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PLAYBILL

IF TELEVISION is the electronic fireplace around which families gather on cold, dark nights, shouldn't we hang our Christmas stockings from the antenna? That was just one of the questions we pondered as we prepared this issue of *Playboy*. Whether you are a veteran couch potato or one of those trendy Yuppies newly into cocooning, you will be interested in the pop-culture icons investigated here.

For fans of *thirtysomething*, we have a journal—soon to be less of a secret—by **Richard Kramer** (illustrated by **Blair Drawson**). Kramer produces, writes and occasionally directs the show you love to hate. "Depending on whom you talk to," he says, "it is either forty-five minutes of self-involved navel gazing or among the profound moral statements of our time." Think of it as "Days of Whine and Neuroses."

Some videophiles see *Murphy Brown* as the reincarnation of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. You may think it is something more—especially after reading our interview with **Candice Bergen**. We asked Contributing Editor **David Sheff** to put aside his plans for a critically acclaimed book, an artsy movie and national political office to spend time with La La Land's favorite talking head. He got the actress to discuss Hollywood, hamsters, **Geraldo** and fiberglass hair. **Diane** and **Connie**, eat your hearts out.

And, as an advance Christmas present for Contributing Editor **David Rensin**, we let him do a *20 Questions* with **Patti D'Arbanville**, Vinnie's love interest on *Wiseguy* and arguably one of the most interesting women of our decade (discovered by **Andy Warhol** when she was 14, the inspiration for **Cat Stevens** and the mother of **Don Johnson's** son, etc.).

Who are the three most influential black men on television? **Cosby** is easy. And so is **Arsenio Hall**. We sent **Steve Pond** (it took six tries to get him on the guest list for the show) to profile the incandescent late-night talk-show host in *Hotter than Hall*. So who's the third most influential black on television? **Willie Horton**, convicted rapist and murderer, if only because the TV spots about his escape from a prison-furlough program helped make **George Bush** President. Is the real Willie Horton the mindless thug foisted on the public by **Roger Ailes** and friends? We'll let you decide after reading his interview, conducted by **Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot**, professor of political science at North Carolina Central University, who did *Playboy Interviews* with **Fidel Castro** and **Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald**.

We would have presented more celebrities, but this is the Christmas season and most of them are out shopping. When we tried to contact them, we kept getting those annoying answering-machine messages, the ones that get even more terminally cute around the holidays. *The Christmas Tapes* show you what the rich and famous are like when they're not at home. (For a peek at what **Jane Fonda's** like when she's not at home, see **Robert Scheer's** "Reporter's Notebook": See *Jane Run*.)

We like to think that our readers prefer to take their entertainment the old-fashioned way: by moving their eyes from left to right. We have three pieces of Christmas fiction that feature true love, modern love, porno love, bullets and bloodshed. (Red is a Christmas color, right?) **Mickey Spillane**, returning to the typewriter after a long absence, gives us a look at his new Mike Hammer novel, *The Killing Man* (to be published by E. P. Dutton). Someone has attempted to murder Mike's secretary, Velda. Does Mike take a light beer and cool out with friends down at the local watering hole? Not on your life.

Joyce Carol Oates's work graces our pages for the ninth time with *The Swimmers* (with an illustration by **Mel Odom**). A small-town man falls in love with a woman who refuses to reveal her past. The confrontation produces unexpected results.

Robert Coover's stories for *Playboy* always seem to have a movie connection. *You Must Remember This* (January 1985) tells us what really happened to the lovers from *Casablanca*; *Intermission* (February 1987) sweeps a fan from concession-stand line to a wild adventure. This month Coover checks in with the bizarre *Lucky Pierre in the Doctor's Office*, illustrated by **Merrit Dekle**. It's about



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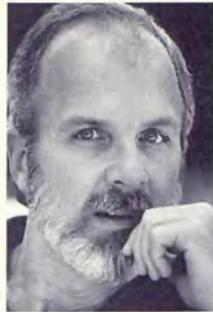
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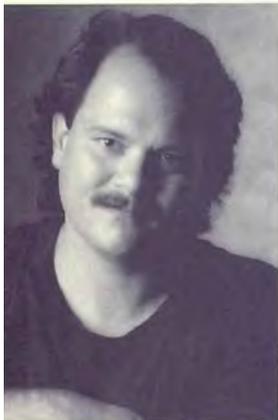
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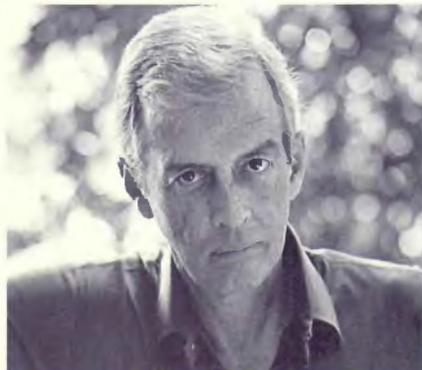
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Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright **David Mamet** is a card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U. and the N.R.A.—not surprising when you consider that he wrote the controversial *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and the screenplay for *The Untouchables*. Mamet is a man at home with firearms and free speech; his *Fighting Words* is a thought-provoking look at the First and Second amendments and the abortion debate.

They say that Christmas brings out the child in each of us: It's short work for some of us. **Dave Barry**, humor columnist for *The Miami Herald* and winner of a Pulitzer Prize for commentary, asks the crucial question *How to Tell if You're a Grownup*. Since Barry recently acquired "a Gibson Les Paul electric guitar and an amplifier loud enough to bring down enemy aircraft," we have our doubts about his objectivity. You're only young once, but you can be immature forever. We believe that reality testing should be graded on a curve, which may explain our score on the accompanying quiz, compiled by frequent contributors **Lenny Kleinfeld** and **Geoffrey Norman**. Since Norman lives in rural Vermont and Kleinfeld survives in Los Angeles smog, the questions cover most of what we know as adult life.

Still, there are some crucial survival skills that need review. Former *Playboy* Articles Editor **Jim Morgan** asks, "Why do you feel that little moment of terror when you tear open that holiday invitation and out tumbles a card with the words DINNER DANCE engraved in letters you can touch with your finger tips?" Morgan tells readers *Why You Can't Dance* (blame Chubby Checker), and **Eve Babitz** counters with *Why You Should Dance*. "It's better than sex," writes Babitz, "because you can do it with strangers and not feel guilty or ashamed; because you can do it outside your marriage and not get in any trouble; because you can do it in public, with people watching and applauding." Photographer **Tim White** teamed with Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** to show you how to dress for the occasion (we even tell you how to tie a bow tie).

Once you get your dance steps down, you won't want to spend a lot of time in the kitchen. Check out **Karen MacNeil's** suggestions for a hassle-free holiday dinner in *And to All a Good Night*. We're not talking cookies and milk for some guy with a pillow where his stomach should be. Do this right and your girlfriend will come down the chimney with a special treat.

Stumped for gift ideas? The *Playboy Christmas Collection* offers six pages of neat stuff photographed by **James Imbrogno**. For a taste of adventure, we asked *Playboy* Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** to take his cameras to Spain. He needed a break—he'd spent weeks with Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beudet** capturing the heavenly bodies of *Lethal Women* (which is not a pictorial on people who only *think* they can dance but on women wrestlers). Spain is the hottest country in Europe. In 1992, it will celebrate the fifth centennial of the voyage of **Cristóbal Colón**, known to the world as **Christopher Columbus**. It will host the summer Olympics in Barcelona and a world's fair in Seville. The best news? **Francisco Franco** is still dead. **Herbert Bailey Livesey** wrote the travel piece that accompanies the photos. The author of *The American Express Pocket Guide to Spain*, Livesey was so intrigued by the country that he is using it as the setting for a mystery novel.

If you need a respite from throngs of people singing Christmas carols, peruse our new user-friendly *Playboy Jazz and Rock Poll 1990*. We've made a list and checked it twice—now it's your turn to vote. Failure to exercise your right will result in a 20-year sentence—solitary confinement in an elevator with Muzak.

And for those of you with an eye for the ultimate stocking stuffer, take a long look at the lavish pictorial of **Karen Mayo-Chandler**, shot by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda**. Karen was **Jack Nicholson's** bedmate for just about a year. "He's into fun and games in bed," says the British beauty, "all the really horny things that I get off on, like spanking, handcuffs, whips and Polaroid pictures." For more on Jack in the sack, turn to *The Joker Was Wild*. Next, munch on our tribute to the *Sex Stars of 1989* (with text by **Jim Harwood**). What's Christmas without a moving human-interest story? Playmate **Petra Verkaik** has a unique reason for being thankful that she's well endowed. Now you know why magazines still exist in the age of television.

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So, what kind of person drinks beer? People who enjoy it and see it as simply a good part of their good lives.



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PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

With a twinkle in her eye and a mischievous grin, the classically beautiful Candice Bergen awaits Christmas under the mistletoe. The cover was designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis, produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabawski and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Kudos to stylist Lane Coyle-Dunn, as well as to Colin Booker for Célestine Clautier make-up and hair. "Kiss me quick," quips the Rabbit.

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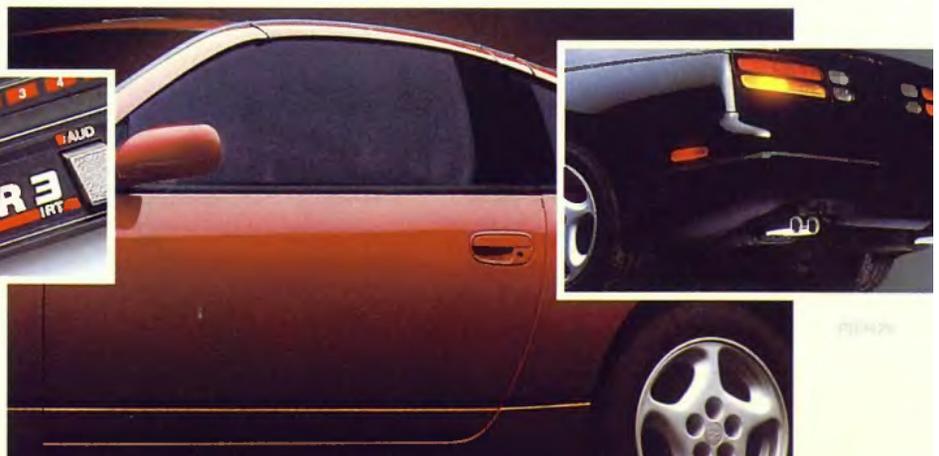
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Cincinnati Microwave Passport	114.1	107.8
Cobra Traphooter RD 3170	113.4	110.8
Fultron 15 0200	109.4	108.8
Snooper D 4000	102.7	104.7
Hiaco KR0 16	101.5	94.6
Mascot PH222	109.3	106.8
Maxon RD 25	107.6	106.0
Radio Shack Meronta Road Patrol KK	113.1	108.8
Unden RD3XL	115.6	110.4
Whisper Spectrum 2	110.1	106.3
Average unit		

Source: Road & Track, Nov. 1988
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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KEITH HERNANDEZ

I enjoyed the September *Playboy Interview* with Keith Hernandez, but I would like to dispute one point. Hernandez states that when he is really on a tear, he can actually "see the ball hit the bat, the bat recoil and the ball leave the bat." If he were playing slow-pitch softball, this might be believable; but with the ball coming in at an average of 90 miles an hour, his statement sounds a bit fanciful. Hernandez could save the taxpayers a lot of money by donating his services to the local police so that they could do away with their radar equipment for speeding cars.

John Stephenson
Mishawaka, Indiana

Hernandez isn't the only professional baseball player to make statements like that, John. Until you can hit 90-mph fast balls with consistency, it's best not to presume what a major-league hitter can and can't see. These guys have vision and reflexes that only one in 10,000 possesses.

RENO CONFIDENTIAL

After perusing your pictorial *Reno Confidential* (*Playboy*, September), I want to point out that there are two sides to every story. I cannot speak for the whole population of Reno, but, frankly, I'm tired of hearing Leslie Sferrazza's childish "I'll get you at recess" attitude toward our mayor. If the truth be known, she was probably the problem in the first place. At least our mayor has the decency and class not to air his ex-wife's dirty laundry locally or nationally.

Suzanne Reams
Reno, Nevada

FAN OF OLD FAVORITES

As a longtime *Playboy* subscriber, I've always enjoyed your excellent fiction. I particularly look forward to the infrequent but always entertaining short stories of Contributing Editor Walter Lowe, Jr. I still reread his *Ben Osczhio* (July 1981) whenever I need a good laugh. His latest, *An Ounce of Luck*, in the September issue,

is one of the cleverest stories I've read in a long time.

I was also glad to see the return of Craig Vetter to your pages. As a big fan of his "Pushed to the Edge" series back in the Seventies, I was heartened to know that although he and I are both ten years older, he's still a death-defying fool. *Wind Dummy* is in the classic Vetter tradition of white-knuckle risk taking.

Thanks for an issue with two of my favorite *Playboy* writers.

Robert Hill
Chicago, Illinois

You'll be happy to know, Bob, that "Wind Dummy" is the second in Vetter's new series, "Risky Business: Tales of the Outdoors," that's guaranteed to give you an adrenaline rush. Look for his next escapade in our February issue.

COMING SOON

As an association made up of companies dedicated to "future stuff," we enjoyed reading *Future Stuff*, by Malcolm Abrams and Harriet Bernstein, in your September issue. The Yamaha DSP-100U is an excellent example of what we as an industry have in store for you in the near future, along with total home automation, DAT and advanced television. Stay tuned!

Thomas K. Lauterback
Staff Vice-President, Communications
Consumer Electronics Group
Washington, D.C.

ODE TO MORGANNA

Your pictorial on Morganna, the "Kissing Bandit," in the September issue moved me to write: "Morganna Roberts, overly endowed, / Kisses and runs with the sporting crowd! / She tries to be a baseball shocker. / If you've yet to be kissed, please don't knock her!"

Arline Clarke
Carmichael, California

DOUBLE FEATURE

Forget *Batman* and *Indiana Jones*. The big event of the summer for me was to look

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further information.

at the September issue of *Playboy* with the Van Breeschooten twins in *Double Dutch Treat*.

John Book
Pasco, Washington

Not since October 1970, with Mary and Madeleine Collinson, have I seen double with such pleasure. Mirjam and Karin van Breeschooten are delightful!

John B. Abbott, Jr.
South River, New Jersey

The September issue is like an early Christmas present. Gorgeous KC Winkler, the well-endowed Morganna and luscious Leslie Sferrazza would have been enough. But when I opened the magazine to the layout of the Van Breeschooten twins, I could hardly believe my eyes. Karin and Mirjam are two of the most beautiful women I've ever seen.

It's going to be hard to top them, but who knows? There may be a set of beautiful blonde triplets out there just waiting to be discovered.

Wayne Montalvo
Medina, New York

GOING US 8100 BODIES BETTER

Having seen the *Playboy* logo formed by 1000 bodies in your April issue, with the question as to whether the *Guinness Book of World Records* could verify that this man-made logo constituted the largest one ever formed, I had to send this picture, dated January 24, 1919, which obviously confirms otherwise. The United States Marine Corps logo was formed in the sand



at Parris Island, South Carolina, by 9100 Marines!

The globe and anchor signify worldwide service and sea traditions. The eagle represents the nation itself. The motto clenched in the beak of the eagle, SEMPER FIDELIS, is Latin and means "Always faithful." It is endearing to know that the thousands of Marines who posed for this

picture back in 1919 are still with us in Spirit; a few may still be here to read this letter.

John Matejov
29 Palms, California

You're right, John. The Marines' body logo has ours beat. We're glad to give credit where it's due.

BAD

I'm disturbed by the sensationalism of Pat Jordan's profile of the Gracie family (*Bad*, *Playboy*, September). The article contains a brief mention of the fact that Gracie jujitsu is used mostly for defense but many pages of accounts of attempted eye gouging, bone breaking and the "\$100,000 challenge." Rorion Gracie himself emphasizes that his family's jujitsu is, foremost, a system of self-defense and that his challenge is merely a way of advertising its effectiveness.

Roger Zepp
Colorado Springs, Colorado

GOOD COOK

Congratulations to Kevin Cook for his profile of Tony Mandarich, *Tony the Terminator*, accompanying September's *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast*, by Gary Cole.

Cook succeeds where many other writers have failed because he has taken the time and made the effort to understand his subject. Rather than simply reiterate statistics on Mandarich's bench press, 40-yard dash, caloric intake and salary expectations, Cook gives us something more meaningful. He notices the Mandarich grin and spots the tongue-in-cheek comments. He recognizes the sense of humor when it's intended.

Dave Kirkby
La Porte, Indiana

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR PROBABILITIES

Wanting to try something different on my computer, I entered the names of all the Playmates of the Year, from the first one in 1960, and then arranged them by the month in which their centerfolds appeared. I found something odd. There has never been a Miss March, June or July chosen as Playmate of the Year. The most auspicious months are January, September, November and December, with four, four, six and seven winners, respectively.

If our Government is willing to give half a million dollars or so to Judith Reisman to look for child porn in odd places (with even odder results), perhaps the Feds will give a grant to me to study this. It's a more interesting subject.

Pete Giere
Auburn, Washington

BODY BY WINKLER

It's about time! For ten years, I've been hoping to get a glimpse of KC Winkler (*Body by Winkler*, *Playboy*, September) on your pages . . . again. She was in the January 1979 edition as one of the contestants in the 25th Anniversary Great Playmate

Hunt, and I was heartbroken that she wasn't selected. If you'll look back to that



KC, circa 1979.

issue, you'll see that the body has always been there. What is incredible is that she looks even better now!

Chris Lyons
Irving, Texas

RE-EDUCATION THE CURE FOR RACISM

The letter from Vincent Stewart in *Dear Playboy* (September) has me distraught. He voices three opinions on racism that show signs of immaturity, self-centeredness and extreme paranoia: (1) "Most racists are cowards"—in most cases, racism is taught at a very young age and has nothing to do with cowardice. (2) "Assume every white person is a racist"—racism is an affliction of every race, not just the Caucasian spectrum. The pigmentation of our fellow humans is really irrelevant to whether trust or mistrust should be established. If this skin pigmentation is his key to identifying racism, Stewart is in dire need of counseling. (3) "Do not give up on your education. They can't win if you don't let them"—in a way, I agree with this, but *not* in the way Stewart means. I was once a racist myself but changed my perspective on racism and bigotry by getting the proper education on this important subject and obtaining a degree. Re-education is the only key to correcting the thinking of people such as myself. We need to teach the kids of today not to have thoughts that are so detrimental to our society.

Steve Herling
Tucson, Arizona

CARRY ON, CHRISTIE

I had the pleasure of watching Christie Hefner on CNBC's *McLaughlin*. This brilliant and savvy young C.E.O. sets a standard for her male counterparts. She has enormous presence of mind and an impressive grasp of her responsibilities—a great example of what a woman can do in a job once thought to be "for men only."

Morton R. Baldock
Royal Oak, Michigan



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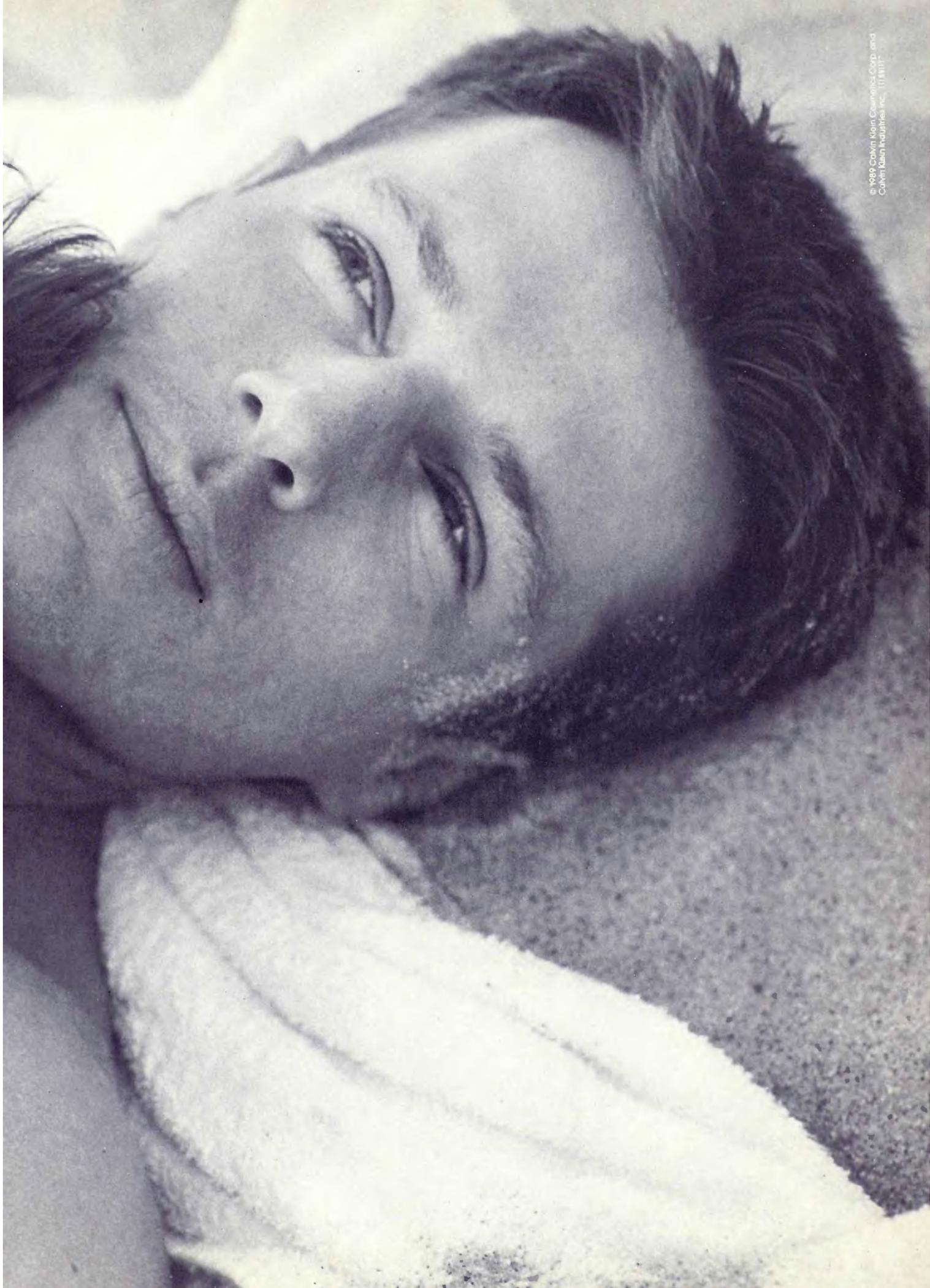
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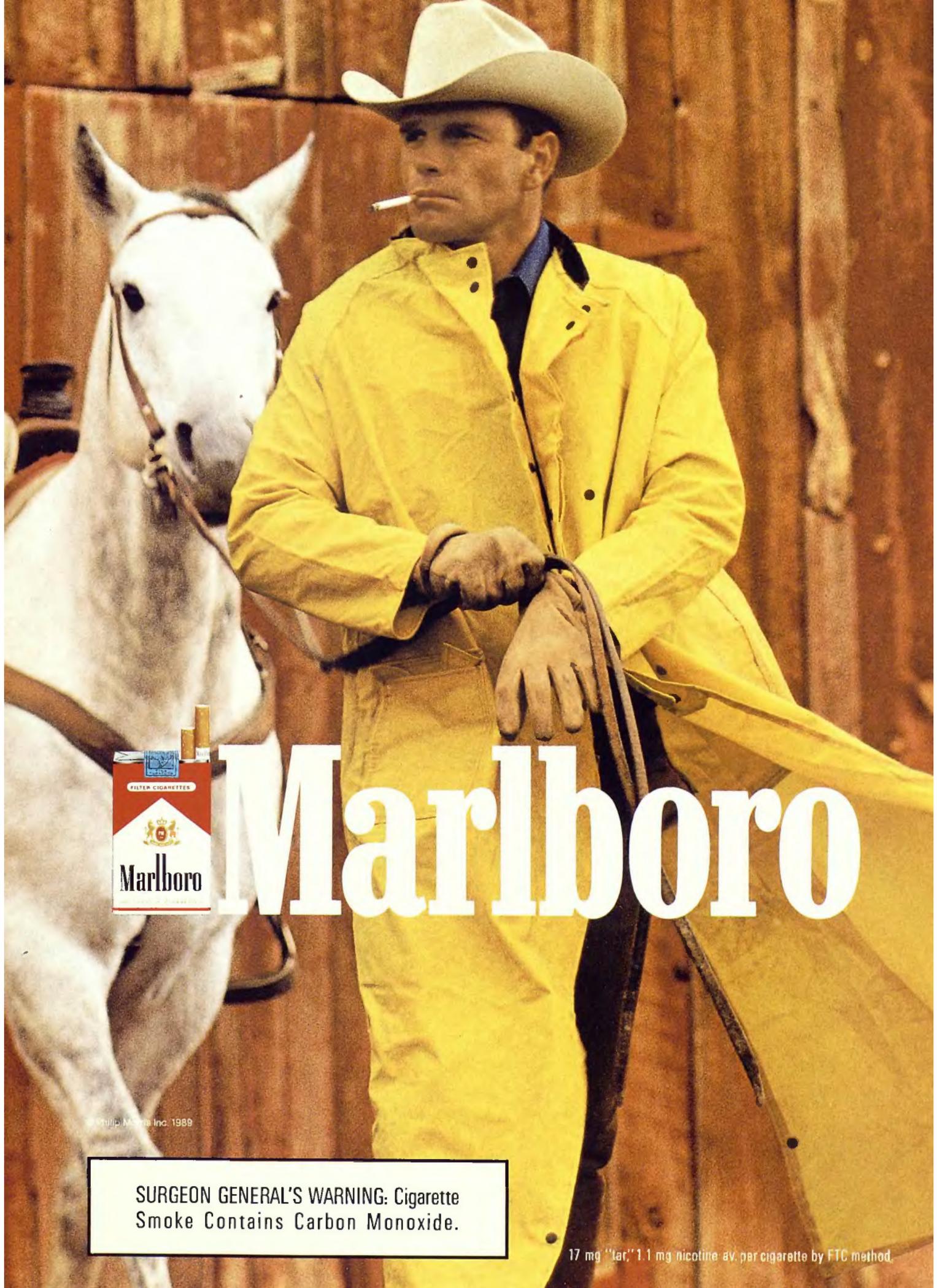


Calvin Klein

COLOGNE



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



AD NEWS

A Washington, D.C., friend claims that he has spotted a hot newspaper trend—"newsads." He says that the placement of certain advertisements close to certain news stories seems too serendipitous to be true. For example, he cites a *Washington Post* account of a NATO summit meeting that ran very near a Pan Am advertisement. The ad's tag line? INVADE EUROPE. The *Post* also twinned a story about the downfall of House Speaker Jim Wright with a Honda-dealership ad that read, MEET A FRIEND THAT CAN BE EASILY BOUGHT. What price scandal? Read on. . . .

