man identifying himself only as "D.E." telephoned our offices last February and offered us the true story of the death and burial of Teamsters boss James R. Hoffa, we were skeptical. Others had been down that path before us.

In 1975, Michigan's attorney general, trailed by a cohort of police and press, took a backhoe to a 40-acre field near Detroit after a Senate-subcommittee witness designated that as the burial spot. CBS news paid \$10,000 to a would-be Hoffa tipster who turned out to have nothing to sell, but he did try to make off with the cash. Ten years after Hoffa's disappearance in 1975, the FBI still was receiving calls about once a month, usually from inmates hoping to broker their information for reduced prison sentences.

None of the leads ever panned out. Where Hoffa informants (especially the incarcerated variety) are concerned, extra caution is clearly warranted.

From the start, however, D.E.'s command of a vast array of names, dates and details set him apart from the average caller. Our first step toward verification of his story was a phone call to private investigator Lake Headley of Wysocki & Associates in Las Vegas, Nevada. Headley has been called in on many celebrated cases, including the 1987 "sex for secrets" trial of Marine Sergeant Clayton Lonetree, who was accused of giving the Soviets access to the U.S. embassy in Moscow. Headley, who also has knowledge of Mob enterprises, agreed to probe further.

The story that emerged was this: D.E.—Donald "Tony the Greek" Frankos—was a Federally protected witness who had turned state's evidence in 1985 when he tipped off

Federal officials that contract killings were being planned against Assistant U.S. Attorney Alan Cohen, DEA agent John Delmore and U.S. District Court Judge Vincent Broderick. The killings were to be carried out by



In a rare photo passed from his lawyer to *Playboy*, Donald "Tony the Greek" Frankos shows off the prison cell afforded him as a member of the witness-protection program.

Jimmy Coonan, a longtime criminal associate of Frankos and the head of the Westies, a notorious band of Irish Mobsters that operates on New York's West Side. Frankos said he was recorded in prison discussing the hits with Albanian drug lord Xhevedet Lika—the target of investigations by Cohen and Delmore. Confronted with the tape recording, Frankos was coerced into providing information; in return, the Justice Department promised to reduce his prison sentence, which is 25 years to life for the killing of Clarence Jones, a Bronx drug dealer.

Frankos says that once he "rolled over," other Government informants told Federal agents that he had been involved in the Hoffa murder, and a long series of debriefings and lie-detector tests ensued. Throughout this process, Frankos was guarded in the information he handed over, for fear that the Government would renege on its promises to him. His fears were

well founded: The promised sentence reduction failed to come through, and at one point, he was returned to Attica Prison in Upstate New York, where he sustained a near-fatal attack by associates of criminals he was turning over to law-enforcement agencies. Frankos decided to seek redress for these wrongs in the press, dangling Hoffa stories as bait.

Judging the reliability of information from such a source is fraught with difficulties. Frankos' long and grisly list of convictions—he was described as "a violent fuck" by a New York City police sergeant—includes such crimes as robbery, perjury, grand larceny, menacing, possession of a dangerous weapon, forcible theft with a deadly weapon, murder, assault and manslaughter. Supplement that résumé with Frankos' own vivid descriptions of his participation in various beatings, disembowelments, point-blank shootings and clandestine burials, and you have a disturbing contradiction on your hands: Frankos is a credible witness on Hoffa's

death precisely *because* he has lived his life amid a treacherous band of killers.

Early on in our association with Frankos, we submitted key portions of our interview with him to C. R. McQuiston, the acknowledged dean of voice-stress analysis. McQuiston uses a computer to break down voice patterns to determine the truth or falsity of a person's statements. Although he claims a 70 percent accuracy rate, his test is still considered inadmissible evidence in court. In any case, he found Frankos' confessions to be "free of mendacious stress" on the whole, indicating that Frankos believed the story he was telling. While that was far from positive proof, it was, at least, a start.

The Government's protectiveness of Frankos is another sign of his importance as a witness; the Justice Department is going to extraordinary lengths to ensure that he survives his term in prison, and with good

(concluded on page 162)

to a Hundred and Fifteenth Street between First and Second Avenue to his social club—it was like an office where he done all of his criminal enterprises.

Fat Tony was sitting in the kitchen there. He was a little squat guy with a cigar sticking out of his mouth; he had a gruffy voice and he vibrated authority. John Sullivan introduced me. Fat Tony got up behind the table he was sitting at and he came and he kissed me. You know, them Mafia kisses. And he says, I heard a lot of good stories about you and too bad you're only half-Italian, because I would like you to stay with my crew.

We sit down and we start talking and he says, I need you and John for a very important hit that's coming up very shortly. This hit concerns a guy that's doing time in the Federal system. He done some bad things and we're looking to kill him. The hit won't be going into effect right away, but Fat Tony just wanted to keep me and John Sullivan on hold.

PLAYBOY: You had already done hits for Salerno?

FRANKOS: I'd done about four hits that he knew about, but he never gave me the orders. The orders came from one of his captains in his crime family.

PLAYBOY: How long had Salerno known Sullivan?

FRANKOS: John Sullivan was doing business with Fat Tony Salerno since the Sixties. Fat Tony needed Irish guys to run the West Side, because they were already involved in corruption there. Without these Irish guys, Fat Tony couldn't operate. They were vicious killers. They didn't use no diplomacy.

PLAYBOY: So you guys weren't strangers?

FRANKOS: They knew we were all right. In this criminal enterprise, everybody knows each other, but you don't necessarily have to meet them. They hear about you. You could become a legend overnight if you do a big hit. Then, when you do meet, it's like you know each other for years.

They knew we were free-lance hitters. We worked for the Israeli Mob, we worked for the Albanians, we worked for the Greeks, we worked for the Italians' organized-crime families and we worked for the Irish. And we done some work with the Puerto Rican Mobsters. We free-lanced out to them.

PLAYBOY: What did Fat Tony tell you about the hit?

FRANKOS: He didn't go into details to me, but he told me that there was going to be a hit on a guy in Lewisburg, the Federal penitentiary. And that he was going to supply the pistols and the silencers, and he knew that we used meat cleavers and buzz saws to chop up the body.

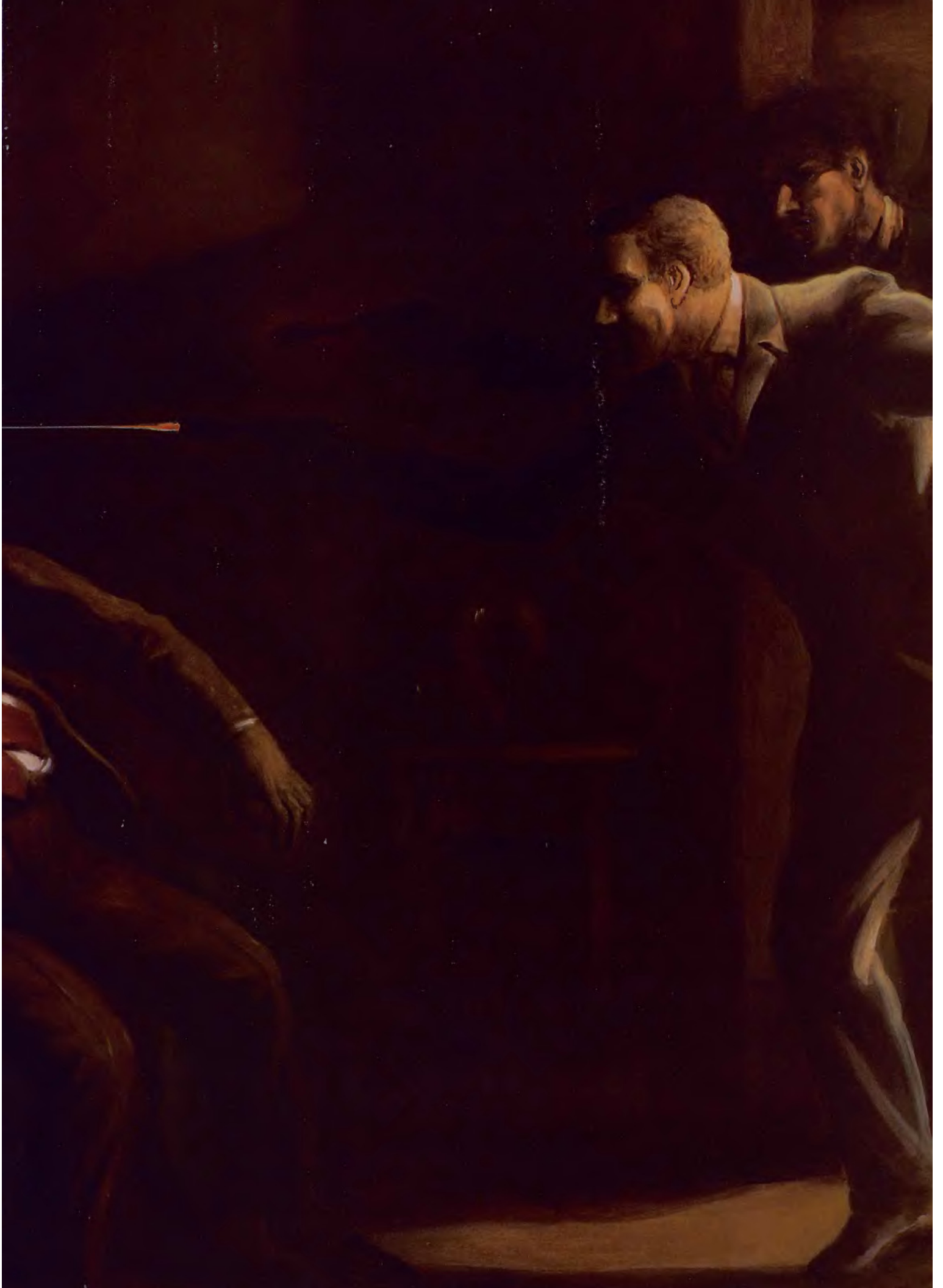
PLAYBOY: Buzz saws?

FRANKOS: Like you use to cut down trees. You plug them in or you can use them on batteries. That was our forte at the time. I was involved in a couple of them—I chopped up a couple bodies, OK?

Before we left there, Fat Tony says the hit will earn us anywhere from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand; a very important hit. They need two good hitters on this hit, OK? But he's going to keep us on hold because this guy's up for parole soon; he didn't mention the name right there and then. This guy's up for parole very shortly and if he does come out, that's when we're going to go and do the work on him. But until then, stay loose and when this guy comes out, then you do your work. Before I left, he gave me five thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills, for coming out of prison, and I thanked him for

A MOMENT OF MURDER. According to Frankos, Hoffa was killed by two hired gunmen in a Mafia safe house near Detroit. We asked two artists to try to capture the look and feel of the murder scene. On page 74, Gary Kelley depicts Hoffa's final moment of realization and dread; on these pages, Kinuko Y. Craft imagines the way it was when the killers fired the fatal shots.





that. He kissed me and I got back into the Mercedes and we drove back downtown.

As we were going downtown, John Sullivan mentioned to me that the hit would be going like this: Tony Provenzano, who was in charge of the Local 560 Truckers' Union in Jersey, was one of the most powerful union delegates at that time. But he was also a captain in the Genovese crime family. Tony Pro was doing time with Jimmy Hoffa in Lewisburg Penitentiary. They had a discussion in the yard. Jimmy Hoffa says, When I come out, I want to go back as a leader of the unions. Tony Pro says, No, we got our man in there right now, so you just step down. You're too hot. They had a big argument, and Jimmy Hoffa told him, I'll go to the grand jury and I'll expose you and Fat Tony Salerno and I'm going to tell them how you were shaking down our unions and taking money from our union funds to open up criminal enterprises and businesses on your own. And Jimmy Hoffa smacks Tony Pro in the eye.

Tony Pro got a visit from his brother Nunzio Provenzano, who was also a captain in the Genovese organized-crime family. Tony Pro told him, Jimmy Hoffa's gonna turn on us, and not only that, he smacked me in the yard in front of a couple inmates. I want this guy hit. But Hoffa has a rabbi [criminal mentor] in Detroit named Tony Giacalone. Tony Pro always referred to Giacalone as that piece of shit. One particular time, he mentioned, This Giacalone is fuckin' everybody's wives.

PLAYBOY: He didn't approve?

FRANKOS: Tony Pro was an old-time Mustache Pete, and Mustache Petes don't care for that. They have, like, a little honor amongst themselves. I tell you, organized-crime figures are more honorable than the Feds.

PLAYBOY: How so?

FRANKOS: I've seen two faces of evil. I've seen organized crime on all levels. I've seen Albanian wise guys—a wise guy in criminal terminology is a person in organized crime. I've seen Greek wise guys. I've seen Italian, Colombian, Israeli and Puerto Rican wise guys. And you take all those crews and put them together and in their little pinkie, they got more honor than the entire Justice Department. If I wanted to pick between organized crime and the Feds, as far as honorability and integrity go, I would go with organized crime. You can deal with them better, and they'll tell it like it is.

PLAYBOY: How was the Hoffa hit planned?

FRANKOS: In the late part of 1973, I was bringing Jimmy Coonan's wife, Edna, up to see him in Sing Sing. And John told me to tell Jimmy about the work he got to do and he can make himself fifty thousand dollars on this hit when he comes out. So I took this message up to Jimmy

Coonan and I told him the circumstances and how the hit is going to go down and who was going to get killed... Jimmy Hoffa. OK?

Now, before all this materialized, in January 1974, I got arrested with a concealed .357 Magnum that I used to keep on my possession on the floor of my crap game at the Hotel Wilson, in case anybody tried to take off these business guys that came to gamble. A precinct that we weren't paying off ended up busting me and another guy with the pistols. I had to go to court. Even though John Sullivan had this particular judge in his pocket, the judge says no, I have to do some time. John was trying to get me a light sentence so I could be out there for that hit. But they ended up giving me two and a half to five in January 1974.

PLAYBOY: Where were you doing time?

FRANKOS: At that time, I was in The Tombs. That's the house of detention in Manhattan, One Hundred Center Street. Now, they told me Jimmy Coonan's coming out very shortly and the hit will be soon as this Coonan comes out and soon as this other guy comes out. We found out he's due to make parole in the summer of 1975.

PLAYBOY: We heard you mention that date on the tapes you gave us. It's a matter of public record that Jimmy Hoffa was paroled by Richard Nixon in December 1971. Your date is off by four years.

FRANKOS: I would have looked all these dates up if I was bullshitting you, you know? I'm not here to ask Tony Salerno no questions. My job is to do the hit and get the fuck out. I just got the dates wrong. Fat Tony said we want this guy hit very soon. We'll let you know when to hit him.

PLAYBOY: There was talk that Gerald Ford was getting ready to give Hoffa a full pardon in 1975, which would have nullified the conditions Nixon put on him when he was released in 1971. It would have allowed him to run for Teamsters' Union president again.

FRANKOS: OK. That's got to be it. That's what Salerno was trying to tell me. I'm going back fifteen years now. Everything I'm telling you is by memory. It's not what I have read or what I was told. Everything comes out of my memory. The only thing I'm sure of is the killing. Believe me, I remember.

PLAYBOY: Go ahead with your story.

FRANKOS: Now, in the meantime, I get sent up to Dannemora. They put me right next to Joe "Mad Dog" Sullivan and I explained the whole situation to him.

PLAYBOY: Is he related to John Sullivan?

FRANKOS: No. No relation. Just the same name. They were close friends. Now, I told Joe, When are you coming out? He says, I'm coming out December 1975. I says, If this hit don't come down, if I get out afterward, I'll tell John to take you on

this Jimmy Hoffa hit with them. He says, That sounds good to me. Now, me and Joe Sullivan, we were going to testify for Jerry "The Jew" Rosenberg—the famous jailhouse lawyer—concerning something that happened to him in the county jail.

PLAYBOY: How did you know Rosenberg?

FRANKOS: In 1963, I was at Sing Sing, taking books and magazines over to the death house. That's when I first met him and his codefendant, Anthony Portelli. I used to go by their cells and shoot the breeze with them.

PLAYBOY: Go on with the Hoffa story.

FRANKOS: They brought us down to the Federal institution on West Street, and that's when Coonan and John Sullivan came to visit me and Joe Sullivan. And they were telling us how to kill this guy and how much money we got. They were putting money on the books for us and they were bringing us packages and they were giving the correction officers down there money so they could supply us with booze and cocaine and whatever we needed. We lived comfortably down in prison there.

Around the late part of July 1975—I'm not sure of the date—John came up to see me with Jimmy Coonan and his brother Jackie. And they told me on the visit that they were going to go up to Michigan and they were going to take care of Hoffa. They made an agreement for the contract to be for two hundred thousand dollars. And since you're not out, we're going to give you a little percentage of the money. Then they asked me when Joe Sullivan's coming out. I told them in December. They said, Tell him we're going to take care of him with some money and we're going to go ahead with the hit.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back a bit. How did you get your introduction to Salerno?

FRANKOS: In 1972, I came out of Dannemora prison, in New York, with Crazy Joe Gallo. I met Crazy Joe on the streets originally, 'cause he used to have all the baboot games and he ran all them bust-out joints on Eighth Avenue in the Twenties. I was shaking down a couple Greeks down there that I knew... you know, in a nice way. Ali Baba—he was Joe Gallo's right-hand man—told me, Leave them alone, because I got Joe Gallo with me, and I says, Fuck you and fuck Joe. I was at them stages that I didn't care about who the wise guy was. When he went to Auburn in the late Sixties, Joe Gallo locked by me for about eighteen months. I got very close to him. I taught him how to play bridge. He was flamboyant, a fabulous dresser. Even in prison, he was immaculate. His handkerchief had to match his pants and all that.

So when I came out, him and Carmine Tramunti, the boss of the Lucchese crime family, sent me to work for Vincent

(continued on page 163)



"OK, you can stop now. We got the landing gear down."

OH! DONNA

knots landing's miss mills in the age of aquarius

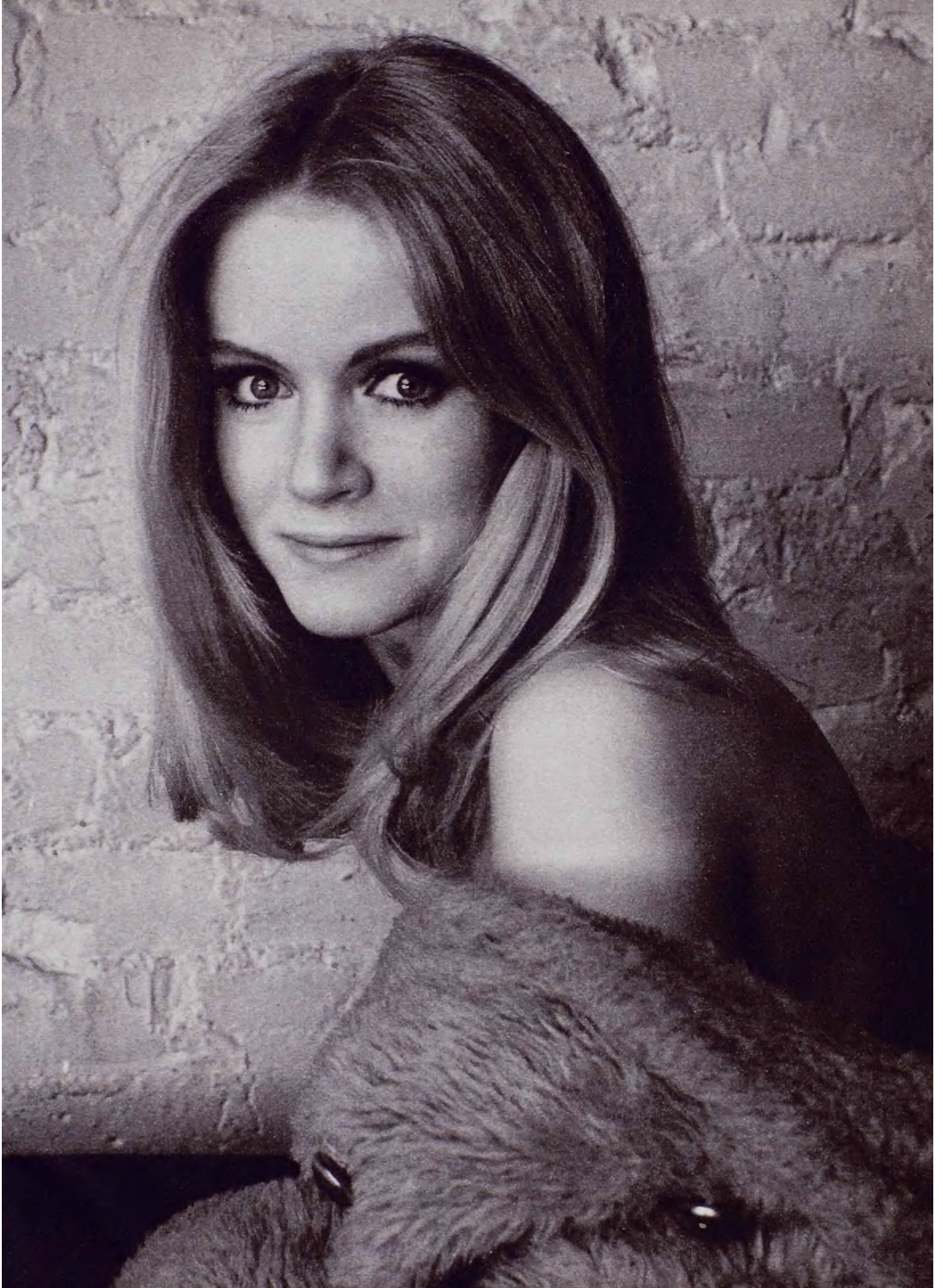
BEFORE SHE WAS the witch goddess of *Knots Landing*, she was a sweet-as-honey blonde in photographer Earle Doud's studio, a brownstone in Manhattan. In the streets, flower children marched as the Age of Aquarius dawned. In Doud's studio, Donna Mills let her hair down. The Chicago-born actress had landed a small part on Broadway, as a sultan's wife in Woody Allen's *Don't Drink the Water*, in late 1966, about the time these pictures were taken. "She was dating a friend of mine," Doud recalls, "and we became close. She was funny, vivacious, talented and, of course, one of the most beautiful women I had

ever seen." He remembers the time they were playing charades with a group of friends on Fire Island. When it was Donna's turn, she left the room. "Next thing we knew, she was yelling and pounding on the glass front door. No one could figure out her clue—*Knock on Any Door?*—so we gave up. Only then did we realize she was pounding on the door because she had locked herself out!" Doud admits that he was a bit in awe of Donna's beauty. "But when I asked her if she'd like to do some pictures, she agreed." Her most striking features, then as now, are what Doud calls "those very large, gorgeous, wide-open eyes. They are so large and hypnotic they made it easy to focus the camera," he says, laughing. "I did not pho-

tograph her in a leering manner. I treated her with the respect she deserved." Shortly after the Donna shooting, Doud stopped working as a photographer (he is now a successful comedy writer whose credits include 17 comedy albums)—partly because he was tired of the grind but also because his new wife wasn't tickled about his taking pictures of nude women. He put his negatives in a file cabinet and forgot about them. His soon-to-be-famous subject went on to stardom in soap opera (*Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing*), movies (*Play Misty for Me*)—and, since 1980, *Knots Landing*. Still a fan, Doud has finally

When Donna Mills posed for Earle Doud, she had her eyes on stardom, but it would be 13 years before she'd become famous as Abby Cunningham, naughty lady of *Knots Landing*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARLE DOUD





decided these photos should be published—as, he says, a tribute to Donna's timeless beauty. Last season was Donna's swan song as the blue-eyed meanie of *Knots Landing*. "I had been playing Abby for nine seasons. . . . It was just time to let her go and say goodbye," she told *TV Guide*. But Abby was plenty nice to Donna Mills. She made her a prime-time star. Which may explain Donna's warm feelings for the character. Two years ago, she told *Playboy* that she psyched up for business meetings by asking herself, "What would Abby do?" Two decades ago, posing for Doud, she might have looked in the mirror and asked, "What will Donna do?" The answer, for Donna as for Abby: Just what she wants. Now Donna has her eyes on "new projects." There will be movies, guest shots, maybe a sequel to the make-up video in which she shows Abby fans how to make their eyes look evilly good, but no more unforgettable images of a young Donna letting her hair down.

"Donna was totally aware of herself as a woman," says Doud, "but didn't flaunt her beauty. There was a lovely modesty to her."









she was perfect.
i was numbstruck.
for her, i did
the ultimate

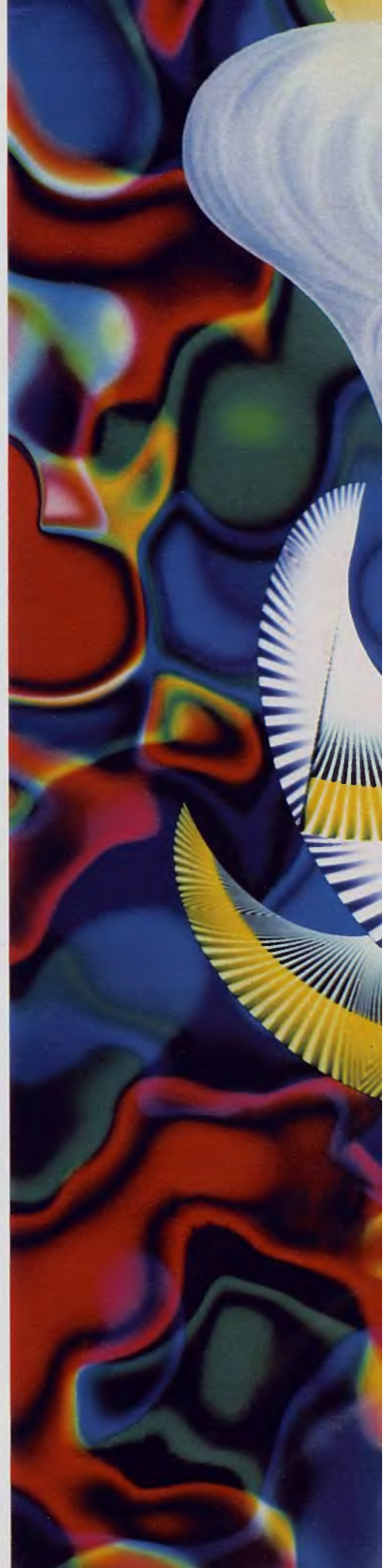
fiction By Dan Thrapp

SHE CAME from some tribe in the farout. At first, she was plain as june pie, her teeth crooked, hair dull, face freckled and homely. No one gave her a second look. Then she went off to the clinic and got everything fixed. They shortened her nose and straightened her teeth and pointed her chin. They trimmed her eyes and widened her mouth. They reset her eyes and dyed them the color of sunlit emeralds. They plinished and brightened her hair. They carbo-rinsed her skin and tinted it dusky rose. They stretched her neck and squared her shoulders and lengthened her legs. They narrowed her waist and tapered her hips to match. They tucked her in and filled her out and rounded her off in all the right places.

I got my first look at her down at the Jeet Jet. And my first thought was that someone had mind-tapped me while I slept. She was that beautiful, that perfect, that close to just what I'd always dreamed about. I was numbstruck by her sheer physical presence. Overcome with longing, obsessed with desire.

Unfortunately, every jellyhead in the quad felt the same way. She was surrounded by them, all honking and billowing, and all the gatties were bunched up on the other side, jealous as gilbirds. It was embarrassing. But she didn't even seem to notice. She had this strange, haughty look in her eyes, the look of the farout, like the horizon was miles away, the rest of us just smudges on the monnie screen, while she was the only thing real around. It drove me bonk, watching her green cat's eyes licking everyone so coolly.

She wouldn't ignore *me*, though, that's what I deuced. Maybe I was still only a third soat, but I was first in my class and studying my brain off, working my body to a fraz to be ready to pass my tests. I could run like a wild yew and slam-dunk on a 12-foot hoop. I could score in the 80s at hogampick whenever I felt like it. I could multiply up to nine times nine in my head. I had good posture, a decent physique, a manly mug and healthy hair. I was better than middling in nearly every category. There was





no reason I could think of she shouldn't like me.

But every time I made my fiddle, she turned me down bone flat. I was no better than any of the others. Worse, it seemed. She paid more lollipop to Bello, a simp nik kept for no more purpose than to meet quotas. The guy was a scrawn, a lout. A turdvender, we all agreed. It was pure demoralizing, and after that night, most of the lops were ready to squid, but I wouldn't give up. I was so lovesick it was pitiful. In my daydreams, I cobbed everything I owned, over and over, just for one glance of favor from her.

So every night, I hung out at the Jeet Jet and all the other joints, just to see her. Everything else in my life slogged to a standstill while I pined and mooned. I knew I should do something, get over it, but nothing mattered anymore. Every day, I lolled in my cube, staring at the monnie.

Finally, one afternoon, I had the switcher set on half-second spans, which made the pics kaleid in total confusion, which was sort of appealing to my state of mind. I was lying there vedged, mezzed by it all, but then I thought I saw something. Then I thought I saw it again. Then I did. The same pic was flashing every ten seconds. Then every five. Then on every channel, there it was, the same pic, the same great, golden image of a huge golden pyramid, swelling bigger, filling the screen, until it burst like a sun, the fragments spinning into space, then collapsing again to form these words: TIME FOR A REAL CHANGE IN YOUR LIFE? DON'T WAIT TILL IT'S TOO LATE. TAP YOUR ANALYZER TODAY.

At first I thought I really had tranced out, or else the Big Chum Himself was sending me a sign. Analyzers were only for niks with flat brain waves, I'd always thought, or lops ready to tap out. Besides, they cost a lot of scat, a week's wages at least. But by then, I was desperate enough to try anything.

So I tapped in to the South District Clinic, told the receiver at the other end that I had a very personal problem.

Lovesick, huh, she thought back. You'll want a private session. Tomorrow. Three sharp.

The South District Clinic was on the far south side, upriver. I rode the early camcar, sharing a compartment with base niks and unsingled meterclowns. Which put me in a more pudley mood than ever. But the desert was a gorgeous violet green at that hour, and as we came down, the clinic's giant signs rose up, gishing their bright, neon encouragement: TROUBLE IN YOUR LIFE? NO MONEY, FRIENDS OR LOVE? FINANCIAL, SOCIAL AND PERSONAL ADVICE.

THE ANALYZER IS ALWAYS IN, ALWAYS READY TO HELP.

Besides two hundred thou, the private session cost me a two-hour wait. Finally, though, I was let into a room shaped like a giant megaphone. The Analyzer covered the flat, round wall at the large end. At the opposite end, under an amber spot, was a single chrome-plated stool. The face of the Analyzer was black at first. Then it started to glow, bluer and bluer.

"Please be seated," it commanded.

I've heard you can read an Analyzer's face. Every change supposedly means something. But I didn't have a clue. The face went from blue to green, and sparks of vermilion began piercing it all along one side. Then it went rosy yellow, and blue flowers began to explode across the whole surface, until it was all blue again with just a few jets of chartreuse bursting slowly now and then across the pixels in the lower left. By the time I'd unwound my yarn of woe, the face had become almost entirely white with lines of black undulating across it. Only toward the bottom was there still a shadow of blue, which made the face seem curved inward there.

"So," I said, "why can't she love me?"

The black lines got thick and went choppy like waves. Then they grew thinner again and then broke and wiggled like snakes. The snakes spun, catching their own tails and filling in until they were solid dots of copper blue. Then the blue dots expanded, refilling the Analyzer's face.

"She is enhanced. And you aren't?"

"Right."

"What does that suggest?"

At first, I cobbed a blank. Then, suddenly, I understood. A shiver giddied down my spine.

"Enhancement? You mean for me?"

"Why not?" said the Analyzer.

The idea intrigued, but I had two good reasons why not. First, enhancement, as everyone knew, cost a todkin's ransom. If you didn't have the scat, you needed a sponsor. I didn't have either. Also, my credit line had never been very long, and recently, due to all the gussy that comes with advancement—uniforms, gifts, and so on—it had grown much shorter.

My second reason was even better. The pain. They can't tap you out when they do it. Even minor enhancement was supposed to be excruciating. Skeletal re-formation was said to feel like being run over by a scocam at full toggle. I'd heard the skin-purging, muscle-rebuilding sequence made strong niks wimp and swear they were being flayed by a million robotic ants. On the other hand, *she* had gone through it. And I didn't want to

seem like a fraidy nik.

"Are we talking total enhancement?" I said, crossing my hands and folding my legs, trying to lump myself casually.

"Not merely total enhancement," said the Analyzer, with shiny yellow suffusing the blue. "Observe the micro-monitor."

A silver-hooded micro-monnie sphere bobbed up in front of me. It blinked once, as if clearing its vision. Then its lids opened full wide and neon letters rose out of the dark, liquid interior and clubbed themselves into these words:

ULTRA-ENHANCEMENT

ULTRA-INCREDIBLE

BECOME THE DREAM—EASY TERMS—LITTLE OR NOTHING DOWN

A question mark swam out of the depths and gobbled up the letters. Then, bloated up like a figfish, it broke into three separate parts, which reformed into three smaller q-marks, which climbed one on top of the other to form a column. In front of each one appeared a word:

WHAT?

WHEN?

HOW?

The WHAT? peeled off and flew away, and in its place appeared: YOU NAME IT! The WHEN? bligged off next, to be replaced by WHENEVER YOU WANT! Then those two answers both faded out and the HOW? grew brighter, bulging out onto the surface of the monitor. More words emerged and floated toward the surface. The HOW? seemed to float off the screen into mid-air, and then—the H and the W flapping like wings—it bligged off. In its place on the surface, in crisp, brilliantly golden, extra-bold letters were the words:

DR. SPINTHER'S NEW IMPROVED ULTRA-ENHANCEMENT PROCESS!

This, too, seemed to rise from the surface of the monnie's big dark eye, but it hovered in front of me, while on the eye appeared:

ALL IN ONE, ALL AT ONCE—SPECIAL TREATMENT
NO WAITING—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

"Well?" said the Analyzer. The blue field grew brighter in the center, producing a sort of expectant, hemispherical impression. "We can arrange to admit you immediately."

"That's swell," I said. But I felt as if the megaphone room were getting even smaller at my end. "What's the exact and unvarnished cost, though?"

The Analyzer seemed to frown. But
(continued on page 144)



P E R S O N A L V I D E O .



. . . T O G O

when it comes to entertainment,
who says you can't take it with you?

modern living

By JONATHAN TAKIFF

"GOOD AFTERNOON, *ladies and gentlemen, and welcome aboard our nonstop flight to Dallas, with connecting service to Honolulu. This afternoon, we're pleased to be showing two films on board: 'Revenge of the Nerds, Part Four,' edited for flight, and a delightful nature short on otters. If you'd like to rent a headset, the charge. . .*"

I mentally clicked off the pitch and reached into my travel bag. With one hand, I extracted my very own audiovisual entertainment system, a three-pound battery-operated marvel no larger than a hardcover book. With my free hand, I released the meal tray and plopped down the Sony Video Walkman, flipped up the screen and slipped in a four-hour cassette—a tape even smaller (and more smartly designed) than the standard audio variety.

My custom entertainment package for the trip, dubbed from cable the night before while packing, included *Beetlejuice*, *Broadcast News* and part of *Late Night with David Letterman* featuring Robin Williams and Joe Jackson. Here's looking at you, kids.