SCANDALTOWN

We wonder, Will we still remember Jim Wright next year? What guarantees a politician a fixed perch in the national psyche? Well-researched bills that pass without a hitch? Arm twisting in the Congressional cloakroom? Maybe. But the proven, sure-fire method is to participate in a scandal, preferably a sexual one. The public's interest in disgrace is now such that Washington, D.C., boasts a 75-minute "scandal tour." For \$20, you can board the red, white and blue bus (hosted by a George Bush impersonator and a comedy troupe that calls itself the Gross National Product) at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

The tour itinerary consists of such noteworthy Washington landmarks as the Capitol Hill town house where Gary Hart entertained Donna Rice and the famous Tidal Basin, where Wilbur Mills's stripper-girlfriend Fanne Foxe sank, taking his career down with her. Even John F. Kennedy gets toasted in song by a Marilyn Monroe look-alike as the bus drives past the White House, and at the nearby Executive Office Building, a phony Fawn Hall commemorates the patriotism of Ollie North by passing out plastic bags of paper strips from their Transcam shredding party. Alas, ex-Congressman Wright remains without his own stop—so far.

M-M-M

Product of the month: Frosty Paws. Its bright package gushes, IT'S NOT ICE CREAM.

BUT YOUR DOG WILL THINK IT IS! It was created by animal-nutrition specialist Dr. William Tyznik after he saw neighborhood dogs pigging out at an ice-cream stand. "Ice cream isn't good for dogs," he points out, "because they can't digest the lactose." That's why he whipped up this new soy-based, vitamin-fortified, light-beige stuff that comes in little cups. To human taste buds, it's pretty bland, we hear. For an expert opinion, we whistled up our test pup, Dutch, known for her discerning palate. The verdict? Dutch found the tiny container awkward—but its contents were slurped up in seconds. Dutch votes, "Arf!"

TALES FROM THE COAST

In Los Angeles, where trends are born and die faster than May flies, what's the latest celebrity diversion of choice? Public poetry readings. Not long ago, the terminally trendy showed up at The Boss Club on Tuesdays (all Springsteen, all the time); now the place for the tragically hip is Cafe Largo. Every Tuesday evening, this former Hungarian restaurant plays host to a curious mix of real poets and aspiring poet-celebrities. The response has been



awesome and the hipsteric love to dress the part—so much denim, black and Army-fatigue khaki hasn't been seen in public since Jack Kerouac strode the land.

The poetry concerns a preannounced theme—something vague, along the lines of "Tomorrow," "Lost and Found," "Work, Play and Prayer" or "Slouching Toward L.A." We recently dropped by and caught "It's a Man's World." Since previous readers have included Justine Bateman, Carl Reiner, Ed Begley, Jr., Harry Dean Stanton, Judd Nelson, Patti D'Arbanville, Michael J. Pollard, Meg Foster, Moon Zappa and Pamela Des Barres, we expected plenty of stanzas from the stars. And we weren't disappointed. TV writer Anne Beatts read a work about phallic symbols in Paris and the advantages of having a penis (you can write your name in the snow without using your hands) versus not having one (women can have sex even when they're dead). Ally Sheedy (introduced as "our favorite chick poet") read a work that endlessly repeated the lines "It is a man's world / But I asked a woman for advice." The symbolic meaning of Pepperidge Farm Goldfish crackers also figured into the Sheedy work. Katey Sagal, from *Married . . . with Children*, lamented the agony of being married to a man who wants to be Ozzie when you don't want to be Harriet. And occasional Jefferson Airplane/Starship member Paul Kantner described failing his test for a motorcycle license.

The more riveting stuff came from the pros, such as Hubert Selby, Jr. (author of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*), who read a poem about making love to a sheep, only to have the sheep leave him for a goat. OK, so maybe it wasn't so riveting.

LITERARY LOGIC

According to the Readability Plus Program for the IBM PC, XT and AT (software by Scandinavian PC Systems, Inc.), Ernest Hemingway is a more readable writer than William F. Buckley, Jr. But that's not all. We're talking here about a computer program that not only exhibits good taste but offers advice on how to

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I'm not anti-American. I wave the flag as much as anybody else."—convicted Soviet spy JAMES W. HALL on an FBI tape prior to arrest

MEDISCAM

Average payment to a lab in which the referring physician has a financial stake: \$44.82.

Average payment to a lab not affiliated with the referring physician: \$25.48.

Average number of tests performed per patient at a lab affiliated with the referring physician: 6.23.

Average number of tests per patient at an independent lab: 3.76.

BILLIONS AND BILLIONS

Nations with the most billionaires: the United States, 55; Japan, 41; West Germany, 20.

In the United States, ratio of billionaires to the rest of the population: one to 4,500,000.

Ratio in West Germany: one to 3,300,000.

Ratio in Japan: one to 2,900,000.

WHAT DID YOU EARN IN SCHOOL TODAY?

Average American teacher's salary for the 1988–1989 school year, \$29,629; for the 1972–1973 school year (adjusted for inflation), \$28,892.

State with the highest average salary for teachers: Alaska, \$41,832.

State with the lowest average salary: South Dakota, \$20,525.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Thirty-one percent of Americans consider fruitcake to be the worst possible Christmas present they could receive.

Average starting salary for a teacher during the 1988–1989 school year: \$19,598.

AIR POLLUTION

City with the highest level of particles in the air over a 12-month period: New Delhi, India.

City with the highest level of sulphur-dioxide air pollution over a 12-month period: Shenyang, China.

City with the worst carbon-monoxide levels over a five-year period: Paris, France.

TRASHING

Average amount of trash generated by each American in a year: 1382.9 pounds.

Number of pounds of each American's trash consisting of newspapers, 101.5; beer and soft-drink cans, 4.7; beer and soft-drink bottles, 61.7.

Largest source of personal trash in each American's annual output: yard waste (244.4 pounds per person).

CITY LIVING

World's most expensive city in which to live: Tokyo, Japan.

Second most expensive city in which to live: Osaka-Kobe, Japan.

Third most expensive city in which to live: Tehran, Iran.

World's least expensive city in which to live: Caracas, Venezuela.

Second least expensive city in which to live: Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Third least expensive city in which to live: São Paulo, Brazil.

improve one's writing, as well.

First the program counts the number and length of words and sentences in your writing sample. Then, after you categorize the style of the text—noting whether it's bureaucratic, a novel, a magazine article, a Government report or advertising—it rates the text's "readability" by means of various mathematical formulas.

After analyzing a passage from *The Old Man and the Sea*, using all kinds of gorgeously colored bar charts, Readability Plus (RP) urged that Hemingway should "continue to write with [his] present style."

A passage from Buckley's novel *Stained Glass* didn't fare so well. We were told Buckley could improve his "readability" if he canceled .8 long words per sentence, wrote more sentences containing only short words, reduced the number of complicated sentences and tried to use more simple, ordinary words—a therapy that we suspect would kill the patient.

At its most judgmental, RP characterizes sentences as simple, normal, foggy, wordy, pompous or elegant. The computer recognized Hemingway's simple style, while it called Buckley's pompous. By changing the text-analysis pattern from "novel" to "Government report," however, the program saw Buckley in a better light, changing its assessment from "hard" to "very easy" to understand. So there you have it: Buckley should be writing tax forms.

A modest proposal: We'd like the authors of computer manuals to start using this software. It just may stop the growth of ugly sentences such as the one that starts on page eight with "One or more logical DOS drives . . ." and ends on page 12 with "in the extended DOS partition."

GOOD SIGN

The state of California requires its restaurant operators to post warnings that chemicals known to cause cancer, birth defects or other reproductive harm may be present in food or beverages being served. In San Francisco, sarcastic restaurateurs have added a tag line: "The management therefore discourages all reproductive behavior while eating or drinking on these premises."

SWEETNESS DREAMS

Walter "Sweetness" Payton, famed for having gained more N.F.L. turf than any other mortal, wants to give you a boost. Now the retired running back is peddling RPM'S—caffeine caplets that contain green-tea extract and other ingredients. Payton says that's where he gets his energy. "There are times I need that extra boost," he said at a press conference, adding that the Chicago White Sox use RPM'S, too. But that may not be a ringing endorsement—the Sox spent most of this past summer about 20 games out of first place.

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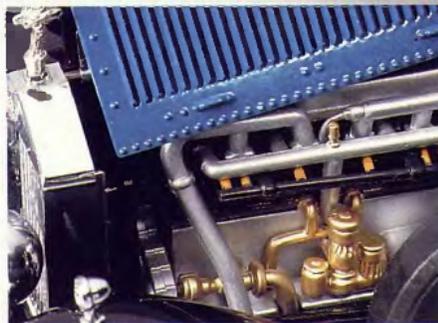
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1929 ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM I CABRIOLET DE VILLE

VIC GARBARINI

AFTER PISTOL whipping one another via the press for a year, the Rolling Stones have pulled it together for another end-of-the-decade hat trick à la *Let It Bleed* and *Tattoo You*. *Steel Wheels* (Columbia) is easily the most focused, committed and vital Stones album in a decade. The surging chorus of *Mixed Emotions* signals the first real Stones anthem since *Start Me Up*. It both names the theme of the Stones reunion and marks a sea change in the band's signature sound. Keith Richards' solo venture emphasized the elastic funk of his rhythmic grooves, while Mick Jagger's, characteristically, opted for the more radio-ready studio-gloss approach. *Wheels* is a compromise of sorts, with the edge going to Mick. The trademark angular guitars are coated with a thick production glaze that rounds off their edges. Ron Wood and Keith's attack roars rather than rocks. The resulting balls-to-the-wall rock is rigid rather than slinky, as if the Glimmers have finally been influenced by the Guns n' Roses crowd they themselves so obviously nurtured. Churning out the basic tracks in a month rather than their standard year probably helped both turn up the heat and reconnect the band—Mick's vocals throughout are his best in ages. With some apparent desperation, the band proves its musical virility and relevance with the pedal-to-the-metal attack of *Hold on to Your Hat* and *Rock and a Hard Place*. Now that they've proved to themselves that they can still get it up, maybe next time, they won't have to try so hard to do what comes naturally.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Just when you think Van Morrison has gone to peat once and for all, the old gnome rubs his eyes, looks around the bog and tramps into the light of a brand-new day. Many took his would-be Irish-folk record with the Chieftains last year as a renewal, but it sounded more like senility to a rootless dog like me—a final desperate attempt to liven up the sodden pleasantries of all his albums bad and OK since 1982's *Beautiful Vision*. So along comes one called *Avalon Sunset* (Mercury/Polygram), and the only question is whether it'll be a nice snooze or a fitful sleep. Until cut one, the latest of Van's songs to God—Who really doesn't need the attention—which features none other than Cliff Richard and turns out to be Van's liveliest tune since *Cleaning Windows* on *Beautiful Vision*. There's a poem about *Coney Island*, an Irish bird-watching spot rather than the one in Brooklyn, and doesn't that sound like fun—only actually it's about contentment and ecstasy and all that good stuff. And, oh, yes, the Irish-folk number, more lyrical than lively—superb. By the time



No moss.

Old Brits, new Brits,
Brit twit and black
pop from the Coast.

you reach side two, you're softened up for some sodden pleasantries. These are OK.

NELSON GEORGE

Lenny Kravitz is the name of Lisa Bonet's husband and the real name of Romeo Blue, the L.A.-based performer. Significantly, on his debut album, *Let Love Rule* (Virgin), Kravitz' name is, well, Kravitz. This half-black, half-Jewish musician is putting his heritage up front and, like his actress wife, making that racial background part of his professional persona.

Does the music reflect his pedigree? Oh, yeah. Such songs as *Sittin' on Top of the World*, *Fear* and *Be* flip back and forth between Beatlesque arrangements and Sly & the Family Stone-styled rhythms and harmonies. Kravitz seems unable to decide whether to sound like *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* or *Stand!* The Beatles-Sly blend is reminiscent in tone but not in execution of many of Prince's more ambitious efforts. Kravitz isn't yet the craftsman to pull it off, though he is working on a fascinating jigsaw puzzle.

Babyface has no such craft problem. Along with L.A. Reid, he's part of the hottest producing-writing team since Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis. The hit list is long, including the breakthroughs of Paula Abdul, Pebbles, Karyn White and most of Bobby Brown's epochal *Don't Be Cruel*. So 'Face can make records. And that raises two questions about his second solo album, *Tender Lover* (Epic): (1) Can he sing? (2) Can

he personalize his sound for himself? Yes, to query one. Babyface possesses a high tenor, often falsetto, that has an engaging, sweet quality in the soul tradition of Smokey Robinson. But that's not enough. The answer to question number two is no. If Karyn White or Pebbles essayed these tracks, you wouldn't be surprised. Babyface does what he does best—clever grooves and perky hooks—but it's not the most personal music you ever heard.

DAVE MARSH

The temptation to label all the pop music that emerges from the British Isles as "English" has been undone recently by the success of U2, which has pulled a half dozen other Irish groups into the limelight. Soon it may be Scotland's turn.

The Scottish bands most likely to find themselves in a U2like position are Deacon Blue and Danny Wilson. Besides being

GUEST SHOT



SURE, *females say he's cute*, but Australian-American rocker Johnny Diesel has talent, too—witness his U.S. debut, *Johnny Diesel and the Injectors*. We asked him to assess "Heart Shaped World," the newest release by another singer-songwriter-guitarist whose chops compete with his looks—Chris Isaak.

"The sparse production, surf guitar and deep-set vocals on this record conjure up a setting somewhere in the canyons of the Dakotas; it's got a haunting, cinematic quality about it. James Calvin Wilsey's guitar work is as fluent as any I've heard. Each passage is as monumental as anything from the golden age of the guitar, the Duane Eddy era. I hear this especially on *Kings of the Highway*. But *Wicked Game* shows that the band creates all that atmosphere using very little instrumentation—something rare these days. Chris has been labeled the 'new Elvis Presley,' but it's not so much for his tone, style or presence; it's because he could sing anything that was rooted stylistically in the late Fifties and you'd believe him. This is convincing stuff!"



ROCK CZAR.

FOR OVER A CENTURY
THE REIGNING VODKA.

FAST TRACKS

R

OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Babyface <i>Tender Lover</i>	6	4	8	5	5
Malcolm McLaren <i>Waltz Darling</i>	6	7	5	4	8
Rolling Stones <i>Steel Wheels</i>	4	9	8	6	8
Van Morrison <i>Avalon Sunset</i>	8	7	8	6	8
Danny Wilson <i>BeBop Moptop</i>	2	4	7	6	5

PAY-PER-HEAR DEPARTMENT: Here's an idea whose time has come: Music Systems, Inc., has launched **Music Line**, a national service that allows you, the record buyer, to sample new recordings by calling 1-900-45-MUSIC and then punching in a four-digit code to hear a specific song. The caller can get ten to 15 seconds of each song for 89 cents per minute. This means that before you pop for the price of an album or a CD, you can get an idea of what you'll be buying. It beats spending \$12 only to discover that you hate side two.

REELING AND ROCKING: Ray Davies is working on a semi-autobiographical screenplay for an Australian producer. Davies expects to direct and do the music for the movie, which emphasizes the period of his life between the ages of 11 and 13, when he was deeply traumatized by his sister's death. . . . The music of Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground will be featured in an Andy Warhol documentary, *Superstar*. . . . Prince has four films in development. Three are street-oriented musicals and the fourth is a film bio of blues legend Robert Johnson. Look for the Purple One on tour after February.

NEWSBREAKS: The Allman Brothers' reunion tour was a success. The band says to expect more shows and a record contract. . . . ZZ Top plans to celebrate 20 years together with a new album and a tour. . . . Paul McCartney will be touring in the U.S. in early 1990. . . . Tina Turner, who says there may be a TV series in her future, credits sweating on stage for keeping her young. . . . Watch for Michael Jackson's double LP of greatest hits (with three new songs) and albums by Brenda Russell, Billy Idol (finally!), Gypsy Kings, Kenny G., Jody Watley (dance tracks), Bobby Brown (ditto) and a third volume of greatest hits from Jerry Lee Lewis. . . . Tin Machine plans a follow-up

album for next fall and a spring American tour. . . . Howard Jones is working on an all-instrumental album, which he says is *not* New Age music. . . . Living Colour's Vernon Reid is working to get Jimi Hendrix a star on Hollywood's Walk of Fame. . . . The December pay-per-view Rolling Stones concert may cost a bundle to buy. The world-wide rights to air the show may go as high as \$10,000,000. . . . Mary Wilson will have a new book, a follow-up to *Dream Girl: My Life as a Supreme*, and you can catch her live in Atlanta in the musical *Beehive*. . . . Let's hear it for one of our guys: *Playboy* music critic Nelson George won a special award from the National Urban League for producing the *Self Destruction* single and video. Way to go. . . . For those of you who danced the nights away to all the great Sam and Dave songs, a grass-roots group in Memphis called *Save Our Stax* is trying to save the building where many of those tunes were recorded. Possible ideas include refurbishing the studio and/or creating an R&B foundation. If you're interested in adding your voice, dollars or ideas, write to Save Our Stax, Memphis Film, Tape and Music Commission, 245 Wagner Place, Suite Four, Memphis, Tennessee 38103. . . . Take that, Tipper: Some retailers are seeing an increase in record sales of albums with parental-advisory stickers. . . . Finally, the annual Bob Dylan imitators' contest took place in New York at the end of the summer. There were seven categories: folk/protest, amphetamine rock, post-motorcycle accident, country (and voice change), born-again, modern and free style. Steven Keene was the winner, and one of the judges was Dylan pal and folk singer Dave Van Ronk. The ever-elusive Bob didn't show up.

—BARBARA NELLIS

sophomore releases, D.B.'s *When the World Knows Your Name* (Columbia) and D.W.'s *BeBop Moptop* (Virgin) share an unmistakable lyrical and melodic expressiveness—but neither has quite digested its influences. Deacon Blue's Ricky Ross is widely compared to Bruce Springsteen and Van Morrison, but Ross's Celtic accents and personal romanticism lend his songs a vision that's all his own. Unfortunately, at this stage, he's a better songwriter (*Real Gone Kid*) and dramatist (*Fergus Sings the Blues*) than a record maker. That's a solvable problem, though, and if the boys of Deacon Blue get past it, Next Big Thingness may be theirs.

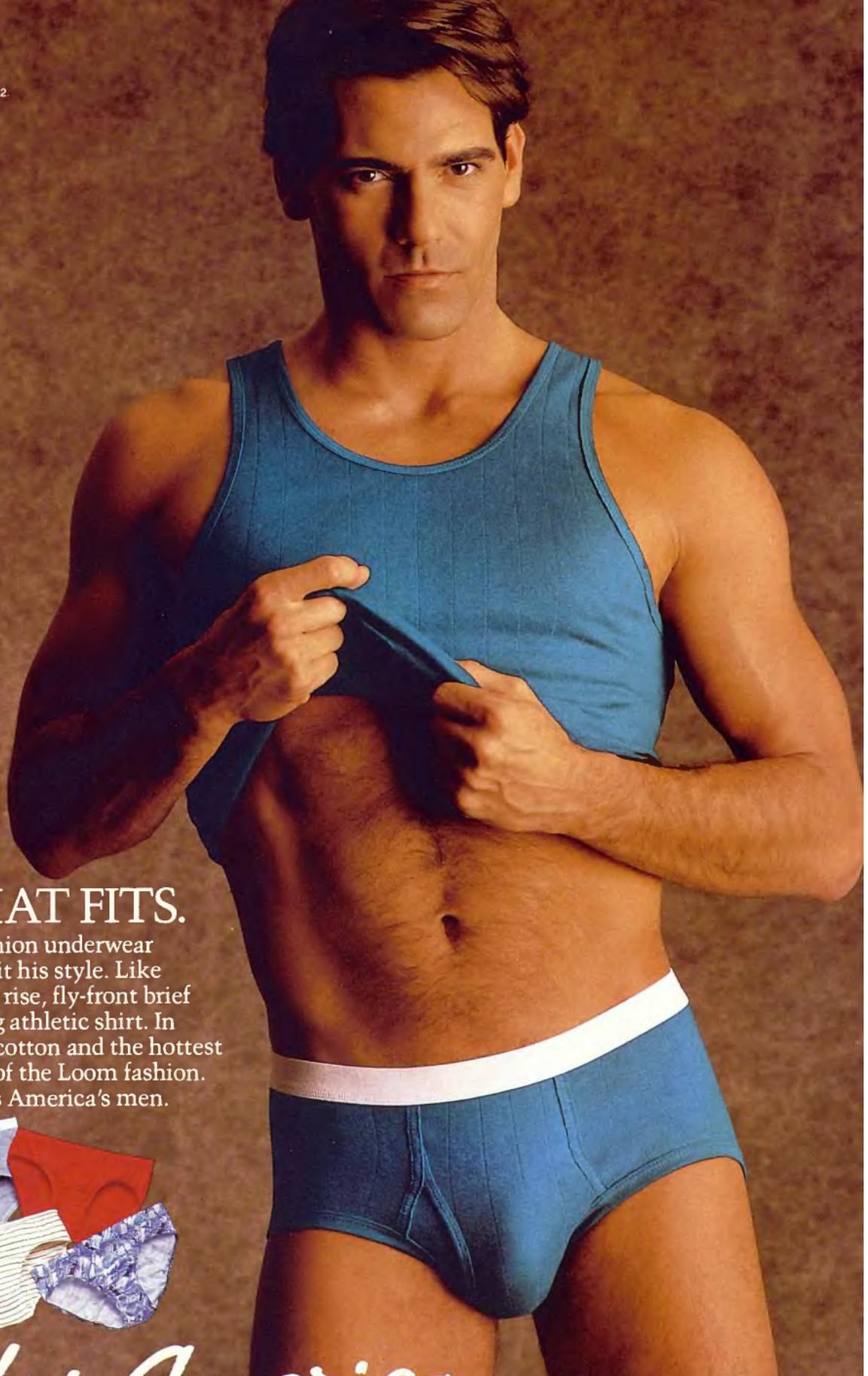
Danny Wilson has already had a major U.S. hit (1987's glorious *Mary's Prayer*) and, as Top 40's logical successor to Steely Dan, is likely to have more. D.W.'s singing is already a match for Walter Becker and Donald Fagen's. Like Deacon Blue, though, this band only sporadically makes music as warm as its licks are hot. That may not matter much to those who delighted in solving Steely Dan's often ice-cold cultural riddles and rebuses, but the Celtic-rock tradition obliges these guys to become more soulful. I hope.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The bass player in Bow Wow Wow once told me that Malcolm McLaren "couldn't manage a piss-up in a brewery" and, in terms of handling record companies and tour logistics, he was right. Lots of guys can handle record companies, organize tours and negotiate fees better than McLaren. What he had to offer a band was humor and vision, and in those departments, he was irreplaceable. Both Bow Wow Wow and his other major band, The Sex Pistols, are now seen as groups far ahead of their time, and none of their alumni musicians have done anything nearly as interesting without McLaren.

Presumably foreseeing abandonment as inevitable, McLaren has since taken to working with musicians on an *ad hoc* basis to execute his ideas. His latest idea is *Waltz Darling* (Epic), credited to McLaren, Jeff Beck, Bootsy Collins and the Bootzilla Orchestra, and it continues his fascination with cultural theft. In this case, the theft is "voguing," a dance style that emerged from the gay black subculture and imitates the moves of high-fashion models. Always fascinated by the raucously democratic possibilities of adolescent sexuality and perception, McLaren does several semirap dialogs with girls who are insistent on owning both their feelings and their bodies. Compared with his work with the Pistols or the Wows, or his excursions into opera, *Waltz Darling* is more suggestive than blasphemous, but it has its subversive moments amid much very danceable house music: Who but McLaren would even attempt a disco-funk version of *The Blue Danube* with a screaming guitar solo by Jeff Beck?

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ENGLAND'S ANSWER to *Working Girl* and *Wall Street* is a chic, cynical romantic drama called *Dealers* (Skouras). Rebecca De Mornay, still up to her pretty neck in risky business, plays an American manipulator employed by a huge London bank. She's a whiz-bang stock trader as well as a sexpot whose crowded calendar allows time for affairs with her boss (John Castle) and her archrival in the firm (Paul McGann), who thinks her top-echelon job should have gone to him. He appears to be doing all right, though, commuting by seaplane to his country estate on the Thames. The dubious morality of making big money for the sheer joy of it is debated, exposed and scorned, as usual, with De Mornay and McGann ultimately teamed to weather a crisis on the big board. The death of a former colleague teaches them that there is more to life than greed, and they fly off in a seaplane, presumably to settle for less. So will they live on Yuppie love alone? Not bloody likely. Director Colin Bucksey's coolly detached tone makes it clear that this is a mating dance of born predators. ★★★½



Dealers McGann, De Mornay.

Big deals in London,
sick crimes in Manhattan,
enlightenment in Jo'burg.