The color picture came up sharp and pretty on the flat LCD screen. "Wow, that looks like a regular TV picture," buzzed a suddenly friendly rowmate. I plugged in the good headphones I'd brought with me and the sound rivaled what you'd hear at the movies. I hit the fast-forward button to zoom past the opening credits. Now, this was the start of a beautiful vacation.

Ten years ago, Sony revolutionized audio entertainment with the introduction of the *(continued on page 159)*

Pass the popcorn. Sony's 8mm GV-9 Video Walkman with a four-inch screen measures only about 10" x 6" x 3" but incorporates a one-day/one-event programmable VCR. Priced at \$1500, it doesn't take a back seat to anyone.

*deregulation was supposed to open up the thrifts.
it did: to swindlers, con men and the mob*

INSIDE JOB

The Looting of America's Savings and Loans

PRESIDENT REAGAN glanced over the audience gathered in the Rose Garden that warm October morning in 1982 and smiled. He was about to deliver on his campaign promise to get Government off the back of business. He was signing into law one of his Administration's major pieces of deregulation legislation. The Garn-St Germain act would sweep away 50 years of savings-and-loan regulatory law that Reagan believed was preventing thrifts from competing in the complex, sophisticated financial market place of the Eighties.

His pen swept across the bill and, flashing an impish smile, he spoke to the bill's political parents gathered around him.

"All in all," he said, "I think we hit the jackpot."

Three and a half years later, Ronald Reagan's words could well have been the chorus to Ed McBirney's company song.

McBirney was the fun-loving 33-year-old chairman of Sunbelt Savings Association in Dallas, playfully known around town as Gunbelt Savings for its quick-draw deals. With nearly three billion dollars in assets, Sunbelt was one of the largest of the new-breed thrifts. Like so many others who rushed into the savings-and-loan business following deregulation, McBirney bore no resemblance whatsoever to what Americans expected of a banker.

Instead, he was a hyperactive wheeler-dealer who scratched out multimillion-dollar deals on a butcher-paper tablecloth provided for him at his private table in an exclusive Dallas eatery.

And Ed was a party animal. Often, the turn of season was an excuse for a lavish bash. At one Halloween party, he served barbecued lion and antelope, a magician performed feats of levitation and fog machines piped in the ambience. Two Tons of Fun provided the evening's music and McBirney went decked out as a king.

One Christmas, he rented an entire Dallas sound stage and paid to have it transformed into a realistic winter wonderland, a white Christmas in Texas. The theme was "Babes in Toyland" and Ben Vereen provided that evening's entertainment.

Sunbelt flew guests in private-jet caravans to such faraway places as Hawaii, just to party. But the most talked-about bash was the one at Las Vegas' Dunes Hotel and Casino, to which McBirney flew two dozen of Sunbelt's associates on two private jets.

One evening during that jaunt, in his Dunes suite, McBirney slouched on the floor against a couch and puffed a large cigar as he watched his guests chatting over predinner cocktails. Suddenly, the door swung open and four attractive, well-dressed women slipped into the room full of men. The buzz of conversation softened as everyone took stock of the new arrivals. That

article by

STEPHEN PIZZO, MARY FRICKER AND PAUL MUOLO

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

TELLER

3



TELLER

4



TELLER

5



stock went way up when the girls began to undress.

After stripping, the women moved to the center of the room and engaged in an enthusiastic lesbian romp. Then they separated and moved out among the guests for some touchy-feely. Targeting four of the older men, the women unzipped their flies and performed oral sex on them while everyone watched, some enthralled, others visibly uncomfortable, hoping—or fearing—they'd be next.

All the while, McBirney sat on the floor, puffing on his cigar and grinning broadly. It was another great party.

Just four months later, McBirney was pressured to resign from Sunbelt, leaving the institution hopelessly insolvent. Playing out Sunbelt's 1.8-billion-dollar losing hand would ultimately cost taxpayers and the FSLIC (Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation) 6.1 billion dollars.

Some jackpot.

Ed McBirney was just one of hundreds of characters attracted to savings and loans following deregulation. Some, like him, were carefree entrepreneurs who had been developers—"kamikaze bankers," one former Federal regulator called them. Others were con men belonging to the fraternity of professional white-collar swindlers who tirelessly prowl the halls of business looking for cracks through which they can squirm. Still others came from the ranks of traditional organized crime—the Mafia. Deregulation was the best thing to happen to the Mob since Prohibition.

This financial hit-and-run fraternity soon established a well-oiled network that scoured the country for corruptible thrifts where they could become stockholders, C.E.O.s, loan officers and borrowers. Once inside, they stuffed themselves on Federally insured deposits until the institution folded or regulators belatedly chased them out. Then they moved on to another thrift. Today the repair bill is being estimated at 285 billion dollars over the next 30 years, and much of the missing money was stolen.

It was, quite simply, the biggest heist in history.

IN THE BEGINNING

Without becoming mired in the arcane complexities of the thrift industry, it helps to know how this debacle began. Before S&L deregulation, the thrift industry was a sleepy little business that lent local savings to local home buyers, who then became solid members of the community and new depositors—a business cycle that worked flawlessly for 50 years. But first in 1980 and then again in 1982, Congress caved in to thrift-industry pressure to deregulate.

Thrifts were limited by law to paying

no more than 5.5 percent on deposits, and they began losing them to the new money-market funds which were not under such constraints. In 1980, Congress phased out that interest-rate cap so thrifts could pay whatever it took to attract deposits.

That did the trick. Deposits poured in. But the thrift lobby was soon back on Capitol Hill, whining that the high cost of deposits was killing them, because they were allowed by law to invest only in low-paying, fixed-rate home mortgages. They were paying more for the deposits than they were earning on the mortgages, and they wanted the right to invest in something sexier.

Congress again complied, passing in 1982 the Garn-St Germain act, which permitted Federally chartered thrifts to invest 40 percent of their assets in almost any kind of commercial real estate—condo conversions, Wendy's restaurants, windmill farms, manure farms, mushroom farms.

The Federal action rippled across the nation, as many states rushed to catch up with Federal deregulation. Some even outderegulated the Feds. California, for example, passed regulations allowing state-chartered thrifts to invest all—100 percent—of their Federally insured deposits in almost anything.

The free-market ideologues who accompanied Reagan to Washington embraced savings-and-loan deregulation with a religious fervor. They talked a lot about level playing fields, where all businesses were created equal and only the strongest survived. (What they didn't mention was that they had kept the taxpayer on the hook for any losses.) They said they believed in leaving business alone. Translated, that meant fewer regulators, and soon thrifts were going as long as three years without a visit from a nosy bank examiner.

It was open season in the vault.

THE GOLDEN WEST

California deregulated its state-run thrifts two months after Congress passed Garn-St Germain, and by 1983, it was easier to get a charter for a savings and loan in California than to get a casino license in neighboring Nevada. Virtually no one was turned down as regulators rushed to draw new blood into the industry. What they attracted were the most colorful characters to darken a teller window since Bonnie and Clyde.

One of those whose applications sailed right past the green eyeshades of regulators was Southern California developer Robert Ferrante, 34. Just a year earlier, he had made headlines when a would-be assassin coldly gunned him down outside his office. Ferrante survived, claiming the hit man had been hired by two disgruntled business partners with ties to

the "Israeli Mafia." No one was ever charged.

Ferrante's name popped up again in the press at the very time regulators were considering his thrift application. A Federal grand jury indicted an ex-Redondo Beach city councilman for mail and tax fraud in connection with charges that he was allegedly taking bribes from Ferrante's development company to gain city approval for a condominium-conversion project. (The ex-councilman went to Federal prison but denied that Ferrante had been involved and Ferrante was never charged. Later, an appeals court overturned the councilman's mail-fraud convictions but let stand the conviction for tax evasion.)

During the councilman's trial, Ferrante's past got a thorough airing in the media. But in spite of all the negative press attention, regulators didn't question his S&L application and he opened the doors of Consolidated Savings Bank in Irvine on February 28, 1984. He hired Italian immigrant Ottavio A. Angotti as Consolidated's president.

Within a little more than a year, Federal regulators began to suspect that Ferrante was using Consolidated as his personal piggy bank. They claimed that \$15,000,000 had been improperly funneled into a project they believed was controlled by him. And they said Consolidated had made other loans to borrowers who had close ties to Ferrante—such as his sister.

When regulators began pressuring Consolidated for detailed information about the loans, they found themselves eyeball to eyeball with an incensed Angotti, who, they claimed, had threatened two examiners. Angotti denied the charge.

"No, no, no. You see, they got me mad. All the time, they were asking me if I was working for the Mafia. I got so mad one day, I yelled at them in Italian. They misunderstood and thought I threatened to kill them. Ottavio A. Angotti did not do that." A literal translation of his threat, apparently, was more along the lines of "I'm going to cut off your balls."

"But I'll tell you," Angotti said, recalling the moment, "they ruined the good name of Ottavio A. Angotti, and if I knew then what I know now about those bastards, I would have eaten their blood."

The sweet smell of money emanating from Consolidated's vault soon attracted flies from the East Coast, among them pudgy, curly-haired Mario Renda. Renda had run a tap-dance school. Now he was a deposit broker on Long Island. As a deposit broker, he routed his customers' deposits around the country to the banks and the S&Ls paying the highest interest

(continued on page 167)



"Since you don't like to dance, let's go directly on to the second part of my program."



LAST YEAR had its bad news and good news for Renee Tenison. First came the downer: Just before she was to appear in the 1988 Miss Idaho USA beauty pageant, she broke out with “the worst acne I’ve ever had. Before I went on stage, I knew I wouldn’t win.” And she was right. She didn’t. But then came the upper: Her boyfriend, bodybuilder Dale Parkinson, who was the 1983 Mr. Idaho, had sent photos of Renee to us for our 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt, and the day after the Miss Idaho USA pageant, she received a call from *Playboy* inviting her to Chicago to pose for our centerfold. By the time she arrived, her skin was clear and Renee was, as you can see, in top form. Renee, who grew up in Melba, Idaho, is special for many reasons. First, she’s a twin, and her sister Rosie is every bit as beautiful as Renee. And then Renee’s parents’ marriage is interracial—one of the first such in the state of Idaho, which is not known for its black population. “My mom, who is white, and my dad, who is black, met each other in the Fifties, and they had to go to Nevada to get married,

playmate renee tenison is the best thing to come out of idaho since the spud

THE TOAST OF MELBA



“I had a blast in Chicago working with *Playboy*,” says Renee of her trips in from Idaho for her photo shoots. She was shy at first but overcame it (above and right). At left, she and a friend meet Windy City jazz favorite Ghalib Ghalilab at the popular night club Cristal.





"I don't drink, I've never taken drugs and I don't intend to. I've had to learn to be nonjudgmental about people. I guess I'm bright-eyed and innocent in a lot of ways. I always look for the best in people, rather than the worst. On the other hand, my feelings are easily hurt."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



Disarmingly sweet in person, Reneé's the kind of individual who talks about posing "with clothes off," rather than "nude." "Some people may think I'm naïve," she admits, "but I'm not prudish. I'm a caring person and I'm very up front about sex if I really like someone."

because no one would marry them in Idaho. When they came back to Melba [population approximately 300], they couldn't even go to the grocery together. I really admire them for staying together. There aren't many blacks in Idaho, maybe three thousand out of a population of more than a million." We wondered if Reneé didn't sometimes feel isolated. "Well, I'd rather say I felt special. Being different was an advantage because it made me stand out, and I'd rather stand out than be a wallflower." Idaho, she says, has come a long way since her parents were married. "In the last Presidential primary, I was a Jesse Jackson supporter, and I didn't think he had many fans in Idaho, so I was shocked when he did well in our Democratic primary. I think it was because he was speaking to workers, and people in Idaho are hard workers. Also, people here are very religious and they admired what Jackson was doing as a preacher." Since she was discovered by *Playboy*, Reneé and her boyfriend have bought a house in Boise, where they intend to settle down after they get married. As for her future, Reneé has two fantasies: to design clothes and to make a guest appearance on the television show *A Different World*. "Perhaps an episode in which the new girl on campus just happens to be a Playmate." Not a bad idea, Cos, if you're listening.



Reneé, who began working out when she was 14 and has recently taken up riding, gets in 90 minutes of exercise daily. "I used to lift weights, but now I do lighter stuff. Don't want to bulk up." One of the best parts of exercise, she says, is cooling off in the shower afterward (right).





MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Queen of the South

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: RENEE TENISON

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 12-26-68 BIRTHPLACE: CALDWELL, IDAHO

AMBITIONS: TO REPRESENT PLAYBOY AS WELL AS I CAN AND TO BE A SUCCESSFUL MODEL/ACTRESS.

TURN-ONS: HOT SUMMER NIGHTS, SOFT MUSIC, CUDDLING, RIDING HORSES AND WORKING OUT.

TURN-OFFS: RUDE PEOPLE, HEAVY TRAFFIC, LOUD NOISES.

MY MAN: GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR, SEDUCTIVE SMILE, GREAT BOO! AND IS MY BEST FRIEND.

FAVORITE MOVIES: IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE, ROCKY II, LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS.

IDEAL EVENING: ROMANTIC DINNER, DRINKS BY CANDLE-LIGHT, A WALK BY THE RIVER AND SOAK IN HOT TUB.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: .38 SPECIAL, ELO, BOSTON, VAN HALEN (5150), SUPERTRAMP, CAMEO.

FAVORITE FOODS: FROZEN YOGURT, PIZZA, LOBSTER WITH WHITE WINE.



CLASS PICTURE. FAR FROM SEXY.



MISS IDAHO U.S.A. PAGEANT. WISH I'D WON.



I THINK THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS ROSIE!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As fierce winds swirled down the city streets, a policeman noticed an elderly woman standing on a corner holding tightly to her hat as her skirt blew up to her waist. "Look, lady," he said, "while you're holding on to your precious hat, everybody's getting a good look at everything you have."

"Listen, sonny," she replied, "what they're looking at is eighty years old. But this hat is brand-new."

Rumor has it that the American Kennel Club's latest newsletter reports the development of a new breed of dog, half pit bull and half collie. After it rips your arm off, it runs for help.



While browsing through the Sunday newspaper, a man saw an ad from a used-car dealer offering a car—plus a blonde—for only \$850. He hurried down to the lot the next morning and, after confirming the details of the deal with the manager, bought the car. As he was ready to go, the manager whistled and a tall, gorgeous woman came out of the office and climbed into the car.

The man drove off and parked a few blocks away. "How about a kiss?" he asked.

"Sure," she replied, "that's part of the deal."

He drove off again but stopped a few minutes later, smiled sheepishly and said, "How about a little squeeze?"

"Sure," the blonde said amicably, "that's part of the deal."

Feeling deliriously lucky, the man leaned over and whispered something in her ear.

"Oh, no," she cried. "You got *that* when you bought the car."

What do Dan Quayle and junk bonds have in common? Lack of principal, lack of interest and lack of maturity.

A man with an ingrown toenail went to the doctor. In the examination room, the nurse told him to disrobe.

"For an ingrown toenail?" the incredulous patient asked.

"It's our policy that everyone coming in must remove all his clothes," the nurse replied.

The fellow unbuttoned his shirt. "The most ridiculous thing I ever heard of," he muttered.

Just then, he heard a man's voice from the room next door. "If you think *that's* ridiculous, I just came here to repair the telephone."

O'Gallagher had just sat down in the confessional when Father O'Hara said, "Go home, O'Gallagher, you're drunk."

"Got to confess, Father," he said stubbornly.

"O'Gallagher, beat it. You're drunk."

"Got to confess."

"Did ya commit murder?" the priest asked softly.

With that, O'Gallagher got up, left the confessional and headed out the church. On the steps, he met a friend. "Did ya commit murder, O'Toole?"

"Me? Of course not!" said the flabbergasted O'Toole.

"No sense going in there, then. He's only hearing murder cases tonight."

What do Roseanne Barr and an ocean liner have in common? It takes three tugs to get them out of their slips.

A couple of panhandlers met on the street after an especially tiring and unrewarding day. "To look at me now," one said, "you'd never believe that I once lived the life of Riley: winters in the sun, summers on the Riviera, fine cars, the best clothes, beautiful women, extraordinary cuisine."

"Well," the other asked, "what happened?"

"Riley reported his credit cards missing."



What three words heard on a golf course are never spoken in a whorehouse? "Bite, you cock-sucker!"

A young man from an orthodox Jewish family took a trip out West, where he met, fell in love with and married a beautiful young Navaho woman. His parents disowned him.

A year later, the fellow called home to announce that he and his wife had had a baby. "He's a beautiful, healthy boy. And, Dad," the new poppa added, "we gave him a fine Jewish name."

"What'd you call him?"

"Smoked Whitefish."

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.



"I didn't know the national parks were this fussy."

THE MINOTAUR

he sold secrets at
\$10,000 a pop, until something went
wrong—really wrong

fiction **By STEPHEN COONTS**

TERRY FRANKLIN was a spy. This afternoon, in a small cubbyhole in the basement of the Pentagon, he was practicing his trade. It was tedious work.

He adjusted the screen brightness on his computer monitor and tapped the secret access code of the user he was pretending to be. Now the file name, also top secret. He had to be careful, since the letters and numerals he was typing did not appear on the screen. A mistake here meant the computer might lock him out and deny him the file. And he was not a good typist. He worked with just two fingers. *Voilà!* There it was. The A.T.A. file, the advanced tactical aircraft. He tapped some more and began examining the document list. Number 23.241, that's the first one. He slid one of his high-density, 5.25-inch floppies into the slot and tapped some more. The little red light above the disk drive came on and the drive began to whir. Franklin smiled when he saw the light.

It was quiet here in the computer-troubleshooting shop. The only noise was the whirring of the disk drive and the tiny click of the computer keys. And the sound of Terry Franklin's breathing. It was ironic, he mused, how the computer silently and effortlessly reveals the deepest secrets of its owners. Without remorse, without a twinge of emotion of any kind, the screen lay bare the insights gained from man-years of research by highly educated, gifted scientists and the cunning application of that research by extraordinarily talented engineers. Pouring onto the *(continued on page 116)*



HOW SUEDE IT IS!

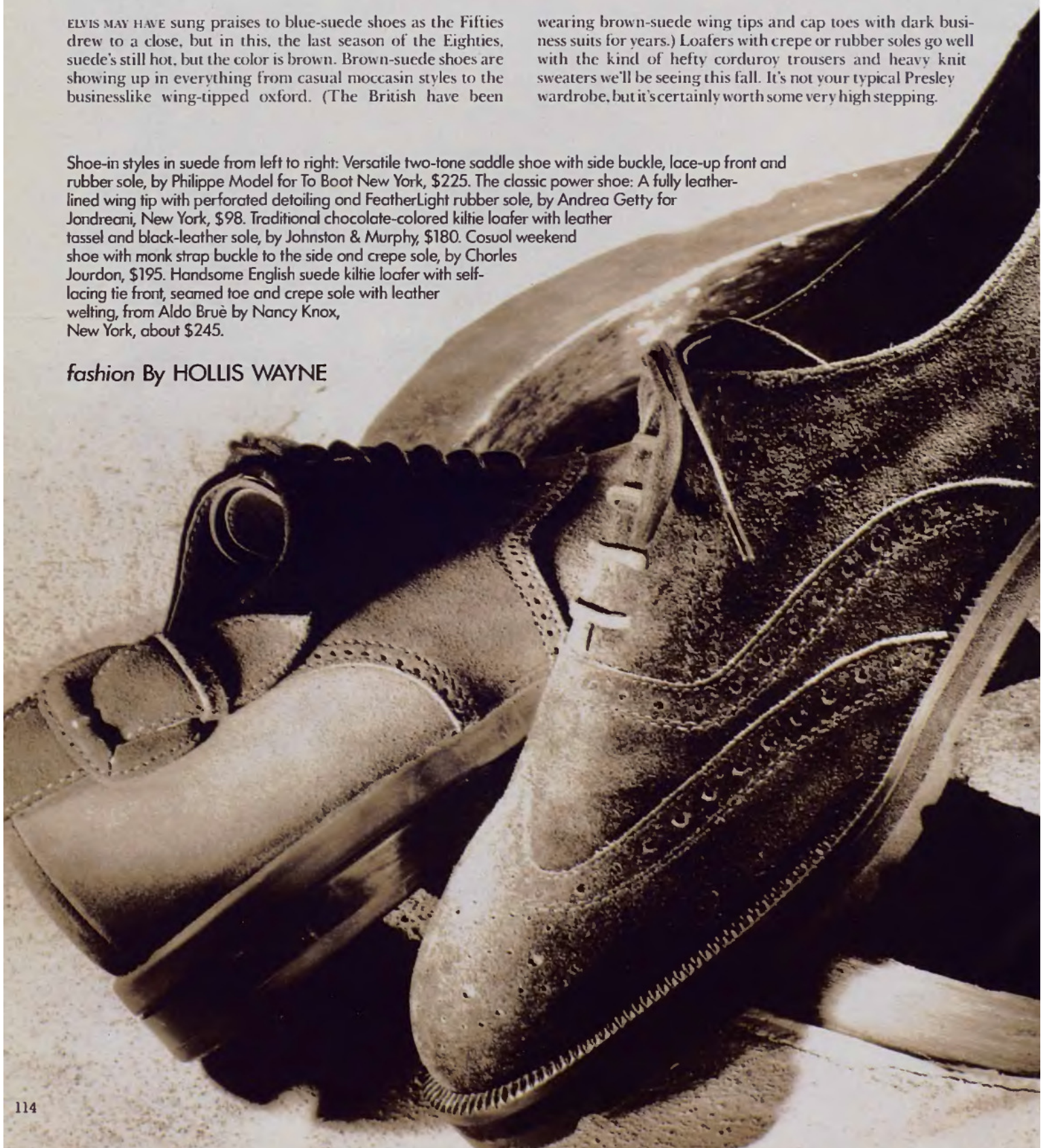
a stylish study in brown

ELVIS MAY HAVE sung praises to blue-suede shoes as the Fifties drew to a close, but in this, the last season of the Eighties, suede's still hot, but the color is brown. Brown-suede shoes are showing up in everything from casual moccasin styles to the businesslike wing-tipped oxford. (The British have been

wearing brown-suede wing tips and cap toes with dark business suits for years.) Loafers with crepe or rubber soles go well with the kind of hefty corduroy trousers and heavy knit sweaters we'll be seeing this fall. It's not your typical Presley wardrobe, but it's certainly worth some very high stepping.

Shoe-in styles in suede from left to right: Versatile two-tone saddle shoe with side buckle, lace-up front and rubber sole, by Philippe Model for To Boot New York, \$225. The classic power shoe: A fully leather-lined wing tip with perforated detailing and FeatherLight rubber sole, by Andrea Getty for Jondreani, New York, \$98. Traditional chocolate-colored kiltie loafer with leather tassel and black-leather sole, by Johnston & Murphy, \$180. Cosuol weekend shoe with monk strap buckle to the side and crepe sole, by Charles Jourdon, \$195. Handsome English suede kiltie loafer with self-lacing tie front, seamed toe and crepe sole with leather welting, from Aldo Brùè by Nancy Knox, New York, about \$245.

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE





"These three little floppy disks would earn him \$30,000. Cash. He had bargained hard."

floppy disk was a treasure more valuable than gold, more precious than diamonds, a treasure beyond the reach of most of the human race, still struggling as it was with basic survival. Only here, in America, where a significant percentage of the best brains on the planet were actively engaged in fundamental research into the secrets of creation, were these intangible jewels being created in significant quantity, gushing forth almost too fast to steal.

Terry Franklin grinned to himself as he worked. He would do his best. He called up the document list again, then changed floppies as he listened to the silence.

These three little floppy disks would earn him \$30,000. He had bargained hard; \$10,000 a disk, whether full or partially full. Cash.

He had figured out a way to make computers pay. He grinned happily at this thought and stroked the keyboard again.

Terry Franklin had become a spy for the money. He had volunteered. He had made his decision after reading everything he could lay his hands on about espionage. Only then had he devised a plan to market the classified material he had access to as a Navy enlisted computer specialist. He had thought about the plan for months, looking for holes and weighing the risks. There were risks, he knew, huge ones, but that was the reason the compensation would be so high. And, he assured himself repeatedly, he enjoyed taking risks. It would add spice to his life, make a boring marriage and a boring job tolerable. So he recruited himself.

One Saturday morning five years ago, Terry Franklin had walked into the Soviet embassy in Washington. He had read that the FBI kept the embassy under constant surveillance and photographed everyone who entered. So he wore a wig, a false mustache and heavy, mirrorlike sunglasses. He told the receptionist he wanted to see an intelligence officer. After a 45-minute wait, he was shown into a small, bright, windowless room and was carefully searched by the receptionist, a muscular, trim man in his early 30s. A half hour later—he was convinced he was photographed during this period by an unseen camera—a nondescript man in his 50s wearing a baggy suit entered and occupied the only other chair. Without a word, Franklin displayed his green Navy I.D. card, then handed the man a roll of film. The man weighed it in his hand as Franklin removed the sunglasses,

wig and mustache. The Russian left the room without speaking. Another half hour passed, then another. No doubt he was again photographed.

It was almost noon when baggy suit returned. He smiled as he entered and shook Franklin's hand. Could he examine the I.D. card? Where was Franklin stationed? When had he exposed the film? Why? The Russian's English was good but slightly accented.

Money, Terry Franklin had said. "I want money. I have something to sell and I brought you a free sample, hoping you might want to buy more."

Now, as Franklin worked the computer keyboard, he thought back to that day at the embassy. It had been the most momentous day of his life. Five years and two months after that day, he had \$540,000 in cash in a safe-deposit box in McLean, Virginia, under an assumed name and no one was the wiser. He was going to quit spying when that figure reached a million. And when his enlistment was up, he was going to walk out on Lucy and the kids and fly to South America.

It was typical of Terry Franklin that he intended to delay his departure until he received his discharge. When he entered his new life, he would go free, clean and legal, with no arrest warrants anywhere. He could go in his fake identity. Petty Officer First Class Terry Franklin, the college kid from Bakersfield who had knocked up Lucy Southworth in the back seat of her father's station wagon at a drive-in movie, married her, then joined the Navy—that Terry Franklin would cease to exist.

Five hundred forty thousand dollars, plus \$30,000 for these three disks; it was a nice bundle. A lot of money. But not enough. He wasn't greedy, but he had to have a stake big enough so that he could live on the interest.

He had been very, very careful. He had made no mistakes. He had never spent a penny of the money. The spying was going smooth as clockwork. These Russians, they were damn good. You had to take your hat off to them. They had never called or spoken to him after that last meeting in Miami almost three years ago, right after he received orders to the Pentagon.

The operation was slick, almost fool-proof, he reflected as he inserted the third disk. The calls always came on an evening when his wife was out, sometimes with her bowling league, some-

times at a friend's house. The phone rang once, and if he picked it up, there was no one there, merely a dial tone. One minute later, it rang again, once. Then a minute after that it rang one, two, three or four times. The number of rings that third time was the message. He was to check dead drop one, two, three or four, and he was to do it as soon as possible. He usually left the house immediately, cruised for at least an hour in his car to ensure he wasn't being followed, then headed for the dead drop. And the instructions would be there. Spelled out in block letters on the back of an empty, torn cigarette pack would be the file name he was to photograph, the classified computer codes necessary to gain access and a telephone number to call the evening he was ready to transfer the disks, when the entire sequence would begin again. No one saw him, he saw no one, all very slick.

He chuckled. The cigarette packs on which he received his instructions were always Marlboro Gold 100s, and it had occurred to Terry Franklin that someone had a subtle sense of humor. As he worked now and thought about the money, he savored that sardonic twist.

They must be watching the house to see when he was home alone. Of course, someone was servicing the drops. But how were they getting the computer codes and file names? Oh, well, he was getting his piece of the pie and he wasn't greedy.

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," Terry Franklin muttered as he removed the final disk from its slot and tucked it into its own little envelope. He grinned at the monitor screen, then tapped keys to exit the file. Now came the tricky part. Three years ago, when he had first been told by the Soviets that they wanted copies of documents from the computer system, he had written a trap-door program for the software of the main computer. The job had taken him six months; it had to be right the first time—he would get no second chance. This program accomplished several things: It allowed Franklin to access any file in central memory from this terminal here in the repair shop, thereby defeating the built-in safeguards that gave access to classified files only from certain terminals; it erased the record of his access from the 3-W file, which was a security program that automatically recorded who, what and when; and, finally, it allowed him to access the 3-W file to see that his footprints were indeed not there.

This trap-door program was his crowning achievement. He had once seen a written promise from the software designer that unauthorized access was an impossibility. What a load! It had been

(continued on page 150)



*"I have a feeling these annual harvest get-togethers
are about to take a turn for the worse."*

WORKING GIRL

in oregon, a mom-and-pop store with a difference

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

RIGHT at the foot of the bridge at the Rogue River exit off Interstate Five in southern Oregon is a mom-and-pop convenience store, the Market Basket. Rogue River being a pretty small town—last census figures give it a population of 1590—situated on a crossroad to several scenic attractions, most of the Market Basket's customers are tourists. They're on their way to or from visiting Oregon Caves National Monument or Crater Lake National Park, fishing the Rogue or beachcombing on the Oregon and California coasts. That may change this month as locals flock in to meet, and perhaps congratulate, the mom of the Market Basket partnership, Margaret Nelson. "People have been asking when my pictures are going to come out in *Playboy*," Margaret told us. Seems that her husband, James—or Bud, as he's better

"I suppose some customers may be offended about my posing in the nude," says Margaret Nelson, owner with her husband of an Oregon convenience store, "but it could be good for business." Obviously, she keeps her figures straight.



MARGARET NELSON: ENTREPRENEUR



known—told one friend, and "You know how word leaks out," she said. Although Bud had originally submitted his wife's name for the 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt, he's "a little nervous about customers' reactions," Margaret admits. "But so far, I haven't had any negative responses. People say to me, 'You're going to be in *Playboy*? Gee, that's great!'" A native Oregonian, Margaret attended Oregon State University in Corvallis for three years, switching her major from pharmacy ("Too much chemistry and math") to business administration. "Then six years ago, I got married and started raising kids"—Bud's sons James, now 13, and John, 11—"and working in the store." This past spring, she finally earned her degree in business from Southern Oregon State College in Ashland. With, she reports proudly, "A grades!"

"I've always wanted to pose for a major publication," Margaret says, "but there's not much modeling in southern Oregon." We're glad to fulfill her dream. Does the Market Basket stock *Playboy*? "You bet! Especially the November issue!"



QUOTES
ABOUT AL



"Only cream and S.O.B.s rise to the top." 2D

"WHEN AL WEARS A SHARKSKIN SUIT, IT'S HARD TO TELL WHERE THE SHARK STOPS AND HE BEGINS."

—Los Angeles Times 1C

"AL'S A LOVABLE LITTLE S.O.B."

—BOTH OF HIS EX-WIVES 3D

"HE'S DONE IT ALL, SO YOU CAN'T FOOL HIM." —Business Week 4A



CONFESSIONS

TV'S ANCHORS

Al ranks 'em all

1. TOM BROKAW: Brokaw is a South Dakota buddy. He plays well across the heartland but would do even better if he had someone else select his neckties.

2. PETER JENNINGS: A sophisticated foreigner, but mucking stalls or milking cows on a Midwestern farm for a weekend would help his perspective.

3. BERNARD SHAW: He's steady and ready with straightforward, no-frills news reports. He needs to learn to smile.



4. DAN RATHER: Good, but not nearly as good as he thinks he is.

AND THEN CAME

KURALT: These four could learn from Charles Kuralt, of CBS, who says, "The country I see on my television screens and on my newspaper front pages is not quite the country I see with my eyes and hear with my ears or feel in my bones."

By Al Neuharth
USA TODAY

STYLE IS an often overlooked part of leadership and living. I always use my own style to dramatize my ideas, my plans, my expectations. Whether I am writing a memo or traveling the globe, I expect my style to help communicate my ideas.

that feisty



SATURDAY

ON READERS EVERY DAY

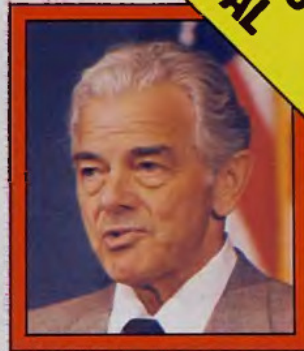
QUOTES BY AL

“WE’LL REINVENT THE NEWSPAPER.” 7B

“FIRST CLASS IS MORE FUN.” 7B

“DON’T RUN WITH THE PACK UNTIL YOU CAN LEAD IT.” 1D

“ATTENTION DOES NOT COME QUICKLY TO THE HUMBLE.” 4D



“Coasting is for kids on bicycles.” 3C

OF AN S.O.B.

People remember style as much as substance.

Plain talk and clear writing are part of my style. So is first-class living and traveling. I’ve never left either to chance. C.E.O.s who try to run a company on the cheap end up having a cheap company.

All my life, I’ve insisted on having fun, even as a poor kid grow-

ing up in South Dakota. I couldn’t afford much else, but I could afford to laugh.

Fun doesn’t require wealth. It depends on an outlook—taking what comes your way and making the most of it, enjoying it.

If you learn to have fun when you’re going second class, you can have a helluva lot more of it in first

class. And that’s what I’ve been doing most of my adult life.

My philosophy, policy and style always have been that first class costs only a few dollars more and is a smart investment for a smart company on the climb.

I’ve caught a lot of flak for my first-class tastes from my critics and (continued on page 126)

founder of “mc paper” tells all



The Ultimate Story

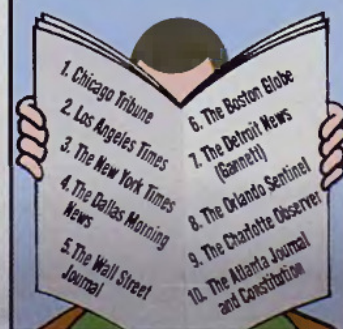
Former *USA Today* editor John C. Quinn spoofs newspaper heads:

The New York Times: “WORLD ENDS. THIRD-WORLD COUNTRIES HARDEST HIT.”

The Washington Post: “WORLD ENDS. WHITE HOUSE IGNORED WARNINGS, UNNAMED SOURCES SAY.”

USA Today: “WE’RE DEAD! STATE-BY-STATE DEMISE, PAGE 8A. FINAL-FINAL SPORTS RESULTS, PAGE 10C.”

Al’s Top Ten Papers



1. Chicago Tribune
2. Los Angeles Times
3. The New York Times
4. The Dallas Morning News
5. The Wall Street Journal
6. The Boston Globe
7. The Detroit News (Bannett)
8. The Orlando Sentinel
9. The Charlotte Observer
10. The Atlanta Journal and Constitution

PLAYBOY

COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?



The ElectroDEX (top), a 64K electronic desktop card-file system with a six-line screen, stores names, telephone numbers and other data in seven on-screen categories, \$199. The Pocket Memory (bottom), a 32K version of The ElectroDEX, can exchange data via infrared transfer, \$150. Both by Tele-Art Instruments, Los Angeles.

Sony celebrates the tenth anniversary of the Walkman with the Special Edition personal stereo cassette player, with remote control, Mega Bass and vertical in-the-ear headphones, \$219.95.



The Hammerhead bicycle helmet weighs only 8.5 ounces and has nine air vents, by Giro Sport Design, \$79.95. It's shown with Ride the Wave cycling gloves, by Kinco International, \$19.



High-tech Euro styling hits the road in the form of a rugged polypropylene 30" three-suitcase on wheels, \$155, a wheelless 22" suitcase, \$99, and an 18" nylon OK! duffel, \$39, all by Delsey Luggage.





Here's looking at you, kid, with Perma Focus 2000 Model 190 7x21 folding binoculars that never need focusing from 40' to infinity, from Jason Empire, Overland Park, Kansas, about \$160.



Waddington Royal Plying Cards are the same ones used by Britain's royal family. A set includes two Royal Gothic design decks (shown) and two classic-design ones, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$35.



The six-pound 12" x 10" x 1" MinisPort notebook computer packs one megabyte of memory, a full-sized 80-key keyboard and a 25-line backlit screen, by Zenith Data Systems, about \$2000.

Fisher's Professional Digital Reference Series includes (top to bottom) a 30-function compact-disc changer, \$899, a dual cassette deck, \$699, an equalizer, \$599, and a stereo receiver, \$1399. Hot!



CONFESSIONS OF AN S.O.B. (continued from page 121)

"The entry of USA Today into local markets wasn't always welcomed—not by some newspapers."

even from some cheap-skate co-workers. They didn't understand what my perks and privileges as a C.E.O. meant, professionally and personally:

- A \$17,000,000 Gulfstream IV jet, equipped with typewriters, television sets and a shower, to fly me where I needed to go on business anywhere in the world.

- Limousines and drivers at every destination to allow me to work or visit with colleagues while on the move.

- A \$360,000-a-year nine-room hotel suite in The Waldorf Towers in New York City and a \$160,000 suite at The Capital Hilton in Washington, D.C., in which to do business with pleasure.

What my critics don't understand is that I work while I'm enjoying those indulgences. My limos have a typewriter, a telephone and a TV set to keep up with news developments.

The minute I walk into a hotel suite, I check my office arrangement. My secretaries plan ahead with hotel management to make sure one of the rooms is set up with a big desk, proper lighting, television, and telephones properly located. The minute we arrive, my secretary adds my typewriter, copy paper, paper clips and rubber bands.

Whether I arrive at three A.M. in Singapore or three P.M. in Paris, I have an instant office. I hurry to get my work out of the way so that I can play.

Executives who pride themselves on hard work but ignore fun and fitness are candidates for career burnout.

Even though I always welcome going to work, I play as hard as I work. Often, the two go hand in hand.

Regular exercise, such as my daily jogging, is considered monotonous work by some. I consider it playing at very worthwhile work.

A rigid exercise routine does not mean you can't enjoy the good life. Just the opposite: You can indulge in the best, occasionally eat rich food and drink the best wines if you counteract that by burning up the calories you've consumed.

People ask me why I appear so relaxed after a long day of work or days of travel. It's simple. You, too, can feel great if you:

- Eat only when you're hungry.
- Drink only when you're thirsty.
- Sleep only when you're tired.
- Screw only when you're horny.

There may be more scientific ways to achieve fun and fitness in a first-class way, but I haven't found them yet.

I make no apologies for my first-class lifestyle.

My colleagues understand that I expect my personal life to be as ordered and organized as my professional life. In fact, in my years as C.E.O. and chairman, I didn't have a separate personal life.

The people with whom I worked most closely knew my expectations. But because I traveled extensively, I spelled out to Gannett publishers my requirements. It saved me a lot of time, helped get the details right and made me a better C.E.O. and a more satisfied S.O.B.

To Gannett publishers:

Based on our travels for regional or subsidiary meetings of recent weeks and in view of the fact that all of us will be doing even more such in the future . . . here are some purely personal preferences and/or prejudices that, if catered to, will make me even more charming and effective on these visits:

1. When arriving at local airport, I like to be met by publisher himself or herself. That permits business talk en route office or motel-hotel.

2. We should not waste time checking into and out of hotels. Pre-registration, keys, billings, etc., should all be arranged.

3. A suite is essential for me so that I can have any desired business meetings without guests or associates sitting on bed or floor.

4. That suite should contain latest editions of local newspapers. Ice and fruit help. Booze is not necessary, but a bottle of Montrachet or Pouilly-Fuissé never hurt anybody.

5. En route to office, I need list of names of persons I will be seeing first—starting with receptionist and/or publisher's secretary. This, of course, should include the department heads with whom we'll be meeting. Noting any recent important personal items about any of them helps.

6. The meeting room must include the last week's editions of the local newspaper.

7. If, in the infinite and autonomous wisdom of the local editor or publisher, an interview is desired with me, OK. But it is a waste of time for all to have most recent recruit off the street do the interview. If it's worth doing, it's worth having reasonably intelligent reporter with some knowledge of Gannett [*sic*] and Newhart [*sic*] do the interviewing.

8. For social functions, advance list of attendees with first names is essential. A notation about babies, birthdays, anniversaries, girlfriends, boyfriends, etc., helps. Name tags are a must.

9. Breakfast meetings are a waste of time for me. I prefer those early-morning hours for jogging, reading morning papers, telephone calls and preparation for the day's meetings and/or travels.

10. Whether we publish a morning paper in that city or not, a copy of the nearest A.M. publication (including *The Wall Street Journal*, if possible) should be at the hotel-room door before six A.M. No questions will be asked as to whether the publisher or circulation manager delivered it on the way home from saloon or on the way to work.

Yours for even happier Holiday Inning. . . .

Life is a game. It is not an undefeated season. You win some. You lose some. To enjoy life to the utmost, you must play every game to win.

Winning is the most important thing in life. And the most rewarding. Everything else pales in comparison with the feeling of winning.

The most satisfying victories are those in which the odds against your winning are the greatest. But long odds don't necessarily make the job more difficult.

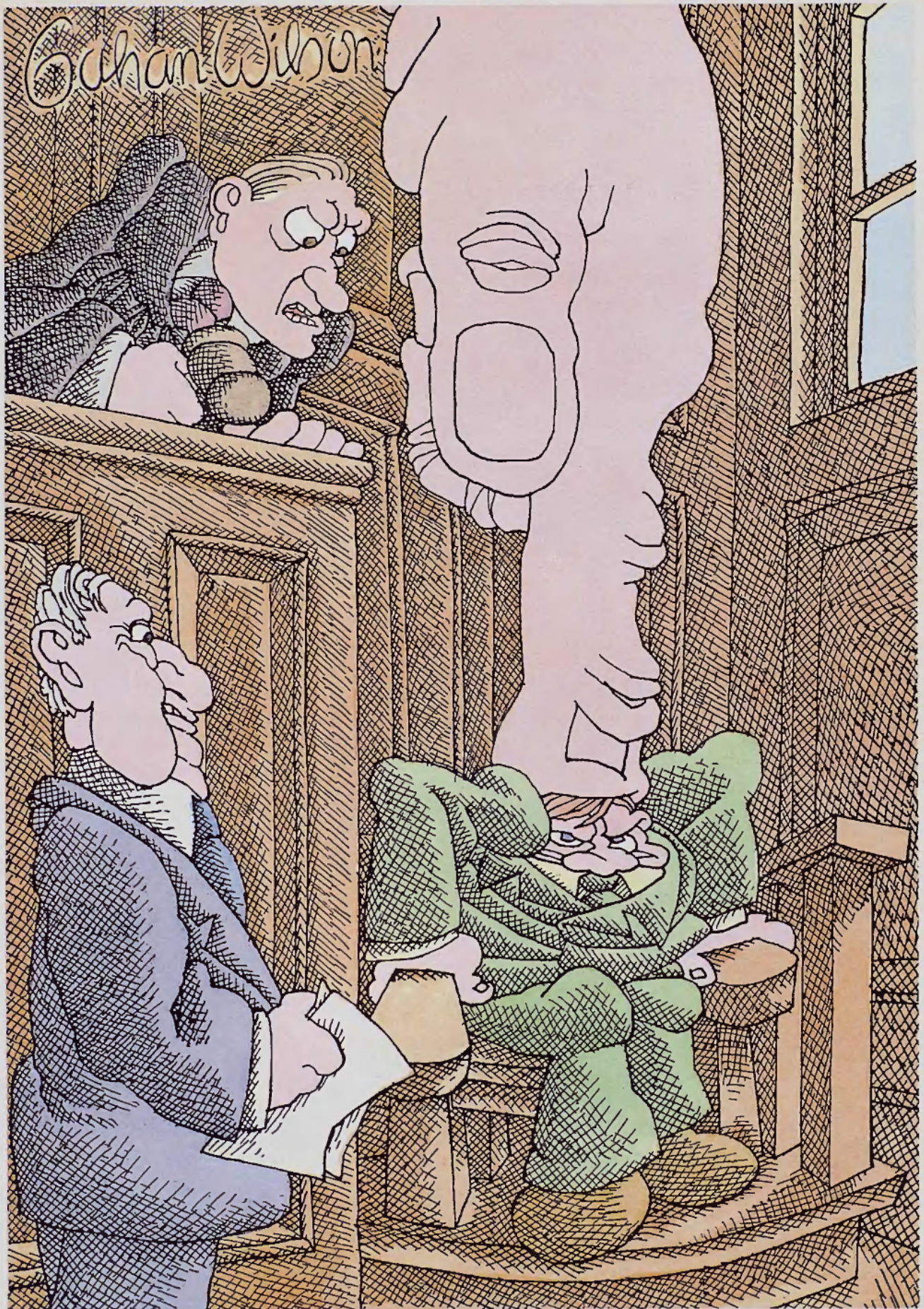
In fact, the more that people tell you it can't be done, the more likely it is that you have a winner. That usually means you know something they don't know. Or that your idea is so different or so daring that they can't comprehend it.

USA Today had something to prove to the world: that it could beat the odds and succeed. So did many members of the staff. Most had not yet established or peaked with their professional reputations. Many were women or members of minorities who had run into the glass ceiling elsewhere. They saw *USA Today* as their ticket to the top. Others had left jobs they weren't enjoying very much to seek a new adventure. They were there for the fun of it. Their adventuresome spirit created a counterculture to the media establishment.

The entry of *USA Today* into local markets wasn't always a welcomed event—certainly not by some local newspapers. Sometimes we were criticized by the local press for the way we moved our blue-and-white vending machines onto their street corners. New York is an example.

The weekend before our launch in the Big Apple, circulation chief Frank Vega's troops stormed the city and bolted 3000 vending machines to the sidewalks.

At a press conference that Monday
(continued on page 178)



"Again, I must remind the witness that he is under oath!"



SEX IN CINEMA

1 9 8 9

film makers keep it up
with kicks, tricks
and hanky-panky in high
(and low) places

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON
WHEN IT COMES to steam on the screen, 1989 may go into the record books for the way it kept raunch under wraps. A generally conservative social climate and the ongoing AIDS menace are largely to blame. But that doesn't mean that films from now on will be limited to pure, polyunsaturated abstinence. The deal makers who decide what movies you'll see and how much they'll show are shrewd realists. They know that cinema without sex would be like rock music without a hard beat, team sports without balls, Warren Beatty without a date. So sex is still with us but is more often linked to some dramatic purpose, real or imagined. Such outspoken films as *Dangerous Liaisons*, *The Accused*, *Casualties of War* and the British-made *Scandal* have ample sexual content, drawn from history and yesterday's headlines. Even the year's top comedies for grownups—from the dark, highly praised *sex, lies, and videotape* to *Cousins* and the relatively outrageous *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills*—might accurately be described as studies of sexual mores, making statements that go well beyond mere exploitation. It (text continued on page 138)

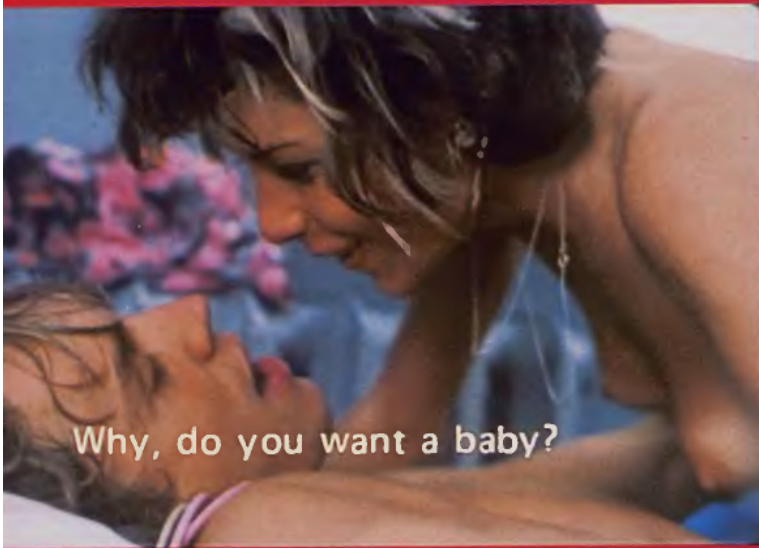
BLASTS FROM THE PAST: Momentarily upstaged by a giant ice phallus (left), Joanne Whalley-Kilmer plays Christine Keeler in *Scandal*, the film about Britain's 1963 government-toppling Profumo affair. In *Dangerous Liaisons*, John Malkovich dallies with (right, from top) Laura Benson, Michelle Pfeiffer and Uma Thurman. To judge from these scenes, writing desks were in short supply in 18th Century France.





CRIME TIME: In search of plot material, Hollywood still loves to pit good guys against bad. The unconventional detective played by Kevin Kline in *The January Man* has an artist buddy; hence, the abbreviated wax model of a nude next door (above). Jodie Foster's torchy dance (right) with Woody Brown gives fellow barroom patrons the wrong idea, with tragic results, in *The Accused*. Foster's powerful performance as the victim of a gang rape earned her an Academy Award. Below left, Timothy Dalton as James Bond in the latest 007 film, *Licence to Kill*, borrows a piece from Carey Lowell's handy holster, the better to battle a Latin-American cocaine king. At right below, *Kinjite's* hard-nosed Los Angeles vice cop Charles Bronson breaks up a porn-film shoot.





Why, do you want a baby?



IT'S A SMALL WORLD: Hollywood is still the capital of world moviemaking, but lovers of erotica often get more for their money at art houses where foreign films are shown. Russia's unusually daring *Little Vera*, top winner at last year's Chicago International Film Festival, stars *Playboy* cover girl Natalya Negoda (with Andrei Sokolov, above) in a gritty romance. In Britain's charming *Getting It Right* (above right), Lynn Redgrave initiates Jesse Birdsall into the joys of sex. Klaus and Debora Kinski are paired in Italy's *Paganini*, a flamboyant biography of the famed violin virtuoso (right). A French and Canadian coproduction is *How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired* (preposterously phallic poster art, below).





ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH: Funny business abounds in *The Naked Gun*, starring Leslie (*Airplane!*) Nielsen as a bumbling detective who keeps mixing it up with the high and the mighty (above left); *The Gods Must Be Crazy II*, in which Lena Farugia, en route to deliver a speech at a game lodge, dangles over the African bush (above right); *Some Girls* (below left), wherein Patrick Dempsey plays a hapless house guest; and *Love Hurts*, a romantic comedy in which Jeff Daniels puts the squeeze on Judith Ivey (below right). On the opposite page, Terry Jones and Tim Robbins clown around in *Erik the Viking* (above left). This time, Tim swaps his *Bull Durham* garter belt for a less lacy cover-up. Director Paul Bartel's outrageous *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills* finds Arnetia Walker bewildered by canine advances (above right). And perhaps *Ghosts Can't Do It*, but in the forthcoming film by that name, the reigning sex queen of the early Eighties, Bo Derek, returns to the screen (below right) with Leo Damian, whose body she hopes to borrow on behalf of dead spouse Anthony Quinn. Object: Sex.





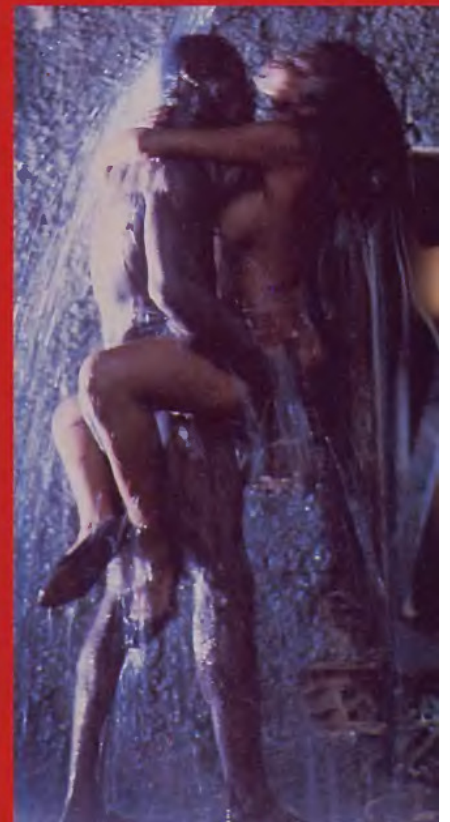


TALES ON TAPE: Such sex romps as *Bad Girls from Mars*, with a newly blonde Edy Williams and Dana Bentley (above), are quickly consigned to video. Two porn veterans, director Chuck Vincent and actress Marilyn Chambers, team for the R-rated spoof *Party Incorporated* (that's Marilyn above right). *Savage Beach* (with Michael Shane and Maxine Wasa, right) and the hapless John Travolta–Kelly Preston starrer, *The Experts* (below), have also landed on video-store shelves.





FLESH AND FANTASY: The gorgeous Uma Thurman, seen on the opening spread as one of John Malkovich's conquests in *Dangerous Liaisons*, plays Venus on the half shell (above) in *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, director Terry Gilliam's latest flight of fancy. Heather Locklear finds herself in a sticky situation with Dick Durock as the Thing in *The Return of Swamp Thing* (below left). Amanda Donohoe is the advance woman for a monstrous creepy-crawler with a prodigious appetite for virgins in Ken Russell's predictably outrageous *Lair of the White Worm* (below center). At right below, Brazilian actor Zebrinha and Anya Sartor come clean in *Wild Orchid*, a steamy picture directed by Zalman King, who was the producer of 1986's sizzling *9½ Weeks*.





TAKE THE LOW ROAD:

Critics lambasted *Road House*, the late-spring release starring Patrick Swayze in a milieu considerably down-and-dirtier than the Catskills venue of his triumphant *Dirty Dancing*, but bad reviews failed to knock it out at the box office. Swayze plays Dalton, a top "cooler"—a sort of boss bouncer—hired to clean up a rowdy dance hall in Missouri, where the sorts of shenanigans depicted here seem to attract an uncouth element. Naturally, while he's not occupied in teaching customers better manners, facing down the town tycoon—*cum*—shakedown artist or tearing out a thug's throat, Dalton finds time to appreciate the love of a good woman, a doctor portrayed by Kelly Lynch (right)—whom he meets in the E.R., nails on the roof.



seems fair to conclude that screen lust circa 1989 is changing in ways that strongly suggest a new wave of romance and moral responsibility.

There is no better example of serious drama spiked with intrinsic sex appeal than *Dangerous Liaisons*, British director Stephen Frears's lush period film based on a play based, in turn, on the classic erotic novel about jaded aristocrats on the make in 18th Century France. Released late in 1988, *Liaisons* was nominated for seven Oscars, won three and continued playing well into the current year. The academy picked Glenn Close and Michelle Pfeiffer as Best Actress and Best Supporting Actress contenders, respectively, but gave the statuettes to others, with nary a nod to John Malkovich for his mesmerizing performance as the master seducer, Valmont. Ultimately a loser in his battle of the sexes *vs.* Close's worldly marquise, he collects misery and death as the wages of sin.

This fall, director Milos Forman's *Valmont* will retell essentially the same story, with a noticeably more youthful cast. England's Colin Firth has the title role, with New York stage actress Annette Bening as the marquise. There has already been controversy over a proposed poster (probably nixed by now) showing Firth planting a kiss on teenager Fairuza Balk's bare bum. Young Henry Thomas, fondly remembered as E.T.'s best friend, comes of age professionally in his rendezvous with Balk, an amusingly poignant sequence between two bewildered children in a *maison de plaisir* full of erotic art. "But that's how it *was*," says director Forman, whose research went back to the original novel. "In those days, people were married when they were thirteen or fourteen years old." Let's hope that contemporary moral crusaders, seldom astute critics, will recognize *Valmont* as valid social history rather than kiddie porn.

Sexual abuse in various forms has been a timely theme, the pace set early in *The Accused*, with Jodie Foster's Oscar-winning role as a tarty small-town girl who is gang-raped in a gin mill and takes her case to court. On a more melodramatic level, in *Kinjite*, Charles Bronson plays a lawman trying to rescue a teenager who is abducted and ravished by an evil mobster specializing in the corruption of sweet young things. The Bronson character seems all the keener to crack the case after his own daughter is molested on a bus. Brian De Palma's chilling *Casualties of War*, based on an actual case, deals with the vicious assault of a captive Vietnamese girl (Thuy Thu Le) by American GIs. Sean Penn plays the remorseless squad ringleader, with Michael J. Fox as the conscientious soldier who risks his life to see justice done after the girl's death.

In today's Hollywood, retribution is swift for those committing crimes against women. *Criminal Law* stars Gary Oldman as a defense attorney with a conscience who turns against his client, Kevin Bacon, a rich, arrogant serial killer who mutilates his female victims because they've all had abortions. *Winter People*, a so-so Depression drama, stars Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell, with Jeffrey Meek as a wild, lusty mountain brute who fathers McGillis' bastard child.

When Dennis Quaid, playing rocker Jerry Lee Lewis in *Great Balls of Fire!*, takes a child bride of 13 (Winona Ryder), the public turns against him. There's trouble in the bedroom, too, when Jerry Lee finds his blushin' bride somewhat too responsive on their first night together. "You don't *move* like no virgin!" he roars and puts his clothes back on. You won't catch Mel Gibson, of the famous buns, teasing a gal that way. In *Tequila Sunrise*, he makes it poolside and under water with Michelle Pfeiffer. In *Lethal Weapon II*, it's back to the shore in a modest mobile home and off with those skivvies again for some flesh pressing with actress Patsy Kensit before the gunfire resumes. Crime and passion, a perennial film combo, also figure prominently in *Road House*, starring prime hunk Patrick Swayze as a superbouncer. He cleans up a lawless joint and the town around it but finds time for some barnyard (and barn-roof) fun with Kelly Lynch as the local doctor who applies bandages after his brawls. There's said to be even more intense body heat between Al Pacino and Ellen Barkin in *Sea of Love*: Pacino, as a New York detective, makes waves with a really *hot* suspect in a murder case.

Scene for scene, probably the nudest major films this year were from England, with the well-publicized *Scandal* leading the pack. The bold Brits didn't produce quite the volume of voluptuousness they'd been exporting in recent years, but this censored, now-you're-X-rated, now-you're-not replay of the famous Profumo affair was titillating enough. Joanne Whalley-Kilmer as Christine Keeler and Bridget Fonda as Mandy Rice-Davies play the pair of swinging-Sixties, anything-goes girls whose games of musical beds brought down the government and got a Russian diplomat quickly recalled to Moscow. Except for one brief braless dance sequence in the night club where they meet, the star actresses talk like trollops but are seldom shown doing anything that would ignite a Parliamentary crisis. Pointedly excised from several early versions of *Scandal* were a few randy snippets that spell the difference between an R and an X, including one episode in which the club impresario summons Christine to his office for oral servicing. The strongest bits remaining are in an orgy scene peopled

with nude masochists, lewd matrons (Britt Ekland among them as a lady "who had a *thing* with J.F.K.") and middle-aged satyrs on a spree, and even this sequence has been trimmed of male frontal nudity. John Hurt steals the show as Dr. Stephen Ward, the society osteopath who committed suicide when his aristocratic chums let him take the rap for their indiscretions.

Sammi Davis (the ubiquitous blonde Brit ingénue, not to be confused with our own Sammy), Paul McGann and Amanda Donohoe let it all hang out fairly often in *The Rainbow*, British director Ken Russell's filming of a D. H. Lawrence classic. It's a coming-of-age tale, a kind of prequel to Lawrence's *Women in Love* (also filmed by Russell), with Davis as a free-spirited lass who explores lesbian tendencies whilst skinny-dipping with her teacher/mentor (Donohoe); she also sheds inhibitions along with her clothes when pursued by McGann, an ardent soldier who finds her more seducible than marriageable. Davis and Donohoe, evidently Russell's favorite nymphs, also appear in his *Lair of the White Worm*, an outrageous adaptation of a novel by Bram (Dracula) Stoker. Donohoe stars as a vampire priestess in a stately 'ome where she spots victims for a weird giant worm that devours virgins. Her job requires some phallic worship and scant costuming, except for a silvery head-to-toe paint job. *The Hollywood Reporter* summed up Russell's hallucinatory fantasy as "demonic images, group sex and squiggly vipers."

Two relatively mature British actresses, Lynn Redgrave and Pauline Collins, throw off their natural reserve in a pair of comedies. *Getting It Right* features Redgrave as a worldly London adventuress who oversees the sexual apprenticeship of a virginal 30-something hairdresser (Jesse Birdsall). The same movie produces a striking change of pace for Helena Bonham Carter, the veddy proper heroine of *A Room with a View*, here cast as a bare-breasted, wealthy, decidedly kinky bird about town. Collins, in her theatrical performance as *Shirley Valentine*, won best-actress awards in New York and London for portraying a pleasantly plump 42-year-old Liverpool housewife who experiences women's liberation firsthand on a holiday in Greece. In the film version, Collins shows us what she merely talked about on stage—her nude swim and an afternoon of impulsive passion in a Greek fishing boat with Tom Conti as Costas, an ever-ready guide for sexually needy tourists.

Given the international flavor of contemporary film making, more and more movies become harder than ever to label as exclusively English, American or any other nationality. Bridget Fonda (Peter's
(continued on page 187)



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B O N N I E R A I T T

Conversation between a couple overheard at a recent Bonnie Raitt concert: She: "Right now, I can't think of anyone else I'd rather be than Bonnie Raitt."

He: "Right now, I can't think of anyone else I'd want you to—"

She: "Finish that sentence and you're a dead man!"

That exchange pretty much says it all about Bonnie Raitt's appeal—she is the undisputed queen of cool. The daughter of actor/singer John Raitt, Bonnie was brought up a Quaker and drawn to folk music and political activism during the Sixties. Since forgoing her senior year at Radcliffe to "hang out with old blues guys," she has been charming her way into the hearts of men and women alike for almost 20 years, singing soulful ballads, playing kick-ass slide guitar and staying politically active. After being dropped by Warner Bros. and after waging a successful battle with the bottle a few years back, Bonnie, at 39, re-emerged this year with a new release on Capitol, "Nick of Time," which critics are hailing as her breakthrough album. Paul Engleman and Articles Editor John Rezek caught up with Bonnie in Chicago. They report that she is as smart and sweet and salty in person as she seems on stage. And, if possible, even cooler.

1.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in Los Angeles and attended Radcliffe. So how did you acquire your down-home charm?

**we consult
the redheaded
blues singer on
dimples, the
appeal of tall
men and the
sensuous allure
of a woman
with a
microphone in
her hand**

RAITT: I'm basically a child of the era I grew up in. I listened to popular music that was out at the time, which included early rock and roll and, when I was ten or eleven, the folk-music craze that was sweeping colleges across the East. I went to camp in the Adirondacks every summer and most of my cultural imprinting was done there. I didn't like beach-party music and that scene or the Republicanism that was in L.A. My dad being in the business but

not of it, my family had values different from those of the typical showbiz family, and that worked for me. I was also a redhead in a town of people who got tan.

In terms of my personality, geez, I've been like this since I was a little kid. My dad's naturally very down to earth and very funky and my mom is, too, so we kind of felt like the Beverly Hillbillies. We were pretty down-home folks living in Coldwater Canyon.

2.

PLAYBOY: You're noted for your political activism. Why is it that you don't write or record political songs?

RAITT: The songs I sing are real political. They're just political about men and women. How we treat one another is where politics starts—how we treat one another as nations and vis-à-vis those less fortunate than we are.

3.

PLAYBOY: How good a guitarist is Lee Atwater?

RAITT: I have no idea and I couldn't care less. It's really sad that the best offer those rhythm-and-blues people got this year was from the Republicans. I'm on the board of the Rhythm & Blues Foundation, and we're working really hard to get the pioneers of rhythm and blues more work and some health insurance. The best thing that's come out of that so far is the show for Lee Atwater. So any rhythm-and-blues fan is better than no rhythm-and-blues fan, but the irony was not lost on me.

4.

PLAYBOY: With all the critical acclaim you get for your singing, do you feel as though your guitar playing goes unappreciated?

RAITT: I'm not that famous one way or the other. It just happens that not many women play slide guitar. It's been treated as a gimmick, and that part of it I find amusing. I'm grateful it got me in the door, if that's what sets me apart. Playing slide guitar is the thing that gets attached to my name, so I'm proud of it.

5.

PLAYBOY: How do you react when you realize that every guy in the audience wants you to be his girlfriend?

RAITT: It's great that people like me on whatever level they like me. I present a pretty healthy role model for having a

good time. I'm comfortable being as sensuous and as sexual as I am, and I'm both of those things when I'm playing my music. I don't think it comes off in a silly or frivolous or exploitative way.

Men get titillated by the sexuality that women singers, especially jazz and blues singers, sing about, but they're not sitting in the audience wishing they were on top of me—I don't think. I'm not threatening. I'm not one of those gorgeous women other women get jealous of when they bring their boyfriends to see me. I could be like a really good friend to them and they know it.

6.

PLAYBOY: What do women know about men that men don't know about themselves?

RAITT: Oh, boy, something I can sink my teeth into here! Well, the great men do know this about themselves and they pick women who know they know about it: Men like to be nurtured and cared for, and that doesn't necessarily sacrifice their strengths. That doesn't mean they don't have a healthy relationship with their own mothers or that they want to lay their head on your chest all the time. One of the most charming sides of men, even wonderfully complex men, is the one that lets us be almost motherly. There are things men like to have done to them that would probably surprise other men if those other men didn't also like the same things. That's something they don't communicate to one another.

7.

PLAYBOY: What behavior of women should be automatically forgiven?

RAITT: I tend to think in terms of people, not men and women. To me, the business about "Oh, I better stay out of your way because it's that time of month" is almost the worst thing you could send up.

And men don't know that they have the same cycles. They have similar periods when they're irrationally cranky and the smallest problem seems huge. There are times when I wish I could just look at a calendar and tell when this time was going to be. A certain amount of that irritability and hormonal ruckus should be forgiven with regularity.

8.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of men, who need not apply?

RAITT: Men who don't like women, overly

macho—read insecure—insensitive and self-important bores. How's that? People who aren't culturally and politically well rounded.

In terms of me personally, a similarity of taste in music and politics would be pretty important, as would a sense of humor. Looks would be way down there, though I like tall men. [Laughs] That's not a priority. I mean, a brain and two legs will do. I just get moony over really tall men, for some reason.

9.

PLAYBOY: Considering that your father is an actor, did you ever have aspirations to become an actress or perform in the theater?

RAITT: Yeah. I wanted to be a serious actress when I was eleven or twelve and I used to be in plays. I would have loved to do more theater in college if I hadn't started hanging out with all these blues guys and got distracted in a great way. I'd love to act if I would be good at it. I'm very comfortable in front of an audience, but I don't feel real comfortable in front of a camera, because I'm kind of funky-looking. That's why I asked Dennis Quaid to play my boyfriend in my video, to have somebody to play off of and somebody there who could help me get through it.

10.

PLAYBOY: How tall is Dennis Quaid?

RAITT: How *young* is more like it. He's very young. He has a girlfriend. And Dennis Quaid is just tall enough, thank you.

11.

PLAYBOY: Men in their anger have called women many things. Which of those angry descriptions sometimes apply?

RAITT: And you're not going to tell me what they are, are you? Well, it depends on how deep the accusation is. If somebody has acted inconsiderately or is being bitchy for no reason, then we all know that both

men and women get like that. When a man gets angry, it depends on whether his anger comes from a deep-seated resentment toward women in general—his mother, his sister, his previous wife—or whether he's just upset because he really, honestly thinks she knows where his socks are. I mean, "You never want to make love when I want to make love" is different from "You said I could go fishing and now you don't want me to."

12.

PLAYBOY: How good are you on the phone?

RAITT: Very good. I have to be, because I'm separated a lot. I can't wait for picture phones to come in, though. Then I can keep the members of the band out longer, because they won't have to go home as much. It will be great. You can pay a little extra to have a room with a picture phone. You get out your bottle of Oil of No Lay. "What should I wear tonight, dear?"

13.

PLAYBOY: You took up guitar when you were nine years old and soon turned to playing blues. How old were you when you learned what a *mojo* was?

RAITT: I was probably about seventeen. I don't know what the actual gadget is, but I believe it's some sort of little kit that you put together to cast spells. I haven't really been a big student of that stuff, nor do I put my head in those little shops. I kind of look around and go, "Yikes!" and get out of there. We didn't have a whole lot of that stuff in L.A., where I was brought up. I like to keep it kind of mysterious, because it's much more powerful to imagine it. I mean, do I really want to meet Mel Gibson? I don't know. I kind of like him where he is, right in my head.

14.

PLAYBOY: Some people get over the blues by listening to your songs. What do you listen

to when you want to chase the blues away? RAITT: Well, there's the wallowing music. I listen to *Somebody's Leavin'*, by Bill Payne. I listen to Ray Charles. When I really want to give in to being sad, I listen to Lowell George. *Song for Adam*, by Jackson Browne, is the saddest song I've ever heard. *River*, by Joni Mitchell. There are some Bruce Hornsby songs.

In terms of feeling better, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, the stuff by Little Feat that kicks your butt. *Start Me Up*, by the Rolling Stones. Good R&B. Marvin Gaye, Junior Walker. You'll notice I haven't said much from *this* decade. I'm real current.

I do like to wallow in sad songs when I'm feeling sad. I sing them for that reason, too. But I never do more than three in a row. Otherwise, people would be killing themselves in the audience.

15.

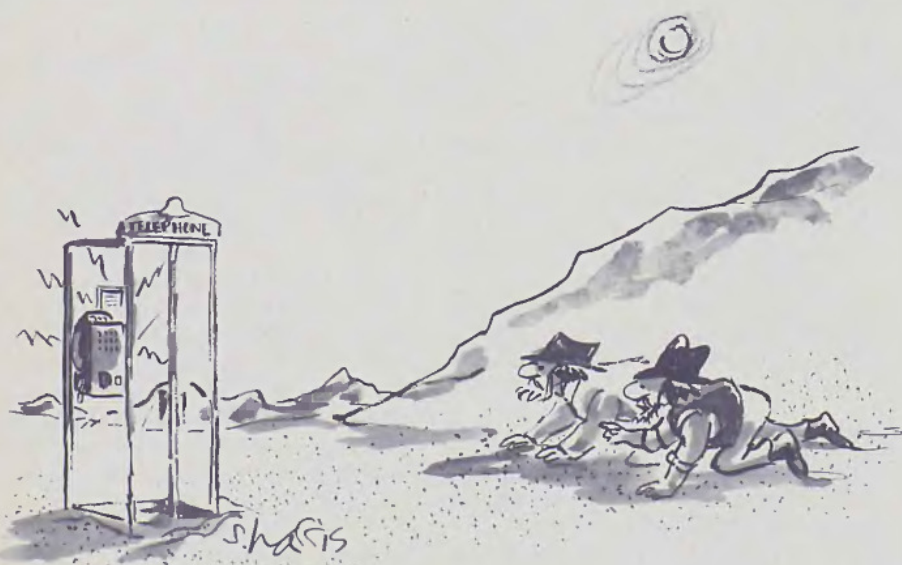
PLAYBOY: When you decided to take better care of yourself, was there a particular moment when you realized you *had* to stop drinking?