Sea of Love (Universal) stacks up as a star vehicle for Al Pacino, absent from the screen since *Revolution*, one of the biggest bombs of 1985. Pacino plays a divorced, hard-drinking Manhattan detective, eligible for retirement but not quite ready to quit. He is a commanding actor, as always, bringing heavyweight impact to a part he could play in his sleep. You won't sleep, however, as Pacino sets out to solve the case of a serial killer who shoots naked men in the back of the head while they are forced to simulate sexual climax, for reasons no sane person can imagine. The chief suspect is Ellen Barkin, teamed with Pacino in some supercharged close encounters and staking out her share of the picture despite a role that doesn't make much sense. Director Harold Becker exploits her sneery sensuousness for all it's worth, but Richard Price's hard-edged, suspenseful screenplay stretches plausibility by casting Barkin as a swinging single who has to answer personals ads to find eligible bed partners. Unless, of course, she's also a homicidal psychopath. *Sea of Love* has enough red herrings to fill a trawler, but Barkin, Pacino and John Goodman—Roseanne's TV mate—as Al's plain-clothes side-kick make it a darkly exciting trip. ★★★

You somehow know what to expect when a movie called *Welcome Home* (Columbia) includes a title song performed on the sound track by Willie Nelson—words by Marilyn and Alan Bergman, music by Henry Mancini. What follows is culture schlock, with Kris Kristofferson as an

M.I.A. Vietnam veteran who shows up after 17 years in Cambodia only to find that his wife (JoBeth Williams) has remarried and the son he never knew (Thomas Wilson Brown) is calling another man (Sam Waterston) Dad. Few clichés are left untouched in the turgid screenplay, a soppy swan song for the late director Franklin J. Schaffner, who had the best last word about men and war in his memorable 1970 Oscar winner, *Patton*. ★

An amazing performance by Daniel Day-Lewis makes *My Left Foot* (Miramax) a not-to-be-missed movie. Nowadays, any film in the *Miracle Worker* mode—hailing a disabled person who beats insuperable odds to become a celebrity—usually spells sudden death at the box office. *My Left Foot* may prove an exception to the rule. This free adaptation by co-author and director Jim Sheridan of the moving autobiography of Irish author and artist Christy Brown is warm, romantic and cuttngly funny without a trace of teary sentimentality. Christy, who was born with severe cerebral palsy in 1932 and died in 1981, is brilliantly portrayed both by Lewis and by Hugh O'Connor, as the young Christy, who's just seven when he first seizes a piece of chalk with his foot and scratches marks on the floor to let his poverty-stricken parents know they have a genius on their hands. In later years, Christy deals as well as he can with success, sex and women. Fiona Shaw and Ruth McCabe are both fine, respectively playing the therapist he loves and loses and the bemused nurse he finally

wins; still, Brenda Fricker all but steals the show as Christy's fiercely loyal supermom. Ray McAnally plays his proud da. There is much of which to be proud in this upbeat, eloquent sleeper, which will not send anyone home depressed. ★★★★★

Adapted from a novel by Andre Brink, *A Dry White Season* (MGM/UA) provides a vivid showcase for Donald Sutherland, very movingly underplaying his role as an apolitical teacher and family man in Johannesburg, South Africa. The prof's scholarly complacency is shaken when he starts inquiring about the death of a young boy, the son of his gardener (Winston Ntshona). The gardener's subsequent death leads Sutherland deeper into a labyrinth of official deceit in the land of apartheid, then to a liberal lawyer, played by Marlon Brando. Back in movies after a nine-year hiatus, all jowls and beefy, bristling authority, Brando makes his bravura courtroom scenes the kind of virtuoso cameo the late Orson Welles used to breeze through, while Susan Sarandon also registers tellingly in a significant minor role as a resourceful reporter. Euzhan Palcy, a gifted black woman breaking into moviedom's major league (her last effort was *Sugar Cane Alley*, an ingratiating 1983 sleeper), directs an altogether impressive cast that also includes Zakes Mokae, Jürgen Prochnow and Janet Suzman, the last especially fine as Sutherland's distraught wife, who leaves him when he endangers their lives by bucking the status quo. Similar polemical films (e.g., *Cry Freedom*) have been condemned for concentrating on the awakened consciences of white characters instead of spreading black Africa's story. Weighed against the topical urgency and dramatic power of *Dry White Season*, such arguments won't wash. No color line can blur this movie's potent message or dull its impact. ★★★★★

Animal lovers will be thrilled to learn that no beasts were injured or mistreated during the filming of *The Bear* (Tri-Star), French director Jean-Jacques Annaud's remarkable wildlife epic. Already a phenomenal success, having grossed more than \$90,000,000 since its release in Europe last year, the movie has only a few minutes of dialog—by some bear hunters tracking the fuzzy stars—and outdoes Disney as a spectacular outdoor adventure. An orphaned bear cub that adopts an adult male grizzly as its traveling companion is the irresistible ingénue of the piece, which was largely filmed in Italy (though identified for storytelling purposes as British Columbia in 1885). The cub's encounters with men, cougars, fish, fauna, flora and forces of nature are photographed with breath-taking skill and patience by Annaud, whose 1981 *Quest for Fire* dramatized the rise of

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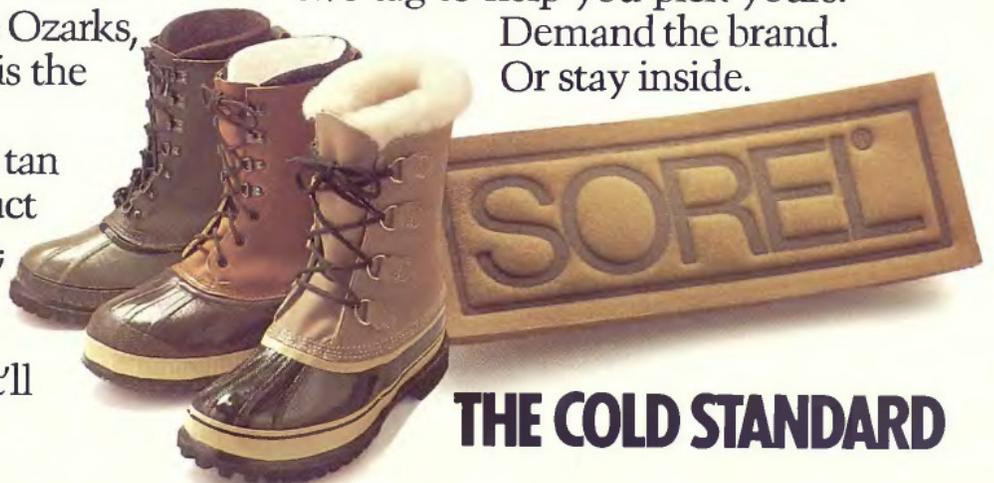
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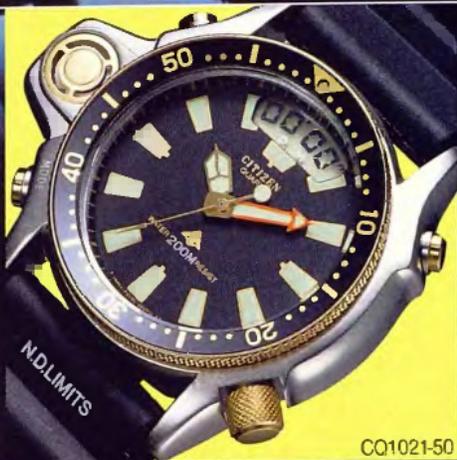
Expert divers, climbers and flyers depend on their five senses as they measure their courage against the elements of nature. Now Citizen gives them a "sixth sense" to measure their achievements: Promaster Sensor Series, the most advanced sports watches in the world.

AQUALAND

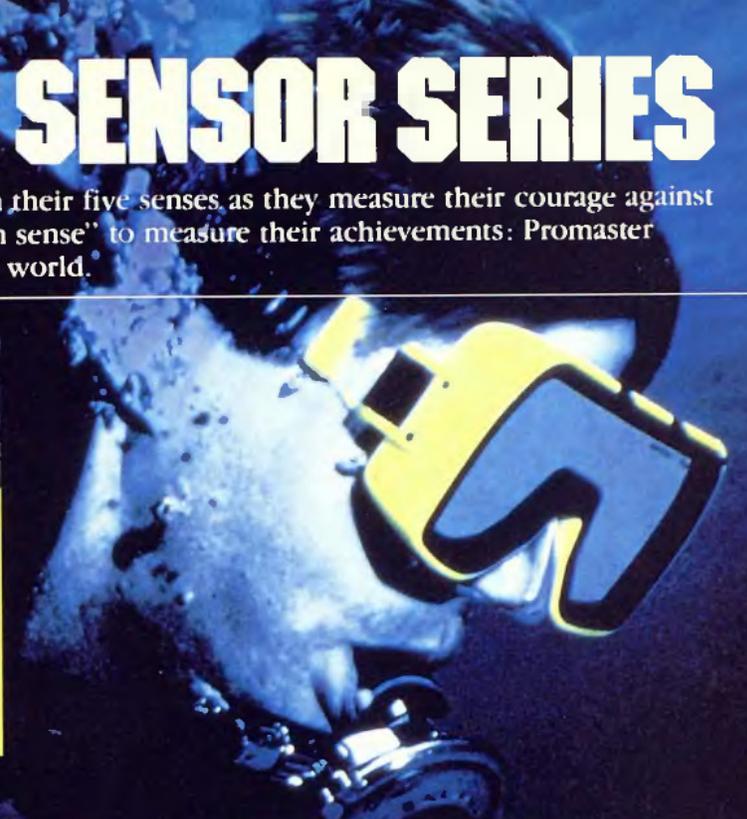
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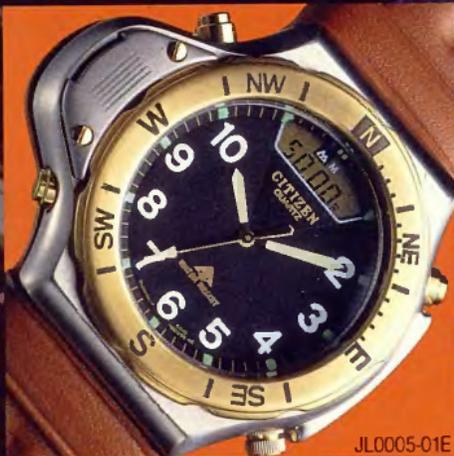


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- Withstands cold to -20°C
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- Compass ring bezel

Locally available model differs slightly from design shown.



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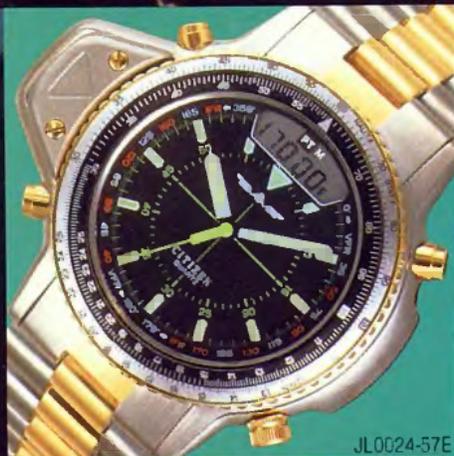


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- Altitude compensator
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primitive man. Here, the music is occasionally obtrusive, as are the bear sounds—a touch of anthropomorphic cuteness that reaches its peak when the

cub peers coyly through the shrubbery while its hulking companion is rutting with a she-bear in heat. Quibbles aside, *The Bear* is a unique film journey for ardent zoophiles and environmentalists. **YYY**



Remember the name: Sciorra.

OFF CAMERA

Talk about runaway success: This will be a banner year for **Annabella Sciorra** (pronounced shee-yorra). The New York-born daughter of Italian immigrant parents, Sciorra attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts before making her film debut as a Bronx bride-to-be in *True Love*. After that sleeper won a grand prize at Utah's United States Film Festival in January, she zoomed into the big time. "Word got around after the festival. . . . A producer saw *True Love* and recommended me to director Mike Figgis for *Internal Affairs*, where I play Richard Gere's wife. He's a bad guy with the L.A. police, and I turn him in." The next star encountered on her meteoric rise was Robin Williams. "I finished *Internal Affairs* on May seventh this year and started *Cadillac Man* on May eighth. I'm not supposed to tell much about the movie, but Robin's a Cadillac salesman, and I play Tim Robbins' wife. He's an incredibly jealous husband, sort of crazy." By the time you read this, Sciorra will be full speed ahead in *Reversal of Fortune*. "It's about the second trial of Claus von Bülow, with Jeremy Irons as Claus and Glenn Close as his wife, Sunny. I'm a young lawyer on the case." So far, Annabella has deflected the curse of typecasting. "At first, because of the part I play in *True Love*, people expected me to come in chewing gum, with a Bronx accent. I tell them what they want to hear: that I can be American, French, Cuban or French-Italian and any age from eighteen to twenty-seven. I'm an actress." Being an actress on a hot streak helps, she acknowledges. "This is actually my first interview, ever. Things have happened so fast, I do get overwhelmed at times. But mostly, it's cool."

A sperm meets an egg under the opening credits of *Look Who's Talking* (Tri-Star). Bruce Willis supplies the off-screen voice of the fertilized egg, the embryo, the newborn baby and the toddler—all representing a child born to single parent Kirstie Alley from an affair with a married lout (George Segal). Willis still sounds like the wise-ass David of TV's *Moonlighting*, but that's the least of the problems with writer-director Amy Heckerling's cutesy one-joke comedy, which strains to adopt the little guy's point of view but keeps shifting, smirking, overstating and coming to a dead stop. The various tots portraying young Mikey are winsome scene stealers, of course. Alley is appealing, too, as a liberated mom opposite John Travolta, pushing his boyish charm as the taxi driver who whisks her to the hospital to give birth, reappears to baby-sit and evolves into the obvious hest bet as a suitable daddums. Write off *Look Who's Talking* as yet another stillborn career choice for poor John. **Y**

Britain's theatrical superstar Paul Scofield, Oscar's 1966 Best Actor in *A Man for All Seasons*, is the main attraction in *When the Whales Came* (Fox). As an old, deaf recluse on the Scilly Isles off the English coast, Scofield lends weight to a frail film fable about curses, superstition, sea lore and innocence in the early years of World War One. Helen Mirren and David Threlfall are properly weathered and rock-solid as the parents of a young girl (newcomer Helen Pearce) whose best friend (Max Rennie) helps Scofield save some tusked whales and erase a local curse. Don't sweat the details. What *Whales* is really all about is the bleak, lyrical beauty of the Scilly Isles. Call your travel agent for the real thing. **YY**

Viewers who were glued to their TV sets watching nine manned flights to the moon between 1968 and 1972 will relish *For All Mankind* (Apollo Associates) as enthralling nostalgia. For those who don't remember, independent producer-director Al Reinert's unique space-age documentary holds the thrill of discovery combined with something like euphoria. Edited and blown up for the big screen from millions of feet of film from NASA archives, much of it previously unseen, *Mankind* is less a history than a poetic and subjective personal essay on getting out of this world. Freely narrated in somewhat casual fashion (you don't always know who's speaking) by our Apollo astronauts who flew to the moon, the movie looks like a billion dollars' worth of special effects, but actually cost taxpayers a lot more. And it's all for real. Eat your heart out, Spielberg. **AAAA**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Batman (Reviewed 10/89) This year's high flyer—the biggest, if not best. **YYY**
The Bear (See review) Ursa major. **YYY**
The Big Picture (11/89) Going Hollywood with Kevin Bacon, plus droll spoofery by Martin Short. **YY½**
Breaking In (11/89) Bill Forsyth's wry caper comedy with Burt Reynolds as a senior second-story man. **YYY**
Casualties of War (10/89) More baaad news from 'Nam, by DePalma. **YYY**
Cookie (10/89) Emily Lloyd growing up as a gangster's daughter. **YY½**
Dealers (See review) Another working girl wows the City of London. **YY½**
Do the Right Thing (8/89) Shrewdly unsettling black comedy set in the Bed-Stuy slums—from Spike Lee. **YYYY**
Drugstore Cowboy (11/89) Matt Dillon in search of a fix. **YY½**
A Dry White Season (See review) Stirring personal drama about apartheid. **YYYY**
For All Mankind (See review) Up, up and away with Apollo's moon men. **YYY**
The Gods Must Be Crazy II (11/89) Low-jinks out of Africa one more time. **YY**
The Heart of Dixie (10/89) Coeds livin' and learnin' in the land of cotton. **YY**
Heavy Petting (10/89) The way we were, sex-wise, back in the Fifties. **YYY**
Johnny Handsome (11/89) Rourke's fine as a thief with a face lift, few friends and an uncertain future. **YY½**
Look Who's Talking (See review) Well, his initials are B.W. **Y**
My Left Foot (See review) A-I work by all hands in a roguish film bio. **YYYY**
Old Gringo (11/89) South of the border with Fonda, Peck and lots of rebels. **YY**
Parenthood (11/89) Steve Martin caught up in family ties to the max. **YYYY**
Romero (10/89) Great work by Raul Julia as slain Salvadoran churchman. **YYYY**
Sea of Love (See review) Pacino and Barkin collide over sex crimes. **YYY**
sex, lies, and videotape (9/89) Yuppies in love or out of it in a wry, witty black comedy about relationships. **YYYY**
Shirley Valentine (10/89) As played by Pauline Collins, she's a darlin' English housewife on a liberation trip. **YY½**
Story of Women (Listed only) French abortionist brought to judgment. **YY½**
True Love (11/89) Boy meets girl for a big Italian wedding in the Bronx. **YY**
Welcome Home (See review) M.I.A. vet who might wish he'd stayed that way. **Y**
When Harry Met Sally . . . (10/89) Friendship first, bed later. **YY½**
When the Whales Came (See review) Frail fable with solid Paul Scofield. **YY**

AAAA Outstanding

AAA Don't miss

YY Worth a look

YY Good show

Y Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



Barry Sobel, actor (227, *Punchline*) and comedian, has a stand-up act that plays kamikaze all over the pop-culture landscape, nailing everything from rap music to Neil Simon. When it comes to his

VCR menu, Sobel's tastes are modern. "I go back only as far as *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Another Western, *Silverado*, is one of the most underrated movies—ever. I love James Bond stuff and all Woody Allen films—especially *Manhattan* and *Stardust Memories*. Allen kills me." Barry couldn't resist a parting shot at Tom Cruise. "I'm so glad he did *Rain Man*, because *Cocktail* was one of those movies where we couldn't care less about the main character's job. Like, imagine Stallone as the greatest miniature golfer of all time: 'Windmill! Windmill! Free game! I'm your worst nightmare—ever!'"

—LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Buster: Britain's Great Train Robbery revisited, with singer-composer Phil Collins

and Julie Walters as a couple choosing true love over ill-gotten gains.

Rocket to the Moon: A vibrant made-for-TV film from Clifford Odets' poetic Depression-era drama about the life and loves of a henpecked Brooklyn dentist—with John Malkovich, never better, and Judy Davis.

Silver Bears: Even before *Moonlighting*, Cybill Shepherd was a pretty funny lady. Here, she's married to Tommy Smothers but making out with Michael Caine, who polishes up scams in the silver market. Jay Leno has a minor role. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE HARDWARE CORNER

You Don't Say: For viewers who are good at taking orders, Optonica now has a Super VHS deck (VC-G990) featuring The Voice Coach, a remote control that gives vocal, step-by-step instructions for operation, by Sharp.

Your Name Here: Now you can play TV anchor person—your name appearing magically in front of you and all—with Canon's new Hi8 camcorder (H460). It has a built-in character generator and a digital superimposer that sharpens your message—everything but spell check. \$2199.

Moving Pictures: Want to put your favorite video star on a pedestal? How about a motorized one? Toshiba's new 32-inch television (CX3288J) has a motorized remote-control swivel base. You press, it turns. A couch-potato fantasy. —MAURY LEVY

VIDEO FIT

checking out those exercise tapes

Dolph Lundgren: Maximum Potential: A tough, complete workout starring Stallone's *Rocky IV* nemesis. It's an intelligent and physically challenging series of routines featuring the "body sculpting" technique. Ladies may enjoy it, too: It's chock-full of bare-skin close-ups of Lundgren's chiseled physique (IVE).

Mousercise: Go on, laugh, but here's a comprehensive video for those who like a little sweat, some coordination training and over-all body toning. Designed for kids but excellent for adults, the tape features a decent, upbeat sound track, especially *Doing the Goofy Groove* (Disney).

Dance Away: Get Fit with the Hits: Yes, toe touching and pelvic thrusts are a lot easier when you're doing them to your favorite tunes. Four tapes in all (Fifties, Sixties, Seventies and Eighties), each offering 30 minutes of low-impact aerobics. Best boogie: *Good Golly, Miss Molly*, in the Fifties installment (Congress Video Group).

Yoga Moves: Alan "Video Yogi" Finger's alternative to the high-impact grind is a laid-back exercise regimen aimed at the integration of mind and body. No grunting and heavy-breathing stuff here; just some nice stretching and breathing routines. Best feature: Finger's bevy of beautiful students (MCA). —STUART WARMFLASH

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Video Girlfriend: An interactive video date—from that first phone call to the goodnight kiss—starring Jessica (*One Life to Live*) Tuck. Cassette includes contest entry form with which viewer can win an actual date with the real Jessica (How to Fantasy Films).

Winning Strategy for the Sports Bettor: Chuck Connors hosts rundown on beating the odds at pro basketball, baseball and football. Tips from professionals. A Pete Rose dream tape (Videotakes).

Flesh Eating Mothers: A new answer to the perennial "Mommy, what's for dinner?" In this B-type feature, a strange virus turns quiet suburban moms into cannibals who eat their young. Not quite fun for the whole family (Academy).

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING SEXY	Scandal (true story of showgirls bed hopping among Brit political elite; oavailable in R-rated ond uncensored versions); Earth Girls Are Easy (horny oliens crash-land on earth, discover Volley girls; cute); Miss Firecracker (Southern miss goes from smoll-town pump to beauty-contest hopeful; Holly Hunter sparkles).
FEELING SEASONAL	Scrooged (Bill Murrey in spirited update of the Christmas classic, coscripted by S.N.L.'s Michael O'Donoghue); Your Christmas Yule Log Fireplace (59 minutes of burning log backed by your favorite corols; fun party vid); Great Chefs International Holiday Table (20-plus Christmas-feost recipes—from turkey to plum pudding); Miracle on 34th Street (still the runaway winner).
FEELING NOSTALGIC	CBS/Fox's Laurence Olivier Collection (the legendary thesp in four classics, including Rebecca and <i>The Boys from Brazil</i>); Bedtime Story (Brondo ond Niven as the original Dirty Rotten Scoundrels, Shirley Jones os their prey—o fun oldy); Arsenic and Old Lace (old moids poison old geezers; Cory Grant ot his funniest).
FEELING EUPHONIOUS	MPI's Klassix-13 series (combo costume dromos/music vids louding lives and works of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert ond Brohms); The Judds: Across the Heartland (on the rood with the strumming 'n' stunning mom—daughter team; o C&W keeper); The Doobie Brothers: Listen to the Music (vid history of the newly reunited Seventies super-group).

SHORT TAKES

Rudest Porn Title of the Month: *Splendor in the Ass*; **Best Why-Bother? Video:** *How to Play Flutes of the Andes: Level I*; **Best Live-on-the-Edge Video:** *How to Market, Eat Out & Read Labels*; **Best Oh-Give-It-Up Video:** *Feel Your Way to Better Golf*; **Best Dirty-Laundry Video:** *Clergy Marriages in Crisis*; **Favorite Reach-Out-and-Touch-Something Video:** *How to Call Canada Geese*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *How to Field Judge Trophy Mule Deer*.



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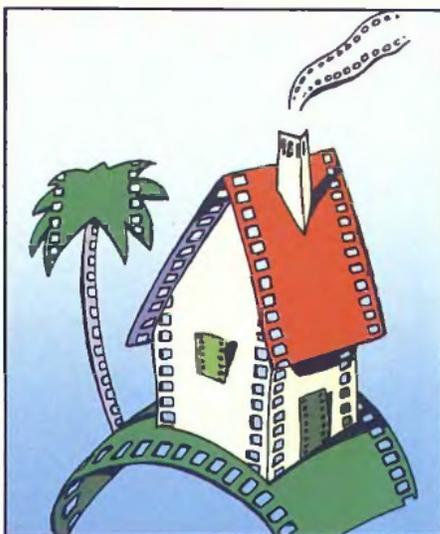
By DIGBY DIEHL

THE DANGER in writing about larger-than-life characters, such as John Huston, is that the writer will fall victim to the mythology, be seduced by egotistical bravura and end up portraying a popular icon instead of a man. In many sections of *The Hustons* (Scribner's), biographer Lawrence Grobel rightly allows Huston to set the scene, pick the camera angles and tell his story with all the power of a master raconteur. Then Grobel turns to a chorus of other voices providing corroboration, correction and alternative versions for the record. This technique gives us both the charming theatricality of his subject and a realistic perspective on his life.

Although the center of this hefty tome is John, it is also, as the title suggests, a Huston family saga, because this great writer-director-actor consistently intermixed his roles as son and patriarch with his career. Closely associated with his famous father, Walter, whom he directed in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, John actually was more affected by his domineering mother, whose own frustrations fueled his drive for success. Five wives, five children, numerous romantic liaisons, as well as hundreds of colorful friends and talented people with whom he worked, add to this Huston historical pageant.

In fact, given the state of perpetual crisis that appears to have surrounded Huston, his achievements as a film maker are all the more impressive. He directed 44 films, including such classics as *The Maltese Falcon* (1941), *The Red Badge of Courage* (1951) and *The African Queen* (1951). What makes this book so additionally fascinating is Huston's genius as a storyteller. When Grobel, who is a *Playboy* Contributing Editor, visited Huston in 1984 at his home near Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, to do a *Playboy* interview, Huston must have known that he had found a biographer he could trust. Subsequently, he gave Grobel more than 100 hours of interviews, as well as access to his correspondence and his family papers. The result is a sprawling, dramatic tapestry of a life lived to the fullest: the story of an artist who went by his own rules for 81 years and was not afraid to tell everything.