RAITT: Well, I knew it was coming. I knew that I was going to have to stop drinking too much, because I was putting on a lot of weight and I didn't like the way I looked. And, as people who have had an episode in their lives will tell you, the more your self-esteem drops when you don't like the way you look, the more you try to deny the problem. In my case, it doubled up at a time when Warner Bros., unrelatedly, chose to relieve me of my duties for them.

I went out on the road very upset, feeling betrayed and pissed off and defiant. It wasn't a healthy, recreational kind of drinking. It was a vengeance kind of drinking. It never got in the way of my singing, because I didn't do it before the show. I wouldn't jeopardize that. So at the end of a couple of years, when I would see pictures of myself, I knew I didn't look good. The fact that I might be killing myself didn't even enter into it. The part that made me stop was that I was maybe going to do a video with Prince, and I didn't want to look like a tank next to him. I remember being so proud thinking I was the last girl singer still drinking. Then I looked in the mirror. I looked terrible and I felt terrible, and I said, "Who's winning in this contest?" I had a skiing accident, which I think was really some sort of divine intervention, because I needed some reason to get off the road. I knew I could go to A.A., because I had friends who were going and they looked and felt great and were singing great. You know, blues singers can be any weight, but let's face it: Some people look better heavier than others. I wasn't one of them, so it basically came down to pride. Vanity is a cheap way to put it. I think it was self-esteem, business sense.

16.

PLAYBOY: When people have to give up drinking or some other addiction, does it help if they focus on what they don't have



"It's probably for me. I have call forwarding."



Traffic radar doesn't say which car is being clocked, it merely flashes a number. The radar operator must then try to determine which vehicle produced the reading.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

Although nine different errors have been documented for traffic radar, the most common source of wrongful tickets is mistaken identity.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed being displayed. It shows only a speed number and nothing else. The radar operator must decide who is to blame.

How radar works

The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Each moving object within range reflects these invisible waves back to the radar gun. Using the Doppler principle, the radar calculates speed from the reflected waves.

Traffic radar is blind

Traffic radar works differently from military, air-traffic-control, and weather radars. The others use rotating dish antennas in order to track many objects simultaneously.

Traffic radar uses a far smaller, far cheaper, gun-shaped antenna. This simplification requires traffic radar to ignore all reflections but the strongest. The number displayed is speed calculated from the strongest reflection.

The best guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. Truck reflections can be ten times stronger than car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

The truth is, he can't be sure in many cases. The result is mistaken identity. You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection.

Self defense

The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you. Others agree with this method. In his verdict upholding a citizen's right to use a radar detector, Judge Joseph Ryan, Superior Court, District of Columbia, wrote:

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to give up?

RAITT: Oh, man, yeah! I thought I was going to be really boring and I'd have to be a born-again Christian or lose my sense of humor and go right to bed after the show and nobody would hang out with me. I'd never get to have a boyfriend, because I wouldn't get to go to the south of France and drink wine. All these silly things came to mind.

You don't have to give up. What you get in return is yourself. It sounds so trite, unless you're going through it. It's just that what better challenge is there in life than to be free of all the demons of what you should be and what you could have been? If you think you have a problem at all, you should check those programs out. You don't have to sign up. It doesn't cost anything. Just be around it for a little while and see if it applies. You'll know.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's more sensuous than slide guitar?

RAITT: Singing is the most sensuous, and playing guitar is the second most sensuous instrument I can think of playing. Harmonica is the third most. I'm telling you: A tall guy who plays harmonica. Now, *there's* a thought.

18.

PLAYBOY: How do you react when fans approach you in rest rooms?

RAITT: I don't like to be bugged in bathrooms. I mean, people hand me cassettes

under the stall. It's brutal. Or they start talking to me when they know I'm in there and there's a whole line of women waiting: "So, what's Jackson Browne really like?" "Can I come out of here first before I have this conversation?"

19.

PLAYBOY: You and Madonna find yourselves looking in the same washroom mirror in a Los Angeles restaurant. What do you talk about?

RAITT: Obviously, she would know I knew who she was, but I don't know whether she would know who I was. If she said something like, "I've always liked your music," then I would say, "Thank you. You're not doing a bad job with your career, either."

But if we were, in fact, discussing stuff, I would tell her that she had a lot of gumption and direction in her career, that she definitely represents this generation of women, the newer one that's coming up. There's a respect that goes from artist to artist by just how somebody is handling himself, regardless of whether you like what he's doing. I wouldn't say *Who's That Girl?* was one of my favorite movies, but you've got to admire her for knowing what she's doing.

20.

PLAYBOY: Dimples: boon or bane?

RAITT: Great, especially when you don't have a whole lot else going for you. As long as I'm smiling, people like me.



"One final question on reincarnation—it's about residuals."

DR. SPINTHER

(continued from page 90)

the micro-minnie's orb blinked and became rosy inside. Three gold nines appeared in it, floated to the surface and shimmied there.

"Only nine ninety-nine per period," cooed the Analyzer, "with just nine hundred down."

Nine hundred thou? My heart cantered, but I was relieved. "Way too much," I said and gave a forlorn shrug. "I guess ultra-enhancement's out of the question for me."

The Analyzer's face became a grid of green lines, and blue began to flood the squares, one by one. "We can extend the amortization. We can establish an indenture period." The Analyzer paused. "This is a matter of love, is it not? Is not love worth any cost?"

"I guess so," I said. But things were getting clogged up in my head. I was having trouble breathing, too. The air seemed sweet and dense. I stared at the face of the Analyzer as it flattened and deepened to the color of twilight. "I need a few beats to think," I said.

"Of course," said the Analyzer. "But we do expect price increases any day now."

I paced back and forth like a rat in a trap. I was a wreck, a mess, trying to fig which way to go. Every time I thought of her, I was sure it would be worth it. Every time I looked at the three gold nines wiggling happily at me, I wasn't so sure. And every time I imagined the pain, I was scared out of my golly. But I knew I couldn't just squid like the others. The only escape was straight ahead.

"But listen," I whispered. "It's not just the price. Won't it hurt a lot?"

The face became a flat slope, inclining backward into a cobalt distance. "New techniques have reduced the pain factor to point five on the Spinter Scale. However, the pain, you must realize, is an integral part of enhancement. You can only achieve complete and total enhancement when you experience the pain as well. No pain, no gain."

It wasn't the answer I'd hoped for, and I didn't know what to say. The Analyzer seemed to notice my fluster. The face brightened into its rosy yellow.

"Would you care to consult Dr. Spinter?"

"Free?"

"Of course."

The micro-minnie sank out of sight. In to its place popped a large turnip-shaped man in a surgical-green skintight jump suit. It covered him head to toe. Not one square inch of hide showed. Even his eyes were hidden behind pink-tinted goggles. He seemed surprised at first, like he had been nipped in the middle of something. He looked at the Analyzer and then at me,

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slapping his arms against his sides.

"Dr. Spinther?"

He held up a blue-green finger, as if to say, "One moment, please." Then he reached under his chin and, taking hold of a tab there, he peeled the face-covering of the jump suit up and over the top of his head. He was a balding, flabby-faced lop with a giant honker and large dark moles on his plump cheeks. Not at all what I'd expected. Wiry black hair bristled along his brows, and more of it sprouted from his oversized nostrils.

"Can't hear a damn thing with the cowl on," he said loudly, irritably. "Hang tight another mo'." He pulled tabs on both elbows and peeled away the long-sleeved gloves on his hands.

Then he looked me over again, all the while vigorously scratching his hairy forearms with thick, flat fingers. After that, he cocked an eyebrow toward the Analyzer.

"What've we got here?"

"Undecided," said the Analyzer, going blue again. "Wants to know about the pain factor."

Dr. Spinther sighed and frowned, looking around like something was missing. A chair came scooting out of the wall. He sat down heavily and scratched his forearms some more.

"Stand up. Turn."

I turned slowly, doing a three-sixty. The doctor's lip scrunched on one side. He glanced at the Analyzer again.

"He's not such a bad specimen as is. What's *he* want enhancing for?"

The Analyzer's face went solid purple and then aquamarine spots began to balloon like oil drops in water. Then the colors shifted and broke into a mob of small, fluffy dots in bouquets of red, yellow and white flower shapes, scattered across a sunny green field.

"For love," the Analyzer said. "He's in love with that ultra-enhanced Damian female you did. Sector five, gene pool dot-oh-eight-four, remember?"

"Well, for gosh sakes!" The doctor turned and looked me over again, his eyebrows rising. "And she's not giving you the time of day, right?"

I blushed.

He arched an eyebrow toward the Analyzer. Then he struggled out of his chair, stepped up to me and threw a meaty arm around my shoulders. "Listen, son," he said. "If it's the cost you're really worried about here, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to give you a special deal! Why? Because I got a soft spot for people in love. Besides, you'll be simp to do. Piece of cake." He clapped me on the back, gripped me by both elbows and held me at arm's length, grinning like a findyman, his beady eyes beaming at me from under their shaggy brows. "Ten percent discount. How's that sound? The full treatment! Head to toe! Everything! Even your G-unit—we'll go the whole nine inches!"

I grinned back. I couldn't help feeling good about him, too. Except that he was so wonky-looking. "And the pain factor?" I said, hoping for more good news.

"Pain factor?" He gave me a surprised look and let go my arms. "Oh, that!" He shot a look over his shoulder. "Nothing to worry about! Guy like you? Nip here, tuck there? You'll hardly feel a thing!" He slapped my back, gripped my elbow. "So, what do you say? No deposit, nothing down. Let's go for it, OK?" The doctor threw another look over his shoulder. "How's his credit?"

"Eight hundred. Make it eight-fifty," said the Analyzer, its face a blur of calculations.

"Real good!" said the doctor. "Fine! I'm satisfied! How about tomorrow morning?"

Shivers went both ways, up and down my spine. Excitement or fear, I couldn't tell which. "That soon?"

"Sooner the better." He reached out and snatched up a square of white velliculite that had appeared in the air between us.

*"He'd lied about the pain.
There is nothing like it.
I was turned into a living
goo, a single solid,
fiery wound."*

He held it out to me. "Just put your old imprint right here," he said, jabbing at a thumbspot at the bottom of a densely worded page. "Standard contract. Sign. Right there." He took hold of my left hand and held it over the contract. I wedged. He smiled, wiggling his brows reassuringly. The tip of my thumb touched the surface. "Done! Good."

It was dark when I got out. Almost six. All the way back, I felt like a jackadak, going round and round, elated one second, scared the next. Ultra-enhancement! I'd be her equal! We'd spend our perfect, ultra-enhanced lives together! But what had I gotten myself into? Hadn't I always liked myself the way I was? I stared at myself in the window's dark glass. Did I really want a more serious brow, a leaner beak, a little more chin with maybe a nifty crease in it? My face parts suddenly seemed like old friends. And something else nagged me. If ultra-enhancement was so great, how come Dr. Spinther still looked like a warghound?

My mind clouded over with vexing frowns. My heart skiddled around inside me. It was a long, sleepless night. By morning, I was pulp. I had only questions, no answers, as I rode the camcar south again.

This time at the clinic, I was shown right into a tubular room drenched in light.

"I need to see the doctor first," I told the receiver.

He would be in shortly, she told me, and then, quickly and professionally, she stripped me naked. A big glass jar appeared. It was just my size and filled with an oily red fluid.

"Where's Dr. Spinther?"

"Shortly," she repeated. "Into the bath."

"Where's the doctor? I need to talk to the doctor."

"Soon. All the way in now, arms under."

The fluid was warm and gooey. Within seconds, it had the consistency of petroleum jelly. I was up to my chin in it, and I could hardly move. Finally, the doctor appeared. He was toggled out like before, in his surgical greens, only his head exposed.

"How we doin' this morning?" he said cheerfully.

"Tell me now," I demanded, "before this goes any further, what will I really be like?"

His bushy brows danced upward. He had begun to connect hoses to the legs of a large chromium spider that had descended from the ceiling. "You'll be a fine-looking son of a gun!"

He began to hum merrily to himself then. He was fussing with things behind me. I could just tip my head back far enough to see his face. The nose swelled horribly, the pores gaped, the hair in the nostrils stood out in spikes.

"Then why aren't *you* enhanced?"

He glanced at me, surprised, as though the answer should be obvious. "Can't very well operate on myself, can I?" He began working his fingers into his gloves then, not looking at me again.

"Wait," I said. The jelly was so firm now that I could not move. It gripped my throat like a huge, hot hand. "Wait," I whispered, trying to move my arms, panic squeezing my eyes out of their sockets. "Wait!"

"Can't," he said. "Too late. You've made your choice. The jelly's set."

I began to scream. But the doctor had pulled down his cowl. He couldn't hear. "Wait!" I screamed. But he only nodded happily as he began my enhancement.

He'd lied about the pain. There is nothing like it, nothing even close. The chromium spider chewed me into a pulp and then chewed the pulp. I was turned into a living goo, a single solid, fiery wound. Let me die! I screamed silently again and again. Let me die! Until finally, a curtain of black descended.

I emerged beautiful. My shoulders were broad, my torso was tapered. My muscles rippled and my skin fit my flesh like paint on steel. My complexion was flawless. My face was superbly balanced, wonderfully sculpted. My eyes were sparks of electric blue. My hair was a cloud of swirling, shining hues. I couldn't believe how good I looked. All I could do was stare at myself in the mirror. Or at least stare at the incredibly handsome guy who moved when I



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moved, blinked when I blinked. It was a goozy feeling. I had to get used to it. "Don't *we* look spiff," I kept saying. "Aren't *we* just the baby's button."

I wanted to find her as soon as I could, show her how splendiferous I looked. But what I wanted just as much was to make a grand entrance, stun the whole crowd. So I waited till long after sundown, till I knew the Jeet Jet would be hot and hopping. And instead of taking the main rope, I ducked down some back stairs and cut across a camway and through a cross tube to a service lift.

I dropped a slot, tapped and waited. A few niks were there, cleaning out link lines. They gaped at the wonder of me. All but one, who smirked and turned off his nozzle and sidled toward me. It was Bello. I pretended I didn't recognize him, but he clomped down beside me, grinning his dumb smile. He looked at me closely, nodding.

"Going to the Jet? Don't waste your time. She won't be there. She's quit that place."

I turned and glared at him. "How do you know so much?"

"We're tight. We're like this." Smuggling at me, he twined two fingers.

"Where is she, then?"

"Ha," he said and turned to go. But I grabbed him by his scrawny neck and shoved him against the door. I shook him. I wouldn't let him loose.

"Tell me, you miserable twad!"

"Be dim," he cried, squirming. "Don't

get so rikked. I'll take you to her, if that's what you want."

He led me through side tubes, down aftershafths. Down to the lowest level, clear to the edge of town, till I was sure he was out to wink me. But at last, we came to a narrow, high notch that opened to a small, plain cubicle. The only light came from the monnie. She was in a hoodchair, watching it. But she stood up as we entered. She turned and faced me, the colors shimmering all around her, shining through her gauzy robe. My heart stopped dead then. I caught my breath at the tapered, slender, swelling, curving shape of her silhouette, the beauty as perfect as I remembered, as perfect as I could imagine. I wanted to tell her so, but I couldn't speak. My throat was clenched tight. My mouth was full of kapo cotton. All I could do was to grin ear to ear and wait for her to say how great *I* looked. How she'd been waiting for someone just like me. How she adored me, wanted me, couldn't live without me.

But she didn't say any of those things. She didn't even smile. She folded her arms and shook her head and sneered.

"You dumb feeb. How much did they squeeze out of you? Twenty-five? Fifty thou?"

I stared at her. I couldn't believe it. How could she be worried about the cost?

"I got a discount," I pleaded.

"You got clobbered good is what you got." She let out a snickling laugh. Bello, slouching behind me, weased his measly guff, too. They both laughed, like it was all some

mixy joke, while I stood there stunned.

Then she went back to her chair and sat. She crossed her silky legs and lighted a jink and shook her head at me some more. My heart had shriveled. I felt like a fool.

"Look," she said. "I'm sorry about it. I really am. It wasn't supposed to go like this. I only went in for a nose job. A skin scrub. Maybe to straighten my teeth. I just wanted to look a little better, that's all." She gazed at me, then looked away. She shrugged. "Then they made me an offer. I could be beautiful, they said. Everything fixed. All for free."

"Free?" I gasped.

She shrugged again and tapped the ash off her jink. "All I had to do was go places. Be seen. Impress the feebies, that's what they wanted. Get nunks like you to lay out big loads of scat for the process. And be willing to take the pain. I suppose they fibbed to you about that, too. Hurts like hell, doesn't it?"

She blew out smoke and gazed at me sadly, like I was the poorest lop in the world. Which was just how I felt. And just what I was. The poorest, lowest of all. Clear down to zero. She was still beautiful, but I had no desire for her anymore. No desire for anything, except to get out of there.



I spent a whole day in bed. It was worse than before. I couldn't even watch the monnie. I stared at the ceiling and felt bligged, tapped out, totally zoned. What was there left for me? I might as well be

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dead, I thought, and sank lower and lower. Until the hurt gave way to nothingness. Then I dragged myself out. I went to the Jeet Jet, bent on throwing myself into whatever happened to me.

Even a fool could've deuced the scene. My new image was a colossal hit. All the gats went dolly-eyed while all the soats killed me with jealous looks. I couldn't do anything wrong. No matter what feeby thing I said, it was snatched up like some great wit and got passed around. Every move I made sent a ripple through the room. Every untaged lop in the place clustered around me, doting, cooing, bil-lowing for attention. Everyone wanted to give me things. Drinks, jinks, lollipops, you name it. And they all wanted me, too. Coy hands began to flutter on my square shoulders and pet my chiseled arms.

I began to see why she'd quit showing up. It was goozy as hell. It gave me the spinges, the way they all stared at me like I was a freak. The way they pressed in, closer and closer. But I sat there and took it. Until this towering blonde with a mean overbite leaned too close and fell giggling, squirming, into my lap.

I decided to leave. Give it all up and crawl back into my hole. But two wedge-tops followed. And the tooty blonde. And a pog with her ears painted violet. And a tarty soat wearing jams in his hair. And a ginky green-haired gat with rows of tiny blinking lights where her eyebrows were supposed to be. And a strange little nik in a pink hat. They all seemed to think they

were my best bugs, and I didn't know how to get rid of them.

Something had to be done, I knew that. The whole thing had to be stopped. I rode the cancar south. They made me wait for hours. But finally, I was ushered in.

This time, the Analyzer's face was divid-ed by a rolling arch, a blue wave that rose and fell. Shiny silver shapes, like flattened pills, swam lazily beneath it.

"Sit," I was told. "You have a question?"

"I want to see the doctor. I have some-thing to tell him."

The wave rolled higher. "Dr. Spinther is very busy. But anything you tell me, he will hear. We are in . . . in very close contact."

"I'd rather tell it to him personally," I said.

The wave crested. A pill leaped free and fell back. "Sorry. It's impossible right now. But give me the message and I'll relay it to him."

I stared at the face, watching another wave rise up and flip a shower of pale sparks into the top of the face. The pills all circled, then twiddled in place. Another wave crossed. "If it's a refund you're after, we can't help you. The price for new tech-nology is very high, and. . ."

I stood up. My patience was gone, and so was my caution. "I don't care about the money! It's this fraud you're working! You can't get away with it! I'll tell everyone!"

The face had gone red. The next wave fell flat and rolled away, leaving the pills to

scuttle after it like beached crabs.

But then the blue seeped in again. The Analyzer's voice was calm. "They won't listen," it said. "One look at you and they'll want the same. They'll pay the price. En-dure the pain."

I sat down again. The Analyzer was right. I was a walking billboard, just like her. For every lop who believed me, there'd be a dozen who'd think I was lying just to keep the competition down.

The wave rolled in again; the silvery shapes danced. "I'm afraid that's it," said the Analyzer. "And you did sign an agree-ment, after all. And since your account is now empty, we must conclude this session."

I left the district soon after that. Gave up my soat ambitions and moved out here to the edge of the farout. No more monnies or hogampick or neural-neon extravaganzas. Not many mirrors, either. Now I travel around, trading in raw feln for a living. I've grown a beard and wear my dark gog-gles. Got a tattoo on each cheek. I've mar-ried into the Kimwally tribe. My wife's as real as they come and beautifully flawed. We have four healthy, normal-looking kids to remind me of how I used to look. Some-times on the high rail or in one of the bor-der stops, I still hear about gaterinas with perfect faces, lops who look like a million. But there's not so much talk anymore, which makes me wonder what sort of mixy wrought Dr. Spinther's into now.



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ABORTION

(continued from page 55)

abortion debate, would just roll their eyes heavenward. It seems that the cynical coalition put together by the right-wing sharpies has two morally inconsistent pillars: economic conservatism, which slashes social spending, and encouragement of the birth of more poor children.

Exceptions to the cynicism are the pro-life Catholic bishops, who are at least consistent in demanding far more funds for the poor. Indeed, they have endorsed a radical economic program that could include substantial income redistribution. If a pro-life stance were combined with an ironclad commitment by this society to guarantee equal claim to a decent life for all children and their mothers, such a position would be one worth respecting.

In the meantime, in the wake of the *Webster* decision, we are left to deal with a moral cop-out in which more poor children will be born to a society increasingly indifferent to their well-being. Get the kid born, keep him locked in the holding cell of some miserable ghetto, and when he commits a crime, kill him, even if he's a teenager.

There are more than 500,000 (some say more than 1,000,000) teenaged mothers in the United States, many of them surely daughters of other teenaged mothers. What protection, indeed, what equal rights will the Court guarantee their children—and the many millions more who will now be born because of this judicial dicking around with a constitutional compromise that had worked as well as most?

The practical result of *Webster* is that the states must ultimately decide the abortion

issue. But a state legislature, which must also provide funding for the born or deal with the problems engendered by the uncared-for child, cannot so easily ignore the connection between population control and social problems. To begin with, a state legislature that bans abortion is likely to be under increased pressure to expand programs of prenatal care, sex education, homes for unwed mothers and birth clinics. Lawmakers will have to vote for an expansion of school facilities, orphanages, public housing, and so forth. That stuff costs big bucks. That's when that silent majority—the one that polls consistently say opposes a ban on abortions—may well rise up against a group of noisy pro-lifers with a frightening agenda. Up to now, that agenda has been just talk and has carried no price tag. Now it's a reality and the reality is expensive.

A quarter of a century ago, the state of California, which would not permit my young friend to have an abortion, led the nation, along with New York, in providing social services to the poor and, particularly, to poor children. Then its governor Ronald Reagan proceeded quite effectively to dismantle those programs. The state was saved from disaster by actions from Washington, one of which was the *Roe vs. Wade* decision of the Supreme Court. Now, if the clock is to be turned back on abortion rights, we ought to call for spending at the levels of the War on Poverty, or the New Deal, to protect the rights of the babies that the Reagan Court insists be born. If it comes down to economics, as things in life often do, I wonder if the crusade against abortion can survive its ultimate cost.



THE MINOTAUR

(continued from page 116)

damn tough—he would give them that—but he had figured out a way in the end. There's *always* a way in if you know enough. That contractor, he really sold the brass a sow's ear when he told that fib. Ah, well, the contractor had gotten his and now Terry Franklin was making his own score.

He had loaded the trap-door program into the main computer one day while 15 technicians loafed and sipped coffee and watched him work on a sticky tape drive. Not a one of them saw what he was doing. Nor, he told himself with glee, would they have understood what he was doing even if they had noticed. Most of them were as ignorant as they were trusting.

The 3-W file looked as clean as a virgin's conscience. Franklin exited the program and turned off his terminal. He stood and stretched. He felt good. Very, very good. The adrenal excitement was almost like a cocaine high but better, since there was no comedown. He was living on the edge and it felt terrific.

After straightening up the office, he turned off the coffee pot and put on his coat. With a last glance around, he snapped off the lights and locked the door behind him.

Getting past the guards at the building exits carrying the disks was a risk, though a small one. The civilian guards occasionally selected people for a spot search and sooner or later, he would be chosen. It had to happen. It hadn't happened to him yet and it didn't happen this evening, but he was clean just now, anyway. The disks were still back in the office, carefully hidden. He would take them out some evening next week at the height of the rush-hour exodus, when the probability of being searched was the smallest. Minimize the risk, maximize the gain.

As he rode the escalator up to the bus stop for Virginia suburban buses, Terry Franklin buttoned his coat tightly and turned the collar up behind his neck. From a pocket, he extracted his white sailor's cap and placed it carefully on his head, exactly one finger's width above his eyebrows.

The cold, wet wind at the top of the mechanical stairs made him cringe. He quickly climbed aboard the Annandale bus and made his way to an empty window seat. He stared through the gathering dusk at the looming building. People in uniform and civilian clothes kept pouring out of the escalator exit, trying to hide their faces from the wind, scurrying for buses. These poor schnooks. What they didn't know! Vastly content, he pursed his lips and began to whistle silently.

Terry Franklin was watching television when he heard the telephone ring. He listened for the second ring, but it didn't come. He sat staring at the TV screen, no

longer hearing the words or seeing the picture.

His wife had taken the kids to the mall. She had left only a half hour ago. How long would she be?

He was trying to decide just how much time he had when the phone rang again. He felt his muscles tense. Only one ring.

He turned off the TV and got his coat from the closet. He felt in his pocket for the keys to the old Datsun. They were there. He snapped off the living-room lights and peered between the curtains at the street. No one out there.

Ring, pause, ring, pause, ring. . . .

Three rings. The drop on G Street. He would have to hurry to beat Lucy and the kids home. He remembered to lock the door behind him.

Matilda Jackson was 67 years old and she was fed up. Five years ago, she had retired from the law firm where she had worked as a clerk-typist for 26 years. Seventeen months ago, she had made the last payment on her mortgage. The house wasn't much—a run-down row house in a run-down neighborhood—but, by God, it was hers. And it was all she could afford on her Social Security income and the \$93.57 she got every month from the law firm's pension plan.

The house had been something when she and Charlie bought it in 1956, and Charlie had been a good worker inside and outside, keeping everything painted and nice and the sidewalk swept. But he had died of diabetes—had it really been 16 years ago?—after they amputated his feet and his liver got bad.

Poor Charlie; thank God he couldn't see this neighborhood now; it'd break his heart. Everything gone to wrack and ruin, trash everywhere, and those goddamn kids selling dope in the house right across the street.

Mrs. Jackson heard a car stop outside and peered through the window. Four young men dressed to kill stood on the sidewalk looking around. She reached for her camera, an ancient Brownie, but she had loaded it with some of that new film the man at the drugstore said would take pictures without a flash. When she got the camera ready and pointed through the gap in the drapes, she could see only two men. The other two must have gone inside.

Damn those cops, anyway.

She had told those detectives that Melvin's was a crack house and nothing had happened. They weren't going to pay much attention to a fat old black lady, no way. She had seen that in their hard eyes as they looked up and down the street at the boarded-up windows and the trash and that worthless, shiftless Arnold Spivey sitting on Wilson's stoop, drinking from a bottle in a paper bag.

She was going to get pictures. They would have to do something if she had pictures. And if they didn't do anything, she would send the photos to the neighbor-

hood watch group or maybe even the newspapers. Leaving old people to watch their neighborhood rot and the dope peddlers take over—they would have to do something about pictures.

She snapped the camera at both of the men on the sidewalk, slick, loose-jointed dudes with sports coats and pimp hats with wide brims and flashy sweatbands. The license plate of that big car would be in both photos.

Someone else was coming. A white man, walking as bold as brass after dark in a neighborhood as black as printer's ink, a neighborhood where the kids would rip off your arm to get your Timex watch. She squinted. Late 50s or early 60s, chunky, wearing a full-length raincoat and a little trilby hat. Oh, yes, he'd gone by earlier this evening, just walking and looking. She hadn't paid much attention then, but here he was, back again. She pointed the camera and clicked the shutter. The two dudes on the opposite sidewalk by the big car were watching him, but he was ignoring them.

Now what did he just do? Stuffed something in that hollow iron fence post as he walked by.

Why did he do that? My God, the street is full of trash; why didn't he just throw it down, like everyone else does?

The two men who had gone into the crack house came out and they and their compatriots piled into the car and left, laughing and peeling rubber. Mrs. Jackson got more photos of them, then busied herself in the kitchen making tea, since the street seemed quiet now.

Wonder what that white man stuffed in that fence post? Something to do with that crack house, no doubt. Maybe he's a judge or police on the take. Not getting enough. Maybe it's money, a payoff for someone.

Well, we'll just see. We have some rights, too.

She pulled her sweater around her shoulders and got her cane. Her arthritis was bothering her pretty badly, but there was no help for it. She unbolted the door and lowered herself down the steps. As she approached the hollow iron post two houses down, she glanced around guiltily. Her frustration was fast evaporating into fear. No one looking. Quick! She reached into the post. Only a crushed cigarette pack. Disappointed, she felt around in the hollow cavity. There was nothing else. With the cigarette pack in her pocket, she slowly made her way back to her house, steeling herself to look straight ahead. Oh, God, why had she done this?

She locked and bolted her doors and sat at the kitchen table examining her find. Writing on the back, block letters. Numbers and such. Code of some sort. Payoffs, most likely. We'll see what the police make of all this. Not that they'd ever tell an old black woman what it was all about. No matter, if they'd just close that crack house, that'd be something. But should she go to the police? They've been told about that

crack house and they've done nothing. What if they've been paid off? What if they tell the dopers about her?

Mrs. Jackson had lived too long in the ghetto not to know the dangers associated with interfering in someone's illegal enterprise. As she stared at the cigarette pack, she realized she had crossed that invisible line between officious nuisance and enemy. And she knew exactly what happened to enemies of dope dealers. They died. Fast and bloody. Those four punks on the sidewalk in their fancy clothes would smile as they cut off her ears, nose and tongue, then her arms.

She turned off the kitchen light and sat in the darkness, trying to think. What should she do? My God, what had she done?

Mrs. Jackson was still sitting in the darkness of her kitchen 30 minutes later, when Terry Franklin walked past her house toward the hollow post. He had parked the car three blocks away. Normally, he was very circumspect and drove around for at least an hour to ensure he had lost any possible tails, but tonight, he was in a hurry. He had to get home before Lucy and the kids got back from the mall. So he had driven straight from Annandale to G Street.

The block appeared empty. No, there was someone sitting in a doorway, across the street. Some black guy with a brown bag. A wino. No sweat. What a shitty neighborhood! He had never understood why the Russians had picked a drop in a run-down black neighborhood, but since he hadn't talked with them after he had found the described drops, he had no opportunity to ask.

It would be just his luck to get mugged down here some night.

He walked at a regular pace toward the post, not too fast and not too slow. Just a man who knows where he's going. He would just reach in while barely breaking stride, get the cigarette pack and keep on walking, right on around the block and back to his car. Piece of cake.

He slowed his pace as he reached into the post.

It was empty!

Dumfounded, he stopped and looked in. There was just enough light coming from the streetlight on the corner and the windows of the houses to see into the hole. It was about four inches deep. *Empty!*

He walked on. What had happened? This had never happened before. What in hell was going on? *Holy shit!*

He turned and walked back to the post. He looked in again. The hole was still empty. He looked around on the sidewalk and the grass behind the fence for anything that might be an empty cigarette pack.

Nothing!

It *must* be here, somewhere, and he just wasn't seeing it.

He was living one of those cold-sweat,

gibbering nightmares where you are stuck in quicksand and going to die and the rope is forever just inches out of reach. Finally, he realized the cigarette pack truly wasn't there.

Maybe he was being set up. Maybe the FBI was going to grab him.

Franklin looked around wildly, trying to see who was watching. Just blank windows. The wino—still there, sucking from his bottle. He reached into the hole again, trying to understand. Someone had gotten it. God, it must be the FBI. They *must* be on to him. Even now, they're watching from somewhere, ready to pounce. Prison—he would go to *prison*. The wino—an agent—watching and laughing and ready to arrest him.

Terry Franklin panicked.

He ran for the car, a staggering, hell-bent gallop down the sidewalk as he tried to look in every direction for the agents closing in. To arrest him.

He careened into a garbage can and it fell over with a loud clang and the lid flew off and garbage went everywhere. He kept running. At the intersection, a car slammed on its brakes, tires screeching, barely missing him. He bounced off a parked car, but he didn't slow.

He almost broke the key getting it into the door lock. The engine ground mercifully and refused to start.

He smacked his head against the steering wheel in rage and frustration. He tried the ignition again as he scanned the sidewalks, searching for the agents who must be coming.

The engine caught. Franklin slammed the shift lever into drive.

Bang! Into the car ahead. *Holy. . . !* Reverse. Then forward, out of the parking space.

Cranking the wheel over at the corner, he slewed around with tires squalling and stomped on the gas.

The bedroom lights were on in the second story of the town house when Franklin parked the car. He turned off the ignition and the headlights and sat behind the wheel, trying to think.

He had driven around for an hour and a half after his panicked departure from the drop, craning to spot the agents he felt sure were tailing him. At one point, he had pulled over and looked at the damage to the front of his car. The left-front headlight was smashed and the bumper bent from smacking into that car when he had tried to get out of that parking space too quickly.

A dozen times he thought he'd spotted a tail, but the trailing vehicle usually went its own way at the next corner or the one after. A blue Ford with Pennsylvania plates had followed along for half a mile until Franklin could stand it no longer and ran a red light. His panicky wanderings back and forth through the avenues and traffic circles of downtown Washington seemed like something from a drug-induced

nightmare, a horrible descent into a paranoid hell of traffic and stop lights and police cars that refused to chase him.

Franklin sat now behind the wheel, smelling his own foul body odor. His clothes were sodden with sweat.

Lucy and the kids were home. He tried to come up with a lie for Lucy as he scanned the street for mysterious watchers and people sitting in cars.

How long could he live like this? Should he take the money he had and run? Where could he run with the FBI and the CIA looking for him? He didn't have enough money to evade them forever. Should he go to Russia? The very thought nauseated him. Freezing in the Devil's asshole of some gray worker's paradise for the rest of his days was about as far from the good life as a man could get this side of the grave.

He hadn't been feeling well and had gone to the dispensary, that was what he would tell Lucy. God knows he must look like he was in the terminal stages of AIDS. No good. No prescription. A beer. Yeah, he went out for a beer. He got out of the car wishing he had really stopped for one. After another look at the broken headlight and bent bumper, he plodded toward the front door.

Lucy came out of the kitchen when she heard the door open. "Where have *you* been?" She stood rigid, her face pale.

Uh-oh. He kept his voice calm. "Hey, babe. I went out for a beer. Did you all get anything at the mall?"

"I *know* where you've been. Cindy across the street has told me all about your little expeditions when I'm out for the evening. I know *all* about you, you son of a bitch."

He stared, thunderstruck. This isn't happening. No, not to me. For the love of— "What?"

"Who is she? I want to know. Who is she?"

"Who is who?"

"Who is the goddamn bitch you're tom-cattin' around with, you son of a fucking bitch. Who is she?"

At last, he understood. As the relief washed over him, he was suddenly too weak to stand. He sank into a chair. "Lucy, there's no other wo—"

"*Don't* give me that *shit!* I *know*. Cindy *told* me!" She was quivering, hysterically righteous. "You're *cheating* on me." Tears were flowing now. "Oh, God. I tried so hard. . . ."

"Lucy, calm down. Please, for the love of— The kids will hear. Honest to God, there's no other woman." He got to his feet and approached her. "Babe, I love you. There's nobody—"

"Don't you touch me, *liar*. I'm getting a divorce." She spun and made for the stairs. "I'm locking the bedroom door. If you try to get in, I'll call the police. *Liar*. Cheat. Bastard."

He lost it. It had been that kind of evening. "You crazy cunt," he roared. "You don't know shit. I went down to the corner for a goddamn beer and when I get home,

you're fucking loony crazy. I haven't cheated on you! I haven't fucked another woman since that night I knocked you up at the drive-in. You don't have any goddamn evidence at all, you crazy lunatic."

He heard the bedroom door slam and the kids sobbing. He threw himself onto the living-room couch. Some days—it's absolutely crazy how some days just go bug-fuck nuts. You almost get arrested, smash up the front of the car, your wife demands a divorce because you're cheating on her when you're not. What else? What else can fucking happen before midnight?

The drop was empty. He stretched out on the couch and contemplated that fact. He closed his eyes and tried to relax. He could hear Lucy putting the kids to bed upstairs. Finally, the noises stopped.

He would have to call them. In Miami, they had given him an emergency telephone number and a verification code that he had memorized. He would call. He looked around for the evening paper. On top of the TV. He flipped to the sports section. The code was simple—the location and the opponent in the next scheduled game of the Bullets, Orioles or Redskins, whichever was in season. They had been insistent; he was never to call except in an emergency and then only from a pay phone. Well, this was sure as hell an emergency. But he wasn't going back out onto those streets tonight, no way. Even if he could work up the courage, Lucy would use a butcher knife on his crotch when he got back.

He went into the kitchen and dialed the phone. On the third ring, a man's voice answered with a recitation of the telephone number. The voice was tired, the English perfect. "Six six five, oh one oh five."

"This is Poor Richard." He had picked his code name himself. Easier for him to remember, they said. "It wasn't there. It wasn't at the dr—"

"Verify, please." The voice was hard, exasperated.

"The Bullets play the Celtics tomorrow night at Capitol Centre."

"I'll call you back. Where are you?"

"Seven two nine, seven four oh one."

"You're at *home*?" The voice was incredulous, outraged.

"Yeah, I—" He stopped when he realized he was talking to a dead instrument.

Shit. He would have to call again. He had to find out what the hell was going on. A pay phone. Lucy was going to come sweet-Jesus holy-hell screaming unglued. What a night! He picked up his jacket and eased the front door shut behind him.

From her seat on the top of the stairs, Lucy heard the door close. She had started to go down earlier but had stopped when she heard him enter the kitchen and pick up the phone. She had heard his side of the conversation and she sat now trying to figure it out. "Poor Richard" he had called himself. The Bullets play the Celtics? A code of some sort.

What is he into? she asked herself, her

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horror growing. He had looked so stunned when she said she knew. That look was the verification she needed that he was cheating on her. But how did that fit with a code and nonsense sentences? Was he placing bets with a bookie? No, he wasn't spending money she didn't know about. Something to do with his job at the Pentagon?

What else could it be? My God, what other possibilities were there?

Four days later, Franklin stood with his back against a pillar and tried to keep his face pointed at Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address. The pillar was the second one on the right after you went through the main entrance. The man on the phone had been very precise about that. Second pillar on the right, on the side toward the Inaugural Address.

His eyes kept moving. He was nervous, so nervous. He had vomited up his breakfast an hour ago. . . . Not that person, a teenage girl. Not that old fat woman with the cane and the two kids. Maybe that man in the suit over there. . . . *he* could be FBI. Was he looking this way? Why was he turning? That long-haired guy in jeans.

He had been here ten minutes and had already spotted five men who could be FBI. Maybe they all were. What if they had him staked out, like a goat? Maybe he should just leave, walk away and forget all of this. He had plenty of money. Enough. He had enough. If they weren't on to him, he could live carefully and comfortably for years, with no one the wiser. But what if they *knew*?

"It's one of the world's great speeches, isn't it?"

He turned and stared. A man, in his early 50s, with a tan face, stocky, wearing a short jacket, looking at the speech carved in the marble. On his head a brimmed hat. What's the response? Holy . . . *think!* "Yeah. . . . uh, but I think the Gettysburg Address is better."

"Stay twenty feet or so behind me." The man turned and walked for the entrance, not fast, not slow, just walking. After he had gone three paces, Terry Franklin could wait no longer and followed.

The man was only ten feet ahead, going down the wide, broad steps in front of the memorial. Franklin forced himself to slow down and lag behind. The distance had increased to 15 feet by the time they reached the sidewalk, but it narrowed again as Franklin strode along. He stood right behind the man as he waited for a tour bus to roll by.

On the other side of the street, the man said, "Walk beside me." He led Terry along the north side of the reflecting pool until he found an empty bench. "Here," he said.

"Can't we go somewhere private?" Franklin asked, still on his feet and looking around in all directions.

"This is private. Sit!" The petty officer obeyed. "Look at me. Stop looking around. You're as nervous as a schoolboy smoking

his first cigarette."

"Something went wrong. Really wrong. Why in hell did you people have a drop in a ghetto? Some doper could have torn my head off over there."

"The drops were selected in Moscow, from a list. That drop was originally chosen for another agent." The man shrugged, resigned. "Bureaucrats. These things happen."

"So who got the message? Answer me that! Who saw me there? The cops? The FBI? NIS?" The pitch of his voice started rising. "What am I supposed to do now? Wait until—"

"No one saw you. Some child or derelict probably removed the cigarette pack, or it was blown out of the hole by the wind. If you had been observed, they would be tailing you now."

Franklin couldn't help himself. He turned his head quickly, scanning.

"Sit still! You only call attention to yourself by doing that, and believe me, there is nothing to see. You are clean. I wouldn't be here if you weren't."

Franklin stared at his feet. He was so miserable. "I called in sick today."

"And you rode the subways just as we instructed, and we checked you all the way. No one followed. No one pulled up to Metro stations to see if you got off. No one made phone calls or ran for a car after you passed by. You are clean. You are not being watched."

"So who are you?"

"You don't need—" He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. "My name is Yuri." The man extracted a pack of cigarettes from an inside jacket pocket and lighted one. Marlboro Gold 100s, Franklin noticed. The fingers that held the cigarette were thick, the nails short. No rings.

"So what do you want me to do?"

"I'm here to evaluate you, to see if you are capable of going on, of continuing to serve."

Franklin thought about it. Lucy hadn't spoken to him for four days now. God only knows what that bitch would do. Still, 10,000 bucks a disk was damn good money. And if. . . .

"If you wish to continue, you must calm down. You must get a grip on yourself." Yuri's voice was low and steady. "Your greatest asset is that no one suspects you, and if you become nervous, irrational, irritable, not your usual self, then you call attention to yourself and *make* yourself suspect. Do you understand?"

"Yes." He glanced at the man, who was looking at him carefully with inquisitive, knowing eyes. Franklin averted his gaze.

"We'll give you a rest," Yuri said. "We'll wait a few months before we give you another assignment. Will that help?"

Terry Franklin was torn. He wanted the money, quickly, but as he sat here on this bench, knowing *they* could be watching, he knew just how close he was to the end of his emotional rope. For the first time in his life, he realized how little real courage he

had. But for this kind of money, maybe he could screw up enough stuff to keep going, for a while, at least. If he had some time. He rubbed his eyes, trying to quell the tic in his left eyelid. "Yes," he said slowly, "perhaps it would be better to let things cool off, settle down."

"OK. So tomorrow, you go back to work as usual. Do all the usual things, all the things you normally do. Keep your routine. Do nothing out of the ordinary. Be pleasant to your colleagues. Can you manage that?"

He considered it, visions of the office and the chief flashing before his eyes, fear welling up.

"Yes?"

"Yes." He got it out.

"Do you want to talk about anything else?"

He shook his head no.

"You are doing important work. You have made a great contribution. Your work is known in Moscow."

Terry Franklin said nothing. Of course his work was known in Moscow. Just as long as no one here found out about it, everything would be fine. Ensuring that that wouldn't happen was the whole problem.

"To show you how valuable your work is, we are raising your pay. To eleven thousand a disk."

Franklin just nodded. The enormity of the risks he was running to earn that money had finally sunk in the past four days. He no longer thought of it as easy money. He was earning every goddamn dime.

"You may leave now. Walk up Twenty-third Street to the Foggy Bottom Metro station and board there. Goodbye."

Terry Franklin rose and walked away without a backward glance.

"Oh, Mom," Lucy Franklin sobbed into the telephone, "I didn't want to call you, but I've got no place else to turn."

"You did the right thing, Lucy. Has he hit you?"

"Oh, no. It's nothing like that. It's. . . ." She bit her lip. It was all so bizarre. Her neighbor Melanie hadn't believed her and neither had the minister. Her mother was her last hope. "I think Terry is a spy."

Silence on the other end of the phone. Finally, "Tell me about it."

Lucy explained. She went over the events of last Friday night in great detail.

"Well," her mother said. "*Something* is going on. He's probably cheating on you."

"*Mother!* Please! This is more serious. I'm scared stiff. I can't eat. I can't talk to him. I'm afraid of what he'll do to the kids. Mother, I'm petrified. I'm at the end of my rope." She began to sob.

"Do you want me to come out there?"

"Oh, I don't know. What good would that do?"

"He wouldn't hurt you while I was there. We could confront him." More silence. "Let me talk to your father and call you back."

"Not Daddy!" Lucy wailed. "He won't *understand*."

"I know you and he don't see eye to eye. He didn't think Terry was the right man for you."

"He's never let me forget it."

"Do you want to come home? Bring the kids?"

If she went home, her father would be there. She was genuinely afraid of her father. He just had never been able to cope with a daughter. "Can you come out here?"

"I'll be there day after tomorrow at one o'clock. Can you meet me?"

"The kids and I'll be there. Thanks so much, Mom. I really need you."

"I know, baby. I know. Just don't tell Terry I'm coming."

Terry Franklin stopped at a neighborhood bar after he got off the bus from work. On the Friday evening of the longest week of his life, he deserved a few drinks. Waiting for the ax to fall was squeezing the juice right out of him. He had been a bumbling fool all week, botching one job after another, having to ask the chief for help with several problems that were so minor he had been embarrassed. The chief was solicitous, asking if he were having problems at home.

The problem was, he couldn't think about anything else. He could no longer concentrate on his job, his wife, the kids, anything. He *had* to get his mind off it and he just couldn't! Sitting here at the bar, he glanced warily at the other customers, then bit his lip. A panic-stricken scream was just beneath the surface. He was losing it. It was like one of those nightmares he'd had as a kid—he was fleeing from a hideous monster and his legs went slower and slower and the monster was reaching, within inches of catching him—when he'd wake up screaming, with pee soaking his pajamas.

He was going to have to get all this crap stuffed into one sock, going to have to wire himself together so he could get from one end of the day to the other. He had all of tonight, all day Saturday, all day Sunday—three nights and two entire days—before he had to face his demons on Monday.

He ordered another CC on the rocks. Sure, he could do it. No one knew. No one was going to arrest him. No one was going to toss him into prison with a bunch of homo thieves and killers. After all, this is *America*, land of the gullible, home of the foolish.

He would deliver and collect on another dozen floppies or so. Then he would empty his safe-deposit box and be on his way to a new life. Perhaps Rio. He would lie on the beach all day and fuck beach bunnies at night.

He sipped his drink and thought about how it would be. The life he had always wanted was right there within his grasp, so close, within inches. But he was going to have to be realistic about the monsters, going to have to keep trotting. No urine-soaked pajamas. No screaming fits. Amen.

He paid the tab and left two quarters on



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the bar. Outside, he forced himself to pause and examine the headlines on the newspaper in the vending stand. Same old crap. The world was still turning, things were burning down, trains were still crashing. . . .

He walked the two blocks home with his head up, breathing the spring air. It seemed just yesterday that it was so cold and miserable. Spring is here. And I have a fortune in the bank and no one knows but me.

His neighbor was washing his car in the driveway. "Hey, Terry, how's it going?"

"Pretty good. And you?"

"Just fine. Say, I've been meaning to ask you. How's the spy business?"

Terry Franklin froze.

The asshole tossed his sponge into a bucket and wiped his hands on his jeans. He grinned as he reached for his cigarettes. "Lucy has been telling Melanie that you're a spy. I laughed myself sick. So. . . ."

Terry didn't hear any more. He lurched for the front door.

"Lucy!" He slammed the door behind him and charged for the kitchen. "Lucy," he bellowed, "you stupid—"

Lucy was sitting with her mother, drinking coffee at the counter. Both women stared, openmouthed.

"What—what does Jared mean—about Melanie? What did you tell Melanie?" He thought he was doing pretty well under the circumstances, staying calm and keeping

the legs going. But it came out as a roar.

"Now, listen here, Terry—" Lucy's mom began.

"Lucy, I need to talk to you." He grabbed her arm and half lifted her from the stool. "Now, Lucy."

"Let go of her, Terry!"

"Mom Southworth, please! I need to talk to—"

"No!" The old lady had a voice like a drill instructor.

"Lucy, what did you tell that moron Melanie?"

"I told her that—"

"Get your hands off her, Terry. I know all about you. You stupid, greedy—" The older woman was fat, with two chins. Just now, Terry Franklin thought her the ugliest woman he had ever laid eyes on.

"Shut up, you nosy old bitch! What the hell are you doing here, anyway? Lucy, I want to talk to you." He grabbed her arm and dragged her from the stool toward the downstairs half bath. He pulled her inside and slammed the door. "What in the name of God have you been saying to Melanie?"

Lucy was scared witless. "Noth—"

"Did you tell her I was a spy?"

Terry didn't need an answer; it was written all over her face. The mother-in-law was pounding on the door and shouting. Something about calling the police.

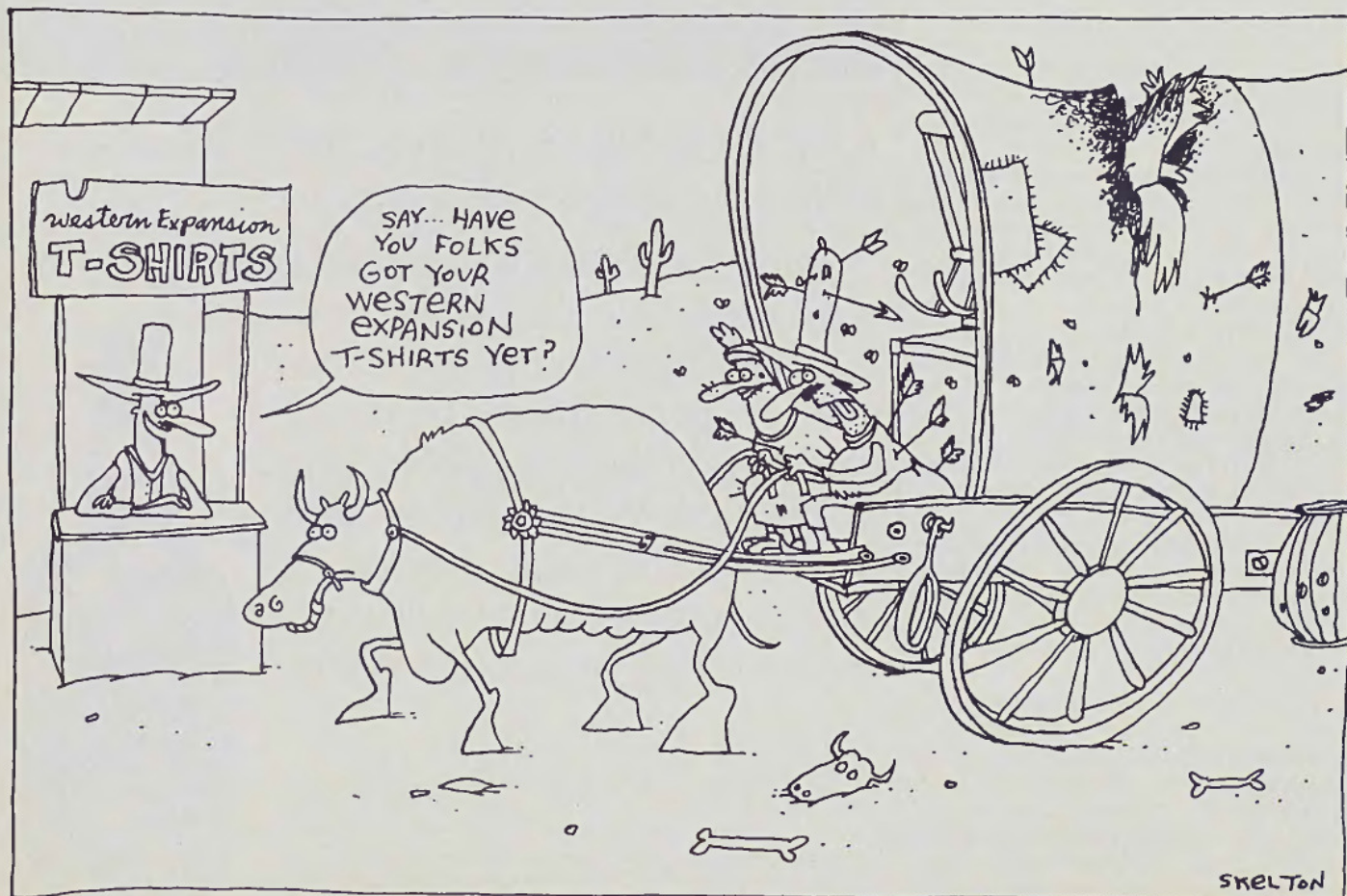
"You—you—" he whimpered as his legs turned to wood and the monster's fetid breath engulfed him. The urge to scream and urinate was almost irresistible.

Lucy opened the door and slid out as he sagged down onto the floor and covered his face with his hands. His entire life was shattered, smashed to bits by that silly, simple twat!

Terry Franklin never knew how long he'd stayed in the bathroom. The flowers on the wallpaper formed a curious pattern. Each had a petal that joined to an off-set flower, all of them; it was very curious how they did that. He thought about how the flowers joined and about nothing at all for a long, long time.

When he came out, the house was dark and silent. He flipped on the kitchen light and drank milk from the carton in the refrigerator. He was very, very tired. He climbed the stairs and lay down on the bed.

The sun was shining in the windows when he awoke. He was still dressed. He used the toilet, then went downstairs and found something to eat in the refrigerator. Cold pizza. He ate it cold. It was left over from a week or more ago, when he had taken the whole family to Pizza Hut. He thought about that for a while, trying to recall just when it had been, remembering the crowd and the kids with the cheese strings dangling from their mouths and hands. The memory was fresh, yet it was all wrong. The memory was from the wrong perspective, like when you remember a scene from your childhood. You remember it as you saw it as a child, with



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everything large and the adults tall and the other children just your size. That's the way he remembered Pizza Hut.

He set the empty plate in the sink and ran some water onto it, then went into the living room and lay down on the couch. He slept most of the day and through the night.

The next three weeks of his life were a walking dream. Lucy, the kids and her mother weren't there, but where they were he didn't know or care. He concentrated on working and sleeping as he waited for the ax to fall. It didn't.

One fine day in late May, he woke up and finally saw the sun shining and the birds singing. He felt terrific, like Rip Van Winkle after his nap. He even hummed a cheerful tune as he shaved.

He put on his uniform while the coffee brewed. The coffee he drank black, just the way he had learned to like it on his first cruise, which he had made to the Med aboard a guided-missile frigate.

The Datsun started on the first crank. He backed out of the driveway and rolled down his window as he drove toward the stop sign at the corner. He fastened his seat belt, punched up the Top 40 station on the stereo and rolled. He had only three miles to go to the Park 'n' Ride, but still, he enjoyed the private little world of his car. These few minutes in the car, with the music he liked, adjusted to the volume he liked, he cherished as the best part of the day.

He hadn't heard from the Russians. He had mixed emotions about that. In a way, it was quite pleasant not sweating drop trips or clandestine computer time or the slim chance of being searched leaving the Pentagon. Yet every day that went by without a call was another day he had to waste on his dreary, humdrum job, on this humdrum bus ride, on this humdrum, colorless suburb. Every day he spent here was a day he wasn't *there*, lying in the sun, fucking the beach bunnies, drinking Cuba libres and enjoying life.

His fantasy was *there*, waiting, and he was firmly and hopelessly planted *here*. What made the waiting so frustrating was the money he already had in the bank. The fact that he had committed a variety of serious crimes to obtain it troubled him not a whit. He had never given it a moment's thought. In fact, he felt exactly like all the other people who see a large sum of unearned money come their way—lottery winners, traffic-accident victims, legatees, swindlers, personal-injury lawyers, and so on—the money was his by divine right. Somehow, some way, the rulers of the universe had decreed that he deserved the good things and the good times that big money will buy because he wasn't like all those schmucks who flog it eight to five. He was different. Special. The money *made* him special. Those unique and wonderful emissions given off by large quantities of money made him tingle.

Perhaps because he felt so good about

himself, Terry Franklin took the time this morning to smile at the bus driver as he boarded and to nod at a woman he recognized as he went down the aisle.

As the bus threaded its way through rush-hour traffic, he watched the scenery roll by without seeing a thing. He rode lost in reverie, already enjoying his fantasy.

The morning was spent cleaning and repairing a computer keyboard on which a secretary had spilled coffee. She also had a taste for doughnuts and potato chips, he noted with a sneer, as he worked with a toothbrush to rid the mechanism of soggy crumbs. He could just picture her: still young but already overweight, always dieting or talking to her fellow airheads about dieting, as she munches yet another doughnut and swills yet another cup of coffee loaded with sugar. She must have had at least three lumps in this stuff she'd spilled. Lucy's clone.

He almost decided to tell the chief to trash this keyboard, then changed his mind. The chief had cut him a lot of slack these past three weeks: He should try to prove to him that he could still carry his share of the load. He put more WD-40 on the keyboard and reattached the sticky mess with a toothbrush.

Lunch was a hot dog with mustard, catsup and relish, a small order of fries and a medium Sprite. He ate it with another sailor from his section in the main cafeteria. They discussed the new secretary in the division office—was she really a blonde? Would she or wouldn't she? Was it worth trying to find out? and so on.

The afternoon went quickly. The chief sent him with one other man to work on a balky tape drive in the enlisted-manpower section, and the afternoon flew by. They had found the problem but had not yet repaired it when quitting time rolled around.

So he carried his tools back to the shop and exchanged guffaws with his shipmates, then walked to the bus stop outside and found a place in the usual line.

He used his time on the bus to stare out the window and think about the feel of the sun on his back and sand between his bare toes and to daydream of a hard young female body under him mingling her sweat with his. She didn't have a face, this girl in his dreams, but she had firm brown tits and a flat stomach and long brown legs with taut thighs.

When he turned the key in the car ignition, the radio boomed to life as the engine caught. "Like a bat outa *hell*, ba-dupe, ba-dupey . . ."

He rolled the window down and fastened his seat belt and patted the steering wheel with his hands in time to the music.

The car in front of him turned right after four blocks, and the one behind turned left a block later. Terry Franklin paid no attention. He drove out onto an old boulevard now lined with small strip businesses and proceeded about a mile before he swung the car onto a side street. He liked

to drive through these quiet residential streets because they had so little traffic and he thought he made better time, though he had never clocked it.

At the first stop sign he came to, a little girl was crossing the street, pushing a miniature baby carriage containing her doll. One minute was just about the time it took for him to wait until the little girl was clear, depress the accelerator and cruise down to the next cross street. He glanced both ways, no traffic, and took his foot off the brake to roll on through. "Like a bat outa *hell* . . ."

That's when the bomb underneath the vehicle, directly under the driver's seat, exploded.

Terry Franklin felt a concussive impact as his knees came up to smash into his chin, but that was the only sensation that he was conscious of in the thousandth of a second he had left to live. The floor of the car came apart and the seat springs and fabric and padding were all forced explosively upward. His skull popped like a ripe melon when this rising, accelerating column on which he sat smashed into the roof of the car and bowed it upward. The windows exploded outward as the fireball continued to expand, showering the area with glass. Fragments of springs and plastic and fabric were forced deep into Terry Franklin's now-lifeless corpse, which began to sear from the intense heat.

The car, still in gear and torn almost in two, moved like a wounded crab diagonally across the intersection and lightly impacted a parked vehicle. Then the engine quit from fuel starvation. The severed fuel line dumped its liquid into the molten mess in the center of the vehicle and the smoldering wreckage became an inferno. In ten seconds, the fuel tank exploded.

FBI agent Luis Comacho's telephone had a hollow, metallic sound, like it was coming through a long pipe. "Little development I thought you would want to know about, Luis. Probably nothing important. Terry Franklin just went out with a bang. His car blew up."

"You'd better alert somebody that they'll have to do a next-of-kin notification when we get a positive I.D. from the medical examiner."

"The I.D.'s gonna take a while. The corpse is still in the car, roasted like a Christmas turkey. You *knew* this was going to happen, didn't you?"

"I just follow orders, asshole," Comacho snarled. "Why don't you do the same?"

"There's a chopper overhead now. It's real visual with the smoke column and all. Evening news, for sure, distraught housewives and sobbing kids, the whole bit. What's the official hot poop?"

"We're investigating, cooperating with the local police. Off the record, hint at drugs."

"Roger, wilco, over and out."



PERSONAL VIDEO

(continued from page 93)

Walkman. Super sound suddenly got personal and extremely portable. It was as if the audio cassette had sprouted wings and was carrying us along for the ride. Long commutes and daily jogs seemed much shorter and less tedious. Almost overnight, mild conversation became a series of shouts ("You know I can't hear you with headphones on!"). Formerly hostile territories were tamed or at least could be readily ignored.

This year will see the latest in technological downsizing, as the age of personal video is ushered in by at least half a dozen manufacturers in 8mm, VHS and VHS-C tape formats. Personal video is a product some envision as revolutionary and disruptive to traditional lifestyle patterns as its audio precursor was a decade ago.

Personal video radically alters the rules of the TV-watching game, as was suggested in a recent print ad showing a sky diver looking at a Video Walkman while in free fall. There's now no place on earth or in the sky where we can't partake of video information and entertainment (except in direct sunlight, since the LCD screens can't outshine the rays of the sun, making the ad, albeit effective, somewhat deceptive).

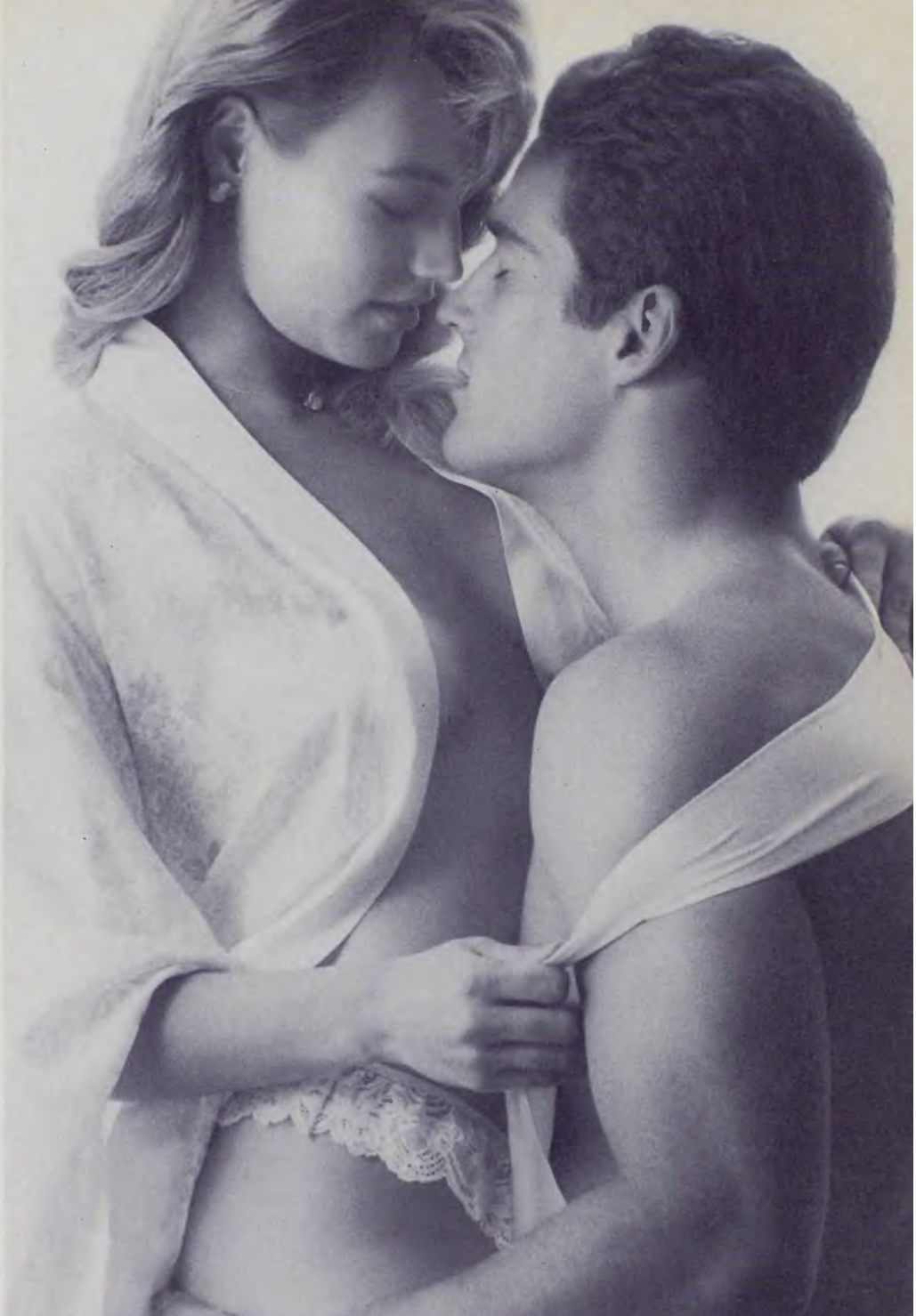
PV combines a wafer-thin LCD TV screen with a simple-to-operate, full-function VCR downsized with microcircuitry and tiny tape heads. It's powered by batteries as well as A.C., so you can cut the umbilical cord whenever you desire. The devices are small and light enough, at three to 14 pounds, to sling over your shoulder or stuff into a travel bag.

Japanese makers are pricing these products initially at \$1000 to \$1500—a range to which videophiles are accustomed when buying top-notch camcorders, VCRs or TV monitors. Personal-video combos are likely to drop to a more mainstream \$800 within several years and could eventually settle in at a mass-appeal \$400-to-\$500 level. But can you wait that long?

Casio was first to introduce a small TV-VCR product to the U.S. market late in 1987. The device sported a lunch-pail design with a full-sized VHS transport, a three-and-a-third-inch color screen and a \$1400 price tag. Still in the company line, the unit suffers from complications of premature birth, including a dim, blurry LCD screen using Casio's "high-quality matrix" design. Next year's promised "active matrix" screen should be a big improvement.

Sony followed on Casio's heels with its \$1300 GV-8 Video Walkman, featuring a remarkably good three-inch screen and 8mm video recorder/playback machinery in a sleek matte-black package. That premiere Video Walkman is now joined by the GV-9, identical to the original save for a four-inch screen and a \$1500 price tag.

The Video Walkman's one-thumb operation allows you to play a tape and shuffle through TV channels and record what you



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find (with auto-timer or sleep-timer shut-off). There are on-screen readouts of the time and VCR operations—including a real-time tape counter to locate program segments readily. The Video Walkman, like all the new PVs, mates with other video equipment and can make dubs to or from another VCR or play tapes on a larger screen. You can even plug a very small camera into its jacks. Unlike other PVs, the Walkman boasts a TV tuner. Other manufacturers claim that the primary use for PVs is tape playback. Tunerless models slip around certain tariffs slapped on most importers of LCD TVs, which can kick up the price 26 to 35 percent.

Although Casio beat it to the punch in the U.S., Sony began planning for the video-to-go revolution in the mid-Seventies. "Actually, the year before Betamax reached the U.S. [1976], we were thinking about a next generation of products built around a much smaller tape and tape transport," recalls Jay Sato, director of Sony's personal-video division. In 1981, Sony took the concept public with a camcorder called Videomovie, a name JVC later adopted.

The evolution of personal-video products largely hinges on the refinement of LCD-screen technology. The Video Walkman was held back from the market until

Sony could "source" a three-inch LCD screen that holds its own against the Trinitron tube in color purity, contrast and perceptible crispness. This problem was solved when major-parts supplier Sharp developed the active-matrix design. According to *Television Digest's* David Lachenbruch, many of those who sell three-inch color LCD screens, and that includes Sharp, Sony, Magnavox and Panasonic, get them from Sharp. Some of the new PVs' four-inch screens will also come from Sharp.

Aside from screens, the major difference among PVs is tape format. Which will prevail? There's room for several. For sheer portability, nothing beats 8mm video: Its tape and transport are small yet record well. You can pack at least four 8mm tapes in the same space as one standard VHS tape. Besides Sony's two models, Sanyo is working on an even smaller, "clamshell"-design 8mm PV.

The cigarette pack-sized VHS-C tape format also has the potential to spawn portable systems. Matsushita (Panasonic, to us) has a cigar box-sized VHS-C system with a headband camera on sale in Japan, but Panasonic of America doesn't plan to market it here.

JVC's prototype "Concept C" modular system may hit the shelves in mid-1990.

But to make this a popular machine, the 90-minute S-VHS-C tape has to be reworked for longer recording time to compete with 8mm's two-hour/four-hour tape modes.

Many of this season's personal-video products use full-size, standard VHS tapes, for consumers to whom the issue of size and weight isn't critical. These units can be moved around the house, over to a neighbor's or hauled off on vacation.

Leading in the VHS PV camp is Panasonic's Pocketwatch. Compared with the three-pound Video Walkman, the notebook-sized Pocketwatch is about double the width and weight yet still is small enough to sit on your lap comfortably. The Pocketwatch has a basic one-speed recorder/player transport (like a camcorder's), a built-in speaker, two sets of headphone jacks and a four-inch active-matrix screen mounted on the inside of a flip-up lid. This screen-protecting clamshell design eliminates the need for a separate carrying case, which is required to protect the vulnerable Video Walkman's screen. Magnavox and Quasar are planning to market PV models identical in design to the Pocketwatch.

On a heavier scale, there's the 13-pound Handyvision PV from Sharp. A solid lunch-box design reminiscent of pretransistor, tube-type portable radios, this \$1800 unit is at its best on a library shelf, on a picnic table or in a conference room. It sports a four-inch flip-out screen, a side-mount opening for the VHS tape, a three-speed transport and a long-life, four-hour battery. This model isn't stereo ready, though a VHS hi-fi version is in the works.

Toshiba may have a major advantage over other manufacturers if it can get its six-and-a-half-inch screen out of the prototype stage. The VHS unit, due out next spring, includes a screen that can be viewed from three to four feet away from just about any angle—an important factor, since smaller screens require more PV-viewer intimacy.

Hitachi's VHS PV will have a five-inch screen that flips up from the top of a unit comparable in size to a compact home VCR. That PV will also feature two-speed recording and hi-fi stereo sound. It's likely that RCA or GE will market a variation on this model, because the companies source much of their video gear from Hitachi.

What else is on the near horizon? Digital stereo sound is likely to show up in some of Sony's Video Walkman products, since digital sound is already encoded on all pre-recorded 8mm tapes, along with the standard FM high-fidelity track. Car-video rigs now available in the aftermarket from Sony and coming from Hitachi will become a Detroit factory option on the 1991 Dodge Voyager minivan. Heavy-duty PV models that handle shock, abuse and even water, as well as PVs that can take a slide-on magnifying lens to become a video projector, are just a few of the variations in development.