Nelson Algren had some of the same ornery characteristics of honesty and individuality as John Huston, but he chose to champion the underdog in both his life and his writing. In *Nelson Algren: A Life on the Wild Side* (Putnam), Bettina Drew gives us the first biography of this complex man. He wrote deeply moving books of social conscience about people trapped in the slums of Chicago, such as *Never Come Morning* and *The Neon Wilderness*; he won the National Book Award for a brilliant novel about drug addiction, *The Man with*



The Hustons: colorful family saga.

A Huston historical pageant; sensational sequels and first-rate anthologies.

the Golden Arm; he had a passionate affair with French feminist Simone de Beauvoir and was toasted in literary circles in America and Europe; yet he died in 1981 in Sag Harbor, New York, far from his beloved Chicago, impoverished and unable to find a publisher for his last book. Drew chronicles Algren's uncompromising life with an appreciation for his need to live as an outsider. More important, she provides a social context for his work and implicitly argues that this heir to Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis be restored to a place of prominence in American letters.

Since Arthur C. Clarke took science-fiction mainstream in 1968 with the screenplay (co-written with Stanley Kubrick) of *2001: A Space Odyssey* and its novel version, this 72-year-old resident of Sri Lanka has been our most important visionary writer. Now he is back with a sequel to *Rendezvous with Rama* (1972), which continues his philosophical speculations about how future contacts with forms of life from other planets will alter our concepts of human possibility. In *Rama II* (Bantam)—written with NASA's head of solar-system exploration, Gentry Lee—a second Raman spacecraft enters our solar system in 2196. The crew of the Newton, sent to meet it, becomes entangled in a story filled with wondrous new technology, mysticism, Shakespeare, French history and suspenseful human drama. This is a space trip that no reader will want to miss.

Sequels are clearly in vogue this year, and three other major novelists have re-

turned to characters and themes from earlier books for inspiration. In *Some Can Whistle* (Simon & Schuster), Larry McMurtry brings Danny Deck from *All My Friends Are Going to Be Strangers* back to Hardtop County, Texas. Danny is now 51, wealthy from writing for TV and ready for the quiet semiretirement of trying to write a novel, when T.R., the daughter he has never met, bursts into his life with two grandchildren and a bizarre collection of lovers and friends. McMurtry has a gift for probing the poignant depths of parent-child relationships, and the emotional roller-coaster ride of this love affair between father and daughter is a moving, hilarious delight.

In Peter Gent's *North Dallas After Forty* (Villard), the aging jocks are still into sex, drugs and *macho* antics at their 20th reunion; however, the years have added those bittersweet complications that come with being a grownup. Gent, who wrote *North Dallas Forty* after playing tight end for the Cowboys, has kept his raucous sense of locker-room humor intact, and this follow-up novel has just the right touch of maturity and emotional depth. Bruce Jay Friedman's *The Current Climate* (Atlantic Monthly) has a sweet nostalgic richness that sets it apart from the other sequels. The title character from *About Harry Towns* is now 57, living on Long Island with his second wife and young daughter and comically struggling in his career as a writer. A long section flashes back to Harry's youth in New York in the Fifties.

Finally, two first-rate anthologies have arrived on my desk. *West of the West: Imagining California* (North Point), edited by Leonard Michaels, Raquel Scherr and David Reid, focuses brilliantly on the mythology of the West, with contributors ranging from Ben Hecht and Gertrude Stein to Umberto Eco and Octavio Paz. *City Sleuths and Tough Guys* (Houghton Mifflin), edited by David Willis McCullough, mixes Poe, Hammett, Chandler and Spillane with Donald E. Westlake, Joseph Hansen, Sue Grafton, Sara Paretsky and others in a bouillabaisse of crime that will be any mystery fan's dish.

BOOK BAG

Rummies (Random House), by Peter Benchley: The author turns his own bout with the bottle into a wildly funny novel about drying out.

Who Shot Longshot Sam? (Mysterious), by Paul Engleman: Damon Runyon couldn't have created a more entertaining and colorful collection of characters as suspects in a murder mystery. Engleman's guys and dolls are race-track denizens, yet to be tried—but true.



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SALEM

the refreshest

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

From now on, I think we must have new social behavior. From now on, we have to know whether or not we're going on a real date.

I can't take it anymore. I can't take getting any more phone calls from any more men saying, "How about if we go on a date Saturday night?" and what they really mean is, "How about if we go to a party Uptown and meet a lot of our friends and then all go out for something to eat and then I go home with someone else?" or:

"How about if I take you to this odd little neighborhood place and tell you all about my divorce and how I have no sex drive anymore and how I don't think I'll ever be involved with anyone ever again and then ask you for advice on how to pick up the barmaid?" or:

"How about if we go to a night club, where I pump you for information about jobs, and then I come right out and ask you to help me get a job, then I put a lamp shade on my head, then in the taxi home, I get out real quick and you pick up the fare?"

I mean, it's humiliating as hell to get a call for a date and not even know whether or not to be nervous. To not even be able to take that initial step and ask yourself whether you like this guy, whether you're attracted to this guy, whether you ever want to see this guy without his clothes on, because he may not even mean it.

He may want to be "just friends."

But he doesn't tell me that. No. People are modern now. So I have to do this hideous mental contortion of keeping my mind totally blank, expecting nothing, hoping for nothing, but meanwhile, I have to clean my house, wash my hair, shave my legs, rub in body oil, splash on perfume, find stockings, try on ten outfits, jump onto the scales a few times, blow-dry my hair, wet it and blow-dry it again, reapply deodorant, brush my teeth for 15 minutes, then put my hair in a ponytail. Just in case.

All the while, I try keeping my mind a blank; all the while, my mind refuses to be blank and keens, "Is this a date? Or not?"

I don't want to spend another ounce of my time on detective work. I don't want to analyze. I am not Sherlock Holmes, so why should I have to sift for clues?

"He's called me four times this week; does that mean something?"

"My friends tell me he's always talking about how adorable I am, he brings me up in conversation all the time, so what does that mean?"



SNOW JOB

And so I try on ten outfits, trying inanely to look good, to look sexy, but at the same time, I want to look regular, like nothing at all is going on. And then I feel so pathetic.

Because I may be being played for a fool. Because I let myself be thrown off balance. When a man (or, I would guess, a woman) is acting in a seductive manner, it's hard to retain equilibrium.

There was recently a very dull man who just kept at me. Calling. Flattering. Calling again. Bringing flowers!

"He's boring, Mom, he puts me to sleep," said my kid.

"I know, kid," I said. "I'm not interested."

But eventually I succumbed. I thought that if anyone were doing this much pursuing, I should stop being so judgmental, I should open my heart. After all, the ones I chose for myself were often passionate but completely insane. Maybe what I considered tedious was just normal. So I talked myself into it.

We went to a party Uptown, where we met some friends, and my date invited them all to eat with us. After which he kissed me good night and got into a cab with a tall brunette and a small blonde, and the small blonde told me the next day that he and the brunette got out of the cab together and went into her building.

When I asked him about this, he looked blank and said he thought we were "just

friends." Geez.

I wanted to blame my own neuroses. It's much easier if it's your fault; then you can just go to the shrink, get better and life will be wonderful. So I wanted to think I'd misread the clues, or in some way acted in a repellent manner so he had no choice but to hate me.

But it happens too much to too many people. It happens to really nice people without even one self-destructive synapse in their brains. They think they're dating, when they're only being taken for a stroll.

We are so modern and sophisticated that we no longer have prescribed courting behavior. No longer do our parents get to say, "And what are your intentions, young man?" No longer do we know that if a person calls on Tuesday to ask us out for Saturday, his interest is romantic. Without the old rules, it is a free-for-all, it is so easy to be misled.

Without these old rules, the door has been opened to a whole new arena for hostility and abuse between the sexes. I think a man or a woman who leads you to believe that he/she is passionately interested when he/she isn't is passive-aggressive in a particularly noxious way.

Passive-aggressive means that you figure out a way to do really nasty things, and then if anybody calls you on it, you can say, "Who, me? Why, I was only. . ." Passive-aggressive means that your behavior causes other people to make the moves toward their own destruction, while you just sit back, smoke a joint and watch. Passive aggression is sneaky, wimpy hatred. In the old days, women like that were called prick-teasers. I refuse to think up a name for the modern male equivalent.

But some seductive people, I am sure, are innocent. Maybe they come from the South, where to flirt madly is the same as breathing. Maybe they're simply hapless and self-absorbed. Maybe they're insecure and want to try real hard to make everyone in the world love them.

Which is why we must come up with new rules. Signals. So we know what to do. It's much too scary to ask, "Dinner? Does that mean you want to sleep with me?" Because who could just calmly answer, "Yes, of course," or, even worse, "Um, well, no." We need rules to save face.

Meanwhile, my new rule is to never believe that a person is interested until you feel his tongue down your throat.



By ASA BABER

I spent the summer of 1956 in Europe. I was a college sophomore, it was my first time out of the U.S.A. and I had a ball. I rented a car and drove through France, Spain and Italy. Life seemed a continuous joy ride. But then things got serious.

Passing through Munich, I fell in with a crowd of East German refugees. They were charming and shrewd people, elegant in their habits and tastes. They also had plans for me. At their urging, I agreed to become an amateur spy and go deep inside East Germany to see what I could see.

Early one Sunday morning, I drove up to an East German border station. After some questioning, I was given a visa. "You will go to Berlin," the East German official said. "You may not go off the autobahn, you may not take pictures, you may not stop. If you do, you will be arrested."

As you can guess, I did exactly what I was told not to do, and I did it immediately. Once across the border, I left the autobahn and drove into the town of Eisenach. Thus began my odyssey through East Germany. There were maybe two dozen Russian divisions in the country at the time, there were any number of East German police and counterintelligence agents on patrol and there was me, a wiseass kid from Chicago's South Side, full of beans and bravado and ready to see firsthand what a Communist culture was all about.

The rubble of war lay everywhere in East Germany, and the streets and highways and farms were often deserted. There was poverty, inefficiency, corruption, brutality, languor. There was also rigid population control.

I learned this first as I exited Eisenach and tried to get back onto the autobahn. Getting out of town required passing a guard tower built smack in the center of the cloverleaf, complete with young soldiers with machine guns. I saw the guard tower, knew I was illegal as hell and could not afford to stop and simply floored the accelerator and skidded by it. It was a foolish but effective tactic, and I used it a lot that summer. But those guard towers also taught me vividly that escape from East Germany was not an easy option for most.

I got to West Berlin safely and decided to relax for a few days before I took a different route out of East Germany toward the West. I cruised the night clubs on Kurfürstendamm, enjoyed the cafés and the zoo, felt the keen edge of the Berliners as they worked and played. I also visited East Berlin several times. This was before the



A BOOKSTORE IN EAST BERLIN

Wall, and it was not hard to do.

The contrast between East and West Berlin was vivid. East Berlin was impoverished. There were statues of Stalin everywhere, there were miles of ruins from the Allied bombings and Russian shellings of World War Two and there was a general air of depression and fatigue. But it was in one of the state-controlled bookstores near East Berlin's Stalin Allee that I learned my biggest civics lesson.

The bookstore was huge, antiseptic and colorless. Most of the books were bound in identical bindings, and very few browsers were in evidence. The selection of titles was paltry. Marx was there, Trotsky was not. Dickens was there, the plays of Shakespeare made the shelves, but American authors were scarce. Those novels of Steinbeck and Faulkner that described American poverty were allowed; most other titles were not. Clearly, the East German state wanted to control the culture and not let in radical ideas from outside.

Even in those days, I yearned to be a writer. I realized that if I had been born and raised in a country like East Germany, my chances of publishing and of being read would have been slim. Original ideas, contrarian thoughts, unsanctioned suggestions would not see the light of day under that system. It was too dictatorial, too eager to promote only one point of view, too propagandistic. In that bookstore, I was

truly proud—and relieved—to be an American. I understood what the Cold War was all about, and I appreciated deeply the freedoms I had taken for granted.

The trip out of East Germany was interesting. There were times when the police would walk in the front door of a bar or a restaurant and I would run out the back. There was a moment in Magdeburg when I was almost shot as I photographed the steelworks. And there was a final argument at the border that almost got me thrown into prison as I tried to change my East marks back into West marks. I gave no end of shit to the Communist border guard who was armed and dangerous and very much flustered at my anger.

My anger was not really at him. It was at the East German state. The image of the bookstore would not leave me, and nothing pissed me off more than a society that censored and controlled thought.

I'm still angry about censorship today, but only marginally at my Government. Sure, Ed Meese and his cronies got *Playboy* taken off the shelves of many stores a few years ago, and sure, very few liberals protested that. But the Meese commission was a blunt instrument. Something much more insidious is going on.

Book publishing and television programming have become prime examples of contemporary thought control. They are sexist (antimale) in the extreme, and they guard their territory well. There is no equivalent literature or programming to match the feminist expressions of the past 25 years. This is not because men are not writing and thinking. It is because the agents and editors and power brokers who staff those industries are almost exclusively feminist, and they want no arguments, no male perspective, no contradictions. There is no shelf space for writing that questions the excesses of feminism. There are no TV programs of that nature, either. What we get in this culture is feminist propaganda, day in, day out.

"I wouldn't ever publish Asa Baber," a senior editor at a large publishing house said recently. It was the kind of remark I have heard often. "I consider him antifeminist," she said. "We publish some of the most famous feminists in America, so why would we publish him?"

Spoken like a true border guard, Madam Editor. You'd do well in Berlin. East Berlin, that is.





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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

All I have to do to find a loon these days is walk out my door. Suddenly, there he is—another wild-eyed, hysterical psychotic who wants to have me arrested for “assault with a deadly weapon,” which turns out to be my Winston cigarette.

Question: What did all of these people do before they had my cigarettes to give their lives meaning?

A better question: Why aren't they concerned with more important things, like war, taxes, insurance rates, drugs, venereal disease, handguns, muggers, the homeless, defense contractors, drunk drivers, graft, fraud, the N.C.A.A., scum-bag politicians, education?

What about MTV? That's a cause. I say if we want a thoroughly brain-dead society by the year 2000, let's step up the production of music videos.

But no. The wild-eyed loons don't care about any of that. Why? Two reasons. One, it's easier to pick on smokers. Two, they're loons.

Not long ago, I met my most colorful loon of the year. I was in this off-Broadway theater lobby during intermission. I wanted a cigarette. I really needed one, because I had just suffered through the first act of a play I loathed passionately. The play was supposed to be a comedy, but the only thing funny about it was the fact that somebody had wanted to produce it.

I didn't see any NO SMOKING signs around but nevertheless asked the girl behind the concession counter if it would be all right to smoke in the lobby, or should I go outside?

She said, “Go ahead, smoke.” She even pointed out some ashtrays here and there and nodded at three or four other people who were already smoking.

I lit up and walked over to stand next to a man who was smoking. We began to discuss the fact that the only thing that would make the play worse would be for Andrew Lloyd Webber to put music to it.

That's when this wild-eyed loon approached me.

“Put that out!” he snarled.

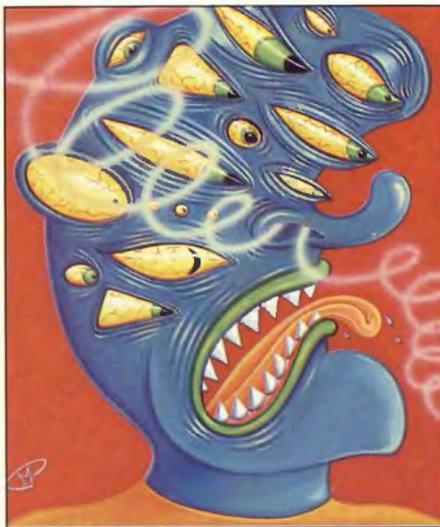
“Excuse me?”

“That!”

He glared at my Winston. Not at the cigarette the guy next to me was smoking but at my Winston.

“Put it out!” he yelled.

Guy in his 40s, I'd guess. Crew-neck sweater, jeans, sneakers.



STALKING THE SMOKING LOON

“Are you part of the show?”

It was a serious question.

“Put that out right now!” the loon screeched.

“When I'm finished,” I said calmly.

The stranger next to me had no way of knowing about the high esteem I hold for militant smokers, but he was starting to laugh anyhow.

I should mention here that many of my best friends don't smoke, but my smoking doesn't bother them, nor does anyone else's smoking bother them. They may complain bitterly about *nouvelle* cuisine or Hitler or the criminal-justice system, but not about cigarette smoke.

“It's OK to smoke in here,” I said to the loon. “There are a lot of other people smoking.”

I gestured toward the other smokers.

“I'm talking to *you*,” he said, getting more fiery-eyed than wild-eyed and starting to quiver, if not slobber. “I can have you arrested for assault with a deadly weapon!”

“Me?”

“You!”

I glanced at the man next to me, who was falling against the wall.

“This is great,” he said through his laughter.

Turning back to the loon, I said, “I'm under a doctor's orders. If I don't smoke,

I'll go crazy and kill you.”

I said this knowing full well that I might have to remove my partial bridge, take off my glasses, slip out of my cashmere sports jacket and go outside with the mother-fucker.

I also said this with the full knowledge that my record in fistfights ranks right up with Germany's record in world wars.

Amazing, I was thinking, that the world had come to this. For 40 years of my life, whenever somebody would tell me my cigarette smoke bothered him, I would put the cigarette out or go somewhere else to smoke.

It was a good system. Everybody was happy and sane.

But then came all this hysterical legislation. That's why smokers try to fight back in their own small ways.

I thought I was in the process of fighting back with words when the loon said, “Give me that!”

What he did was, he jerked the cigarette out of my mouth and fingers as I was taking a drag. But in the same move, he somehow hit himself in the chest with it and knocked the head off.

He then began swatting at himself, his sweater and his jeans and hopping around before he finally stomped on the cigarette.

“Jesus Christ,” I said, laughing, “I could have found *you* in my own neighborhood. I didn't have to come downtown.”

“You have no right to poison my air!” the loon raged.

“I'm poisoning your air?” I said with a smirk. “What am I, a fucking city bus?”

With that, I calmly reached for another Winston and lit it.

“You son of a bitch!” the loon snapped.

I stepped back from him and said, “Listen, if you spit on me one more time, I think I'll have *you* arrested for trying to give me AIDS.”

“Asshole!”

The loon then drew himself up, babbled something incoherent and marched out of the theater.

“Lucky him,” I said to the guy next to me. “He gets to miss the second act.”

The saddest thing about all this is that I never got a chance to use the Fran Lebowitz line. It was that very funny lady who once said, “Smoking is . . . the entire point of being an adult.”





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have always hated to use condoms, because after rolling one down over my penis, then having sex, it causes such great pain to try to get it off. It invariably rolls my pubic hairs up with it and pulls them out. I have come to the belief that only masochists can really enjoy using these infernal devices. Is there any solution to the problem of pinched hairs? A different technique? I am more inclined to forgo sex altogether than to put one of these things on.—M. M., Richmond, Virginia.

Trim the hairs from the shaft of your penis with tweezers or vise grips. Or simply keep using condoms and let the pinch effect take care of them in time. You could use round-pointed scissors to cut the condom off at the end of sex, but you'd have to have very steady hands. Lubricating the penis before putting the condom on may help it slip off, but take care that it doesn't happen during intercourse.

As an amateur photographer, I envy the results your staff produces each month, especially with indoor lighting. When I use a strobe on my camera, the results are harsh. Short of investing thousands of dollars in studio lighting, can you give me any hints?—F. O., San Antonio, Texas.

Our photographers build walls of light in the studio, reflecting light off large umbrellas or putting several floodlights behind a white sheet. The larger the light source, the more diffuse and flattering the light. You can try to re-create that effect with your tiny strobe in a number of ways. If your strobe works off camera, you can fire it into a small umbrella (sold in most camera stores) or an Air-Brella (an inflatable vinyl balloon that is reflective on half its surface). Less bulky are devices that diffuse the light or bounce it off reflective surfaces. Omni-Bounce is a small dome that fits over the head of the strobe: You aim the strobe at the ceiling and the dome diffuses the light 360 degrees. LumiQuest makes sheets of white vinyl that attach to the strobe at a 45-degree angle, in effect replacing the ceiling. You don't mention what kind of camera and strobe you have, but you may want to investigate some of the newest strobes: You can set some of the automated ones, such as the Nikon SB-24, to provide fill flash. Instead of overpowering the scene, they provide just enough light to balance the exposure with the existing light. Visit a good photo store during off hours and have a salesperson show you these accessories. Then find some action.

What do you think of prenuptial agreements? I have been seeing a woman for more than two years, and we have discussed marriage. She brought up the notion of a contract. I have to admit that it took some of the romance out of the equation. Why do we need a piece of paper at a time like this?—W. T., Detroit, Michigan.

Marriage is more than emotion: It is a



business partnership. And each spouse is likely to bring into the union individual property of some value, as well as individual obligations (children from a first marriage, etc.). Forget the hope chest and dowry—we're talking stock portfolios, IRA accounts and, in some instances, major corporations. In "Love and the Law," attorney Gail J. Koff summarizes prenuptial agreements as follows: "The . . . reason for the growth of prenuptial contracts is the many changes in the divorce law. Prior to no-fault divorce, community property and equitable distribution, the rules of divorce were far clearer. Alimony was almost always granted, for instance. But the new divorce laws are far more flexible and it's uncertain in many instances how the courts will rule. As a result, in creating prenuptial agreements, people are attempting to formulate the rules of their own marriages and, if it comes to it, their own divorces, at least to a point. Thus, even though it may not be romantic, it is often practical to be clear up front, especially in the case of second marriages or when there is a good deal of property involved. In general, there are two motives for making a prenuptial agreement. The first is purely financial and made in order to protect property that is brought into the marriage. It can also be used to ease relationships with each spouse's family, protecting heirs, for instance. . . . This kind of agreement is normally used for second marriages where children are involved or for couples who marry somewhat later in life and each wishes to protect some assets. The second kind of agreement is primarily issue-oriented [setting aside time for holidays, requesting fidelity, separate vacations, time off for graduate school, etc.]. Sometimes prenuptial agreements are a combination of the two. One might ask why a prenuptial agreement and not a will. Simply put, a will can always be

changed unilaterally, while a prenuptial agreement, signed by both parties, cannot." Koff says that before a court recognizes a prenuptial agreement, three conditions must be met: "First, they are entered into freely, without fraud, duress, coercion or overreaching; second, there is full disclosure and a full understanding of the value and extent of the property in question; and third, the terms of the agreement are not written to promote divorce or profiteering by divorce." In short, it's a legal document that says this is what marriage means to me, and this is what I bring into the marriage. Hef and Kimberley have one, and it didn't spoil the romance.

My wife and I enjoy oral and anal sex. Before we were married, she used to masturbate using a zucchini in a condom. It was a real turn-on for me. Now she asks me to do it for her—great. Also, she read something about using headphones and a tape recorder for each person to listen to the other during oral sex. Can you explain how this works? I'd really like to please her more.—J. G., Van Nuys, California.

Safe sex with vegetables? What's this world coming to? Oh, well. The thing with the headphones goes like this: On many personal-stereo systems, there is an override button hooked up to a small condenser microphone. You push the button to stop the tape and allow outside noise to reach your ears through the headphones. During oral sex, one partner wears the headphones while the other holds the stereo unit near the action. The sounds of oral sex can be exciting. But don't stop there. Why not make cassettes of your lovemaking? Suspend a mike over the bed and get the entire sound track. Then you can play it back on those long early-morning commutes. It beats books on tape. We know of one person who used to record custom scenarios for her lover before he left on business trips—detailed descriptions of blow jobs, fantasies of a ménage à trois or readings from Anaïs Nin. Imagine: Obscene Phone Call in a Briefcase. It's one way to heat up a hotel room and cut down on those long-distance charges.

How good are the indoor antennas that claim to boost FM reception? I realize that they are more attractive than the T-shaped jumble of wire that came with my receiver, but are they technologically sound?—J. P. Stowe, Vermont.

Here's a simple test. Go to your local audiophile shop and listen to an FM receiver with the antenna disconnected. Count the stations you can hear, and if there is a signal-strength indicator, measure the signals of your favorite stations. Then hook up a standard dipole and repeat. Finally, hook up one of the new indoor antennas, count the stations and record the strength of your favorites. Most new indoor antennas can be shifted from omnidirectional to directional (improving the reception

of a specific station). You should find that there is a significant improvement (as many as double the number of stations), well worth the price. Most indoor antennas cost less than \$100.

In the November 1988 issue of *Playboy*, you published a letter from a man who said that when he ejaculated, he used to be able to "hit the bedpost," but that he now got only a dribble. You indicated that this might be a sign of diabetes and suggested that he see a doctor. Is it the change in his ability that indicates a problem, or is it the fact that he dribbles?

I ask this because I have never been able to hit the bedpost. Usually, semen just comes out of the tip of my penis and falls straight down. If I am lying on my back, it simply drips down the side without getting any altitude at all. There have been times when I have to "milk" my penis to get all of the semen out. The quantity of semen I ejaculate seems to be adequate. Is this a problem, or is it normal?—R. D., Miami, Florida.

At the risk of overstating the obvious, all men ejaculate differently. What's more, an individual man ejaculates differently—from the amount of ejaculate to the intensity of orgasm—at different times in his life. Only a pronounced and seemingly permanent change may be symptomatic of a problem. If you've never had difficulty getting an erection or reaching ejaculation, you have nothing to worry about. Don't worry unnecessarily about never having been able to hit the bedpost. While some men do ejaculate with great intensity, it's not uncommon for them to exaggerate their capabilities. Try firing at point-blank range.

My goal on the golf links this year was to hit the ball straight and keep it in play. Since I get out only about twice a week, the plan was to use fewer clubs better. To accomplish this, I put my woods in the basement and bought a one iron, which did not meet with the local pro shop's approval. I began hitting the ball much straighter. I knew I was on the right track when, a few weeks later, I heard Chi Chi Rodriguez advise an all-iron game for most amateurs. The problem that remains is that I have a tendency to hit the ball fat or thin while on the golf course. It seems that the constant adjustment in club lengths is giving me the most difficulty. At the practice range, I use a single club and do quite well. Has anyone ever tried using identical shaft lengths on all irons in the set? Assuming I use a four-iron shaft length, the nine iron should hit longer and the one iron shorter. The advantages would be an identical arc and swing place for each club and an identical distance of the hands to the ball for each shot. What would be the drawbacks?—R. C., Feeding Hills, Massachusetts.