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Phone Call *(continued from page 77)*

"Frankos' only visitors are a stream of FBI agents and prosecutors, all hoping to build cases."

reason—Frankos has described the ease and frequency with which "rats" are killed in prison, and he personally has dispatched at least one. In order to interview him face to face, Lake Headley had to arrange to be taken on by Frankos' lawyer, Julia Heit, as an investigator; as a reporter, he wouldn't have made it to the prison door. Even as a member of Frankos' legal team, Headley had to apply for visitation rights through several echelons of the Justice Department, including Assistant U.S. Attorney Alan Cohen himself.

After receiving permission to visit Frankos in prison (witness-protection considerations prevent us from revealing the location), Headley found him isolated in maximum security; Frankos was the only prisoner in his cell block. He spends his days under the protection and supervision of United States Correctional Officers, and they test his food before he eats. His only visitors, aside from Headley, are a stream of FBI agents and prosecutors, all hoping to build their cases on information only Frankos can supply. Most recently, he has

talked to Jeffrey Schlanger, senior trial counsel of the New York county district attorney's office and one of the prosecutors in charge of the upcoming trial of John Gotti.

Frankos' story hinges on his professed associations with two of the most notorious underworld figures of the Eighties: Jimmy Coonan and Joe Sullivan. Coonan made his mark as head of the Westies, a violent band of Irish thugs best known for their tendency to dismember murder victims before disposing of them. Sullivan, the only man ever to escape from Attica prison, is a notorious free-lance hit man whom Frankos identifies as the killer of Salvatore "Sally Bugs" Briguglio, long a suspect in the Hoffa killing. Sources ranging from former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark to T. J. English, author of a forthcoming history of the Westies, have confirmed various relationships central to Frankos' story. We also have confirmed Frankos' ties to such underworld figures as John Gotti and Jerry "The Jew" Rosenberg.

Other confirming information on Frankos and his associates was obtained in the course of dozens of interviews, including conversations with Assistant U.S. Attorney Mary Lee Warren, prosecutor of Jimmy Coonan, with FBI agent Arthur Ruffels, and with Andrew Rubin and William Korwatch, the prosecutor and the detective, respectively, who secured Frankos' murder conviction for the killing of Clarence Jones. We have also confirmed that the prime conspirators were out of prison at the time of the murder, and that the burial site was under construction, as Frankos says it was.

Does that mean that Frankos is telling the true story of the death and burial of Jimmy Hoffa? We know one way to find out: Take core samples on the field level at the northwest end of Giants Stadium.

Four years ago, Paul Coffey, deputy chief of the Organized Crime Section of the Justice Department, told a *Los Angeles Times* reporter, "I believe we are going to solve this case by accident. Someday, when the people are real old and in prison, and there is no real fear anymore, someone will tell us what happened. There is a lot of institutional memory in the Mob, so we could still solve this case ten or fifteen years from now."

Or perhaps even sooner.




Stoli. For the purist.

Jimmy Hoffa (continued from page 80)

"Fat Tony Salerno told Giacalone, Hoffa's not running no place, because he's going to be dead."

"Chin" Gigante, the leader of the Genovese crime family. They gave me ten thousand in cash to buy some clothes and get myself situated with an apartment in Manhattan.

Now, at that time, John Sullivan was an Irish boss on the West Side of Manhattan. He ran the docks. He ran all the peep shows and the massage parlors and them smut bookstores on the West Side for three organized-crime partners—Fat Tony Salerno, Matty the Horse Ianniello and Chin Gigante. I knew John Sullivan from years ago—we both grew up on the West Side—and he told me to stay with him, that he'd give me a crap game off Fifty-eighth Street in the Hotel Wilson. I was an enforcer at the dice game, so nobody could take off that dice game and there was no problems like people arguing that they got ripped off. I had a Spanish kid and an Italian kid with sawed-off shotguns in briefcases watching downstairs in the lobby for any guy that looked to stick up them games. We couldn't call the cops. We held justice right in the street.

At that time, we were making ten thou-

sand dollars a night. We worked four nights a week, so we were bringing in forty thousand. Out of the forty thousand, we had to kick back twenty-five thousand to Chin Gigante and Fat Tony. I used to skim off the top, too. I used to take fifteen hundred, two thousand a night under the cuff, you know.

PLAYBOY: You weren't a virgin at this time. You'd been around those guys a lot.

FRANKOS: I made my bones with them guys. I done work with them. I killed guys with them. I went away doing time for them. I was a stand-up guy with them. I was a muscle guy, but I was a low-key type of criminal. Nobody knew my business and everything like that, you know. The ones that did know my business, they never told nobody.

PLAYBOY: How was the Hoffa murder carried out?

FRANKOS: Tony Giacalone was a boss of the Detroit Mob. He was a rabbi to Jimmy Hoffa. Fat Tony called Giacalone on the phone, and Giacalone said, Why don't you leave Hoffa alone, because he's a scared rabbit and once you've scared somebody, they're

going to run to the Feds on you. And that's what you're trying to do—force this guy to run to the Feds. Fat Tony Salerno told Giacalone, He's not running no place, because he's going to be dead. And if you get involved, you're going to be dead also. So step away from him. You gotta take orders from me. I run this show. You get that Chuckie O'Brien, Jimmy Hoffa's stepson, and make him as bait to lure Jimmy Hoffa to a sit-down in Mount Clemens, Michigan. The only guys Hoffa would trust was O'Brien and Giacalone. So you just tell the kid O'Brien to go with Jimmy Hoffa to this meet in Mount Clemens, where we could whack him.

Now, he relayed the message to O'Brien. The kid was reluctant at first, but then he had to go for it, because they were going to kill him if he didn't. They told him, He's not your blood father, even though he grew you up. You gotta do this now. If you don't do it, and you tip your father off, we're going to kill you and your father and your whole family. So the kid says he'll go for it, but what's he going to get out of it? They offered him a million dollars cash and they were going to put him in a position as a union boss, but not on the books. For the rest of his life, he will be taken care of, as far as money goes.

They met at a diner, and Giacalone was there, when O'Brien came with Sally Bugs. He was like a flunky to Tony Provenzano. Tony Provenzano, his brother Nunzio and



Giacalone were supposed to meet [with Hoffa] in the house in Mount Clemens, Michigan, for a sit-down to straighten everything out that happened in Lewisburg. And make amends.

So they picked up Jimmy Hoffa and Jimmy Hoffa didn't want to go for it. He says, Where's Giacalone? O'Brien says, Call him up and he'll explain everything to you. Jimmy Hoffa calls up Giacalone, and he says, I'll be at the house. They let the kid take him to the house. O'Brien told his father he checked the house already and it was safe. So they got in the car. In the meantime, Jimmy Coonan—

PLAYBOY: Who was with Hoffa then?

FRANKOS: Sally Bugs and O'Brien. Hoffa was in the front seat, Sally Bugs was doing the driving and the kid was in the back, because Hoffa won't trust nobody in the back, only O'Brien. Hoffa knows about getting hit in the back of the head.

In the house, Jimmy Coonan and John Sullivan were waiting. As soon as you walk in the house, on the left is a large living room. Adjacent to the living room is a little kitchenette. They positioned themselves in that area. They had a .22 with a silencer on it and the bullets were dum-dum bullets—the type of bullets that explode the head.

When Hoffa walked in, he made a turn to sit down and Coonan and John Sullivan rushed out and Coonan hit him twice in the forehead with the bullets—exploded his brains.

Jimmy Coonan is a bull of a guy, an ex-fighter and everything. He put Hoffa on his back and he carried him down the stairs. They had everything situated in the basement. There was a large table and over the table was a huge light. Jimmy Coonan and John had goggles and rubber gloves that doctors use to operate on patients. They plugged in the bucksaw and they also had a meat cleaver to cut away any tendons. On the table was all these black-plastic bags and cut rope. Coonan was cutting, and Sullivan was bagging 'em up. Coonan severed Hoffa's head and, with a pocket knife, he cut a lock of hair from the side of Hoffa's head and kept it for good luck.

PLAYBOY: You seem to know about their actions in great detail. Why?

FRANKOS: John Sullivan and Jimmy Coonan came to visit me and Joe Sullivan in jail—I think it was the Friday after Hoffa got whacked—to tell us that everything was straightened out. Coonan threw Jimmy Hoffa's lock of hair on my table and he told me, This is our friend's lock. It's a good-luck charm for me. And it *was* a good-luck charm. He was out almost fourteen or fifteen years.

PLAYBOY: Continue with your story.

FRANKOS: Coonan handed the head to John Sullivan, and he put it in the bag and tied it up with secure ropes and they threw it on the side. Jimmy Coonan started to sever both arms off. He made four pieces out of the two arms. Then he severed the two legs off and made them in two parts, by the

kneecap. He took the torso and they made three bags out of the torso and they put the torso in the bags. Next to the table was a meat freezer, and they stuck the bags in there. It took him about an hour, he told me, to clean up. They washed everything up and they went upstairs.

Bugs went outside to a pay phone and made a phone call to Giacalone and he told him to bring a bag man over, because they want their money. While they were waiting for the money, Bugs went to a tiny delicatessen over there, and he bought meatball heroes and Pepsis and he went back to the house and they ate the meatball sandwiches.

Now the discussion was where to put the body. Bugs calls Giacalone and says, These guys want to know if they can take the body parts to one of your places where they mash them cars. Giacalone says to Bugs, I'm talking to you, I don't want to talk to them. I don't want to get no conspiracy. I don't know John Sullivan, I don't know Jimmy Coonan, and they can't use the place. They handled the body, let them handle the burial, too, to its final resting ground.

John Sullivan asked Bugs, Is this house safe? And he says, Yeah, you could keep the body parts down there for a couple months until we find someplace where we can bury 'em or burn them up.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to believe that on an important hit like this, they didn't have a plan beforehand to dispose of the body.

FRANKOS: They made an arrangement with Tony Giacalone, but he didn't want to be bothered with it. He owns a place where he used to dispose of a lot of bodies.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about the place run by Raffael Quasarano and Peter Vitale?

FRANKOS: Yes. They could crush the body and make a fender out of him. But they were too afraid to even have Hoffa be crushed over there. They didn't want no evidence at all. Quasarano and Vitale were scared tremblers. You hear me? They were tremblers. They didn't want to be involved, because they knew the FBI would be on their asses. These guys cannot do no time and they were weak and Giacalone knew they were weak. If they knew anything about anybody being taken someplace to be crushed, it'd be all over town in two seconds. So they left everything up to Fat Tony Salerno. They figured these guys will chop him up and take them pieces back to New York. But Jimmy Coonan said, Fuck them and we'll keep the body here and youse take care of it. They didn't want to be bothered with transporting the body. They didn't know nobody around there. They got the money and got out.

It was a power thing, a rival-gang thing. Detroit don't like New York, 'cause New York is more powerful and more flamboyant than Detroit. Like, if you don't take it, then we're not going to take it. You done the hit, you dispose of the body. Finally, they agreed to take the body when Joe Sullivan came out of prison.

PLAYBOY: Weren't they afraid that somebody was going to find the body over the course of those five months?

FRANKOS: No. They weren't worried, because the house was secured. No cop is going to be looking around there.

PLAYBOY: When was the body finally buried?

FRANKOS: Joe Sullivan came out of prison five months later and he picked up the body and put it in a big drum. Him and another guy named Augie Manori got a truck that had a lot of oil drums on the back from an organized-crime trucking firm. They put the drum with Hoffa's body in the middle of the truck, so in case the state troopers wanna find out what the hell is in there, they'd have to open every drum.

They transported the body from Michigan to Jersey, where there was a construction site in Meadowlands. They were building some sections of Giants Stadium there, and wise guys ran the cement-mixing business. Joe Sullivan was on the books at that time for John Gotti's Gambino crime family, and he was just checking in, picking up four or five hundred dollars a week to show his parole officer he was working. So he took the body parts and he buried 'em right in the cement. He says, Let me just bury the son of a bitch and get it over with, and that's where they laid him to rest. His final resting place.

PLAYBOY: And that's where the body is now?

FRANKOS: Yeah. That's where he is now.

PLAYBOY: How much were you and Joe Sullivan paid?

FRANKOS: They ended up giving Joe Sullivan twenty-five thousand dollars for burying the body. I ended up getting fifteen thousand to keep me satisfied in jail, for my conference and everything. Plus, they were giving me anything I wanted. We had four or five correction officers and they used to give them reefer, cocaine, Chivas Regal for me. Plus, they were paying off the female correction officers so I could get laid, too. They was taking care of me.

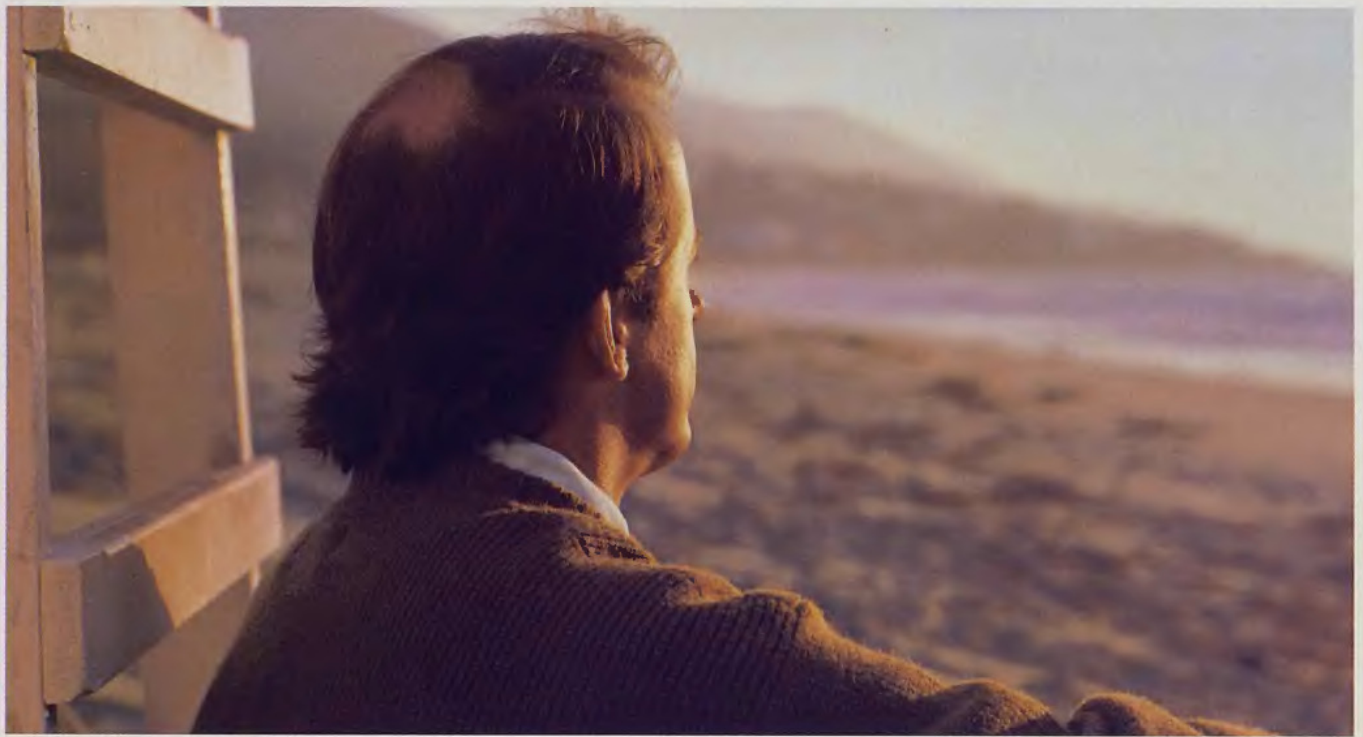
PLAYBOY: What happened to Manori?

FRANKOS: When I came out in 1981, Joe Sullivan said, Listen, we got to kill this Augie Manori, because he was instrumental in burying the body. But he didn't want to kill Augie Manori for that reason; he wanted to marry Augie Manori's wife [laughs]. So we ended up killing Augie Manori. We shot him in the head with a 9mm, cut open his stomach, wrapped him up in a rug and dumped him in the Hudson River. And the body went right down. You know—the body goes right down.

PLAYBOY: Did Joe Sullivan ever show you Hoffa's burial site?

FRANKOS: In 1981, in September, I came out of prison and Joe Sullivan was waiting for me. We killed two people over in Jersey for the Genovese crime family. I don't want to go into that, because it's being investigated. But after the hit was made, we stopped

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at Meadowlands and watched a Giants game. We were getting free tickets at that time. We walked into the flats part of the bleacher seats. To the right of us, there's the goal post. And we sat down in the section that Jimmy Hoffa is buried underneath. The Giants made a few touchdowns, and we sat directly up from Jimmy Hoffa's final resting place. And we said, Do you think Jimmy's watching the game? Hey, Jimmy, this touchdown is for you.

PLAYBOY: What has happened to the hitters since the Hoffa murder?

FRANKOS: Joe Sullivan blew Sally Bugs's head off on the Lower East Side, on Mulberry Street. Bugs was a stool pigeon. Fat Tony Salerno is doing a hundred years. Tony Provenzano is dead. Jimmy Coonan is doing seventy-five years. Joe Sullivan is doing anywhere from seventy-five to life in state prison. And I'm here with twenty-five to life. They can never get John Sullivan. He's been out since the late Sixties. In fact, he's the only one that's out there today who was an actual killer.

PLAYBOY: There's one more—Chuckie O'Brien.

FRANKOS: O'Brien is out. I don't even consider him a criminal.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

FRANKOS: It's like me taking a pistol to your head and tellin' you, You're comin' with me. I'm gonna put another pistol in your hand. If you don't shoot that guy, I'm gonna shoot you directly in the head. You're gonna be a dead man. He didn't have no alternatives.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked to the FBI about all of this?

FRANKOS: They came to me for the story; I didn't go to them. They brought in an FBI agent out of New York. His name was Arthur Ruffels. I'll never forget that name. They told me they had information from a

very high-power authority that I was the actual killer with John Sullivan and Joe Sullivan, OK? I took a lie-detector test with the FBI concerning Jimmy Hoffa and I passed it with flying colors. The only thing they didn't ask me was if I was there. They were afraid to ask me that, because it would make them look like shit—I was in prison at the time Hoffa was hit. They knew I had furloughs, but they didn't want to expose that. It was in their Federal prison system that I was getting these furloughs, and the guy who was giving these furloughs was under surveillance for ten years.

PLAYBOY: Did they ask you if you had a furlough at the time of the hit on Hoffa?

FRANKOS: No. They proposed the question, but [former U.S. Attorney] Rudolph Giuliani didn't want to do it, because they had to open up a big investigation and it would make them look like shit.

PLAYBOY: It's a question that has been on our minds.

FRANKOS: It's going to make it very, very, very hot for them. They wanted me to testify against this guy who was selling furloughs, but the statute of limitations ran out on them.

PLAYBOY: Who was getting out on furloughs?

FRANKOS: Guys like me and high-powered mafiosos. We had all the counselors at that time working for us. We gave the counselors twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred, depending on how long you wanted to stay out.

PLAYBOY: You arranged furloughs because you had jobs you wanted to do outside prison?

FRANKOS: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What kind of jobs were they?

FRANKOS: I committed approximately nine murders on furloughs.

PLAYBOY: If you knew you had a hit coming

up, you would arrange for the furlough in advance?

FRANKOS: Yes. The money was given to the guy on the streets. Friends of mine would meet him in a night club or one of their own clubs. He'd get a girl, usually, and an envelope, and say, This is for The Greek.

PLAYBOY: Going back to the house where the Hoffa hit was committed: You seem to know it very well. Have you ever been there?

FRANKOS: I was there twice. I committed something in '75, you know, while I was in prison, OK? And in 1981. I committed a couple of things in Michigan. But I'm not going to go into the first time I was there, because I don't want no new indictments.

PLAYBOY: You've handed over to us a box of fourteen tapes detailing your entire life in organized crime and in the Government's witness-protection program. Why did you make them?

FRANKOS: I made these tapes because I might be here one day and gone tomorrow. The way things were going, I thought I was going to be dead pretty soon. So I might as well tell my story, so you can see what we're dealing with, the Mafia and the Government.

PLAYBOY: Why did you think you might be dead soon?

FRANKOS: Because I'm in a position where it don't look too good at all. I'm locked up four years in a cell. I'm controlled by various correction officers. They might one day take me outside and say I was tryin' to escape and shoot me in the head. I've seen it done before. I've seen a lot of my friends die in jail—I'm not talking only mafioso but a lot of power criminals in jail. All of a sudden, everybody that I knew around me that got arrested, six months to a year later, they die from stomach cancer. I don't know what the hell they might be feeding me, you know? And I killed guys in jail; we just doctored up the books so it don't look bad. If they want you, they're going to get you. I'm not being paranoid. I'm just being cautious.

PLAYBOY: So you wanted to leave a record of your life, in case anything happens?

FRANKOS: I was through with the Government. I'm not going to get nothing from the Government. I just said, One night, let me make these tapes up. Send them to my cousin, in case something does happen to me, in case I do die in jail. When I'm dead and gone, I'll be like Van Gogh, maybe. You know, Van Gogh wasn't popular when he was alive, OK? I figured that would be my destiny. I die, then comes word about the tapes. But one day, I was a little bored in the cell and I had the tapes completed and I said, Let me call *Playboy*.

PLAYBOY: And the rest is history, right?

FRANKOS: The rest is history. Everything I told you, to my knowledge, is the truth. If you had a lie detector over there, I would take it for you right now.



"Gentlemen, before we go any further, I want you all to realize that this next decision hasn't been easy for me. . . ."

"In front of the shredder, a white-knuckled bank officer was doing the Ollie North shuffle."

rate each day on Federally insured certificates of deposit (C.D.s). The financial institutions paid him a commission of from one to two percent for the deposits.

But Renda's interest in thrifts went far beyond simply brokering deposits for a lousy one percent commission. Renda ran with a fast and hungry crowd—with men such as Salvatore Piga, described on his arrest record as someone who "associates with members of the Carmine Tramunti crime family of New York." Renda called Piga a "Teddy bear"—this Teddy bear's arrest record listed his line of work as grand larceny, robbery, burglary and assault. A Federal informant (and reputed Mob associate) said Renda had bragged that he (Renda) controlled "money being lent for the benefit of the Paul Castellano [organized crime] family" of New York and that he was a close associate of Saudi middleman Adnan Khashoggi.

During his career as a deposit broker (1980–1987), Renda brokered billions of dollars into 3500 financial institutions, including Consolidated Savings. In the last year, he brokered more than six billion dollars. With those billions as bait, he went to thrift executives with a tempting proposition. He offered to put several million dollars on deposit at their little thrifts and waive his normal commission. All they had to do was agree to lend all or a portion of the new-found deposits to some "investors," who actually were fronts, or "straw borrowers," working for Renda and his associates. The straws turned the loan proceeds over to him and his henchmen, who then paid these investors fees (out of the loan proceeds) or other compensation for their services. By the time the S&Ls tried to collect on the loans, the money was long gone.

Renda seemed to have stumbled upon the perfect crime. Even if the financial institution failed, his deposits were safe, because they were insured for up to \$100,000 by the FSLIC or the FDIC (Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation), which insured thrifts and banks, respectively, and backed by the full faith and credit of the U.S. Government (i.e., the taxpayers). At least 160 institutions took the bait, and by 1989, more than 100 of them were in deep water—caused at least in part by their hunger for Renda's cash.

To keep the money flowing to S&Ls and back to him, Renda paid kickbacks to Teamster-pension-fund officials. In return, those officials channeled Teamster money into Federally insured C.D.s through Renda's company. Renda and an associate hid from the IRS the commission money Renda's company had made on this

deal, more than \$16,000,000.

Renda's fortunes swelled. Soon, this former tap-dance school administrator had a Rolls-Royce. He told an associate once that he wished he could put a big sign on it announcing that the car cost \$120,000. He moved his family into a 30-room Long Island mansion surrounded by a couple of acres and a wall, and he bought a 103-foot yacht, the Surrenda, and an 88-passenger BAC-1-11 jet.

Renda made his pitch to Consolidated Savings after a mutual friend introduced him to Ferrante. A personal relationship soon developed. In 1986, Renda and Ferrante reportedly vacationed together in the Caribbean, renting the Surrenda for the occasion (invoices showed Consolidated paid the tab with a \$15,000 check). FSLIC attorneys said the two men also became partners in several business deals. Renda later admitted that a \$2,000,000 loan Consolidated had made to him supposedly for a Hawaii real-estate venture had been instead wired directly to his personal Swiss bank account.

FUZZY

During the Great Depression, hobos marked hospitable barns with a large painted x for those who followed. After thrift deregulation, the fraternity that traveled the thrift circuit left its markers as well, and the x on Consolidated Savings' backside soon attracted Oklahoma City swindler Charles Bazarian.

Fat and gregarious, Bazarian had dropped out of school after the eighth grade and began his adult life as a fry cook. By the early Seventies, he and a partner had a tidy little health-insurance scam going—they sold insurance policies to farmers but paid no claims. Bazarian pleaded no contest to felony charges of mail fraud but got out of going to jail by ratting on his partner, who served hard time in prison.

After thrift deregulation, Bazarian discovered that his felonious past proved no barrier to his ability to borrow millions from deregulated thrifts. Personally and through his Oklahoma company, C. B. Financial, he rang up \$242,000,000 in debts.

Bazarian used his booty to build a comfortable life for himself and his wife, Janice, in Oklahoma City. His 15,720-square-foot, \$2,400,000 mansion had an indoor pool with a waterfall and a retractable dome ceiling. Charlie (some friends called him Fuzzy) had an entire circus set up on his lawn one weekend for his young son Buzzy's birthday. Singer Wayne Newton and ex-boxing champ

Muhammad Ali were occasional guests at the Bazarian mansion.

Bazarian was introduced to Consolidated Savings by Beverly Hills loan broker Al Yarbrow, according to Consolidated president Angotti. Loan brokers were important players on the deregulated-thrift circuit, because they connected horny borrowers with round-heeled lenders. Bazarian and Consolidated soon reached an amiable meeting of the minds and swung into some mutually beneficial multimillion-dollar deals.

All this activity at Consolidated—by Bazarian, Renda, Ferrante and others—finally roused sleepy regulators, who decided they'd better grab Consolidated before there was nothing left worth grabbing. The date they set for the assault was a closely guarded secret—four P.M., May 22, 1986. But early that day, a business reporter got wind of the pending seizure and phoned Angotti.

"We understand the regulators are going to close you down today. Would you care to comment?"

On Angotti's end of the line, there was a moment of dead silence. Then he gasped, "Oh, shit! Thanks!" and slammed down the receiver.

When regulators pushed their way through Consolidated's doors that afternoon, they were covered by FBI agents and SWAT members carrying automatic rifles because they had been told by area law-enforcement officials that Ferrante was associated with individuals suspected of having Mob ties. But the reporter's call had been heeded and upon arriving, regulators found three large trash bags already filled with shredded documents. In front of the shredder, a white-knuckled bank officer was doing the Ollie North shuffle.

That Christmas, the reporter who had inadvertently tipped Angotti opened his mail to find a Christmas card that read, "Again, thank you, belated thanks—Ottavio A. Angotti."

The FBI began a long and lumbering investigation into Ferrante, which reportedly is still in progress. The FSLIC sued him, Angotti, Bazarian and others for losses that were expected to exceed \$40,000,000 and—except for a settlement with Angotti—that suit, too, is pending. Regulators claimed Bazarian had walked away with more than \$12,000,000 from Consolidated. A process server sent to his Oklahoma mansion said two thugs, one waving a gun, had chased him to his car. He sped off and they followed. For the next 20 minutes, their vehicles careened through the streets of Oklahoma City. Finally, the process server gave them the slip. When the judge in Southern California heard about it, he quipped, "That's the way they do things in Oklahoma."

CASINO FEDERAL

Charles Bazarian was a gambler who regularly visited Las Vegas. There, he wormed his way into the exclusive orbit

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around Dunes casino owner and reputed Mob associate Morris Shenker.

Because of the skimming and money-laundering opportunities inherent in a business that deals in raw cash, casino ownership has always been a burning ambition of people with underworld connections. Within months of thrift deregulation, millions of dollars' worth of Federally insured S&L deposits began to flow to Las Vegas and Atlantic City. Few casino owners benefited more from thrifts' largess than Morris Shenker.

When Shenker was asked once by an attorney how he would repay his enormous debts, he simply rasped, "I'm very good at borrowing money." And so he was.

Shenker, born in Russia in 1907, was a millionaire St. Louis attorney. In 1986, the President's Commission on Organized Crime described him as an associate of Kansas City organized-crime boss Nick Civella. Author Ovid Demaris, in his book *The Boardwalk Jungle*, alleges that an FBI task force ranked Shenker with the late Meyer Lansky as two of the most important financial figures in organized crime. A Nevada gaming investigator said he was "a financial Svengali with more than a hundred and five corporations among which he was shuttling money."

Shenker was Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa's attorney and confidant for more than ten years, until Hoffa disappeared in 1975 during a union power struggle (see *The Hit on Jimmy Hoffa*, elsewhere in this issue). Through Hoffa and his successors, Shenker had access to the corrupt Teamsters' Central States Pension Fund, which Federal authorities claimed was controlled by and for the Mob. By 1974, Shenker was said to have had more than \$100,000,000 in loans from the fund, including the largest single loan it ever made. With a big chunk of that money, Shenker acquired control of the Dunes Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas, and in the early Eighties, he was planning to build a Dunes Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City.

But in 1983, the Department of Labor finally wrested control of the Central States Pension Fund from the Mob, and Shenker's empire was in danger of collapse. He was also in default on millions in loans from other pension funds. How serendipitous for him, then, that at that very moment, Congress was obligingly deregulating savings and loans.

After deregulation, Shenker darkened many a thrift door. In one case, he set his sights on Daniel W. Dierdorff, president of Sun Savings in San Diego—entertaining him at the Dunes, letting him use his jet and maintaining a \$25,000 line of credit in Dierdorff's name at the casino. Sun Savings was good to Shenker, too, making him an inadequately secured loan of which \$1,400,000 ended in default. (Sun Savings collapsed in 1986 and Dierdorff was sentenced to prison in 1989 for bank fraud.)

When Shenker decided to sell the unfinished and much troubled Atlantic

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Dear Friend,

I made one million dollars in 9 months. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was \$31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Beverly Hills is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a brand new Mercedes and a brand new Cadillac. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at \$100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing — shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from — Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or may be even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all — peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you \$20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend \$20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest legal way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made \$45,000 in one year.

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made \$2 million in just 3 years.

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:

The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:

John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:

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California Political Week:

...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Toluca:

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Hollywood Citizen News:

He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:

Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and is making all the money she needs with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say — your plan is great! In just 8 weeks, I took in over \$100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year." A. F., Providence, R.I.

'\$9,800 In 24 Hours!'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the next morning. Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches*. On the basis of your advice, \$9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!" J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

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"I was able to earn over \$15,000 with your plan — in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money, as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart." Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made \$126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did — but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your

material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made \$126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made \$203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories... never believed I would be one of them... using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over \$203,000... made over \$20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared, but simple, easy, fast... John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'\$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made \$500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember — I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course, you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this — so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

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There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* \$20.00 in cash FREE!

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an *extra \$20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

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SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars."

Mark Davis

City Dunes project (a rusting sculpture of I-beams), an accommodating \$15,000,000 loan provided by San Antonio Savings Association made the sale possible. The loan later went into default. (San Antonio Savings was taken over by regulators in March 1989.)

The parent company of American Savings in Stockton, California, reportedly became the Dunes' largest creditor, with a \$51,000,000 mortgage on the Las Vegas building. (By 1988, American Savings was insolvent.) And a Justice Department official said Shenker had borrowed from Liberty Federal Savings in Leesville, Louisiana (Liberty Federal also later collapsed). The scope of Shenker's appetite for loans from thrifts was enormous. He was, indeed, "very good at borrowing money." He was, unfortunately, not quite so good at paying it back.

In 1984, Shenker was forced into bankruptcy when a jury ruled that he owed a Nevada union-pension fund \$34,000,000. The Labor Department added \$27,000,000 to the bill and the IRS came after him for an additional \$66,000,000. He announced that he would sell the Las Vegas Dunes Hotel and Casino, and Eureka Federal Savings near San Francisco rushed to his rescue.

Eureka at the time was run by Kenneth

Kidwell, another nontraditional banker. He was arrested one night and found to be carrying two pistols loaded with illegal armor-piercing bullets. Kidwell had ties to both Shenker and Teamster boss Jackie Presser, who later turned out to be an FBI informant. Kidwell, too, enjoyed a close relationship with the FBI. He even allowed the Bureau to use Eureka as a front for at least two undercover drug operations, including the sting that bagged former car manufacturer John De Lorean.

Eureka Federal authorized at least three major casino-related loans. The largest was a \$25,000,000 letter of credit for a California businessman to buy controlling interest in the Las Vegas Dunes. Eventually, the Nevada Gaming Control Board put a stop to Eureka's casino loan business, giving no explanation for its decision. This was surely the first time in history that the casino gaming board had considered an S&L questionable. Kidwell later complained bitterly that his relationship with Shenker had left him tainted with innuendoes of Mob associations. Regulators took control of Eureka Federal in 1985.

Although Shenker was no longer the nominal owner of the Las Vegas Dunes, he was kept on by the new owner as a member of the board of directors while he continued to sweep the country for cash. In April

1985, Bazarian and Yarbrow showed up together at Bloomfield Savings in Detroit with an introduction from Shenker. Bazarian walked away with a \$15,000,000 loan (most of which he never repaid) and Shenker stood to share a finder's fee for making the introductions. Later, Bazarian said Shenker had wanted him to buy control of the thrift so he could approve loans to Shenker. Bloomfield has since gone out of business.

Shenker died in August while under indictment for bankruptcy fraud and tax evasion. Bazarian also filed bankruptcy. He said he owed the Dunes Hotel and Casino \$174,000 in gambling debts.

A BAD RAPP

Like so many others who fleeced thrifts during the golden age that followed thrift deregulation, Bazarian entertained at his Oklahoma City mansion in a fashion rarely seen since the glory days of Rome. Ironically, it was at one of his glitzy parties, Halloween 1985, that his undoing began. Deposit broker Renda, whom Bazarian had met at Consolidated Savings, flew to Oklahoma City for the gala bash. Defrocked Mafia stockbroker Michael Rapp also showed up, but he had come to discuss business.

Rapp's real name was Michael Hellerman. In the late Sixties and early Seventies, he had been the Mob's wise guy on Wall Street, pulling countless swindles for New York's organized-crime families. He was engineering securities scams decades before Ivan Boesky learned firsthand the difference between a junk bond and a bail bond. Indicted, Hellerman cooperated with the Feds, assisting in the indictment or conviction of more than 90 men, including labor-union racketeer John Dioguardi, Lucchese crime-family boss Carmine Tramunti and Colombo crime-family boss Vincent Aloï. He wrote a book, *Wall Street Swindler*, about his escapades, and he disappeared, resurfacing in Florida in the Eighties as Michael Rapp.

Rapp quickly determined that thrift deregulation had created the biggest piggy bank in history, and he moved heavily into the borrowing business. He joined forces with a handful of accomplished con men and East Coast Mobsters and targeted Flushing Federal Savings and Loan in Queens, New York. He conned the thrift out of millions in loans in a matter of months. Joining Rapp at Flushing's loan window was his old buddy Jilly Rizzo, a longtime pal and former bodyguard of Frank Sinatra.

Rapp reveled in the good life that Federally insured deposits bought him. A heavy gambler, he was said to have blown more than \$500,000 in Las Vegas. He furnished his Florida home in lavish style and showered his wife, Janet, with expensive diamond brooches, rings and watches. One day, while they were staying at the Waldorf Astoria in New York, he bought her two fur coats.



"Hi, I'm Lou. I'm not a carrier of herpes, or of hepatitis B, or of AIDS, and I use condoms. So, what's your sign?"

According to a Federal agent, both the Lucchese and the Genovese crime families began making demands on part of Rapp's Flushing Federal take. A dispute broke out over how the money would be divvied up, and the matter finally had to be settled at an old-fashioned Mob sit-down.

After the Flushing Federal well ran dry (regulators declared the thrift insolvent in 1985), Rapp, stockbroker Marc Perkins and others had a business dinner at a Fort Lauderdale restaurant to consider how Rapp and his friends could buy their own thrift. The best way to rob a thrift, Rapp knew, was to own one.

Perkins had had no idea what he was in for when he had accepted the invitation. He was only two spoonfuls into his soup when the guy seated next to him leaned across the table and in a hoarse whisper asked Rizzo, "Hey, Jilly, you ain't packing a piece tonight, are ya?"

Rizzo just looked away.

"I almost choked on my soup," Perkins said later.

The last straw for Perkins came when Rapp told him he was a felon and asked if that would bar him from thrift ownership. Perkins told Rapp that felons couldn't own thrifts. He later excused himself, feigning a family emergency.

During this time, Rapp, determined to own his own financial institution, showed up at Bazarian's Halloween party with a new pigeon in his sights. He just needed help bagging it. He told Bazarian and Renda

that stockholders of a small institution in Orlando, Florida Center Bank, had agreed to sell him their stock. All he needed was for Bazarian to write him two \$5,000,000 (rubber) cashier's checks on a bank Bazarian controlled. The deal, he explained, would work like this:

- Five million dollars would buy controlling interest in Florida Center Bank.
- Five million dollars would be placed in a ten-year C.D. at the institution.
- The bank would pay Rapp ten years' interest in advance on the C.D. and make him a loan using the C.D. as collateral.
- With that money, Rapp would buy another C.D., collect the ten years' up-front interest on it and get another loan on this

second C.D.

• Rapp would go through this process three times in quick succession, and in a couple of days, he'd have enough money to make good Bazarian's bogus cashier's checks and, for his trouble, pay him \$300,000 (which Bazarian split with Renda).

Once in control, Renda could broker deposits into Florida Center Bank and they could all three become happy borrowers.

The scheme worked just as Rapp had explained it, and he borrowed about \$12,000,000 from the bank before an informant alerted the FBI. Rapp, Bazarian and Renda were indicted in September 1986. Investigators discovered that Rapp's merry band had been running a two-year

the jury. And at lunch each day, while the prosecution team munched hamburgers and tuna sandwiches, the three defendants staged a culinary extravaganza. Rapp had gourmet delicatessen food, including cheesecake from Leo Lindy's on Broadway, flown in fresh each morning from New York City. Houseboys served the defendants with linen napkins.

Rapp invited the prosecution team to join them, crooning, "Hey, ya oughta try some of this cheesecake, it's really goooooood."

The jury convicted all three men.

[As we went to press, a flurry of new indictments in the Florida Center Bank case were being readied.]

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GRAY SKIES OVER TEXAS

The three bustkeeters, Rapp, Bazarian and Renda, were only three of hundreds who moved into S&Ls within months of the October 1982 Rose Garden signing. Fraud and corruption swept the industry.

The first hint of what was happening out in the field reached Washington one morning in March 1984, when Edwin Gray, chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board (FHLBB), which supervised the nation's thrifts, opened his morning dispatch and found a classified report and video tape sent by his Dallas regulators.

In a darkened board room just a block from the White House, Gray and the two other

Bank Board members watched the video tape. The narrator appeared to be in the passenger seat of a car driving on Interstate 30, east of Dallas. The camera panned slowly from side to side, catching in sickening detail the carrion of dead savings-and-loan deals—thousands of condominiums abandoned and rotting in the hot Texas sun. Loose wiring and insulation swung in the quiet, dry air. Some of the units had gotten no further than a concrete slab—"Martian landing pads" a U.S. attorney would later call them.

Texas regulators told Gray that Empire Savings, near Dallas, had sunk tens of millions of dollars of Federally insured deposits in the derelict projects. Most of the money, they said, had been

nationwide looting operation, and investigations were also opened in New York, Los Angeles, Denver, Miami and Orlando. To keep Rapp from frittering away the millions he was accused of stealing, a "tough" Federal judge imposed on him a \$7000-a-month spending limit. But Rapp couldn't let go of the golden ring. In just one month, he spent more than \$44,000. The angry judge had him arrested. During their trial, Rapp, Bazarian and Renda conducted themselves like three frat boys, never passing up an opportunity to annoy the Federal prosecutor. Former heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali roamed in and out of the courtroom when the prosecutor was speaking, distracting

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"dissipated." Empire was at least \$300,000,000 in the hole.

"I was so shocked and stunned at what I was seeing that it had a profound effect on me," Gray later recalled. "It was like watching a triple-X movie. I was sick after watching it. I could not believe that anything so bad could have happened." He watched the tape over and over, even arranging for his friend Federal Reserve Board chairman Paul Volcker to view it.

Gray had been chairman only ten months. He had been appointed by his longtime friend Ronald Reagan, whom he had served as press secretary and advisor since Reagan's days as governor of California. Gray was certain that what was going on at Empire Savings was not what the President had had in mind when he signed the thrift deregulation act. He realized immediately that easily available brokered deposits were the fuel on which juggernauts such as Empire ran, and he announced that he would establish new regulations severely restricting their use.

From that moment, Gray's life as FHLBB chairman became a living hell. Overnight, he became every thrift lobbyist and politician's favorite punching bag as he pushed for tighter regulations. The free enterprisers in Washington, especially Treasury Secretary Donald T. Regan, would have none of it.

Before joining the Reagan Administration, Regan worked at Merrill Lynch, which became one of the largest deposit-brokerage businesses in the country, and earned among many the nickname "the father of brokered deposits." When Gray moved to ban brokered deposits, Regan hit the roof.

Gray said that within hours of going public with his plan, Regan's right-hand man, R. T. McNamar, called him and kept him on the phone seven hours, trying to get him to change his mind. Gray said he tried time and again to call Regan directly, but his calls were never returned. Word around Washington was that Regan was telling anyone who'd listen that Gray was "off the reservation" and had to go.

Gray ultimately lost his battle to limit brokered deposits when a Federal court ruled that Congress had not authorized the FHLBB to pass such a sweeping limitation. So he decided that if he couldn't control the money going into thrifts, he could at least limit what thrifts did with it; and he proposed strict new limits on how thrifts could invest deposits. He became "the great re-regulator" among Reagan groupies, who saw him as revisionist and counterrevolutionary.

Again, all hell broke loose. This time the "Dump Gray" chorus came loudest from Texas. Dozens of Texas thrift rogues such as Sunbelt's Ed McBirney weren't about to relinquish without a fight their God-given right to wheel and deal with Federally insured deposits. Unlimited access to the vault had fueled a Texas *nouveau* aristocracy not seen since the days of wildcat oil.

Vernon Savings and Loan owner Don Dixon, for example, regularly jetted off to Europe on one of Vernon's five aircraft. On one trip to Rome, he enjoyed a brief audience with the Pope, presenting His Holiness with a \$40,000 Western oil painting—paid for, like the trip, by Vernon Savings.

Vernon's headquarters were in Dallas, but the S&L maintained a swank Southern California beach house from which Dixon often commuted back to Texas. At a three-day meeting of Vernon's board of directors held at the beach house in 1985, nearly a dozen hookers, hors d'oeuvres for hard-working board members and Vernon officers, roamed the halls.

Later, a grand jury indicted a Vernon executive, alleging that he had used Vernon money to hire prostitutes for a former S&L commissioner. The executive's lawyer filed a motion that the charges were improper because the S&L commissioner had been impotent at the time. In other words, the commissioner's assets may have been softer than Vernon's.

Dixon also enjoyed the use of a \$1,900,000 Swiss-style chalet in the exclusive Colorado ski community of Beaver Creek and a \$2,600,000 112-foot-long yacht, High Spirits, sister ship to the Presidential yacht Sequoia. In the winter, Dixon docked High Spirits in Florida, but as soon as the cherry blossoms were out in Washington, D.C., he had her moved north to entertain politicians.

Brokered deposits from Renda and others helped pay for these perks and funded loans to Ferrante, Bazarian and many others. Vernon became a favorite watering hole on the nation's thrift circuit.

During the same time, Dixon's friend Tyrell Barker was running roughshod over his Texas thrift, State Savings and Loan. A workaholic, Barker often showed up at his Dallas office dressed in a jogging suit. As he cut multimillion-dollar deals with would-be millionaires, he liked to watch his two dogs frolic in the pool and waterfall he had had specially built for them just outside his office.

A developer scurrying to get one of Barker's loans was asked, "How do you know what property to buy?"

"Wherever my dog lifts his leg, I buy that rock and all the acreage around it," came the reply.

Barker's favorite saying was, "If I rest, I rust." The FSLIC now wishes he'd done a lot more resting and a lot less lending. When State Savings took a dive, it cost the FSLIC half a billion dollars.

Dixon and Barker had purchased their thrifts with money provided by Louisiana businessman Herman K. Beebe. From time to time, they visited Beebe at his 11,000-square-foot Colonial mansion nestled in a secluded compound outside Shreveport.

Beebe's flagship companies were AMI, Inc., a \$155,000,000 insurance conglomerate with 17 subsidiaries, and Bossier Bank

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& Trust near Shreveport. He came to be known as the godfather of Southwestern thrifts. A secret report compiled in 1985 for the Comptroller of the Currency said he may have influenced 109 banks and thrifts scattered across Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Colorado, California, Ohio and Florida.

Beebe had a long-established pattern of having affiliated banks and S&Ls lend money to his associates so they could buy financial institutions that would lend him money and purchase credit life insurance from AMI. Dixon's Vernon Savings and Barker's State Savings made such Faustian pacts. Renda's firm brokered deposits into many of these institutions.

Beebe was close to former Louisiana governor Edwin Edwards and former Texas lieutenant governor Ben Barnes. (In the Eighties, Barnes was former Treasury Secretary John Connally's business partner. They reportedly borrowed \$40,000,000 from Vernon.) Beebe traveled frequently by limousine from Shreveport to an office in Dallas 150 miles due west and by jet to his second home at California's La Costa resort, built by reputed Mobster Moe Dalitz and others with \$97,000,000 from the Teamsters' Central States Pension Fund.

As far back as the mid-Seventies, rumors had circulated that Beebe was associated with the Mob, particularly New Orleans crime boss Carlos Marcello. Beebe has denied the charge. But Marcello, his son Joseph and several companies connected to Marcello reportedly received large loans from a bank that regulators said was controlled or influenced by Beebe.

In 1985, a Louisiana jury convicted Beebe of defrauding the Small Business Administration. In 1987, the U.S. Attorney in Shreveport indicted Beebe again, this time for fraud involving \$30,000,000 in loans from more than 16 financial institutions from Colorado to New Orleans. After his trial ended with a hung jury, Beebe cut a deal, pleading guilty to two counts of bank fraud, rather than face another trial. He spent less than a year in prison and was released in April 1989.

"If they'll leave me alone," Beebe told a reporter, "I'll be right back on top after two or three years."

Like hogs at the trough, this network of good-of-boy Southern bankers sucked loans out of deregulated thrifts. And they got plenty fat. But after FHLBB chairman Ed Gray saw the Empire Savings video tape in 1984, he and his regulators began cutting off the feed supply. By late 1986, constituents' cries of anguish were ringing in Texas Congressmen's ears. Examiners were acting like "hit squads," using "Gestapo" tactics, they complained. House Majority Leader Jim Wright, the Democrat from Fort Worth, who would become the powerful Speaker of the House in January 1987 (but who would have to resign in June 1989), agreed to intervene on their behalf. At first, he tried cajolery and persuasion,

but finding Gray unmoved, he switched to hardball.

Gray was desperately pushing a bill in Congress that would replenish the FSLIC fund, badly depleted after two years of picking up the tab for failed S&Ls. Without FSLIC funds to pay off depositors, regulators could not close the hundreds of remaining insolvent S&Ls. Every day these zombie thrifts stayed open, their losses mounted by millions of dollars. The FSLIC recapitalization bill, the "recap," was a critical piece of legislation that could have saved taxpayers billions of dollars. Instead, it became a political football.

On September 26, 1986, the recap bill was on the House calendar, scheduled for quick consideration, but Wright removed it for 10 days. The threat to Gray was unspoken but, he felt, real: "Take care of my friend in Texas or your bill goes nowhere."

In the coming months, Wright asked Gray to "look into" the problems of Texan Craig Hall at Westwood Savings in Los Angeles, Scott Mann at CreditBanc in Austin, Don Dixon at Vernon Savings in Dallas and Tom Gaubert at Independent American in Irving, Texas. Gaubert especially had Wright's ear. He was treasurer of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. Wright's colleague Representative Tony Coelho of California was chairman. In 1986, Gaubert raised \$9,000,000 for House candidates, and in 1987, he chaired an event that grossed \$1,000,000 for Wright. S&L people in the Lone-Star State were good to Wright and Coelho, giving them free (and sometimes unreported to the IRS) rides on their jets and yachts in addition to the contributions.

When Wright threatened the progress of the recap bill on behalf of these Texas thrift constituents, he got Gray's attention. Gray said he would look into the problems at the four institutions. Meanwhile, Wright's Texas thrift friends were also flooding his office with demands that he get Gray's pit-bull regulator in Dallas, Joe Selby, off their backs and out of their comfortable lives. Finally, Gray said, Wright phoned him one day.

"My sources in Texas tell me that Joe Selby is a homosexual," Gray said Wright announced. He went on to complain that Selby was hiring a ring of homosexual attorneys to work for the FHLBB in Dallas. Couldn't Gray find someone more suitable for the job? Gray told Wright that Selby was just the right man for the job. Wright had to break the bad news to his Texas friends that it looked like Selby was there to stay.

Of the institutions Wright had Gray look into, regulators had to take action against all four. At Vernon, they discovered that a staggering 96 percent of the loans—almost every loan on the books—was in default. They sued Dixon and others, charging them with looting Vernon Savings—now being cynically referred to as "Vermin Savings"—of more than \$540,000,000.

The next day, Wright did an abrupt

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about-face, announcing that he was supporting a 15-billion-dollar version of the recap bill. He denied that his sudden shift had anything to do with publicity surrounding Vernon.

Wright's pimping for rogue thrift owners, particularly his legislative extortion in delaying the recap, allowed dozens of insolvent thrifts to remain open—like arteries hemorrhaging millions of dollars each day. By the time the recap did pass, in August 1987, so much additional money had disappeared that the bill no longer provided anywhere near enough money to close them all down.

A FLAT LEARNING CURVE

By 1987, after three years of headlines about thrift failures, had Congressmen learned anything? No.

At six o'clock on the evening of April ninth, West Coast regulators met on Capitol Hill with five U.S. Senators who had summoned them to Washington. The Senators intended to strong-arm the regulators into easing up on troubled Lincoln Savings and Loan of Irvine, California. Lincoln was controlled by fervent antiporn crusader and Arizona businessman Charles Keating, Jr., a campaign chairman for John Connally's 1980 Presidential campaign. Keating, his employees and his associates had donated generously to the five Senators: Alan Cranston of California, or causes for which he solicited, \$889,000; Dennis DeConcini of Arizona, at least \$55,000; John Glenn of Ohio, \$234,000; John McCain of Arizona, \$112,000; and Donald Riegle of Michigan, \$76,000 (which Riegle later returned).

For two hours, the Senators (except for Cranston, who excused himself after telling regulators he supported the other Senators) hammered on the regulators. Why were they harassing Lincoln Savings?

The regulators replied that Lincoln was party to numerous imprudent and perhaps illegal transactions and had cooked its books with inflated appraisals. "I've never seen any bank or S&L that's anything like this," one said. "They [Lincoln's practices] violate the law and regulations and common sense."

The meeting ended with no clear victor. The Senators left the room, perhaps to consider how to respond to their generous contributor.

But when Gray's term as FHLBB chairman ended in June 1987, he was succeeded by Danny Wall, who announced that responsibility for Lincoln's supervision was being taken away from the tough San Francisco regulators and moved temporarily to his office in Washington—something that had never occurred in the 50-year history of the FHLBB.

Eventually, even Wall had to admit the West Coast regulators had been right all along, and Lincoln was finally seized in April 1989. But by then, experts said, millions more had been dissipated by Lincoln's management. The cost of bailing out

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Lincoln is being estimated as high as 2.5 billion dollars.

When Keating was later asked if his financial support influenced politicians to support his cause, he replied, "I want to say in the most forceful way I can: I certainly hope so."

Thrift deregulation was an expensive mistake. Although many S&Ls will survive, at least a third will not, and the cost to this country will be at least 285 billion dollars—much of which was stolen. Offshore bank accounts in the Bahamas, the Cayman Islands and in Panama are bulging. Yet thrift rogues have little to fear from the Justice Department, which was caught flat-footed by the scale and scope of the larceny. Most of these financial strip miners have escaped with their skins, money and reputations intact and have moved on to other digs. *The Wall Street Journal* reported early this year, for example, that Don Dixon is spending his days "dabbling in offshore insurance companies and playing golf at the La Costa Hotel and Spa." Others on the thrift circuit moved over to

pull scams on HUD, where their names are now surfacing in that unraveling scandal. As the Feds turned up the heat, many went into lame-duck routine and filed for bankruptcy protection, claiming they were broke. "You can't get blood out of a turnip," Dixon moaned.

Will anyone ever pay for these crimes? Sure. Each U.S. taxpayer will have to cough up at least \$1000 to repay the Federally insured money that was stolen. Still, even while the blood of hundreds of murdered thrifts runs fresh in the streets, powerful forces in Washington push for further deregulation in the financial-services industry. They want to repeal the 55-year-old Glass-Steagall Act, which, among other things, prohibits banks from involving themselves in Mike Rapp's old line of work—the securities industry.

The network that looted savings and loans can hardly wait. After all, there were only 3200 thrifts when deregulation kicked in, but there are more than 14,000 banks.



"Let me present my wife, the princess Scheherazade. Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night nor sex nor childbirth can stop her from telling those damned stories."

CONFESSIONS OF AN S.O.B.

(continued from page 126)

morning, reporters from *The New York Times*, the *Daily News* and the *New York Post* goaded Mayor Ed Koch into criticizing the *USA Today* machines as "unsightly." He said he would have his legal department look into whether he could force us to remove them.

But that night, Koch showed up as scheduled at our big bash at Radio City Music Hall. With his usual *chutzpah*, he welcomed us to New York and wished us well. "I don't know too much about Gannett. But any outfit that can bolt down three thousand vending machines on the sidewalks of New York overnight can't be all bad," he wisecracked before the audience of several hundred of the Big Apple's big names.

The vending machines became a huge part of our nationwide hype. Ultimately, we put more than 135,000 of them in place. Not only do they serve as sales outlets but they are minibillboards that millions of people see daily.

We had carefully researched the law and were convinced that local politicians or competing media could not prevent their installation or force us to remove the boxes. They are a vehicle for distributing news, and the First Amendment protects them. That argument prevailed at several locations where a legal challenge against them was launched.

Some local newspapers were so bitter they carefully cut out or brushed out our news boxes in pictures of street accidents or other such scenes. Or they published them only in scenes depicting slums.

But television stations loved showing the boxes on their TV news bites. Movie producers soon panned street corners showing this new blue-and-white landmark.

The vending machines probably were and are the biggest single ongoing free promotion any company was ever able to design for a new commercial product. But they didn't just happen.

From the beginning, I knew we had to design a *USA Today* news rack that would be different, one that would really catch the eyes of passers-by.

Newspaper-vending machines had looked the same for decades. Studying how to modernize them was Frank Vega's job. I wanted something on street corners that looked like a TV set, with newspapers displayed so people would stop and look at them the way they do at TV screens.

The traditional, most commonly used racks had a coin box at the top. The front page of the newspaper was displayed well below the coin box so that people couldn't read it without bending down.

When I told Vega I wanted to promote the paper, not the coin box, he didn't get it right away. He said that if we were going to display the front page the way I wanted it displayed, we would have to build racks

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with electric motors in them.

"And Al," Vega said, in his usual smart-ass way, "there aren't electrical outlets on every street corner of the country."

Because of the laws of gravity, Vega explained, we would have to keep the coin mechanism on top.

"Mr. Vega," I said, with an edge in my voice, drumming my fingers on top of a rack as he and a half dozen associates listened, "I understand the fucking laws of gravity. But I want that coin mechanism out of the way of the newspaper display!"

Besides rattling a few coins, I had rattled Vega's composure. He returned to the drawing board with a renewed sense of imagination and determination.

Vega took my concept to Fred Gore, a Texas product designer. Vega told Gore that we wanted a rack with a space-age look, one that would appeal to a television generation.

Gore came up with a winner: Our new rack was on a pedestal, and the display window was tilted back at a slight angle. The front page was presented to the reader in an inviting way—it said, "Read me, buy me."

And Gore found a way to move the coin mechanism.

Too often, C.E.O.s act more like politicians than like bosses.

Employees do not want to be wooed. They like plain talk. And as Gannett C.E.O., I delivered plenty of it—in writing.

I called my memos on peach-colored paper "love letters," whether they were tender or tough.

Some of the irreverent recipients called them "orange meanies." I didn't consider them mean. They helped people do a better job. Sure, I sometimes used tough language and I got pretty personal.

The start-up and progress of *USA Today* required some of my strongest and most direct memos. More than 1000 people had to be pushed and pulled in the same direction every day. My notes established the goals and expectations so there could be no misunderstanding up or down the line:

To John Quinn [editor in chief] and Henry Freeman [managing editor/sports]:

Damn it! After two years, can't we find someone on the page-one desk who can add and subtract? And can't we find someone in the sports department who can read and think and double-check things?!

Screwing up the world-series schedule as we did in Rudy Martzke's page-one story today is absolutely inexcusable.

Unless we can figure out a foolproof system to have this sort of thing done right, you will find me back haunting all of you in the sports department and on the page-one desk every night, pretty damn soon.

To John Seigenthaler [editorial director] et al.:

I am tempted to propose a new category for Pulitzer Prizes—dumbest editorial judgment of the year.

In such a category, I would nominate today's *USA Today* editorial on the Philippine elections. Not just for this year—dumbest judgment in our three and a half years of publication.

We decided we would not endorse a candidate for President of the USA. So we endorse a candidate in the Philippine presidential election!

To John Quinn, Ron Martin [executive editor] et al.:

I'll explain it one more time, Geography 101:

America is made up of Canada, the United States, Central America, South America and more (see attached map).

The USA is made up of the United States of America, all 50 of them, and its territories. No more. No less.

Any poll or any news story (such as today's "Life" section stuff) that refers broadly to Americans, when it really means the people of the United States of America, is a subterfuge. It represents inexcusably sloppy reporting and editing.

One more time, please make sure all editors understand. If anyone does not, I'll be happy to arrange a transfer for him/her to Calgary, or Cuzco or Curitiba so that he/she can practice journalism for a different audience in the other Americas than that which we serve in the United States of America—the USA.

When *USA Today's* circulation topped the 1,000,000 mark, I turned my attention to other departments. I snooped into everything everywhere. At a meeting of news people, I said, "You're doing the best job of any department at *USA Today*. Day in and day out, your over-all product is on target. It's a strong B-plus from front to back. But you keep screwing up the top half of page one. That's the most important part of the paper. It's the only thing the potential buyer sees. And it's the poorest-edited part of the paper. That gets a C-plus."

I walked from my seat and paced the conference room. I knew where I was heading and what I had in mind, but no one else did. My target: the vending machine in the corner. We had them in the newsroom and meeting rooms so that that day's newspaper was always on display for our staffers to see exactly what our potential readers saw on the street corner.

I staged one of my planned dramas, controlled temper rising.

Stopping at the vending machine, I rattled the door, jabbed at the top half of the newspaper on display. Then I reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter and bought a paper.

I unfolded it so the entire page was showing. That day's cover story was about basketball-tournament fever, with a color picture of a beautiful, blonde, tight-sweatered high school cheerleader leaping in the air. But only her head and shoulders showed in the top half of the page, the part that was on display in the machine window.

I jabbed my finger at the page for emphasis and growled, "The next time you run a picture of a nice, clean-cut, all-American girl in a tight sweater, get her tits above the fold!"

The men and women news editors in the room roared. They got it. The message didn't have anything to do with tits. It was designed to leave a lasting impression—all the best of page one had to show in the vending machine.

Our treatment of the top half of page one improved after that.

Gradually, operations improved in all departments. And inevitably, the emphasis had to shift to cost control. In the beginning, we threw money at most problems. Ultimately, I knew we'd have to substitute smart management for money. I also realized it would be tough to get everyone to shift gears.

The time came at the end of our second year of publication.

I was at my Pumpkin Center hideaway in Cocoa Beach, Florida, for the weekend when the October 1984 financial statement arrived. That was the first month of our third year of operation.

USA Today had lost another \$10,000,000 that month. Losses had been at that level during most of 1984. I had promised the board that it would see improvement by year end. I had talked again and again with our key management people about it. But they weren't listening.

I had to get their attention—one way or another.

I called president John Curley in Washington midday Saturday and told him to bring the eight-member *USA Today* management committee to Pumpkin Center for a meeting at noon on Sunday. It was his problem to round up the executives and have them on a Gannett jet Sunday morning. I said 100 percent attendance was mandatory.

When the *USA Today* executives arrived, they sensed right away that things were different.

We got right down to business. I said, "We can no longer afford to run *USA Today* the way we've been running it. We can't afford it financially. We can't afford it in terms of our credibility. We can't afford it emotionally."

I got up and walked the room. I looked at each person. They were all where I wanted them: transfixed. "So all you have to do is figure out how to do more with less. I'm going to give you the afternoon off to think about it. We'll reconvene tonight at the Surf Restaurant at seven."

That was the usual way to end the day

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when we had Pumpkin Center meetings. They were all expecting the same thing: a fancy dinner of stone crabs or oysters, Florida red snapper or pompano, French wine, a little pleasant business and social talk. But they were in for a surprise.

When the executives arrived at the Surf, they were directed to a private dining room. The door was closed. Some waited outside for 20 or 30 minutes. No drink orders were taken. When all were assembled, the door to the private room opened.

As they filed in, I was seated at a long, barren table. I was wearing a flowing robe and a crown of thorns. A large wooden cross rested on the wall behind me.

The guests were silent. They didn't know whether to cry, laugh or leave.

At each setting, there was a glass of Manischewitz wine and a piece of unleavened bread. It was a loose adaptation of the Jewish Passover and the Christian Last Supper, with emphasis on theatrics.

I began reading from a script headed, THE SERVICE FOR THE PASSED-OVER. I read this ritual question from the Seder service: "Why, on this night, do we eat especially bitter herbs?"

Then I asked them to join me in the answer: "This bitter herb is eaten because we are threatening to embitter our lives and the lives of our children."

As the service went on, some laughed. Others were stony-faced. But they all got the message. Unless things changed, this night, indeed, be the last supper. And all

of them would be passed over.

To make sure none of them forgot the message, I had a photographer on hand to record for posterity this somber setting. I later gave them autographed copies.

A picture of their boss wearing a crown of thorns with a cross in the background and them seated at the Last Supper was an effective reminder of the ruthless realities—even years later.

I was told later that on the two-hour jet ride back to Washington, some were pissed, some were praying.

But the cost-cutting started in earnest the next morning.

Some of the best, and some of the worst, journalism in the U.S. is practiced in the nation's capital. But the pompousness east of the Potomac is so prevalent that those who practice both the best and the worst often are not aware of the difference.

That aura of arrogance and the erratic performance it produces make *The Washington Post* the most overrated newspaper in the USA. Not the worst, by any means, but certainly not among the ten best.

Because *The Washington Post* is the most overrated newspaper in the country—and because it's read by most of our leaders in the nation's capital every day—its brand of journalism is worth a brief case study.

"Holy shit!" journalism is what *Post* executive editor Ben Bradlee calls it.

He teaches his disciples that when a reader picks up page one of the *Post* at

breakfast, he wants him to say, "Holy shit!"

More often than not, the *Post* gets that desired reaction from readers. Often, their reaction is, "Holy shit! Can I believe this?"

Sometimes they can. Sometimes they cannot or should not.

Fact and fiction can be comfortable bed-mates in the *Post's* palace of malice, the home of "Holy shit!" journalism. Anonymous or unnamed news sources are the key to the *Post's* brand of journalism.

To the *Post's* credit, it has sometimes used anonymous sources to protect whistle blowers who were not just whistling *Dixie*.

Watergate is an example. The *Post* led the pack that knocked off the Nixon Administration. Its reporting also won it a Pulitzer.

Post publisher Kay Graham was a key player in Watergate. She took an active part in reviewing many of the Watergate stories and in general kept an eye on Bradlee during that period.

But the *Post* ghosts involved in the Watergate coverage raised some questions that remain to this day.

Reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein claim that their main source was Deep Throat—an unnamed Government employee who allegedly would pop up in parking garages and provide information on deep background—meaning that he/she could not be quoted directly.

I felt then and believe even more firmly now that Deep Throat was none other than Ben Bradlee himself.

You might ask, How could that be?

Easy. Bradlee has hundreds of political and social contacts in Washington. Many of them comfortably pass tips to Bradlee at cocktail parties or in phone calls. Most of them would not do so directly to reporters.

So my hunch is that Bradlee himself is the legendary Deep Throat. We probably won't know until Ben retires and writes his autobiography. His book's title should be *Holy Shit!*

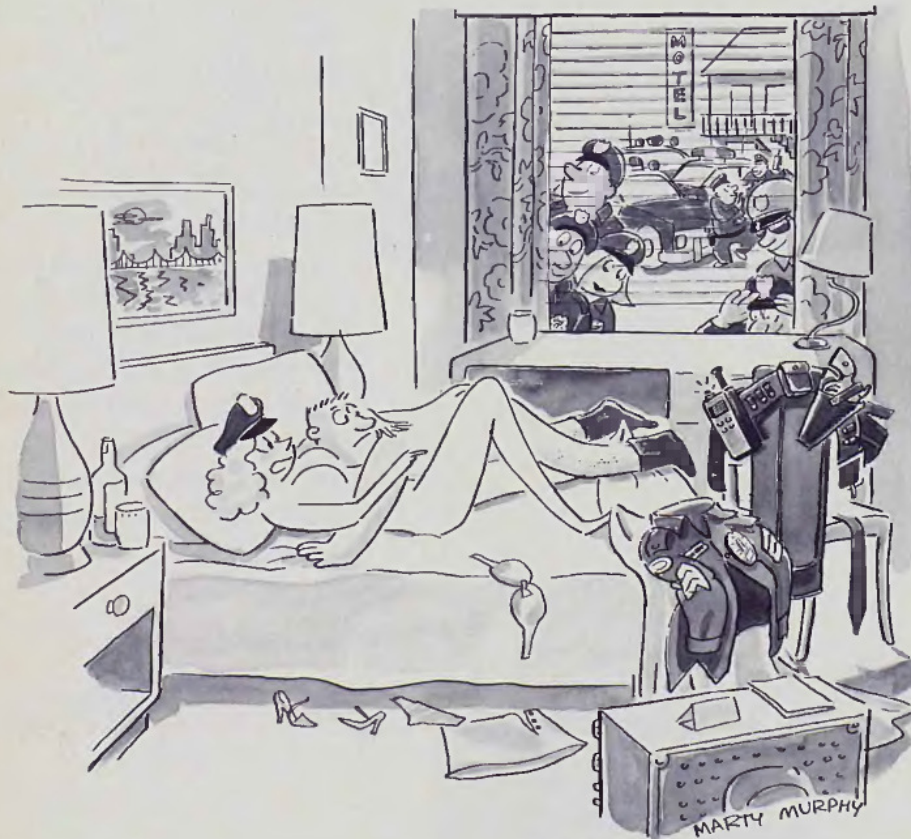
There's a reason for every season in our lives. Each decade can be the right time for the right undertakings and the right achievements. Of course, the timetable may vary a bit, but here is my strongly recommended agenda for your seasons:

- In your teens, play all you can.
- In your 20s, take all the risks you can.
- In your 30s, learn all you can.
- In your 40s, earn all you can.
- In your 50s, lead everything you can.
- In your 60s, leave with all the style you can.
- Thereafter, or in the hereafter, enjoy all you can.

That timetable brought me to my retirement at midnight on March 31, 1989, at the age of 65.

Because I had prepared myself, professionally and personally, I was ready. A full life was behind me. But my sights were set on still more full years ahead.

This was no April Fools' joke. My first



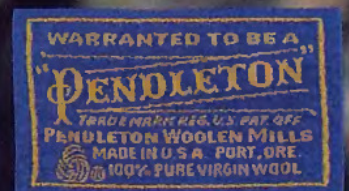
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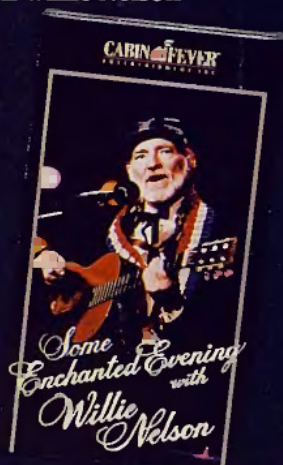
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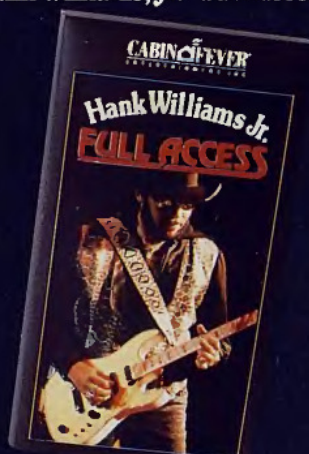
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day of retirement: Saturday, April 1, 1989.

I started the day as I always do, with my early-morning jog.

Later, I hailed a cab to take me to Washington's National Airport. I was headed home to Pumpkin Center, to climb into my shorts and my treehouse. And to my typewriter, to tackle this book.

I was about to take my first domestic commercial airplane flight in 19 years. As I stood in line and fiddled with my ticket, in search of my boarding pass for American's flight 987, I smiled and thought to myself, All those S.O.B.s who said I would never retire should see me now!

It didn't have to happen that way. I could have stopped my retirement or delayed it. Any C.E.O. worth his or her salt can control how and when to give up the power and the perks.

Most of them hang on too long, some by their fingernails. And most members of boards of directors don't have the balls to tell the boss when the time is up.

To try to guarantee that I would do it right, I began planning for my retirement as soon as I was named C.E.O. of Gannett, at the age of 49.

At my insistence, my first employment contract as C.E.O. included this provision: "Neuharth shall retire no later than March 31, 1989." I quipped to the board, "I want the retirement thing settled before I get senile or you get sentimental." I wanted to be sure to leave with my marbles still intact.