You've hit upon a concept that is now being implemented by manufacturers such as Tommy Armour, whose latest line of golf equipment should be of interest to you. Armour has

dubbed his 1989 line of golf clubs EQL—for equal—as every iron is the same length. While a normal three iron is 37½ inches or 38 inches long, the EQL irons have a 37-inch shaft all the way through the set. Thus, although you'll lose a little distance and somewhat reduce the arc of the ball, you should be able to hit straighter and with a more controlled swing. As the bottom line in golf is being able to hit straight and keep the ball in play, you may find that the increased control of these irons is the answer to your golfing prayers.

I've just finished six years of graduate school, living in a hovel. Happily, I've landed my first job and my starting salary is even larger than I thought it would be. I have rented a nice apartment, but I have nothing with which to fill it. I have been told I have no taste. Should I hire a decorator? If so, how do I go about finding one and how much will it cost?—P. W., Los Angeles, California.

First of all, they're called designers now, and yes, you should hire one. The problem is finding the right one. Designer Previews (a firm with offices in New York, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco—call 800-367-4816) represents about 300 designers and architects around the country. For \$100, the firm will put you in touch with as many as three designers who match your style, budget and personality. If you're starting from scratch, figure on spending \$10,000 to \$15,000 per room. That may sound high, but when you consider that that includes every lamp, chair, table, rug, and so forth, it really isn't that expensive. We've seen our friends make very expensive, very hideous mistakes when they venture out into the scary world of furniture and furnishings. It's best to have some help.

Whenever I have sex, I end up with the sniffles and sneezes. Am I allergic to something?—D. F., Dallas, Texas.

You may be suffering from something called honeymoon rhinitis. The same nerves that leave wake-up calls to your genitals are on a party line with the blood vessels in your nose. When you are aroused, the blood gathers in your penis and in the erectile tissue in your nose. Sexual activity stimulates the mucous membranes, which can become blocked. This may be why you pant during sex—you are breathing through your mouth instead of your nose. When you reach orgasm, the effect is reversed—the blood is pumped out of the nasal area. In some people, an orgasm can clear up congestion—making a quickie as effective as a Comtrex. If the problem is severe, you might try using a prescription nasal spray.

Short of visiting a doctor, how do I know if I have contracted a sexually transmitted disease?—R. E., New York, New York.

Give yourself a genital self-examination. Burroughs Wellcome has sponsored a G.S.E. program: You can obtain a free booklet (in English or Spanish) detailing the symptoms

of S.T.D.s by writing to G.S.E., P.O. Box 4088, Woburn, Massachusetts, 01888-4088. Here's the short course in short-arm self-inspection: "Look over the entire head of the penis in a clockwise motion. Carefully look for any bumps, sores or blisters on the skin. Sometimes the bumps or blisters may be red; at other times, they may be light-colored. They may even look like pimples. Bumps and blisters sometimes develop into open sores. If you see anything that resembles a sore, blister or bump, see your physician. In addition, look for warts. Genital warts may look like warts that you may have seen on other parts of your body. They may first appear as very small bumpy spots. Left untreated, they could develop a fleshy cauliflowerlike appearance. Some warts are hard to detect with the naked eye. If you feel any bumpy growth, no matter how slight, have it checked by a physician. Once you've examined the head of the penis, move down the shaft and look for the same signs or symptoms. Then go on to the base. At the base, try to separate your pubic hair with your fingers so you can get a good look at the skin underneath. After careful examination there, move on to the underside of the penis. This area is often difficult to see and sometimes gets overlooked. It is very important that you check this part of your body. You may want to use a mirror to be sure that you've seen the entire underside. The mirror may also be helpful as you move on to the scrotum. Handling each testicle gently, examine the scrotum for the same signs or symptoms. Also be alert to any lump, swelling or soreness in the testicle. Once you've examined your entire genital area for redness, sores, bumps and warts, be aware of these other symptoms often associated with sexually transmitted diseases. S.T.D.s may cause burning or pain when you urinate. Some S.T.D.s cause a drip or discharge from the penis. The drip may vary in both color and consistency; i.e., the drip could be thick and yellow or it could be watery or very slight. If you notice any of the signs or symptoms described—no matter how slight—see your physician." Our concern about AIDS has overshadowed what should be a basic caution about sexual health. There are more than 25 sexually transmitted diseases that infect an estimated 13,000,000 Americans a year. Some of them have very serious consequences (infertility among them). There also appears to be a link between past exposure to S.T.D.s and vulnerability to the AIDS virus: One theory is that genital lesions offer a portal of entry for the AIDS virus. Public health starts with personal responsibility. Check yourself out.

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*, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



You don't look comfortable
in that tie.

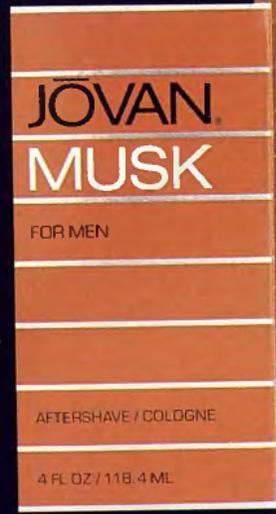
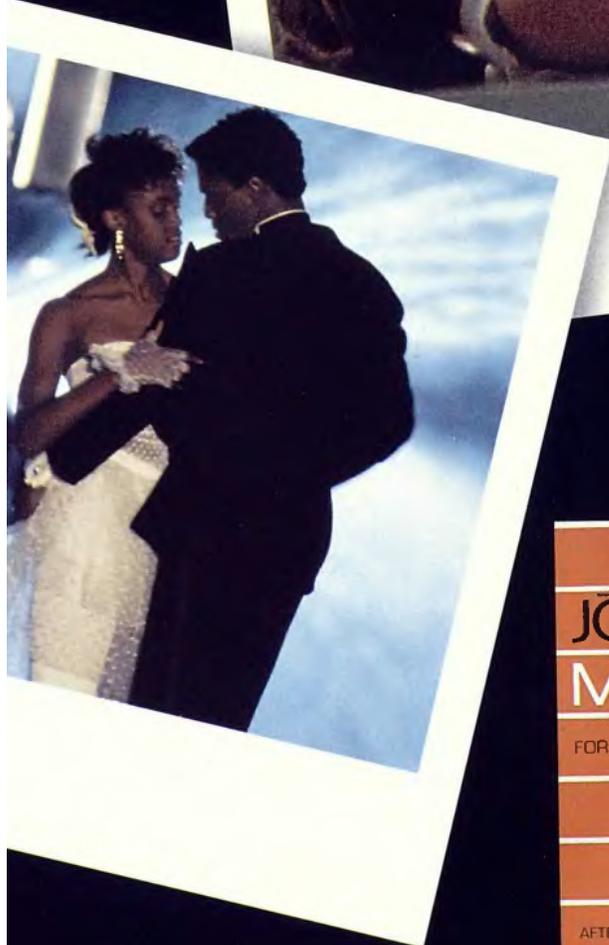


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Cognac
Hennessy.

The Spirit of the Civilized Rogue.

What is sexy?



Jovan Musk

What sexy is.

THE DEAFENING SILENCE

the rehnquist court
couldn't care less about your right to privacy

Sometimes we learn from irony, the incendiary spark of contrast. Only days after tanks rolled into Tiananmen Square, a group of Chinese patriots gathered in Washington, D.C., to issue a declaration of the principles that guided their struggle for freedom. Simply stated: "Every individual is born with equal and inalienable human rights. The basic right of every individual is the right to be free, the right to plan and live his or her own life. This right entails all other rights, including the rights of speech, press, assembly, association, religion, property and privacy. To secure these rights, individuals create government, to which they give only as much power as is necessary to secure their rights."

The anthem of ideals was identical to those embraced by our founding fathers with one exception: the right to privacy. Nowhere in the Constitution or, for that matter, in the Bill of Rights is the word privacy mentioned. Yet it was considered an essential freedom to the Chinese commemorating Tiananmen Square.

Alexander Hamilton argued against naming any freedom in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights because he feared that the Government would come to view that list as the sum total of protected rights. Ours would not be, he wrote, a Constitution obsessed with "the regulation of every species of personal and private concerns."

In our most recent history, that omission may have cost millions of Americans their most personal freedom.

When the Supreme Court reconsidered *Roe vs. Wade*, it managed to do so with only a passing mention of the right to privacy. Justice Harry Blackmun castigated the majority for maintaining a "deafening silence about the constitutional protections" it would jettison to

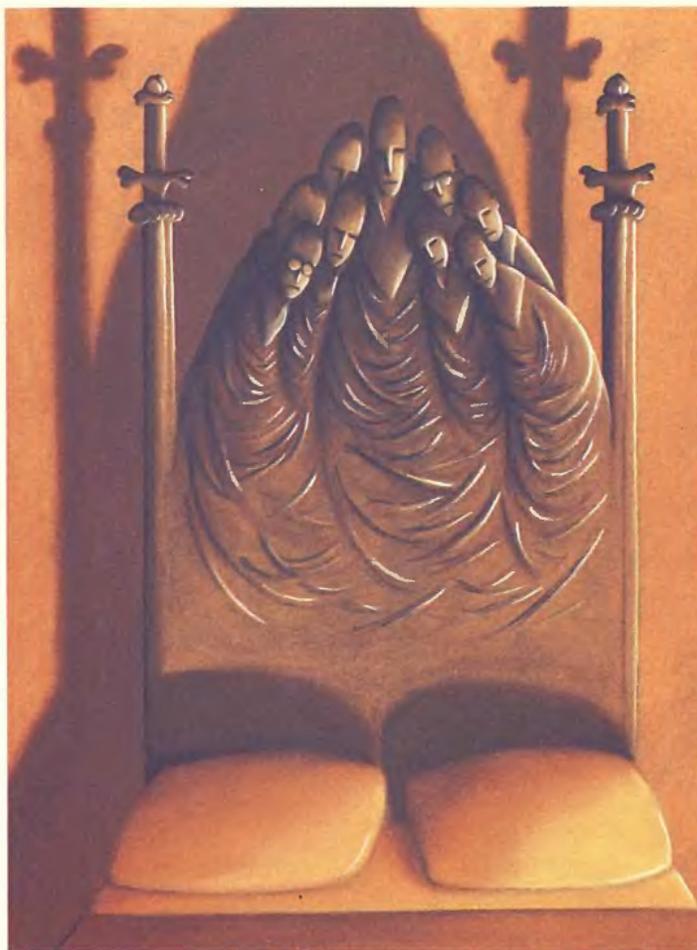
Justice Louis Brandeis, that the founding fathers sought to "protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations." To Brandeis, the right of privacy was essentially the right "to be let alone."

The sexual revolution of the Sixties has been traced to the advent of antibiotics, birth control and the Beatles. The major accomplishments of that generation, however, would have been impossible without a series of Court decisions that shaped the right to privacy. In the Sixties, the Court struck down archaic laws that prohibited the dissemination of information on birth control, the sale of contraceptives to singles and, in a related area, the possession of erotica in the sanctity of one's home. In *Baird vs. Eisenstadt*, the Court elaborated: "If the right of privacy means anything, it is the right of the individual, married or single, to be free from Governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child."

In the *Roe vs. Wade* decision, Justice William Douglas listed some of the freedoms left unenumerated in the Constitu-

tion: "First is the autonomous control over the development and expression of one's intellect, interests, tastes and personality. Second is the freedom of choice in the basic decisions of one's life respecting marriage, divorce, procreation, contraception and the education and upbringing of children."

The 1973 decision balanced the right



satisfy the pro-life movement.

The 1973 *Roe vs. Wade* decision that gave women the right to safe, legal abortions was one of the last of a series of Supreme Court decisions articulating the right of privacy as it pertained to sexual intimacy. The language of the Court in those decisions was a hymn to freedom, echoing the sentiments of

of an individual to procreative choice against the state's interest in the fetus as a form of potential life. It was a careful compromise that created a framework of choice. In the first trimester, a woman had the right to terminate a pregnancy after consulting with a physician. In the second trimester, the state exercised its interest in maternal health by insisting that the surgery be performed in a licensed facility. In the third trimester, the state, in order to exercise an interest in the health of the fetus, could prohibit abortion—unless the life of the mother was in jeopardy. The framework was simple and easily understood by the 1,589,000 women each year who needed safe, legal abortions.

In contrast, the Rehnquist Court chose to ignore the greater issue of privacy and attacked instead the concept of a trimester framework. It scoffed that *Roe vs. Wade* "sought to balance once and for all by reference only to the calendar the claims of the state to protect the fetus as a form of human life against the claims of a woman to decide for herself whether or not to abort a fetus she was carrying."

Instead of a simple calendar test, the Court supported a new battery of viability tests—ultrasound, amniocentesis, fetal weight, lung maturity—so that the right to decide for oneself became the medical equivalent of an IRS form. The Court trivialized the right to privacy. What bureaucrats would kill they first bury in red tape. This is "the coercive and brooding influence of the state" despised by Justice Blackmun. The Court simply stated that the state's interest in potential life is compelling throughout pregnancy; so there. As Blackmun noted: "This 'It-is-so-because-we-say-so' jurisprudence constitutes nothing other than an attempted exercise of brute force; reason, much less persuasion, has no place."

In China, when the state declared a compelling interest in order, tanks rolled and the right to privacy died in the streets. In the U.S., it died in the Court. Bill Baird, the birth-control advocate whose case amplified the Supreme Court's privacy initiative of the Sixties, thinks that we need a constitutional amendment protecting the right to privacy. We live in a society where the President is willing to rewrite the Constitution to protect a three-colored piece of cloth known as the flag. Why not something to protect the individual?

LOW BIDS FOR IMMORTALITY

With the recent rapid deployment of condom vending machines, there's a risk that a new generation of creative young males will begin defacing them—without appreciating the literary history of rubber-machine graffiti.

The tradition of rubber-machine graffiti began in the Thirties, with the invasion of condom machines in the men's rooms of gas stations and road-houses. Because the Federal Government restricted the sale of rubbers for contraceptive purposes, an official warning was stuck on the machines: FOR THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE ONLY.

That warning immediately fell victim to a low order of graffiti artist. Within hours of its installation, every machine in every bar or gas-station men's room had its sober health message altered—usually with a pocket-knife—to read: FOR THE EVENT OF EASE ONLY.

The alteration quickly became such a cliché that no authorship was claimed; the defacement was merely a duty, the satisfaction deriving entirely from having found a machine installed (or refurbished) so recently that its message was still intact.

Very soon thereafter, a somewhat more sophisticated vandal emerged. He had at least a rudimentary understanding of the role sex plays in reproduction. He may even have recognized the sociosexual-political implications of the warning and the fact that it involved an issue state legislators could not openly address. (Either that or his girlfriend set him straight.) That fellow's contribution to rubber-machine graffiti was to scratch out the word DISEASE and above it print BABIES! Such was Thirties sex education.

Business moved pretty fast, and on them were graffiti artists willing to inscribe all sorts of low-rent witticisms: ONE SIZE FITS ALL, KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN and FOR INTERNAL USE ONLY were commonplace. Disposable containers inspired such lines as NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN and FEDERAL LAW FORBIDS REUSE. SAUSAGE WRAPPERS, SHOWER CAP FOR PRICKHEADS, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, HEAVY-DUTY INDUSTRIAL MODEL, STEEL-BELTED ALL-WEATHER RADIAL and TESTED TO 1000 P.S.I. enjoyed their periods in vogue. In later years, SPERM-BANK DEPOSIT ENVELOPE became popular, to which someone might have added, FOR AFTERHOURS DEPOSIT or some other strained effort at sexual humor.

Among such low bids for literary immortality there are, nevertheless, a few classics that involve good imagery or cleverness or both. These have traveled across the country, then faded into legend before a member of the next generation has discovered a surviving specimen and put it back into circulation. HEAD GASKET FOR A HOT ROD was popular during my youth, and I'm beginning to see it again, even though hot rod isn't the popular term it once was.

My favorite is one that was coined in the Fifties and has a timelessness and wit that should keep it in circulation forever: DON'T BUY THIS GUM; IT TASTES LIKE RUBBER.

Last winter, I saw an instance where the faulty memory banks of some modern-day graffiti artist caused the breakdown of the folk tradition of condom-machine joke-spreading. At a diner in southern Wisconsin, where I stopped for lunch, a plagiarist had forgotten just why the joke was so funny and had transmitted this version: DON'T BUY THIS GUM; IT TASTES LIKE SHIT.

Think how you'd feel if you were the man who had invented that joke some 35 years ago—your one claim to immortality—and you learned that same jerk was going around southern Wisconsin, maybe the entire country, screwing it up.

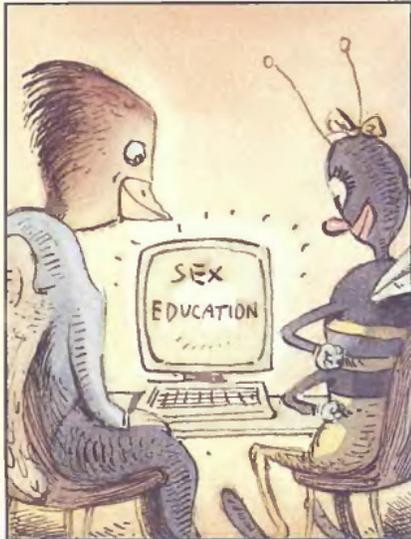
Fame, as they say, can be fleeting.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

COMPUTER GAMES

HONOLULU—The birds and the bees have a new home—on a computer disk. A University of Hawaii professor developed sex-education software, called "The Baby



Game" and "Romance," that instructs teens on everything from sexual relations and pregnancy to the financial and personal costs of having children. Students and teachers who tested the software gave it a thumbs up.

HABEAS FETUS

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI—In their rush to grant full rights to the unborn, Missouri lawmakers apparently didn't consider the problem of imprisoning pregnant women—and thus wrongfully incarcerating their fetuses. The lawyer for a pregnant Missouri inmate filed a Federal lawsuit contending that the defendant's unborn child had been imprisoned without having been charged with a crime. Furthermore, the fetus had not been allowed an attorney and had been convicted and sentenced without due process.

SEX POLL PULLED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The great national sex survey may have been dealt a death blow by the House Appropriations Committee. Caving in to pressure from the religious right, the committee eliminated the \$11,000,000 budgeted for the survey and

ordered the Public Health Service not to conduct research on American sexuality. Government health officials and private groups had hoped that the large-scale survey would update or supplant the information published by Dr. Alfred Kinsey in 1948 and 1953 and provide data needed to combat the spread of AIDS.

A GLIMMER OF HOPE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The United States is losing the war on drugs on every front, according to Government statistics, but a national survey shows that drug education has had results. The use of marijuana, cocaine and other illegal drugs has declined sharply and, although the use of crack is up, experts believe that crack addiction is not as impossible to cure as once thought. Researchers now think that crack is no more intrinsically addictive than other drugs and that the key to breaking the crack habit is to remove addicts from their environment.

SIGN IT AND WEEP

HOUSTON—A \$1,500,000 award was granted last year to the ex-wife of a wealthy Texan, the jury having decided that the prenuptial agreement between the husband and the wife was "unfair" and that the "intentional infliction of emotional distress" by the husband warranted a large settlement. The decision led to a flurry of similar suits around the nation. However, the state appeals court recently overruled that decision, stating that a prenuptial agreement doesn't have to be fair to be valid and that recognizing "emotional distress" in a marriage would bring fault back to no-fault divorce, thereby "undermining years of reform."

AO-VICE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Young males are being targeted by concerned physicians in an ad campaign informing them that avoiding pregnancy is their responsibility, too. The United States has the highest teen-pregnancy rate of any Western industrialized nation and the physicians believe that educating the "neglected half of the problem" will help reduce the "unacceptable rate." All major television networks and cable systems will air the commercials.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—State officials

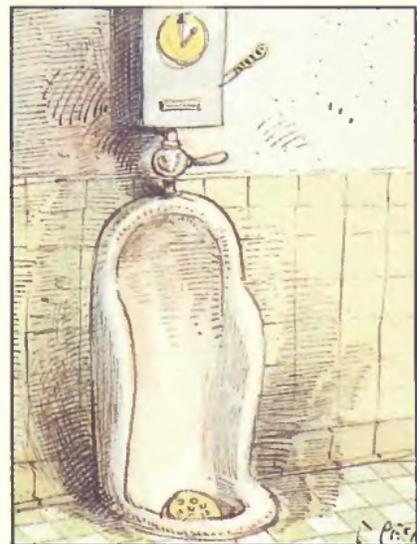
unveiled an ad campaign written in Spanish and English that will attempt to curtail the growing problem of alcohol and drug abuse among pregnant women in impoverished neighborhoods. The ads warn about the dangers that substance abuse poses to unborn children.

UNWANTED CHILDREN

NEW ORLEANS—U.S. and Czechoslovakian researchers tracked 440 men and women born in Prague between 1961 and 1963 and found that the children of mothers who wanted abortions but were denied them had more frustration, job dissatisfaction, conflicts with fellow workers and unhappier love lives than children whose mothers welcomed the pregnancies. Unwanted children were also more likely to have been convicted of crimes. The researchers suggest that their study illustrates the harm that can be done by outlawing abortion.

BEAT THE CLOCK

ALBANY—Women are finally gaining equal rights to toilets. As of 1991, New York and California will require all public buildings to have the same number of toilet fixtures in men's and women's



restrooms. A recent Washington State study found that men take an average of 45 seconds in the bathroom, while women take 79 seconds. Now, at least, women won't have to waste time standing in line for the loo.

CALLING ALL VETS

The Women in Military Service Memorial Foundation needs your help. The foundation has been mandated by Congress to build the first national memorial in Arlington National Cemetery to honor women who have served in the Armed Forces. The names, service records and photographs of the 1,600,000 women who have served or are presently serving will become part of a permanent register, which will be located in the memorial. Since the memorial will receive no Government funds, we are requesting a donation of \$25 to register or sponsor a woman Service member. If you know of a woman who served or is serving in the military, please contact Women in Military Service Memorial, Department 560, Washington, D.C. 20042-0560, or call 703-533-1155.

Wilma L. Vaught, President
Women in Military Service
Memorial Foundation
Brigadier General, U.S.A.F.,
Retired
Washington, D.C.

The Vietnam Veterans Registry is a nonprofit organization established to assist Vietnam veterans in locating the people with whom they served. The registry is a free service to all veterans who place their names on file with us. It will act as a clearinghouse for names and addresses; no data will be given out or sold. We currently have 25,000 Vietnam veterans on file. We need your help to expand this list. If you wish to register or make a donation, write to Vietnam Veterans Registry, P.O. Box 430, Bridgton, Maine 04009, or call 207-647-8608.

Larry Horn, Founder
Vietnam Veterans Registry
Bridgton, Maine

**AN EXERCISE IN
BUREAUCRATIC BULLSHIT**

In "Top-Secret Classified for Your Eyes Only" (*The Playboy Forum*, September), *Playboy* misinterprets my reason for withdrawing the issue of the Naval Academy's humor magazine that



FOR THE RECORD

IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

the reverend donald wildmon accuses
some of america's favorite shows
of being shameless trash

What Donald Wildmon says about *The Wonder Years*: "[It] boasts twelve-year-old boys cursing, drinking beer and smoking."

Emmy nominations for *The Wonder Years*: 14.

What Wildmon says about *L.A. Law*: "*L.A. Law* entered the season on NBC with continued commitment to bringing new profanity and bizarre sexual content to family-time viewing."

Emmy nominations for *L.A. Law*: 17.

What Wildmon says about *Cheers*: "[One] episode of NBC's *Cheers* was a putrid potpourri of perversion—bestiality, child and teen sex, a stripper, a stag party, bondage."

Emmy nominations for *Cheers*: 7.

What Wildmon says about *The Golden Girls*: "NBC's *The Golden Girls* . . . continued its open attack on moral values, marital fidelity, prayer and respect for the Christian faith."

Emmy nominations for *The Golden Girls*: 10.

What Wildmon says about *thirtysomething*: "[One] episode carried a strong pro-abortion statement and made a crude slap at President Bush."

Emmy nominations for *thirtysomething*: 13.

What Wildmon says about *Lonesome Dove*: "Too little dialog was mixed with the hard profanity. . . ."

Emmy nominations for *Lonesome Dove*: 18.

parodied *Playboy*. My objective was not to censor the magazine; it was to avoid having a magazine that represents the U.S. Naval Academy appear to demean women. I felt that a parody based on *Playboy* would be perceived by some as demeaning to women. That is not in keeping with our policy nor with the traditions of the United States Naval Academy.

Every midshipman who chooses to attend the Naval Academy comes to Annapolis with the goal of becoming an officer in the naval Service. There is an awesome responsibility. In these dangerous times, it is clear that many of them will be called on to defend this country. Some will make the ultimate sacrifice. I firmly believe that every midshipman—male and female—deserves to be treated with respect and dignity.

A secondary reason for my action was to provide an object lesson to the midshipmen. As officers, they will be charged with the very difficult and delicate leadership responsibility of ensuring that the Navy's policy of equal opportunity and freedom from sexual harassment is enforced. It is important that they learn to be sensitive to sexual stereotyping and sexual harassment, real or perceived.

Censorship was not the issue. The Naval Academy, as an academic institution, preserves the right of individuals to engage in the free expression of ideas. I am not so naïve as to think I could, in any fashion, control what this robust group of 4500 of the nation's best and brightest is exposed to. These very bright young people know how to separate trash from truth and make arguments for themselves against printed opinions. My job is to ensure their deep commitment and sensitivity to the goals and principles of the U.S. Navy and the U.S. Naval Academy.

V. L. Hill, Jr.
Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy
Superintendent, U.S. Naval
Academy

Oh, lighten up.

RESPONSE

TOBACCO ADS

I was burned up by "Censoring Tobacco Ads," by Barry W. Lynn (*The Playboy Forum*, September). It is hard to believe I have a constitutional right to harm others with a tobacco addiction.

William C. France
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I usually agree with your editorial viewpoint, but you've gone too far with Barry Lynn's article. Would your reaction to Mike Synar's proposed legislation be the same if you didn't profit from cigarette advertising?

Marshall E. Deutsch
Sudbury, Massachusetts

The First Amendment is the First Amendment, whether or not we profit by it.

Lawmakers like Synar are trying to turn their opinion into a dangerous law.

Terry Taylor
Westminster, California

Any legislation that would hinder the tobacco industry has my support. Any action that may help decrease the number of people who light up has my approval.

Philip M. White
Flushing, New York

I watched television coverage of a Formula 1 race in Europe recently and I was puzzled to see black stripes on the Marlboro and Camel-sponsored cars. The announcer explained that tobacco advertising is banned in several European countries. I figured that nothing like that could happen in the U.S. After reading Lynn's article, I realize I was mistaken. I don't smoke—and no one in Washington can convince me that tobacco advertising will make me start. If the boys in the office pass Synar's legislation, we'll need some new Senators and Congressmen.

Justin Osterland
Odessa, Texas

The proposed legislation restricting tobacco ads reminds me of the ban placed on advertising cigarettes on television and radio. Now that an entire gener-

ation has grown up without having seen the Marlboro Man in motion on the range, doesn't it seem strange that there is no appreciable difference in the percentage of young smokers then and now?

J. Kenneth Harrer
Detroit, Michigan

Barry Lynn is described as legislative counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union. The A.C.L.U. harms itself by taking on such an unpopular issue.

John H. Mauldin
Pueblo West, Colorado

The A.C.L.U. is not in a popularity contest. It frequently takes on unpopular cases when issues oppose the Constitution.

VOICES FROM THE FRINGE

Animal rights is the liberating cause of the future. It is unfortunate that *Playboy* demeans the movement (*The Playboy Forum*, September). It is even more unfortunate for the animals.

Michael Ellis
Los Angeles, California

The quotes in September's "For the Record" seem to be deliberately lifted out of context to make them seem silly. *Playboy* should be on the side of all

search, 818 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Suite 303, Washington, D.C. 20006.

LEAVE ME ALONE

I've never known First Amendment advocates to force anyone to read particular magazines or watch particular television shows.

I've never known pro-choice advocates to force an anti-abortionist to have an abortion.

I've never known drug-legalization advocates to force anyone to take drugs.

I've never known an atheist or an agnostic to tell a Christian that he will go to hell unless he stops believing in God.

I've never known a pro-gun advocate to force an antigun advocate to own a gun.

But I have known pro-censorship, pro-lifers, "Just say no" fanatics, fundamentalists and antigun people who think it's just fine to force their beliefs on me.

John Williamson
Dallas, Texas

ENTRAPMENT WARNING

I received a letter from a London firm that offered to sell video tapes depicting children engaging in sexual activity. I threw the letter out. A short time later, I received a second letter. I fell prey to my own curiosity and made the mistake of ordering two video tapes. The day the tapes were delivered, U.S. Postal agents, Federal marshals and local police swooped down on me, searching my house and office and confiscating my car. I am not looking for sympathy, for I was very stupid to have ordered the tapes. However, I would like to tell your readers that they, too, should beware of entrapment. I would never have thought of buying that kind of material if the Postal Service had not sent me the letters. In addition, I believe that the only marketer of child pornography in this country is the U.S. Postal Service. It is certainly the only source of child pornography I've ever seen.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Thanks to animal research, they'll be able to protest 20.8 years longer.



underdogs—not just those on two feet. Animal rights warrants serious coverage.

Gary Calderwell
Rockville, Maryland

The quotes are silly even in context. Animal rights—at the expense of human rights—is a serious issue. The above is an ad for the Foundation for Biomedical Re-

RELIGIOUS

HELL HATH NO FURY

Gore Vidal once said that the Christians who helped found this country didn't leave Europe because they were being persecuted—they were *kicked out* because they were persecuting everybody else.

I've always dismissed that assessment, but lately, I'm beginning to wonder. There may be no way to criticize the Reverends Donald Wildmon, Pat Robertson and Dr. James C. Dobson in the context of the First Amendment without facing accusations of being "anti-Christian." In the past few months, since I wrote several articles about blue-nose boycotts, I've received dozens of letters and telephone calls; and what is amazing is the consistent tone of the protesters, the majority of whom seem to be members of the same congregation.

A small number of the letters are violent, threatening, profane. One guy sent pornographic pictures with quotations from the Bible scribbled on them. Another wrote that someday the Constitution would be abolished and people of my kind would be exterminated. Still another clipped my picture out of the paper and superimposed horns on my head and the body of the Devil holding a pitchfork. I've often felt like writing to that guy, telling him that, contrary to rumor, I do not play the lottery every week with number 666.

Most of the mail, however, begins, "As a Christian, I . . ." As in, "As a Christian, I am offended by your remarks" or "As a Christian, I am appalled by your lack of sensitivity" or "As a Christian, I pray for

your soul." The Christian religion—any religion—is irrelevant to the issue, which is—like it or not—a *secular* issue. There's an adage in our society: Never discuss religion or politics. But what do you do

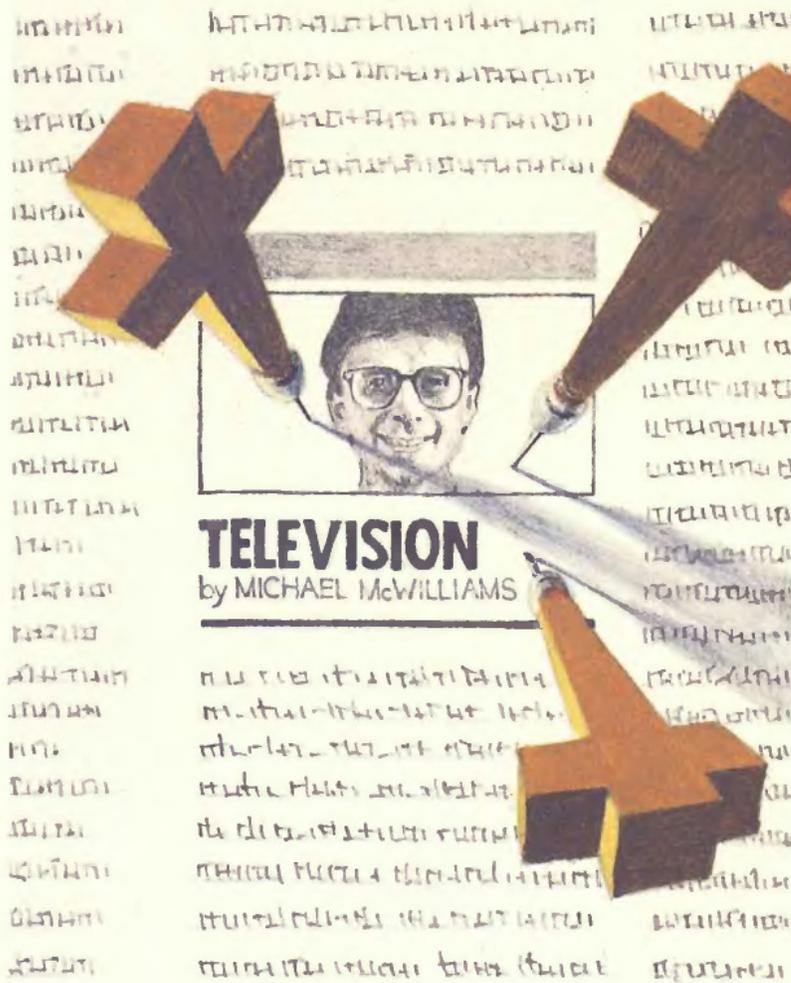
tution was written, Baptists, in particular, pushed for a separation of church and state, and who could blame them? Throughout history, governments have persecuted religions.

The First Amendment, which united worried Christians and colonial intellectuals behind freedom of expression, is 45 words: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Enlightened words, but every now and then, the amendment is threatened by either the church or the state. In recent years, it's the church that has done most of the threatening—trying to smudge the line between what is God's and what is Caesar's. For some Christians, there is no separation of faith and citizenry—the church and the state are one.

In January, the Arizona State Republican Party passed a resolution declaring the United States a "Christian nation." Its drafter, Annetta L. Conant, is a disciple of Pat Robertson and she encourages her followers to support candidates "who believe in Christian principles." Meanwhile, Robertson begs for money on his TV show by bellowing, "I'm doing something to get the Gospel out! I'm doing something to tell the truth across America!"

That "truth," however, is seldom about Jesus—it's about telling women who've



TELEVISION

by MICHAEL McWILLIAMS

when your religion is your politics? And what do the rest of us do?

Separation of church and state is part of our Constitution for two reasons: to protect religion from the tyranny of government and to protect citizens from the tyranny of religion. Interestingly, the concept is partly a Christian one; it has Biblical precedent in Jesus' words: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's." When the Consti-

W R A T H

LIKE A CHRISTIAN SCORNED

had abortions that they're murderers, or telling gay men who have AIDS that they are being punished for immoral behavior, or telling teenagers who look at *Playboy* that they will turn into Ted Bundys, or telling people that the filming of *The Last Temptation of Christ* was an anti-Christian plot. If Robertson's "truth" is accepted in this "Christian nation," the church and the state will be locked in a battle from which no one will emerge unscathed.

I support Robertson's right to spread his secular-religious Gospel (even though I think he's abusing his tax-exempt status). I support the right of American Nazis to march through Skokie. I support the right of an ex-K.K.K. wizard to run for office in Louisiana. And I support the right of any nut in this land to burn the American flag. As Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., wrote, "The Government may not prohibit the expression of an idea simply because society finds the idea itself offensive or disagreeable."

Offensive and disagreeable are pretty fair adjectives to describe what has been going on in the most recent attempts to meld church and state. Earlier this year, a Federally funded art gallery in Washington, D.C., canceled an exhibit of photos by the late Robert Mapplethorpe because some Congressmen deemed the work "homocrotic" and the gallery didn't want to endanger its funding. And Blockbuster Video, the nation's largest video chain, refused to carry Martin Scorsese's

The Last Temptation of Christ in its corporate-owned stores because the movie violated the "moral values" not only of its customers but also of its employees.

What's more offensive and disagreeable—controversial works by undisputed artists, or censorship of them?

The most chilling example of recent censorship is the decision of several major sponsors to blacklist TV shows. Mars, Inc.—whose products can rot children's teeth—has 50 shows on its list, including *The Golden Girls*, *Knots Landing* and *Nightline*. And Exxon Corp.—that paragon of clean living (except in Alaska)—has 30 shows on its list, though it won't reveal the names.

The decision to blacklist can't help but recall McCarthyism. And Christian groups, led by Wildmon and his American Family Association, have to take much of the responsibility for this ugly turn of events. Forty years ago, the buzz word was communism; today, it's anti-family. But isn't screaming "Antifamily" just a fancy way of promoting homophobia, antifeminism, racism and anti-Semitism? It's no accident that nearly every time the Christian banner is waved over secular issues in this century, it's on the wrong side—the wrong side of the Scopes trial, the wrong side of McCarthyism, the wrong side of desegregation.

Please don't tell me that Wildmon and Robertson are using religion in the same way the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., did, because if you don't see the difference between suppressing the work of

one of America's foremost film makers and forcing a racist society to allow millions of its citizens to go to the bathroom where they please, then I suggest you read the First Amendment again.

Christian activists have started something, and it isn't going to end with this article or with companies' blacklists or with the election of Quayle to the Presidency. People who believe in the First Amendment are responding. Americans for Constitutional Freedom, 500 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1406, New York, New York 10110, recently issued a blistering 31-page footnoted history of Wildmon, charting his beginnings as a secular activist, his rocky alliance with Jerry Falwell, his critical involvement with the Meese Commission on Pornography and his sobering victories.

It goes far beyond anything I've written about Wildmon, for which I was accused of ridiculing the Christian faith. But when Christian leaders join the Republican Party, promote America as a "Christian nation" and try to make behavior they consider immoral illegal, they've crossed the line from church to state and can no longer claim status as a persecuted minority. In a sense, Christians have no rights as Christians, except the right to worship in peace. But they've allowed their peace to be shattered by zealots and money-changers and publicity hounds, and I'm afraid none of us will have any rest for a generation.

There can be no freedom of religion unless there is freedom from religion.

Michael McWilliams is a columnist for The Detroit News.

Dear Sir:
This letter is in response to your article, "Unfriendly Persuasion," printed in the April 15 edition of *The Detroit News*.
The reason there are groups like the American Family Association is that television has become the biggest killer of morality and values in this country. I agree, this organization is very reactionary in its stance, but it is doing a lot more to help curb the growing influence television has on our youth than people like you do.
Do you have children? Probably not. If you do, however, you probably never observe what they watch on TV. You would probably only see what my child is doing. I don't have time to constantly look at what my child is doing, or the park, or just spend some time with his or her? No, the television is much easier. It lets you do the things you want to do while it acts as a babysitter for the kids.
Television is not all bad. There are some excellent programs on it. However, people like you would probably rather watch a husband and wife argue about orgasms on "Married With Children" rather than something educational on PBS. Of course, Junior will be sitting there with you in front of the idiot box.
I sent a letter to the editors of your paper about a month ago in regards to the Madonna/Ruudis issues and the religious attacks. It stated that these people do not care about the feelings of others and only want makes the money. I noticed that your paper never printed this letter, probably because you are in the same situation. You can always hide behind your First Amendment rights of freedom of speech and press, but what about freedom of religion and freedom of speech and press. Remember that great dollar that you seem to worship from fear. "In God We Trust" is not a teacher.

Dear Mr. McWilliams:
From your 4/16 article "Unfriendly Persuasion" comments like: "du DeKolomb's comment re: Madonna's video was like kids by Ken Velez comparing the Dobson-Simon line to the Bible. Hal's fact; I gather you are not a Christian. So I pray that one day you will accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior and the blinders may be lifted from your eyes and you will become one of all religious extremists."
If you do believe in Jesus Christ, how do you suppose I would react if he read your article? Would he be proud of your "implications" against Christians? Or would his heart be very heavy because of how many people were affected in a negative way by your article?

Dear Sir:
Referring to your item in the January 26th issue of the News, you are to be pitied.
The Bible tells us of a rich man who died and went to hell. In hell this man, being in torment, cried out and said God have mercy on me. . . . send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue. For I am tormented in this flame. . . . He asks that his 4 brothers would be warned so as not to come the "that place." . . . God told him they have Moors and the prophets . . . they can hear them.
Read the account for yourself - Luke 16 verses 19 thru 31. Put your name as the rich man & Dobson's name for Moors. Unless you have a change of heart before your breath is taken from you, it could be you praying to hear the voice of Dobson again and many others whose voice you have not heard.
Wake up, sir. The Bible is real. . . .

RELIGIOUS SANCTIMONY

DO UNTO THE BIBLE AS YOU WOULD DO UNTO TV

There were more than 3000 of them in 33 states across the country. They were the monitors for our souls.

Each night during the spring sweeps ratings period, they sat in their dens and living rooms, bathed in the eerie blue glow of the TV, checking network programs for sex, violence, profanity and "anti-Christian" content.

There's Dan on *Night Court*, leering at Christine and making a crass remark about "bazoombas." Check.

And listen to Sam on *Cheers*, planning another conquest. Check.

The Equalizer just blew away a low-life creep. Check.

Midnight Caller, *L.A. Law*, *Knots Landing*, *Tour of Duty*. Check. Check. Check. Check.

These were just a few of the shows deemed unacceptable by Christian Leaders for Responsible Television (CLear-TV), a Wheaton, Illinois-based coalition of "more than 1600 Christian leaders, including the heads of more than 70 denominations."

CLear-TV chairman Billy Melvin told me that after his "army of volunteers" monitored programs from April 27 through May 24, letters were sent to the sponsors of "objectionable" programs.

On July 17, Melvin called for a year's boycott of two major companies that refused to stop sponsoring such shows.

"Both [companies] were aware of our concerns and intentions. We offered them a list of shows rated according to objectionable content, but they decided to ignore us," Melvin said.

How exactly did CLear-TV come up with its list of objectionable shows? Well, the volunteer monitors assigned one point for each incidence of sex, profanity, violence or anti-Christian stereotyping. A certain number of points—no one will say how many—resulted in an over-all rating of "unacceptable."

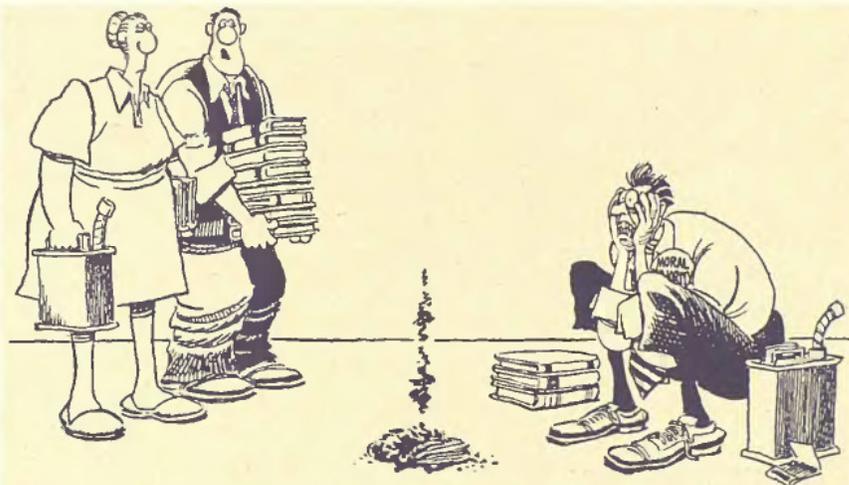
Of course, such a ratings method is highly subjective. Let's say there's a scene on *thirtysomething* in which Hope slaps Michael during a discussion of birth control. A monitor in Denver might assign points for sex, profanity and violence, while a monitor in Berwyn, Illinois, looking at the same scene might also include a point for anti-Christian stereotyping.

And what about the effect on the monitors themselves? If *The Wonder Years* and *Midnight Caller* are really filled with dangerous content, wouldn't this affect the lady in San Bernardino who watches this "trash" night after night?

I wanted to talk with some of the soldiers in CLear-TV's army of volunteers, to discuss their methods, to see if a steady diet of car crashes and breast jokes had melted their brains and warped their morals. But neither Melvin nor his associate, veteran crusader the Reverend Donald Wildmon,

There also are passages on adultery (*Leviticus* 18:20), war and mass murder (*II Kings* 10:25) and a strange, disturbing story about a young girl who asks her father to "let me alone for two months, that I may go and wander on the mountains and bewail my virginity, my friends and I" (*Judges* 11:37).

Both the New and the Old Testament feature sex as a recurring theme, as in *Matthew* 25:1-13, "The Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins," and *The Song of Solomon*, which contains the line "Your two breasts are like two



"HE BURNED HIS BIBLE BY MISTAKE!"

was able or willing to put me in touch with any of the monitors.

That's too bad, because I wanted to suggest that the monitors expand their horizons to include books.

Using the same approach they use in evaluating TV shows—checking off every mention of anything objectionable without regard to the context in which it is used—the monitors could probably find fault with just about any book.

The Holy Bible, for example. Oh, sure, by the title, you would think this is a good book for the entire family, but a close examination by the monitors would reveal a lurid tale of sex, sin and violence. A few examples:

In the Old Testament, there's a frank discussion of nudity (*Genesis* 3:10), a graphic description of one brother murdering another (*Genesis* 4:8) and a lurid tale of bigamy (*Genesis* 4:19).

fawns, twins of a gazelle, which feed among the lilies" (4:5).

Perhaps the kinkiest of all is *Deuteronomy* 21:10-14, a tale of "female captives."

No one under 18 should read the following excerpt: "And you see among the captives a beautiful woman, and desire her and would take her for your wife, then you shall bring her home to your house, and she shall shave her head and trim her nails."

Let's face it, that's a lot more graphic than anything on *My Two Dads*.

And to think the CLear-TV monitors of our souls have spent so much time worrying about a few "damns" uttered on *Tour of Duty* and some *double-entendre* jokes on *The Golden Girls*.

Richard Roeper is a columnist for the Chicago Sun-Times.

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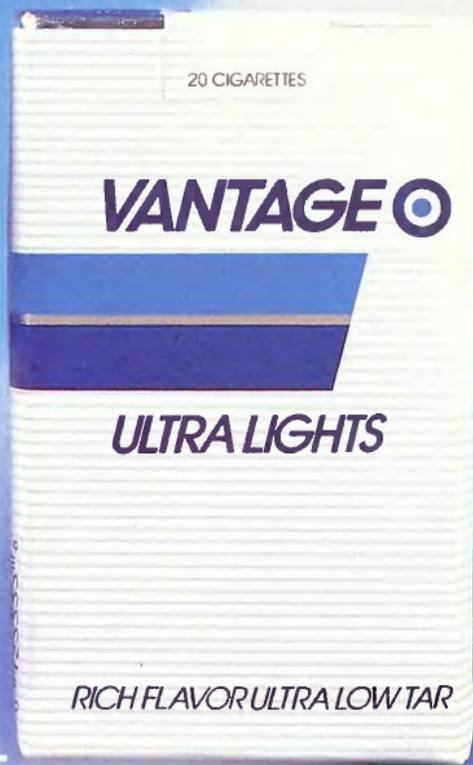
*Comfort Dry Manhattan: 1½ oz. of Southern Comfort. ½ oz. of Dry Vermouth.
Pour ingredients into glass; stir. Add a twist of lemon.*



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RICH TASTE
AT 1/2 THE TAR

SEE JANE RUN

hitting the promotional circuit, fonda looks fit. it's the world that's shabby

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

THERE WERE ABOUT 250 reporters and photographers at the Jane Fonda press conference at the Hotel Nikko in Mexico City to ask the same questions and get the same leg shots. Much as I admire the way Fonda's smile has stayed in place through frenetic appearances in three countries as she patiently explains her movie's serious message, it hits me: I'm too old for this shit.

The Columbia Pictures caravan is here to promote *Old Gringo*—a film about a North American journalist caught in the fervor of the Mexican Revolution of Pancho Villa 75 years ago. I cut out to make a foray past the protective skein of the Latin-American wealthy into reality.

Following a convoy of white garbage trucks up the winding outskirts of a huge shantytown of the sort woefully typical of the major cities of Brazil, Argentina and Mexico where Fonda visited, I enter that vast world that knows nothing of the American Express card.

And, as dusk falls on the garbage dumps of Santa Fe, a section of Mexico City, where the twilight stench and smog meld into a gray ooze, I find out what the struggle for the free world has been all about: who makes the garbage and who eats it.

The rambling march of the refuse trucks up pitted dirt roads ends at the site of the largest garbage dump I have ever seen, crawling with people—mostly women and children from the adjoining slum—using what the International Monetary Fund might celebrate as their own initiative, picking through the freshest garbage for home improvement: corrugated tin, resalable cardboard and bottles and, if lucky, the stuff of an evening's meal.

"Hi, my name is Joaquin. I'm your waiter tonight, and our specials are rotted orange sections, rancid pork rinds and green, moldy bread. . . ."

In the car and back to the party. *Playboy* has sent me here to cover Fonda for a long piece to run next year, so I stay with the story—which is about what makes Fonda run. But she's not easy to keep up with. The lady, as is well known, works out. Besides keeping to the schedule of carefully arranged press conferences, this energetic woman, now past 50, insists on jogging through the streets, shaking off the cautions of people such as the mayor of Buenos Aires and her movie-company handlers. Some call her naïve.

Jogging with Jane Fonda in the streets of Brazil, Argentina and Mexico is more than

a study of the resiliency of the international *paparazzi* and the efficiency of armed bodyguards that anybody worthy of a ransom requires. These days, to be in the streets, even jogging next to a beautiful movie star, is to witness the disintegration of the Latin-American economic miracle.

Remember that miracle? Huge growth rates sponsored by massive foreign investment and loans and the flowering of the outposts of multinational corporations with multilingual brochures—Japanese, French, Spanish and English. The problem is that, while it created enormous islands of prosperity, it left the vast countryside exploited or ignored.

And the result has been not only an accumulation of a foreign debt so massive that there may never be an escape but also the displacement of a rural population into urban barrios: a rootless, uneducated peasantry drawn by the images of prosperity on TV, agribusiness displacement, big crop-investment tactics that result in massive debt for small farmers, seasonal workers who travel to the city to pick up extra cash after the harvest (and may never leave) and others attempting to gain the good life by selling their sisters and renting babies for the purpose of begging.

The moment of truth, which is now, when the debts must be paid and capital flees to Zurich and New York, has left a legacy of class divisions so fierce that for many, crime is the only way of life. In Brazil the *favelas* of the poor—dank, narrow corridors through squattervilles—are so dangerous that the police will not enter. Reporters at the Fonda press conference thought I was crazy to go to these places, even in daylight. When I did so, in the company of an armed local, he made me pretend I was a deaf mute: He told the tough-looking kids who dogged our footsteps that I had something to do with the Pope in Rome. It worked, barely.

That was in São Paulo, the industrial heart of Brazil, that huge country rich in virtually every resource, an exporter of quality cars and computers and the world's eighth strongest capitalist economy. In São Paulo, a German tourist slow to hand over his camera is shot dead at point-blank range by a kid with nothing to lose. Five people have been kidnaped this week alone—and they were not celebrities. The guards in the car following Fonda have submachine guns just like the ones in pill-

boxes on street corners in the rich neighborhoods.

The rich have even more to protect than before. They benefited from astronomical inflation rates and the skimming on all those foreign loans that now make the major countries of Latin America net exporters of capital. The middle class is fast disappearing into the vast pyramid base of the poor.

It all mocks the movie that Fonda is here to push. *Old Gringo*, set in the days of the Mexican Revolution, recalls the nationalist struggles of the Latin continent; but the Pepsi, IBM and Sony logos glimpsed at every turn on our morning runs are a reminder that independence has been a chimera. The executives of the multinationals and their allies among the native rich live surrounded by walls topped by broken glass—protection against the ever-present poor so nearby. And it is this bone-crushing poverty that shows the movie's depiction of the revolutionary power of an aroused peasantry to be an illusion.