Every C.E.O. owes it to the company to plan and implement orderly and effective transition to the next generation.

A planned transition of power is much easier than an accidental one. You test po-

tential candidates. If they fail an important test, you scratch them. If they pass, you give them a tougher test.

Some will sense they are being tested. Some won't.

John Curley passed all the tests I gave him at Gannett: reporter, editor, publisher, Pulitzer Prize-winning Washington bureau chief, founding editor of *USA Today*, regional newspaper president.

Of course he had, and still has, some flaws. He grew up in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, so he talks funny. And they didn't teach penmanship in his schools, so you can't read his handwriting. But nobody's perfect, so I overlooked those things.

At my retirement party, Wes Gallagher, who had been chairman of Gannett's Management Continuity Committee, told me, "You did exactly what you said you would do. But we didn't believe you. We knew you'd ask us to waive the retirement age when you reached sixty-five, so you could stay on."

Would they have done so? Of course. Nearly all boards do, when the C.E.O. or the chairman asks them to. The S.O.B. of a C.E.O. puts out a press release saying he is staying on at the "request of the board" to complete unfinished business. After that, he works like hell to keep the business unfinished.

I did save one surprise for the board.

On March 22, 1989, the day of my sixty-fifth birthday, I conducted my last board meeting as chairman in a normal way. When we came to the last agenda item, "other business," I distributed a letter to the board members, each personalized with handwritten special thanks.

It was my letter of resignation from the board, even though I was eligible to serve for five more years.

I moved the resolution to accept my resignation. Directors began raising their hands. Several spoke simultaneously. I cut off all discussion and called for the question, then quickly declared the motion passed and adjourned the meeting.

A shocker, they all called it, as they gathered around me, some of them in tears. I shed a few, too.

It shouldn't have been a surprise. It was entirely consistent with my 16 years of planning for an orderly transition. Transition means change-over. The only way for a C.E.O. to do that is to cut the cord completely when it's time to leave.

Most C.E.O.s agree with that in theory, but they lose their objectivity when it comes to applying it to themselves. One savvy outside C.E.O. with whom I discussed my plan in advance not only agreed with it but applauded it and explained why.

Peter V. Ueberroth, major-league baseball commissioner, had become a good friend of mine. He liked what *USA Today* had done for baseball and sports in general. I was his guest in his commissioner's box at every world series game for years.

His retirement date as commissioner coincided with mine as chairman. He suggested we celebrate together, in advance.

He reinforced my decision to resign from the board with this observation: "A former C.E.O. can't win by staying on the board. If you disagree with your successor on issues, it sounds like sour grapes. If you always agree, it sounds condescending. If you stay mute, what are you doing there?"

Amen.

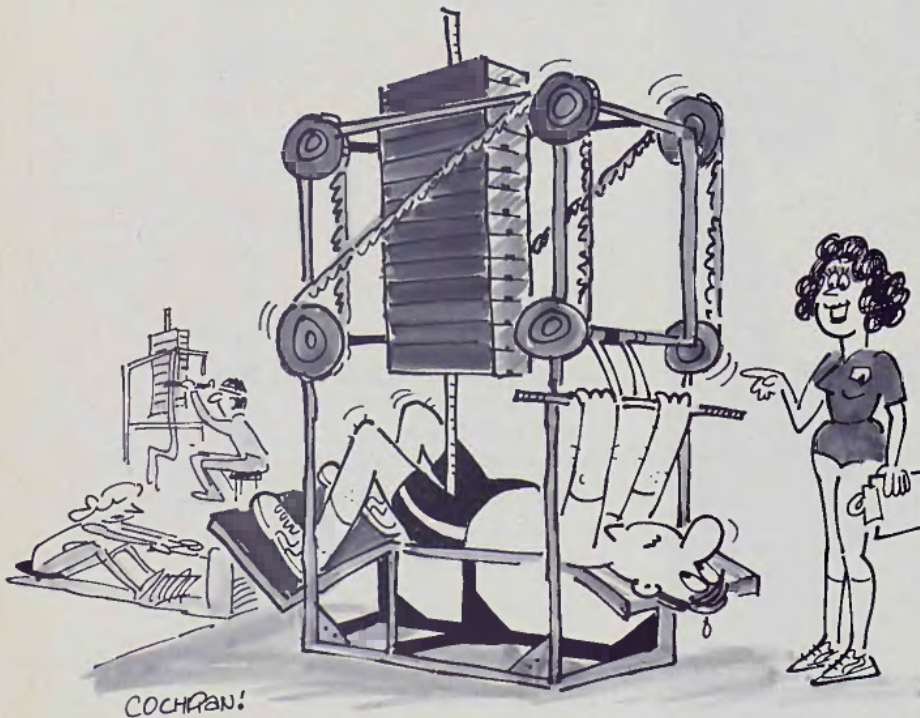
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- Somebody has something you want. Go for it.
- Be as nice as possible, only as nasty as necessary.
- Treasure your family and your roots, but never turn back.
- Explore the byways as well as the highways of life.
- Think big. Big dreams. Big risks. Big rewards.
- Scramble to the top and don't tiptoe while you're there.
- Bow out while all your marbles are still intact.
- Life's a game. Play it to win. And to enjoy.



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SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 138)

daughter, Jane's niece), right on the heels of her stint in *Scandal*, reasserts her American roots in *Shag* as a boy-crazy schoolgirl revving up a lost weekend at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Upcoming starlet Ione Skye has it both ways, too, playing a hard-to-get all-American girl with family problems in *Say Anything*, in which she is finally got by John Cusack after being aptly described as "a brain . . . trapped in the body of a game-show hostess." Ione is also topic A in *The Rachel Papers*, a British youth comedy written and directed by Damian Harris (Richard's son) about courtship by computer. Here, she is idolized by a hacker named Highway (Dexter Fletcher), a firm believer in love at first byte, who finally persuades her to share his bed and bathtub. Uma Thurman, one of the sultriest new young American actresses, tops her role in *Dangerous Liaisons* with a brief but memorable appearance in *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*. American-born director Terry Gilliam's cast for this 18th Century comic classic is mostly English, but Robin Williams steals whole chunks of it as a lewd, disembodied King of the Moon, disavowing pesky bodily functions such as "flatulence and orgasms." Uma also waltzes away with honors as a nude, breath-taking Venus on the half shell, whose unveiling just about stops the show.

American beauties Carey Lowell and Talisa Soto, former models, join Timothy Dalton's James Bond in *Licence to Kill*. Lowell's the good girl, Soto the villain's moll. But, like most of the belles set to ringing by the sexiest secret agent in cinema history, both go all the way with 007. For precedent setting, cut to *Batman*, the megahit made in England by director Tim Burton with Yanks Michael Keaton, Jack Nicholson and Kim Basinger starred. Reams, pro and con, have already been written about Keaton's low-key performance as the masked avenger, but it seems appropriate to footnote that he is the first big-screen comic-book hero to get the heroine into the sack on their first date.

Among other Yanks venturing abroad is Rebecca De Mornay, who'll soon be seen opposite Paul McGann (*The Rainbow's Swain*) as a shrewd stock trader in *Dealers*, which plays like England's answer to *Working Girl*. De Mornay dominates it, taking chances on the big board but cutting her losses by sleeping with her boss and her archrival.

Elsewhere, the guys have it. In the Australian *Echoes of Paradise*, John (*The Last Emperor*) Lone plays a bronzed Balinese dancer who gives an unhappy married lady (Wendy Hughes) some nights to remember while she lazes in the tropics, trying to forget her husband's infidelities. U.S. actor Billy Zane, in a harrowing Aussie shocker called *Dead Calm*, hijacks a yacht and puts the skipper (Sam Neill) to sea,

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while he graphically rapes and terrorizes the man's wife (Nicole Kidman). Roving Mickey Rourke travels all the way to Italy to star in *Francesco* for director Liliana Cavani. Rather uncharacteristically cast as Francis of Assisi, a saint in the making, Rourke may walk into a hailstorm like that stirred up by last year's controversial *The Last Temptation of Christ*. *Francesco* has not yet been shown Stateside, though *Variety* cites it for "pious intent . . . with a good deal of nudity." In one instance, Rourke's young zealot renounces worldly goods by stripping to the buff in public and returning the clothes off his back to his well-to-do father. Lighten up, Mickey.

For film makers in 1989, lightening up seems hard to do, even when the subject is featherweight. There are, as always, exceptions to the rule. There's no dark side to such forthright spoofery as *The Naked Gun* or the supremely silly but so-so *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, the latter best remembered for extraterrestrial Kim Basinger's learning about Earth sex from visual aids on video. Escapism is also the goal of *Earth Girls Are Easy*, an amiably bubble-headed, nonexplicit comedy co-starring Jeff Goldblum and Geena Davis (Mr. and Mrs. off screen), whereby English director Julien Temple shows us what happens when three horny male space travelers are shipwrecked in a Valley girl's swimming pool. While it sounds cheeky, we haven't yet seen *Erik the Viking*, by Monty Python alumnus Terry Jones, with Tim (Bull Durham) Robbins in the title role as a naïve Norseman who believes there must be more to life than raping and pillaging.

Sex comedy sometimes takes a serious turn where you'd least expect it. Blake Edwards' *Skin Deep* stars John Ritter as a compulsive womanizer who seeks therapy after destroying his marriage with rash escapades. The film left audiences cold except for its now-famous dueling-dicks

sequence—Ritter and a rival swordsman wearing glow-in-the-dark condoms as they do battle over a woman in a pitch-dark hotel room. Mark Harmon plays a similar sort of cad in *Worth Winning*, all about a smug charmer who bets his *macho* chums he can bed and betroth three beautiful women (Maria Holvøe, Lesley Ann Warren and Madeleine Stowe) within a stated time. He wins but loses. Never mind how.

Misusers of women tend to get their comeuppance in today's soberly sophisticated comedies. Witness *sex, lies, and videotape*, winner of the 1989 Cannes Film Festival's coveted Palme d'Or. Writer-director Steven Soderbergh, 26, skyrocketed to fame with his sardonic look at Yuppie love as practiced by a quartet of 30-ish young folk in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. James Spader (chosen Best Actor at Cannes) plays an impotent fellow who gets off sexually by recruiting women to masturbate or confess their darkest desires to his camcorder. His compulsive behavior jars the status quo, especially for an indolent housewife (Andie MacDowell). Turned off by sex, she's married to the tape freak's former school chum (Peter Gallagher), a philandering attorney currently involved in a steamy affair with his wife's hell-raising sister (Laura San Giacomo). Before it's over, all those involved in *sex, lies* have muddled through a funny but bruising game of truth and consequences.

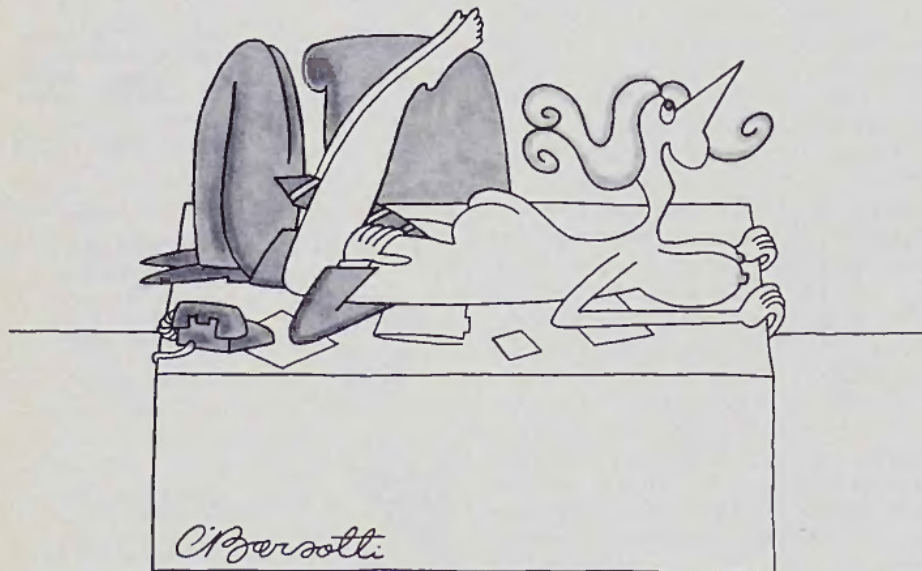
Infidelity on film isn't half the fun it used to be. Again, there's a price to be paid for fooling around in *Love Hurts*, a rueful domestic comedy starring Jeff Daniels as a guy soon to be divorced and suffering a crisis of conscience after a bungled attempt to seduce a bridesmaid (Judith Ivey) at his sister's wedding. In *Cousins*, a rather tidied-up American remake of the blithely amoral French comedy *Cousin, Cousine*, romance prevails when Ted Danson and Isabella Rossellini discover they're made

for each other only after their respective mates (played by Sean Young and William Petersen) have started sneaking off for an occasional zipless quickie. Extramarital rutting has dire consequences for Ed Begley, Jr., in *She-Devil*, to be released late this year. Director Susan Seidelman's version of a successful English novel and miniseries (*The Life and Loves of a She-Devil*) co-stars Roseanne Barr as the scorned wife plotting furiously comic retribution after Begley runs off with a gorgeous romance novelist (Meryl Streep).

Things work out better for the mischief-makers in Paul Bartel's *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills*, mostly a game of musical beds with some wry social comment to fluff it up. Jacqueline Bisset and Mary Woronov play two wealthy matrons who are the targets of a wager between their respective manservants (Robert Beltran and Ray Sharkey). Each man seduces the other's boss, then the fellas wind up having a homosexual fling together. But *Scenes* is less startling for its action than for its explicit language, as when Bisset remarks, "He can suck your box until your nose bleeds." Moans, groans and body English speak louder than mere words, though, in the otherwise discreet romantic-comedy hit *When Harry Met Sally . . .* As longtime friends who take years to become lovers, Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan have their flat-out funniest and sexiest scene in a restaurant where Meg argues that a woman *can* fake orgasm. She shows how, hilariously, after which an enthralled matron at a nearby table tells the waiter, "I'll have what *she* had." There is controversial violence but very little eroticism in Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing*, except for one nude sequence with Rosie Perez as Lee's hot-tempered girlfriend getting cooled off with an ice-cube massage.

Comedies about unrestrained teen sex are generally yesterday's news, with the possible exception of any movie starring Patrick Dempsey. A gangly, unlikely Lothario, Dempsey keeps getting parts such as his title role in *Loverboy* as a Beverly Hills stud who earns his college tuition delivering pizza and servicing neglected wives at \$200 a slice. Kirstie Alley, Carrie Fisher, Barbara Carrera and Kate Jackson flesh out his client list (Jackson plays Dempsey's mother, but that's one order he doesn't fill). Dempsey's partners are appreciably younger in *Some Girls*, in which he plays a fellow invited to spend the Christmas holidays with a family of wealthy eccentrics. While the head of household (Andre Gregory) does his book research in the nude, his wayward daughters (Jennifer Connelly, Sheila Kelley and Ashley Greenfield), fully or flimsily clad, tend to show up in Dempsey's bed on fairly slight provocation.

Many another film followed the pattern of *Some Girls*, going directly to video after a token theatrical release. The reasons are often immediately apparent on your VCR. A case in point is *The Experts*, latest in a



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CENTURY

series of flops starring John Travolta, this time playing a New York deejay who's drugged and shanghaied to a simulated Nebraska town deep in the heart of Russia. He's supposed to inculcate apprentice K.G.B. spies with American culture, which seems to mean *shmoosing* and teaching dance steps to a sultry secret agent played by Kelly Preston. Blonde bombshell Kelly Lynch (Swayze's favorite medic in *Road House*) delivers no more plausibility—but far greater erotic intensity—in *Warm Summer Rain*, as a would-be suicide who wakes up in bed with a stranger (Barry Tubb) and starts wondering what life is all about. No answers are found in *L.A. Bounty*, which brings back Sybil Danning as a female bounty hunter jiggling through a sea of sleaze. There's more tease than real titillation behind such promising video titles as *Bad Girls from Mars*, *Lethal Woman*, *Screwball Hotel* and *Bedroom Eyes 2*, albeit *Lethal Woman* stars 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed and *Eyes* features Linda Blair and 1986 Playmate of the Year Kathy Shower, firing up a love triangle with an unscrupulous Wall Street trader (Wings Hauser).

The decline of porno chic, linked to a flesh flood of video quickies for adult voyeurs to take home, has all but destroyed the hard-core-film industry as such. The dwindling band of theaters showing X-rated movies can scarcely make ends meet, especially now that making ends meet in group gropes is both unsafe and far less fashionable than it used to be. Small wonder that established film makers and performers are switching to mainstream movies, preferring even mediocre Rs to undesirable Xs. Prototypical producer-director Chuck Vincent, once a top purveyor of hard-X features, is now charting new frontiers for the retired porn queens of the Seventies. In *Bad Blood*, Georgina Spelvin is officially billed as Ruth Raymond. Still, as a rich, capricious artist making incestuous moves on her long-lost son, Spelvin's up to modified versions of the old tricks she perfected as the star of hard-core classics such as *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Jane Hamilton (a.k.a. Veronica Hart) has the title role in Vincent's *Cleopatra*, playfully spoofing male chauvinism in a sex-change fantasy, with another reformed porn performer (Ginger Lynn Allen) in a supporting role. Sexual superstar Marilyn Chambers—whose *Behind the Green Door* slammed shut ages ago—more or less plays herself in *Party Incorporated*. It's an R-rated movie within a movie about someone like Chambers, singing and dancing but seldom nude as a latter-day Mae West-ish dame who arranges slightly racy parties to pay off her back taxes.

Foreign imports, historically a primary source of uninhibited sex on the screen, also seem to be buttoning up a bit. The class act this year was Denmark's Oscar-winning entry as Best Foreign Language Film, *Pelle the Conqueror*, which had been honored as the big winner at Cannes in 1988. Max Von

Sydow stars as a dour Scandinavian peasant, occasionally slipping into bed with a voluptuous widow. But *Pelle's* bleak view of illicit passion is pretty well summed up in an episode concerning the master of the manor, whose wife effectively castrates him with a gunshot wound after he has brutally raped their young niece. Lust looks a shade more rewarding in Russia's *Little Vera*, starring Natalya Negoda, *Playboy's* cover subject whose pictorial brought reams of extra publicity to a movie that already had Soviet audiences in an uproar. *Vera's* nude scenes are mild by U.S. standards, but customers from Minsk to Moscow lined up to see a rebellious working-class girl doing whatever she damn well pleases. *Glasnost* went a giant step further when this summer's Moscow Film Festival included a sidebar event called Sex in the American Cinema—snappy title, that—with *Liquid Sky*, *Earth Girls Are Easy* and *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* among the much-discussed attractions. The U.S. release of *Paganini*, a Franco-Italian production by writer-director-superstar Klaus Kinski, is still pending. But advance word from *Variety* describes Kinski's biography of the great Italian violinist as "delirious . . . a willful orgy of excess." Cross your fingers. Klaus's daughter Nastassja co-stars with Timothy Hutton in another European production, *Torrents of Spring*, a love story based on a short story by Turgenev and already on its way to video stores. Nastassja reportedly upholds family tradition in a torrid tryst with Tim.

As always, the French can be counted on to deliver their fair share of sensuousness. The hottest Gallic import was director Catherine Breillat's *36 Fillette*, starring teenaged Delphine Zentout as a sort of contemporary Lolita—a 14-year-old nymphet who tantalizes a 40-ish rake with promises and hand jobs but *segues* into real sex entirely on her own terms with a boy who's led to believe *he* has done the seducing. France's Miou-Miou, in the title role of *La Lectrice* ("The Reader"), is a strikingly cerebral sexpot. Hired by clients to read to them, she's eventually caught up in their lives as well, performing services that mix touchy-feely fact with fiction. Far more restrained, as French films go, is the scenic, subtly suggestive *Chocolat*, with Giulia Boschi as a colonial official's wife who cranks up a lot of sexual tension—but little else—over her obsession with a young black manservant in Cameroon, Africa. No such understatement holds back *The Little Thief*, another minisaga about a precocious teeny-bopper (Charlotte Gainsbourg), from a script left behind by the late French director François Truffaut, who called it "a female *400 Blows*." Driven by impossible dreams she has apparently fed by seeing too many movies, his heroine lies, steals and hops in and out of bed with a married man and a cat burglar before landing in jail.

So where do we go from here? Probably, as always, two steps forward and one step

back. Stern moralists continue crusading, while creative moviemakers go right on pushing the limits of what is allowed on the screen. The push may come to shove less often partly because of a new sophistication—a mature awareness that more graphic sex and language do not *ipso facto* make a movie better or worse. The sexual revolution has brought us light-years from the uptight Fifties, an era blithely spoofed in a recent documentary called *Heavy Petting*, a cautionary compendium of multimedia period propaganda saying no to S-E-X. Back then, an utterly bland bit of romantic fluff called *The Moon Is Blue* (1953) caused an uproar because someone spoke the word virgin on screen. Today, even a profamily sentimental comedy as mild as Ron Howard's *Parenthood* speaks openly about boners, masturbation and sexually active teens (Keanu Reeves and Martha Plimpton play the couple cohabiting after school). And the movie includes a scene in which doting Dad, Steve Martin, smashes up his car because his wife (Mary Steenburgen) impulsively volunteers to relieve his tensions with oral sex while he's at the wheel. That may not outdo *9½ Weeks*, but it ain't *Ma and Pa Kettle*, either.

Still to come this year or next are a number of promising prospects. Zalman King and Mickey Rourke, who worked together on *9½ Weeks*—King as producer, Rourke as star—are at it again with *Wild Orchid*, this time with King in the director's chair. *Orchid* is said to be a sizzling drama, with Jacqueline Bisset and gorgeous actress-model Carre Otis. They're two women visiting Rio de Janeiro to buy some real estate, with Otis in particular getting much more than she bargains for from Rourke. *Blaze*, slated for holiday release, has Paul Newman as Louisiana governor Earl Long, whose affair with striptease queen Blaze Starr made headlines in the late Fifties. A Canadian newcomer, Lolita Davidovich, plays Blaze and ought to kindle some excitement with those G strings and pasties. We have no clue to the erotic content of the *Dick Tracy* epic in the making, with Warren Beatty and Madonna, but early reports indicate the chemistry is potent. Bo Derek, directed by husband John in *Ghosts Can't Do It*, plays a woman in search of a surrogate lover to embody the soul of her late, lamented husband (Anthony Quinn). The object: conjugal bliss. The Dereks seldom play it cool and neither does writer-director Leonard Schrader, who wrote the screenplay for *Kiss of the Spider Woman* and is now winding up *Naked Tango*, adapted, as was *Kiss*, from a novel by Argentine author Manuel Puig. France's sultry Mathilda May co-stars with Vincent D'Onofrio and Esai Morales, and publicity blurbs say, "The story pursues the turbulent passions of a rich girl from Paris who falls under the spell of an enigmatic tango gangster." All of the above might be construed as predicting a scorching cinematic heat wave. Believe it when you see it.



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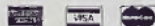
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Masco PH222	101.5	94.6
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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

BUTTON HOOKED

Legend has it that the captain of the H.M.S. Blazer, eager to spiff up his crew for Queen Victoria's 1837 coronation, designed what today is the world's most versatile sports jacket. For years, the styling of blazer buttons went unchanged until Ivy Leaguers, along with wearing neckties heralding their alma maters, decided to trade anchors for

emblems and took to wearing college insignia on their sleeves and jacket fronts. Now you can buy blazer-button sets (large front-closure buttons and smaller sleeve ones) or individual buttons in a variety of looks, from heraldic shields to simple sterling-silver discs. All make a neat personal statement that says you have your fashion act smartly buttoned up.

Following the numbers: 1. Gilt Royal Naval Coronet design, from Alfred Dunhill, New York, \$165 a set. 2. Gold City of London crest, from Greenberg & Hammer, New York, about \$9 each. 3. Antique gilt-and-silver design, from Tender Buttons, New York, \$300 a set. 4. Cloisonné-enamel Penn State crest with gold-plated brass, by Ben Silver, \$75 a set. 5. Enamel Maltese-cross design, from Tender Buttons, \$220 a set. 6. Sterling-silver buttons, by Peter Brams Designs Ltd., \$165 a set. 7. Raised-rim silver crest designs, from Greenberg & Hammer, \$4 large, \$3 small.

STEVE CONWAY



Towering Leesa

We really like actress LEESA ROWLAND's shirt. We didn't know they made them like that. You may have seen Leesa on *Dallas* or in the movies *Sunday Best* and *True Stories*, but our view is so much more spectacular. Another public service from your friends at Grapevine.



© MARK LEIVDAL



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Buster Passes Muster

BUSTER POINDEXTER always struck us as a suave guy who was going places. We just had no idea he'd be doing it in an ambulance with a top-notch medical team to promote his latest album, *Buster Goes Berserk*. Buster's movie *Let It Ride*, starring Richard Dreyfuss, just opened as he wrapped up a tour. We prescribe bed rest.



BENNO FRIEDMAN

How to Get the 'Vettes

VH-1 anchor KATHRYN KINLEY, unfortunately, isn't one of the prizes in the cable show's VH-1 Corvette Collection Sweepstakes. Kathryn is definitely optional, but she should give the winner an idea for the perfect accessory. VH-1 will be giving away 36 vintage Corvettes, one from each year of production since 1953, to one very lucky winner in the next few weeks. The easiest way to enter is to call 900-773-4VH1. Whoever wins will have to figure out where to park, but we should all have such problems.

Sylvia Is Sublime

Actress SYLVIA TOBIAS is very pretty and we can see through her dress. Those are two reasons to watch her. Want three more? She appeared in the movies *Heathers* and *Out of Bounds* and in a Pat Benatar video. Keep looking.



© MARK LEIVDAL

Stand and Salute

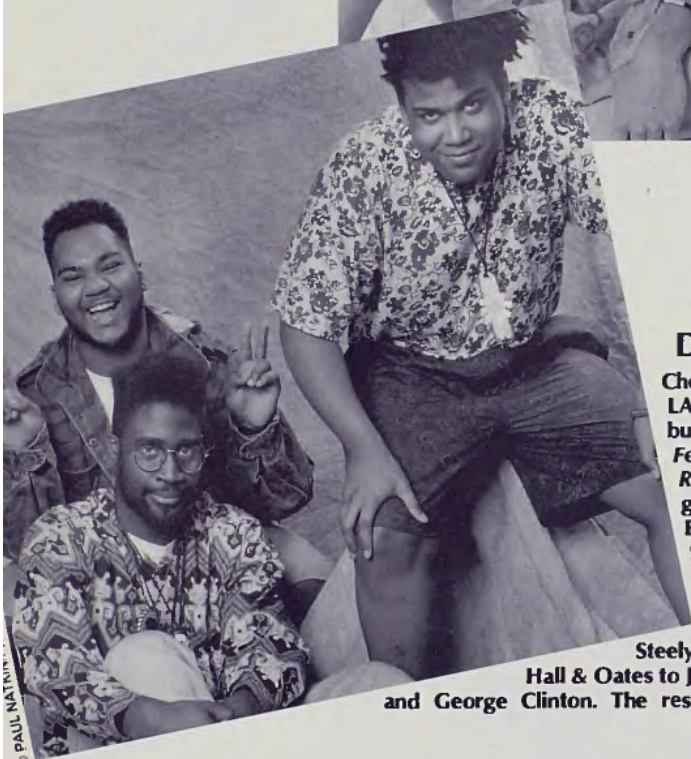
After taking a good look at actress STEFANIE MICHAELS, we're seriously considering a life at sea. On land, Stefanie has appeared on *Family Ties* and is currently at work on a movie. What else can we tell you? She is also Miss Skil Power Tools. We think the power is with *her*.



© MARK LEIVDAL

When Hip-hop Meets Doo-wop

Check out DE LA SOUL's debut album, *3 Feet High and Rising*. These guys rap Eighties in a Sixties kind of way, mixing everything from Steely Dan and Hall & Oates to James Brown and George Clinton. The result? De-lish.



© PAUL NATKIN

The Muses Are Amused

Vocalist/guitarist Kristin Hersh was sure that the THROWING MUSES' third album, *Hunkpapa*, would be a success, and she was right. "We knew we could make a record that . . . could get played on the radio. We wanted to give the music space and the listener an opportunity to get inside the sound." When they tour near you, give the Muses their due.



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TAKING THE CURVEX

According to the Gruen Marketing Corporation, the Gruen Curvex was "the watch of the Thirties," curved to fit the wrist and a favorite of "veteran pilots, sea captains and explorers all over the world." Now it's back in the form of an 18-kt.-rose-gold-plated case fitted with a modern quartz movement. There's also a separate sweep second hand and a classic and classy leather strap. The Curvex costs \$195 and can be ordered from S. A. Peck, 55 East Washington, Chicago 60602. Or call 800-235-3000 if you can't wait.



MUSCOVITE RAMBLE

In the spirit of *glasnost*, Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab in Petaluma, California, has joined hands with Moscow's first jazz club, the Bluebird, to produce CDs and cassettes that showcase live performances of established and rising Soviet jazz artists. The recordings, which will be on the Art & Electronics label, will be available in early 1990. Featured will be such Muscovite biggies as Aziza Mustafa-Zade. Look for them, comrade.



KING OF THE HILL

Daredevil Europeans have been taking to the slopes in luges for years. Now the sport has slid to the States in the form of open-slope lugging that's done on safe, soft snow instead of an ice chute. Avalanche Luge, Inc., P.O. Box 53, Lake Placid, New York 12946, manufactures a steerable wooden sled with free-floating stabilizer bars, a bridge suspension and bowed runners. It can be ridden in either a sitting or a reclining position. Best of all, you can steer, stop and even maneuver through a slalom course like a seasoned slerder. Prices are \$129 (for sledders under 4'6"), \$139 (for those 4'6" to 5'8") and \$149 (for anyone over 5'8"), all including postage. It's all downhill from here, gang. Move over; we're doing 50!



SOMETHING TO KICK UP YOUR HEELS OVER

As you know, the Rockettes are still kicking up their lovely heels—as they've done for more than 50 years on the stage of Radio City Music Hall in Manhattan. But now 83 vintage, oversized (72" x 54") original poster paintings by artist George Telo have been discovered, and if you've ever wanted to own a piece of Rockettes memorabilia (we'd go for a piece of the Rockettes any day), here's your chance to do so. Prices range from \$3000 to \$5000 and each poster is one of a kind. (*Rainbow's End*, pictured here, is \$4800.) For more information, contact Bernice Jackson, Fine Arts Consultant, P.O. Box 1188, Concord, Massachusetts 01742. Calm down, guys; she isn't a former Rockette.

BARE MARKET

Now that you've checked out *Sex in Cinema* in this issue, you'll want to order *The Bare Facts Video Guide 1989*, a 91-page softcover that tells "where to find your favorite actresses and actors nude on video tape." It even includes info on corresponding magazine features, such as this Jayne Mansfield photo that originally appeared in *Playboy*. All for \$10, postpaid, from The Bare Facts, P.O. Box 3255, Santa Clara, California 95055-3255.



LIGHTNING STRIKES AGAIN

First there was *Eye of the Storm*, the plasma sculpture that snaps, crackles and pops with electronic excitement. Now comes *White Lightning*, a phenomenon created by artist Larry Albright that captures the effect of lightning within a man-made environment. It responds to touch and can even be fine-tuned to create a rain of electrons striking the glass. Rabbit Systems, Inc., of Santa Monica is marketing *White Lightning* for about \$200. Let the lightning light show begin!



29 SAILS IN THE SUNSET

Originally built in 1931 for E. F. Hutton, the *Sea Cloud* is the largest oceangoing private sailing yacht that ever shoved off for exotic shores. Now the ship has been restored to its original elegance, and the four-masted *Sea Cloud* is ready to sail this coming February tenth to 17th out of Antigua for six offbeat Caribbean ports of call: Saba, St. Martin, St. Bart's, Nevis, Montserrat and Guadeloupe. Salén Lindblad Cruising, 133 East 55th Street, New York 10022, is offering the cruise for \$3100 to \$5600, including round-trip airfare from Miami to Antigua. Anchors aweigh, my boys!



RIDE HER, COWBOY

We don't know if American artist Gordon Snidow paints what he feels, but if he has been fooling around with the model who posed for the cowgirl posters pictured here, he's buckin' for a busted jaw. The three posters—*I Don't Do Windows*, *I Don't Do Coffee Either* and *Some Things Just Never Change*—measure about 17" x 24" and sell for \$37 each (\$75 for all three) sent to Desert Hawk, P.O. Drawer 1328, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87504. Saddle up! Let's ride.

GET THE LEAD OUT

Tired of people telling you that your ideas "go over like a lead balloon"? Don't get mad, get even. Youtopia Enterprises, 2464 El Camino Real, Suite 435, Santa Clara, California 95051, has created a lead-balloon sculpture (it's actually made of wood that has been carefully sprayed with a glossy gray paint) that has a flat side so it can rest comfortably on Mr. Negative's desk. The balloon, five inches in diameter, sells for \$149.95, postpaid, including a personalized certificate that's worthy of framing—if you can get yourself in a positive frame of mind to have it done.



NEXT MONTH



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FLIRTY DANCING



THIRTYSOMETHING



WRESTLING MANIA

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"PLAYBOY JAZZ AND ROCK POLL 1990"—SHARPEN YOUR PENCILS AND CAST YOUR VOTE FOR THE BEST IN ROCK, SOUL, RAP AND ALL THAT JAZZ

CANDICE BERGEN TALKS ABOUT FILMING A SEX SCENE, THE JOY OF LETTING LOOSE AS MURPHY BROWN AND HER UNIQUE METHOD OF CHOOSING A MAN—A SPECIAL HOLIDAY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"HEEEEEEEERE'S . . . **ARSENIO**"—THE SURPRISE HIT OF THE LATE-NIGHT TALK-SHOW CIRCUIT—A PROFILE OF AMERICA'S NEW DARLING—BY **STEVE POND**

"THE SWIMMERS"—A MAN FROM A SMALL TOWN IS FOREVER CHANGED BY A WOMAN WHO REFUSES TO REVEAL HER PAST—FICTION BY **JOYCE CAROL OATES**

"LADY WRESTLERS"—IT'S TRUE . . . GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN AND THIS BODY-SLAMMING PICTORIAL RINGS OUR BELLS

PLUS: 'TIS THE SEASON FOR FASHION FORMALWEAR, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS COLLECTION": GREAT GIFTS FROM SANTA WHETHER YOU'VE BEEN NAUGHTY OR NICE; CELEBRITY PHONE MESSAGES FROM **ROB LOWE**, **JAMES BROWN**, **OLLIE NORTH**, **PETE ROSE** AND OTHER FAVES; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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"ISSUES"—A CARD-CARRYING MEMBER OF THE A.C.L.U. AND THE N.R.A. TALKS ABOUT FREE SPEECH, THE FREEDOM TO BEAR ARMS AND THE CONFUSION OF OUR TIMES—BY PLAYWRIGHT **DAVID MAMET**

"SEX STARS OF 1989"—PLAYBOY'S PICK OF THE STARS WHO TEASED AND TANTALIZED YOU THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, WITH TEXT BY **JIM HARWOOD**

"MODEL BEHAVIOR"—IT WAS ANYTHING BUT WHEN **JACK NICHOLSON** CHASED AND CAUGHT BRIT BEAUTY **KAREN MAYO-CHANDLER**. A SIZZLING KISS-AND-TELL PICTORIAL

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