Up there in the hills surrounding Rio, Buenos Aires and Mexico City, glimpsed as one rounds the corner of a beach casino or high-rise luxury hotel, are the people who, as a local film critic notes, "can no longer be called poor, only miserable." They eat garbage from the hotel bins, collect paper and bottles from the beaches to resell and retreat to cavelike cardboard condos without electricity or water but with lots of children, thanks in part to the Catholic Church's opposition to birth control.

"Why don't the photographers take pictures of that?" Fonda wonders aloud. The answer is, it's old hat. The poor, though now more numerous, have always been with us. And the censored press won't publish unflattering photos. But they *love* American movie stars, and Fonda, at 51, in joggingwear or otherwise, retains her glamorous appeal.

Nowhere is that clearer than in Mexico, where Columbia Pictures has arranged a wonderful party at a hacienda turned restaurant. Just the sort of hacienda seized by the peasants back in 1914 and depicted in *Old Gringo*. Only now it is a restaurant and the hors d'oeuvres are fabulous.

I don't mean to carp. Columbia Pictures is doing a good job of promoting a movie of limited commercial appeal about the distances of every kind between the north and the south of this continent. Gregory Peck portrays the writer Ambrose Bierce,

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SEEING THE WORLD AND BEYOND™

U.S. Patent 4,848,887.

who—disgusted with his sellout journalism for William Randolph Hearst—decides to die as a hero of the Mexican Revolution. In the end, that is arranged, but, to judge by the real Mexico of today, very little else of revolutionary scope seems to have been accomplished.

The party that emerged from the revolution—the P.R.I.—is thought to be so corrupt that the home of one of its most famous leaders, ex-president López Portillo, is a huge, fortified mansion on top of a knoll called by the locals “the hill of the dog.” López, a man I used to admire for his wonderful speeches on the Third World crisis and the plight of the poor, is the dog on the hill and his armed guards poke the barrels of their automatic guns at my camera when I attempt to photograph the exquisite and massive wrought-iron gate to his palace.

Maybe López earned every cent honestly, but how many Mexicans could have been fed for the price of that gate alone? And why does a man who wept in his farewell address over the plight of the poor and asked their forgiveness for his failure now need to be guarded from their wrath by so much firepower? Is it fear of the *bandidos*, the young kids from the shantytowns who now roam the city and its suburbs, killing for designer sneakers?

And why not? one thinks, after visiting the quarters of the poor. Why not steal or traffic in drugs or harvest the forest rather than pick through garbage or starve?

It's the end of the trip. The glitz and lights of the press conferences have finally been overcome, not so much by the normal grind of a publicity tour as by the enormous distance between our world and the poverty surrounding it. It makes me want to climb on a soapbox, to flail at the obvious crime of indifference of the rich and to shout out how inevitable it seems, even to a visitor, that these high-rise ranchos will someday be stormed. What else can bridge the distance?

While waiting for our connection back to L.A. in the VIP room at the Mexico City airport, Fonda and some of the film folks are talking. What has been seen, what is in the papers, movie gossip. One local film guy mentions Colombia, much in the news, and says, “Our distributor there says the drug cartel *is* Colombia. Without drugs, everyone starves—so how can you stop it?”

Another mentions the forthcoming trips to the Amazon rain forest by groups including Sting and Tom Cruise. “Our guy in Brazil says it's hopeless—people living there on the margin can't be expected to do the right thing for the sake of the world's *environment*.”

Fonda, ever naïve, smiles brightly and says, “If the world's problems flow from poverty, then the world's rich have to eradicate poverty.”

Naïve, huh?





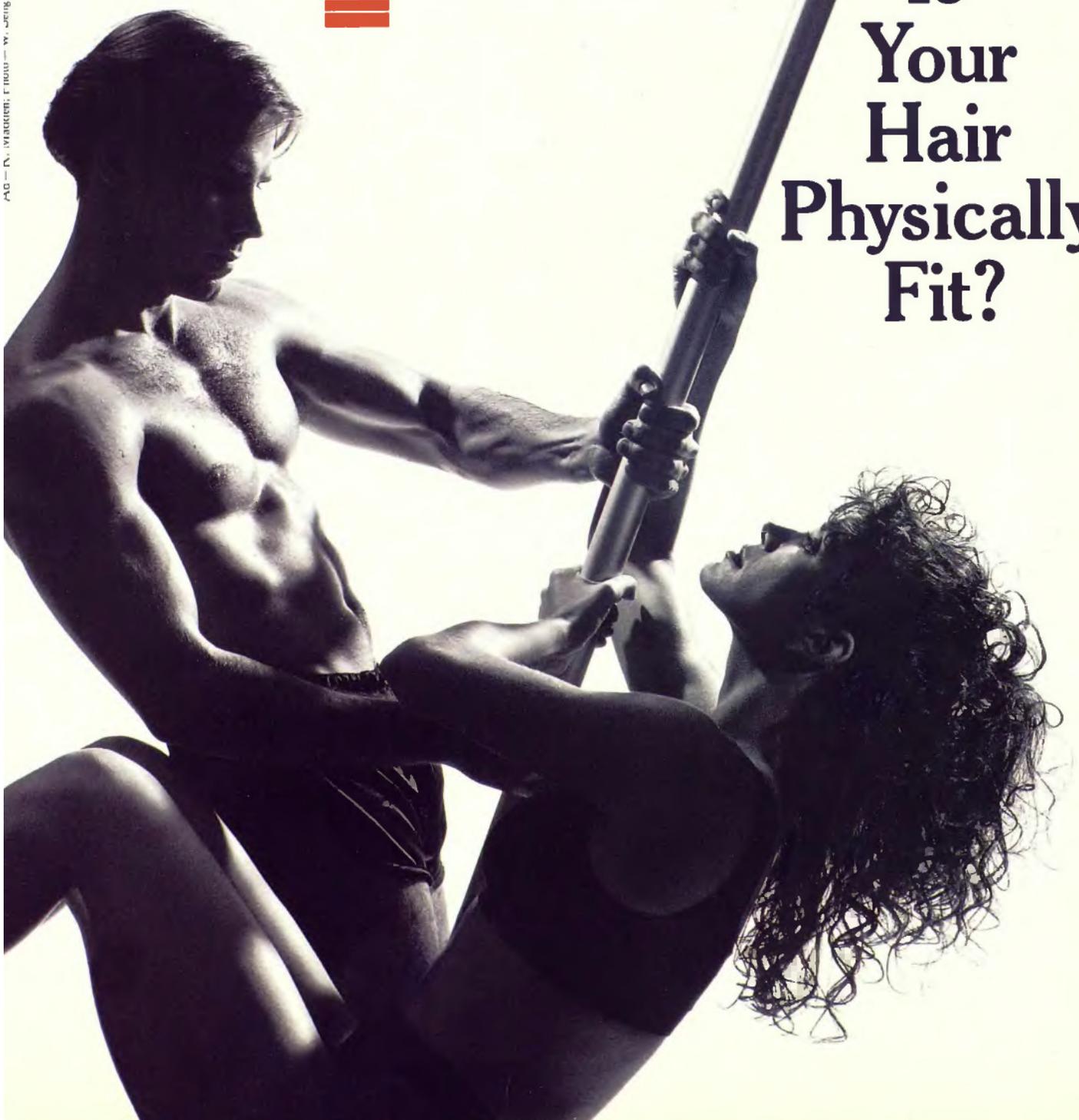
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PLAYBOY'S

FORMAL APPROACH

sexy, savvy mark harmon and the latest looks in dinner jackets
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIMOTHY WHITE

COLLECTORS OF TRIVIA will be intrigued to learn that the tuxedo made its formal debut a little over 100 years ago at the Tuxedo Park Club when an adventuresome *bon vivant* showed up in a short black worsted jacket instead of the common tail coat. This same creative bold spirit is back in fashion, and the anonymous penguin look has taken wing as sexy new stylings are being worn by more and more men. To illustrate, we asked Mark Harmon (who was named *People* magazine's "Sexiest Man Alive" in 1986) to show off some of the latest striking outfits. Since Harmon has just co-starred with Elizabeth Taylor in NBC's steamy sizzler *Sweet Bird of Youth*, we figured he'd be in the mood to trade his down-home duds for something a bit more up-town. As is apparent on these pages, the dinner jacket is no longer limited to basic black. Subtle colored stripes and patterns that have been coupled with black-satin lapels are a smart alternative. And when they're

combined with bow ties, cummerbunds and braces in rich jewel tones or subtle patterns, the over-all effect is sharp and original. A vest or a waistcoat in a rich hue (no bright pinks, please) adds

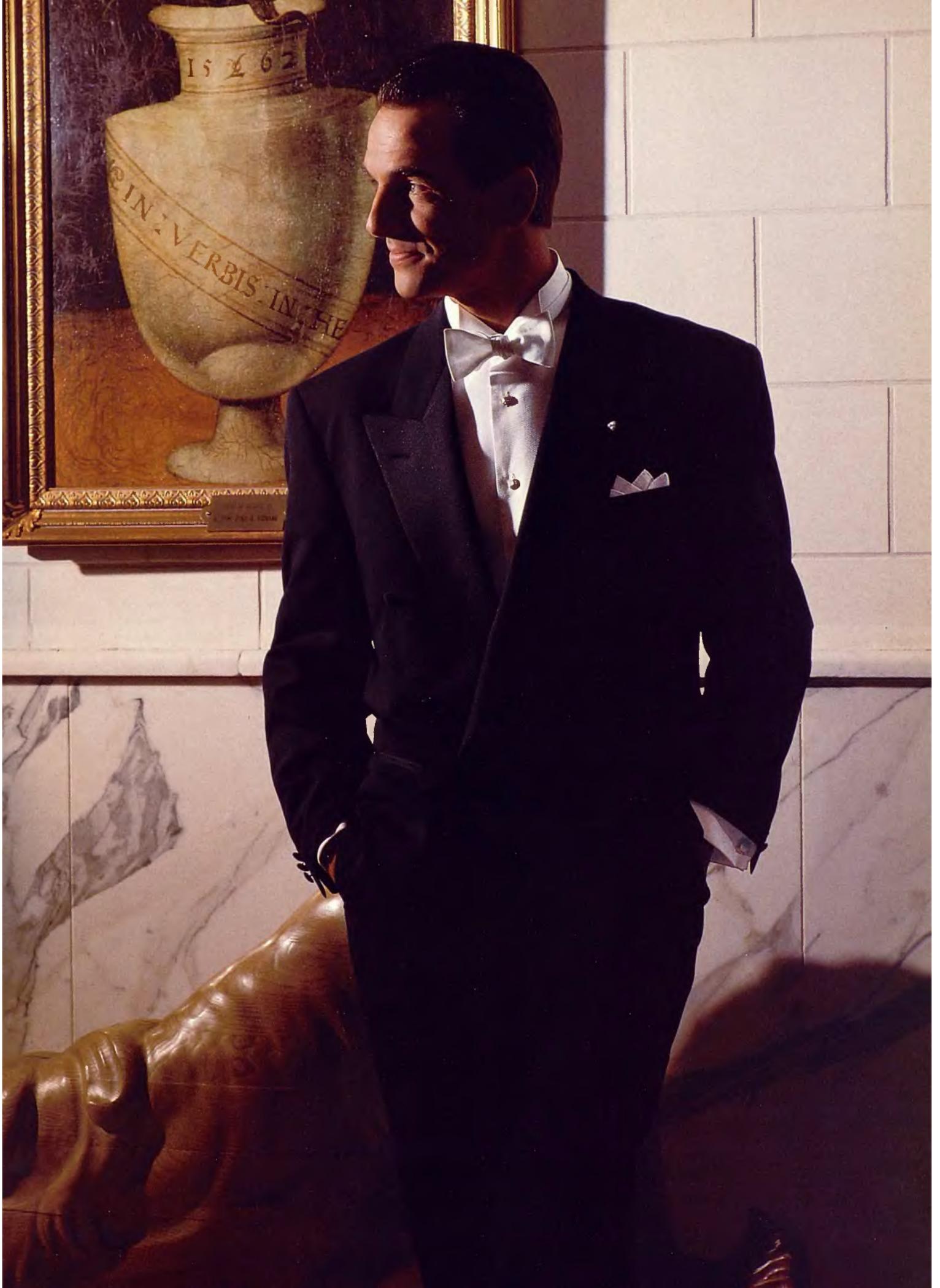
pizzazz. Your bow tie, by the way, doesn't have to be of the same fabric as your cummerbund or vest, but it should blend subtly in color and pattern. (Turn to page 237 for no-fail instruction on how to tie a bow tie.) The wing is still the collar of choice; however, if you opt for a flat collar, be sure to pick a bow tie that's slightly larger. Studs and cuff links should be subtle yet elegant. And we're also stuck on the stickpin-in-the-lapel-or-tie look. Harmon and tuxedos. That's real harmony!



Left: Mark Harmon makes his formal fashion mark in a wool single-breasted tuxedo jacket, \$1000, six-button vest, \$250, tuxedo pants, \$245, formal shirt, \$250, and silk short tie, \$70, all by Reporter; amethyst-and-diamond stickpin, from Fred Leighton, Trump Tower, \$240; suede pumps, from Rick Pallack, \$130; and cotton dress socks, from Peter Elliot, \$18.



Following the numbers: 1. Silk Jacquard scarf, from Louis, Boston, \$395. 2. Vermeil antique Dunhill watch lighter, from Chiu-Zac Gallery, New York, \$1650. 3. Roman-column 18-kt-gold stud set, by Paul Robilotti, about \$775. 4. Silk brocade self-tie bow tie, by Savoy, \$2750. 5. Enamel cigarette case, from Clifford Baron, \$3500. 6. Silk Jacquard formal shirt with wing collar, by Cecilia Metheny, \$380. 7. Onyx, yellow-diamond and 18-kt-gold carved rock-crystal cuff links, \$2200, and studs, \$1300, both from Asprey, New York. 8. Midnight at the Ritz braces, by Trafalgar, Ltd., \$110. 9. Silk brocade cummerbund, by Howard Behar, \$120. 10. Sapphire-and-diamond stickpin, from Clifford Baron, \$2750. 11. Cotton Jacquard formal shirt, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$110. 12. Silk brocade bow tie, by Howard Behar, \$30. 13. Carved lapis-and-diamond cuff links and stud set, from Clifford Baron, \$1800. 14. White-gold-and-diamond/ruby/onyx cuff links in spade, club, heart and diamond shapes, from Asprey, \$13,500. 15. Hamilton antique dress watch with 14-kt-gold case, from Fred Leighton, Trump Tower, \$2700. 16. Diamond-and-platinum oval cuff-link set, from Clifford Baron, \$4400. 17. Gold-filled antique pocket watch and watch chain, from Sentimento, about \$400. 18. Lapis, malachite and 18-kt-gold checker-cube pillbox, from Asprey, \$2995. 19. Silk brocade waistcoat, by Mark Christopher of Wall Street, \$175. Right: Harmon in a black wool double-breasted tuxedo, by Hugo Boss, about \$775; cotton formal shirt, from Peter Elliot, \$135; white cotton piqué bow tie, by Carrot & Gibbs, about \$33; gold cuff links and studs with mother-of-pearl insets and diamond corners, by ABL Jewelers, \$5200 the set; pearl-and-diamond stickpin, from Fred Leighton, Trump Tower, \$850; Irish-linen pocket square, from Rick Pallack, \$10.





Left: More of the Harmon formal touch—a multicolored silk Jacquard shadow-striped tuxedo jacket with one-button front, satin shawl collar, ventless back and black double-pleated pants, by Missoni Uomo, \$1295; silk tuxedo vest with shawl collar and pearl-button front, \$175, and cotton wing-collared tuxedo shirt, \$115, both from Louis, Boston; silk bow tie, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$40; and Venetian-glass cuff-link-and-stud set with intaglia engravings, gold rim and back, by Elizabeth Locke Jewels, \$1125. **Right:** Hold the phones; here's Harmon in a black wool one-button single-breasted peaked-satin-lapel tuxedo with matching double-breasted vest and double-pleated tuxedo pants with built-in cummerbund, all by Bill Kaiserman, \$1400; cotton tuxedo shirt, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$110; silk Jacquard bow tie, by Savoy, \$27.50; cabochon-sapphire-and-18-kt-gold cuff links, \$1700, and stud set, \$1050, both from Asprey; silk ribbed dress socks, from Peter Elliot, \$45.





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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

CANDICE BERGEN

a candid conversation with a woman of many parts—actress, photographer, writer, off-key singer—about overcoming fame and wealth in Beverly Hills

There's that profile again—those great cheekbones, the patrician nose, the sparkling smile. On billboards. At bus stops. In advertisements in newspapers and magazines. WHO SAYS COMEDY IS NOT PRETTY? runs the ad for her TV show—without apologies to Steve Martin, who first made this observation about comedy. Actually, one of the few things that Candice Bergen, at 43, has not been is a wild and crazy guy.

It's ironic that the promotions for the TV show that has launched Bergen into her latest career emphasize the very thing that made her, and others, distrust her talent. Can someone be too pretty? She summed it up in her memoir, "Knock Wood": "Men seemed to want me to be more than I was, and women to want me to be less."

Perhaps that's why Bergen's résumé reads like that of a woman proving something: model, print and TV journalist, photojournalist, political activist, movie star, author and, most recently, TV star and Emmy winner for best lead actress in a comedy series. All this in addition to her roles as mother and wife.

Candice Bergen is everywhere these days because of "Murphy Brown," the often hilarious, sometimes predictable comedy in which she plays a journalist on a TV news magazine.

For a pioneer Beverly Hills brat, it has been a strange, circuitous journey back to Hollywood. Bergen was born in the cradle of

show business, receiving her earliest notices as the first real child of fabulously popular ventriloquist Edgar Bergen—his other child being the dummy, Charlie McCarthy. (Her brother Kris was born when she was 15.)

Bergen married Frances Westerman, Candice's mother, 20 years his junior, when she was 20. She was a model, the Chesterfield girl. Their daughter, Candy, had a charmed childhood—growing up on the laps of family friends who included the Jimmy Stewarts, the Charlton Hestons, even the Ronald Reagans. Her childhood girlfriends included Liza Minnelli and Mia Farrow. Some afternoons were spent riding the working miniature steam train in Uncle Walt (Disney's) back yard. And at Christmas, Santa Claus showed up and looked a lot like David Niven. At the family's parties, Fred Astaire danced and Rex Harrison sang.

Growing up in Hollywood was life in the fastest of lanes—and Bergen found herself overwhelmed by it as she became a teenager. To get away from Beverly Hills and all that glittered, at 14, she asked to be sent abroad—to a Swiss boarding school. She was ordered home again at 15 when her parents discovered that while in Switzerland, she had bleached her hair, started smoking and was drinking bloody marys.

At 18, she enrolled in the University of Pennsylvania—mostly because three fourths

of the student population was male. She modeled on the side. In 1964, she was the Tawny Girl for Revlon. Her perfect teeth and sapphire eyes graced covers of magazines such as Vogue and McCall's.

She was kicked out of college after flunking opera and art and, at 19, was cast in her first film, "The Group," in which she played a lesbian from Vassar and earned her first terrible reviews. She wrote about the making of the movie for Esquire and showed a stronger talent for journalism—and self-deprecation—than for acting.

Inspired by legends such as Dorothea Lange and Margaret Bourke-White and encouraged by her friend photographer Mary Ellen Mark, Bergen worked as a photojournalist and then as a writer, contributing to magazines including Playboy. She worked as a TV journalist on "AM America" and "Today" and even turned down an offer to be a correspondent on "60 Minutes." Her magazine articles—about Charlie Chaplin, a Masai witch doctor, Jane Goodall and Oscar Levant—were well written, but there was the suspicion, which came with being Candice Bergen, that the work was a ghostwriter's. That, in part, challenged her to write—by herself—"Knock Wood" at 40, published in 1984. It received highly respectful reviews for its candor, humor and style.

Since "The Group," Bergen has acted in



"Patrician is a word used about me. But, I mean, I'm the daughter of a Swedish ventriloquist! Oh, well, the way people view me, I think, has changed dramatically with 'Murphy Brown.' People see how silly I am."

"When you're younger, you're a prisoner of heat. You act on impulses. And in a way, I think it's too bad. In every relationship, you give part of yourself away. I would like to have dated fewer men."

"My father made me suspicious of beauty. He said all the beautiful women he knew ended up committing suicide or being failures as human beings. He said I should always cultivate everything in spite of it."

more than 20 movies—from “The Sand Pebbles,” with Steve McQueen, to Claude Lelouch’s “Live for Life” to her small part (as a photographer) in “Gandhi.” Her best dramatic performance was undoubtedly in Mike Nichols’ 1971 “Carnal Knowledge,” but that was an exception for her in those days. Reviews for the most part were scathing. (Pauline Kael wrote: “Hex only flair is in her nostrils.”)

Then she was encouraged to do what she had long insisted was in her genes: comedy. In “Starting Over,” with Burt Reynolds and Jill Clayburgh, she first showed the world how badly a girl can sing—“like Ethel Merman after periodontal surgery,” as one writer described it. She received an Academy Award nomination and then followed it up with her comic role in “Rich and Famous,” with Jacqueline Bisset, which was also praised.

Her personal life was as dramatic as her career. She had adventures with drugs, Sixties and post-Sixties politics (from hanging out with the late Huey Newton and Abbie Hoffman to campaigning for George McGovern) and other political causes. She was Rolfed, went through group therapy, was arrested in an antiwar sit-in. She had relationships with radicals and royalty, with movie stars and politicians.

In 1980, she married Louis Malle. Malle, director of “Pretty Baby,” “My Dinner with Andre,” “Atlantic City” and other acclaimed movies, travels between their homes in New York, France and Los Angeles. Although she said that she probably had the maternal instincts of a cantaloupe, she is now the doting mother of Chloe, four. She also spends as much time as possible with Malle’s two other children.

To interview Bergen—herself a journalist who now plays a journalist—we sent journalist and Contributing Editor David Sheff to meet her in New York and Paris. His report:

“In New York, our first sessions were at her two-story penthouse apartment overlooking Central Park West. The place is comfortable, decorated with mementos of her travels to India, Africa, the Orient.

“Bergen wore assorted diamonds and hoops in her double-pierced ears, a silver bracelet and watch, and she made the coffee herself (she drank a mixture of cranberry juice and Perrier). Once we relaxed and started talking, she appeared more delicate than she does on screen. It’s by now a cliché, but her wide smile *does* sometimes distract from an impressive command of language, rare in movie stars. Her wit is quick and often bawdy. When I jumped too quickly in an early session to the subject of some of her juicier exploits, she zapped me. “OK, but it’s like a guy trying to cop a feel. I mean, “Yeah, but can we have dinner first?”” She had plenty of New York stories. She was recently hit by a flower truck (“They never even sent flowers!”); she gave a homeless person 50 cents and he screeched, “You’re Candice Bergen! You’re worth more than that!” He chased her down the street.

“In Paris, I met her in the lounge of the Hotel de Crillon near the apartment she

shares with Louis Malle. She had just come from the Louvre (her mother was in town) and it was one of those sultry Parisian summer days. She was wearing a baseball cap and her white T-shirt stuck to her. She was utterly different from the person I had met in New York—far less formal, more bubbly.

“Candice had had quite a week. No stranger to the glamour set—she has been invited to everything, even Truman Capote’s famed black-and-white ball in 1966—she had attended a party that impressed even her. It was the centennial celebration of the Eiffel Tower. In her box were the mayor of Paris, Jacques Chirac, Ronald and Nancy Reagan, Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild and Malcolm Forbes. She was particularly happy at sitting near some visibly nervous Parisian descendants of the Bourbon royal family, while thousands of choreographed torch-bearing dancers marched toward them, chanting, “Liberté! Liberté! Liberté!”

“But our interview began in a humbler setting and on a quieter note.”

PLAYBOY: Isn’t a TV sitcom an unlikely place for Candice Bergen to have landed?

BERGEN: I never thought I would be doing a sitcom. I even have trouble saying it.

*“I was perceived
as—demure. I
don’t think the people
at the network
thought I could
do raunchy.”*

PLAYBOY: Did you share the film community’s widely held attitude that TV is the lowlier, crasser medium?

BERGEN: Definitely. I never even watched TV. But now there are all kinds of people in movies and theater who you would never think would admit they watch television who are fans of the show.

PLAYBOY: What made you cross the line?

BERGEN: For me, in so many ways, this role is the answer to everything I want to do. I knew as soon as I read the script of the pilot. And the show just sparkles at its best. I love not just that Murphy is at the top of her profession but that she is, in a very realistic way, paying the price for it. I know many journalists, including television journalists, and I don’t know any women in that position who haven’t paid a very high price. Of course, we’re doing a half-hour comedy, so the desperation is only hinted at, but it is noteworthy that the most meaningful relationship in Murphy Brown’s life is with her house painter. The only complaint I’ve heard from a lot of women is that Murphy’s life is not desperate enough. The women who really do what she does are so despondent that the landscape of

their personal lives is so bleak. Murphy can hardly have a date.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that Murphy’s wit—often at the expense of men—caters to the stereotype of successful women as bitches and ball-busters?

BERGEN: I don’t see her like that. I just see her as fast and furious and funny. She’s the funniest when she’s looking foolish, bouncing off walls, or when she breaks into one of her songs. Humiliating yourself is risky.

PLAYBOY: Has the character infiltrated your personality?

BERGEN: Yeah, I suppose it’s brought back some of the bravado that I abandoned. Basically, I’m a rather unassuming, quiet person unless I get with people I’m comfortable with—then I launch into my Shriner mode. All in all, when you’re a grownup, you don’t get to yell and scream and sing like an asshole—it’s great to get to do that. I used to be an incredible smartass and I sort of willed myself to stop doing that as much as I could. I wasn’t as good at it as Murphy is.

PLAYBOY: Murphy Brown practices some pretty tough journalism. Do you believe that a woman in big-time TV journalism has to be as tough as Murphy?

BERGEN: I’ve met some women who make Murphy look like a cream puff, frankly. I wouldn’t want to mention any names, but, yeah, I think TV journalism is still a man’s profession. That’s what most of the women in it claim, notable exceptions to the contrary. It requires dedication and talent but also exceptional toughness.

PLAYBOY: So TV news is not the place for nice people?

BERGEN: There are exceptions. But having a strong, distinctive style is a liability. I think it was a liability for Linda Ellerbee, for instance, who is much more a prototype for Murphy than almost anyone.

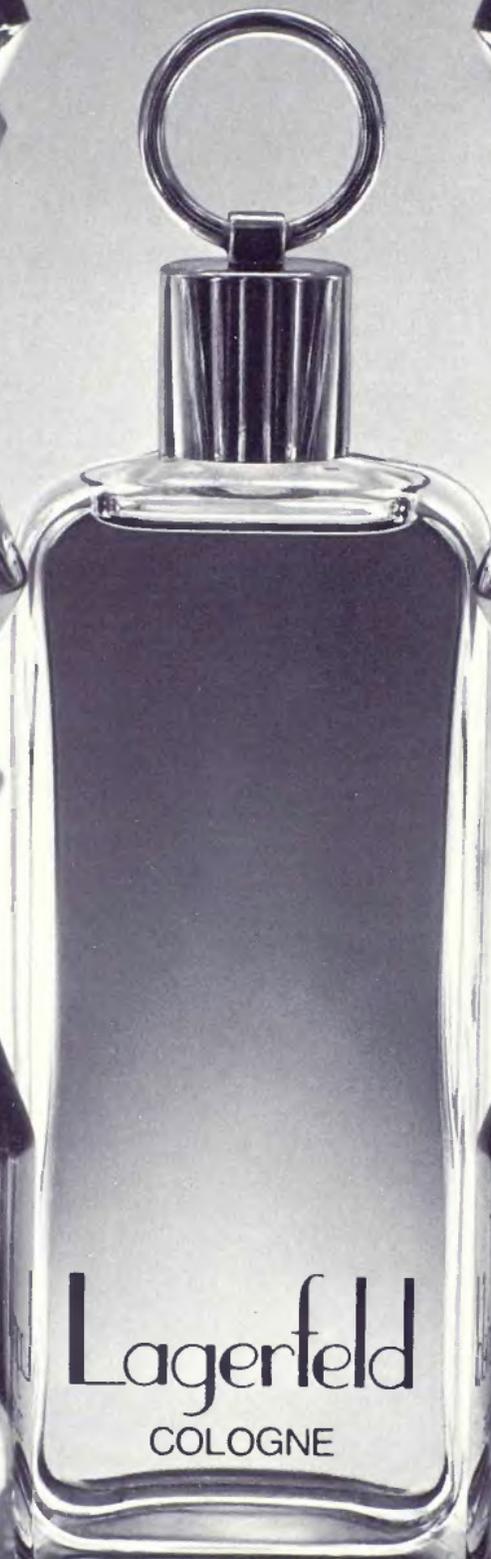
PLAYBOY: Why?

BERGEN: Because for a woman, it’s so tough already. And almost impossible if you have a strong personality, if you don’t play by the rules. Murphy was able not to play by the rules because she played so well. And that became her sort of stock in trade, as it did for Ellerbee. But by and large, I think that for a woman to really get to a position that is almost equal to men’s, there is one way to be. And, by the way, there are not many men of that stature who don’t play by the rules. You don’t see any renegades doing the news. It’s the most homogenized bunch. And local news? Forget it! I’d kill myself if I had to go out with a guy who did that to his hair. It must take some of those guys days. Do they sleep with it like that? Is it fiberglass? Give me a break.

PLAYBOY: What does fiberglass hair mean?

BERGEN: They’re all clones, for Christ’s sake. So it’s not only women. I mean, you don’t think Mike Wallace doesn’t dye his hair? When I visited CBS News with Diane Sawyer, behind Dan Rather’s desk there

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was a huge can of hair spray. I don't know if it was his, because he has that sort of well-mannered hair, but, I mean, just go through what Rather goes through: the question of whether or not to wear a wool vest to soften his image. I remember him wearing that stupid vest in *July*. Now, mind you, I watch Dan Rather. He's my newsman of choice. But the ratings are on every one of their desks the first thing every morning. What happened to that "Courage" sign-off that he tried for however many nights? It was supposed to be this daring, distinctive way of signing off at the end of the news: "Courage." It got such flak that he was immediately back to, you know, "This is Dan Rather. Good night." It's hair spray, vests and ratings, not individuality. It's not like the women are a flock of sheep and the guys are these mavericks. The guys are sillier than the women most of the time. Half of the correspondents dye their hair and have gotten face lifts. It's part of the inherent competitiveness.

PLAYBOY: Can you cite exceptions?

BERGEN: Once in a while, a fluke happens. That's what happened in Ellerbee's case. I'm also crazy about Diane Sawyer. I just think she's a woman of real intelligence and a woman of really great caring and honor. And I'm crazy about Ted Koppel. I'm a total Koppel loyalist. He's unpretentious and you feel that he's totally his own person. His hair does that because it has no other choice and he dresses that way because he really can't wear those other things—he would look stupid in Armani. Although he does conform visually to the network rules, it so happens that there's no better television journalist around.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of attention to good looks, the promo for *Murphy Brown*—"Who says comedy is not pretty?"—is everywhere. Does the attention to *your* looks embarrass you?

BERGEN: You really don't see what people are fussing about. At least, I never did. All you get is the jet stream, but you don't understand why. There's a huge reaction and it is overwhelming at times. You don't do anything to earn it or to justify it.

PLAYBOY: You aren't going to get much sympathy about how difficult it is.

BERGEN: Well, my father made me suspicious of it, just by making me aware of the pitfalls. He said all the beautiful women he knew were unhappy. In fact, he went further than that. He said all the beautiful women he knew ended up committing suicide or being miserable, being failures as human beings. So he said I should always cultivate everything in *spite* of it.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between you and the way you're perceived?

BERGEN: Well, it's hard to break away from that image from twenty years ago, but I don't think I present myself any longer as a Scandinavian snow queen. Some of it was unconscious—my looks were intimidating to people—but also I was so intimidated by people that I really used that façade as a defense. It's not behavior I'm proud of. I

don't take any pride in fending people off, and I don't do it anymore. I do lose my patience with people and I take on this attitude and I just hate it when I do that.

PLAYBOY: What brings you to that point?

BERGEN: I am always getting into fights at the supermarket, because the check-out clerks can be so rude that I get really rude back. I always have Chloe in a Snuggli and here I am, being the devoted mom, and I have to take shit from these check-out clerks. "Come on, I'm just here, you know, buying diapers and formula, trying to get home with the stuff, and can't you just say *please* and act like human beings?" Then they call, like, the manager of the market—"We got somebody with attitude here." And I say, "Are you *insane*? Don't you understand? I'm, like, *famous* for manners. If you could just say *good morning*. . . ." I just don't need this. Consumer crisis. I don't have time for that kind of thing. My time is really valuable. I don't have time for parties anymore. I don't have time for conversation with people who don't mean anything to me. I just won't do it anymore. I have plenty of time to sit with Chloë and watch *Sesame Street* and *Fraggle Rock*—or to be in France with Louis and Chloë and garden and make dinner. Anyway, I think that image is why people didn't believe I could do comedy. Because of my persona. I suppose I was aloof.

PLAYBOY: The word *patrician* has been used a lot.

BERGEN: *Patrician* is used a lot. But I mean, I'm the daughter of a Swedish ventriloquist! Oh, well, the way people view me, I think, has changed dramatically with *Murphy Brown*. People see how silly I am.

PLAYBOY: Yet even when you decided you wanted the role, the show's creators had doubts about casting you, didn't they?

BERGEN: The people at the *network* had their doubts, which stunned me. I thought they would be so thrilled. [Laughs] It was quite a humbling experience.

PLAYBOY: Were they doubtful that you could do comedy?

BERGEN: They questioned whether I could play Murphy's toughness and her dynamism. I was perceived as—demure. I don't think they thought I could do raunchy. I read for them. It was dreadful. I was vaguely resentful that I had to read for them in the first place and it was a terrible reading. I was very stiff.

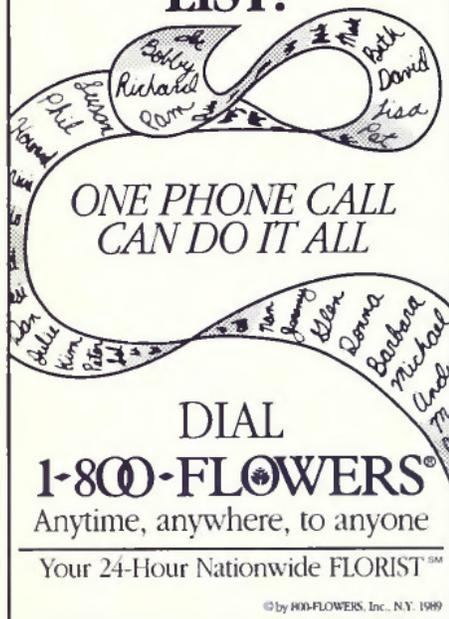
PLAYBOY: One executive said "abysmal."

BERGEN: Quite aptly. It was sort of a rocky start. But Diane English, the producer, convinced them. By then, I really wanted it. It was my dream. When I would do *Saturday Night Live*, I was always envious of the regulars on the show, because they had a chance to do ensemble comedy week in and week out.

PLAYBOY: Do you improvise on the set of *Murphy Brown*?

BERGEN: We rarely change a comma. We're so respectful of what is written. I don't think I've asked for changes more than twice. Once there was a joke about

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spinning a hamster to death. I'm an animal-rights person. I just couldn't say, "I spun a hamster to death."

PLAYBOY: So the Murphy Brown we see is created somewhat in your image.

BERGEN: Yeah, but there's a lot about her that's different. I envy some of it. I love her directness. I'm always somewhat in awe of people who are indifferent about what other people think. I've never been single-minded about a career. I've never had the kind of self-confidence Murphy has. She's a great force to be around, because she's very liberating. I would probably have done what Murphy does, only I didn't have her stuff. I certainly dabbled at it.

PLAYBOY: What stopped you from being Diane Sawyer or Linda Ellerbee?

BERGEN: I wasn't gifted with the kind of self-confidence that it takes. Also, I couldn't have asked the tough questions.

PLAYBOY: You've been a journalist in real life, you play a journalist on TV and you've been interviewed by a lot of journalists. Is it better to ask the questions or be asked?

BERGEN: Much better to ask. I had the greatest self-respect when I worked as a journalist. I loved that people perceived me as I was instead of as I appeared. I stopped being Edgar's daughter. I was listening to *them*. I loved focusing on them. It was a total relief. I disappeared.

PLAYBOY: What about when you're asked the tough questions—are you more receptive since you've been on the other side?

BERGEN: I suppose, but I'm always amazed at people's ability to ask certain things. I'm really appalled by some of it—by the journalists who buttonhole the bereaved. "How do you feel about your son's being splattered against the wall?" I would never go that far. I wouldn't be able to take the photographs the great photographers take if it meant intruding on someone's grief.

PLAYBOY: As an interviewee, how bad do the questions get?

BERGEN: From "Did you have an affair with so-and-so?" to questions worded to be insulting by virtue of insinuation: "Miss Bergen, in the past, you've had many appalling reviews—actually, some of the sleaziest, most degrading reviews of any actress in history. How do you feel about that?" I feel like saying, "Go stuff it."

My main complaint is that there are just some things I don't think we need to hear. I went to the gynecologist in New York—I can say it now since it was in the *New York Post*, thank you very much. I don't like going to the gynecologist. In fact, I put it off for a couple of years, which you're not supposed to do, because I'm not really thrilled to sort of jump into the old stirrups, if you know what I mean. And I finally went and my reward was that, the next day, in the *Post*, it said that I was seen coming out of my gynecologist's office and it speculated that I might be pregnant, which I wasn't, and I thought, I don't need this shit.

PLAYBOY: Can you complain, after being on the other side of the tape recorder?

BERGEN: I did my share of trashing people,

God knows, because it's really tough to do an interesting story without it. But I think there are plenty of stories to write that are moving and that have lots of heart and that are sort of profiles in courage. I would much rather write those. I don't feel good about trashing people. I don't like gossiping about people. Socially, I'm very discreet. *Geraldo* and that kind of journalism represent something bigger—it's sort of cannibalizing people's private lives and it's really out of line. I don't think that people have a right to know beyond a certain line.

There's something dangerous about where journalism has gone, something very unhealthy and destructive about it. People have become expendable. It's a psychic violence and it can't be condoned. Instead, it's being fueled. What about the children who suffer in the press? Children's lives are destroyed because of it. The little boy with AIDS in Florida? What happens to him? The public appetite is so greedy and the press appetite to feed it is so greedy and so insensitive. I hate the way the press behaves. They're like sharks in a feeding frenzy. You know, the camera crew at the door of the widowed wife. "How does it feel?" It's turning us into ghouls.

PLAYBOY: Back to your journalism career. You said you didn't have the discipline it takes. Do you know why?

BERGEN: I think a lot of it had to do with growing up in Beverly Hills.

PLAYBOY: Ah. The dreaded flaky-spoiled-rich-girl syndrome.

BERGEN: I don't think the environment of Southern California forges strong, disciplined minds. I think if I'd grown up on the East Coast, I would have been much more serious. The fact that there was so much available to me—and I didn't have to do anything to get it—ended up being a tremendous handicap. It's hard to plead a case, but I didn't have to learn what I was doing. I was handed co-starring parts. At nineteen, I flunked out of college. I was given parts in *The Group* and *The Sand Pebbles* as rewards for flunking opera and art.

PLAYBOY: So you might have become an opera singer.

BERGEN: I had ambitions to be a photojournalist. It was something I loved doing. It gave me a real sense of excitement and a sense of accomplishment. I loved being able to indulge my curiosity.

PLAYBOY: When they kicked you out of school, was it a shock?

BERGEN: I was thunderstruck. I couldn't believe it. That was in Philadelphia. In Los Angeles, I would have been made *dean*.

PLAYBOY: Did you re-evaluate yourself?

BERGEN: There wasn't much time, because I was starting this role in *The Group*. There was never any self-evaluation until I was thirty. I kept moving.

PLAYBOY: Why were you moving?

BERGEN: I was moving because I really couldn't sit still with myself. I didn't like coming up against myself, because I didn't

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know if there were anybody in there.

PLAYBOY: What changed?

BERGEN: You eventually have to face facts. I was getting parts and getting terrible reviews. It became unconscionable on every level. Then I started becoming at least somewhat disciplined. Writing my book,

Knock Wood, was a key step. It was just a hateful experience.

And there was this sense of the arrogance of writing a memoir at that age. It was so unpalatable and so unacceptable to me that I had to make it self-effacing. The hardest part was being completely honest.

PLAYBOY: Why did you undertake a memoir when you were only forty?

BERGEN: The superficial reason was to prove to people that I was more than they thought I was. I'd written articles and nobody ever believed I wrote them. It was so insulting. The ultimate reason, though, was that the book was my last grasp at pulling it together. It was my emotional homework. It was my last resort at re-ordering my priorities. I was very embarrassed by what I'd done with all I'd been given. The book was taking inventory—the way someone at A.A. writes a self-inventory.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of issues were sorted out in the process of writing?

BERGEN: It is what helped me come to grips with the death of my father. I just couldn't deal with it. I had kept it at arm's length. And it helped me deal with

the choices of relationships that I'd made.

PLAYBOY: What did you discover?

BERGEN: They were more flamboyant, more glamorous, better reading than other women's bad choices, but they were no worse than the choices of any other woman in that period.

PLAYBOY: What conclusions did you draw?

BERGEN: I knew I'd spent those years and I couldn't afford to make any more bad choices. I knew that I wanted a family. I wanted substance. I wanted roots. And I don't think it's any accident that I am one of the few happy people I know who do what I do. I worked really hard at it.

met virtually *everyone*. It wasn't as if I'd been short-changed and hadn't had options. I met virtually every variant of guy, from Latin-American guerrilla to Saudi sheik. I never met one who I knew would go the distance.

PLAYBOY: Until Louis Malle. When you met him, were you familiar with his films?

BERGEN: Some of his movies were—are—among my favorites, like *Murmur of the Heart*, which they just re-released.

PLAYBOY: That is pretty autobiographical, isn't it?

BERGEN: Most of his work is autobiographical in some sense. *Murmur of the Heart* is autobiographical up to the point of incest. Louis had a heart murmur and his mother took him to a spa for treatment. He was really pulled off a whore at the worst moment his first time out, just like the little boy in the film. I love all his films. *My Dinner with Andre*, *The Lovers*, which I saw when I was in college. I'll never forget seeing the very scandalous scene when Jeanne Moreau is lying on top of him either in bed or in the bath and then she slides out of the frame. *Where's she going?* At the time, I think there was some sort of court case in America over whether it could be released or not. And there was a court case concerning *Pretty Baby*.

PLAYBOY: In which Brooke Shields played a child prostitute at only twelve years old. Do you think that was ex-

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PLAYBOY: You wouldn't have been able to say that ten years ago?

BERGEN: I've now been married for almost nine years. I was like a lot of people I knew who didn't think they were able to sustain a long-term relationship. I didn't think I would meet anyone I would want to sustain a long-term relationship with. And I really

plotted?

BERGEN: You'd have to review that with Louis. I didn't like it as much as some of his other films, but I thought it was a real feast on a certain level.

PLAYBOY: Malle happens to be a very successful French film maker. Could Mr. Right have been a Sherman Oaks accountant?

BERGEN: Well, you know, there does have to be some kind of shared experience or at least enough difference of experience to make it work.

PLAYBOY: A lot of women probably don't want to hear that it took finding Mr. Right to make your life complete.

BERGEN: What can I tell you? I really resent being confined politically as to what has made me happy. I just find it unacceptable. Finding me was also what it took to make my husband happy. It just happens that I'm a woman and it's politically unfashionable for me to admit that the two happiest days of my life were the day I got married and the day that Chloe was born. They were the purest joy and deepest sense of contentment that I have ever known. And

since, in the years following, with Chloe, I've never known anything like it. Murphy has no family. There's a reality to her life that women can't ignore. I was almost her. I don't know that I could have played this part if I weren't married and didn't have a child. It would have been too painful for me. Because for me, my family is what has grounded my life. It happens to be that I'm saying this as a woman, but my husband has said the same thing. We found each other, both of us, at a point where we really saved each other from lives that were unfulfilling.

PLAYBOY: Is this unexpected for you?

BERGEN: I always knew that this was what I wanted. I remember now that I showed *Snow White*

for my twenty-first-birthday party. It's sort of a telling choice. Even then, what mattered to me was that someday my prince would come. Now, I happen to be happily married for nine years, so it may not have served me so badly. But for women of my generation, it was all about the guy on the white horse. It ties up a lot of time.

PLAYBOY: But it seems as if you fought it tooth and nail.

BERGEN: I got caught up in the politics and the *Zeitgeist* of the Sixties and Seventies as much as anyone. I was incredibly vehement about not wanting to get married and not wanting to have a family, but, frankly, I was selling myself a bill of goods that I really didn't want to buy. My life was

shaped by those Fifties black-and-white sitcoms. I loved Harriet Nelson and June Cleaver. That's the kind of mom that I was conditioned to be. But I also loved Brenda Starr. I wanted to be what the guys were. As I grew up, I didn't have any women friends. All my friends were guys and they were guys who were very powerful and very accomplished. It was a confusing mix. So it may be unfashionable and it may be unpolitical, but there's a reality of women's lives out there. At least mine. I really lived my life like a man. I was part of a world of women who considered women the weaker sex and I wanted to distance myself from them as much as possible.

PLAYBOY: Why did you identify more strongly with the men around you and not

ing, but when I look back on my life, I had adventures that I can't even believe. They make great bedtime stories for Chloe.

PLAYBOY: Would you tell her that after those adventures, you were content to be a wife and mother?

BERGEN: While I loved being home and not working, I think my husband was right when he said it was making me crazier than I realized. I'd worked at something since I was fourteen or fifteen years old. It wasn't backbreaking labor, but I had supported myself from an early age, I'd always been doing something. Then I was at home with Chloe and, you know, I was exhausted and I had help, but the amount of time it takes to become invisible is breathtaking. I mean, people just peel off. I was

experiencing it as Candice Bergen and thinking, What is it like if you don't have some celebrity and you go to these gatherings and you're not doing anything other than raising a child? Even some of the women would get this expression on their faces and flee—all except for other parents. We would, like, huddle in a corner.

So it was really fate for me that the TV show came along when it did. I never thought I'd have a chance to do this kind of thing again. And by the way, all the time I talk about how important my family is to me, I think it's also important to say that for some women, it *doesn't* matter. When I wasn't married and didn't yet have a child, I really resented that I was often made to feel

like the great defecto because I wasn't married or a mother. I see life as a constant state of jeopardy. I have a lot of friends who are deeply unhappy, who don't have relationships or who don't have fulfilling jobs. You have to make time for both. In Hollywood, it's particularly difficult; it doesn't foster longevity in relationships.

PLAYBOY: Why doesn't it?
BERGEN: Because this industry indulges a lot of neuroses and a lot of narcissism in people. It's easy to lose sight of what's important. Appearance is all that matters. You put on your various faces until you don't know how to do anything else. It's difficult when you do films. It doesn't help to play love scenes with people. The lines

PLAYBOY: You seem to have gotten both.

BERGEN: In a roundabout way. I agonized about the decisions as they were happen-

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of reality get blurred. I've been on a lot of locations, and it's just bizarre beyond all belief. Every rule of normal conduct is suspended. People can become unrecognizable when they're cut off from their normal worlds. They just go nuts.

PLAYBOY: For you, playing love scenes was more bizarre than romantic, wasn't it?

BERGEN: Yeah. Suddenly, you wind up in bed with a guy on top of you you wouldn't want to share a cab with. You're there for half the day with people looking on. Most people weren't bothered by it the way I was. I wasn't bothered by it if it was with somebody I liked and was attracted to—and even then, it was a little bizarre.

In a scene of a film I did with Lina Wertmuller, I was being seduced in the back of a car by Giancarlo Giannini. She wanted to show a tit. So they were trying to *light* the tit. I was holding it for the camera. It all became about this disembodied tit. Everybody was around looking at the tit! Very strange.

When I did *Soldier Blue*, they had to take a mold of my tits to make them bigger. They made rubberized ones to glue over them, because my character was supposed to be very busty. To be twenty-three and to have some guy rubbing petroleum jelly on your tits so he can clomp plaster on them to make a mold—so *unreal*. But I refused to have surgery. I'd like to have tits as much as the next person, but I just felt that there were politics and principles involved.

PLAYBOY: Anyway, you were making a more general point about what happens to people making movies away from home—

BERGEN: You can't believe what it's like on location! A spell gets cast. People think they are in love because this intense bond happens. A million couplings that are seemingly forever—and then they're all undone three months later. It's all set up to foster infidelity.

PLAYBOY: Which you know from experience?

BERGEN: Which I know from experience and from witnessing it. Part of it is seeking something to hold on to because you're a stranger in a strange land. You find yourself in places that are so alienating—Formosa, when I was nineteen, for four months, filming *The Sand Pebbles*. I couldn't leave my room. I think I put on forty pounds. I started smoking.

Years later, I was on another location in New Mexico for *Bite the Bullet*, where we were confined to this very fancy dude ranch in the middle of nowhere. Rich Texans came to shoot moose—they'd put straw out for them and then plug them while we were having supper. One actor had a breakdown. We finally found where he had been walking in a circle until he'd worn a path a foot deep. Another man had a heart attack and was taken off in an ambulance. Some of the women playing hookers started to live the part. People literally go nuts.

PLAYBOY: Yet you described the Hollywood you grew up in as a place where you were

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at least exposed to some models of honorable behavior.

BERGEN: Well, it's very different now. Hollywood is not necessarily about good behavior now. There's a greater emphasis on affluence now. It seems that it was a much more gracious time then.

PLAYBOY: Could that be a child's romanticized view?

BERGEN: No. It was very different then. Especially my parents' crowd. The Jimmy Stewarts and the Ronald Colemans and the Randy Scotts and Ray Milland. There was great gaiety. Friendship was valued. I don't think it was as competitive as it is now. Money is supremely important; money is the real caste divider now—as opposed to talent. I just think Hollywood has been vulgarized, mostly by television, which vulgarizes everything. It shoots to the lowest common denominator and makes amounts of money that are in some cases beyond calculation. It rewards mediocrity.

PLAYBOY: Was it as a reaction against Hollywood that you went into journalism?

BERGEN: I think it was just a direct access to experiences that I wanted to have. I also just fell in love with the heroes of photojournalism. It was really the first time that I forgot everything else that I was doing. I was totally involved. As soon as I got kicked out of college, when I did *The Sand Pebbles*, I took my cameras and photographed everything. I found that it was a great way of disappearing and getting to know other people. You sort of crawl into the shutter box and see everything through this little aperture. It's like being an ostrich—you forget that the rest of you is sticking out there, because you're inside.

PLAYBOY: Of course, you also had experience on the other side of the camera—modeling. How did you reconcile that with your feminism?

BERGEN: It was just the easiest money. Well, it wasn't that easy, because, really, it was very tough to hang on to any self-respect doing it, but some of it was fun, and I met some nice people. But it just further reduces you to elements that you should be getting away from. You really become not even a talking head. It just reduces you to nothing more than a frame.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you see those old *Vogue* covers?

BERGEN: When I see those pictures now, it's a total out-of-body experience. Much later, when I was doing *Rich and Famous*, looking through *Vogue* to research really dopey women in the Seventies, since I was trying to look like the worst kind of fashion victim, the person I kept coming across most often, the person with more hairpieces than anyone else, was always me. I ended up satirizing myself with those pineapple hairdos and false eyelashes.

PLAYBOY: When you were working as a journalist, did people take you seriously or was there a suspicion that you were a model and actress dabbling in journalism?

BERGEN: The latter, and quite understandably. When I had access to Charlie Chap-

lin, I had it purely because a friend of mine had brought Chaplin to America. He shouldered the other competition aside to get me exclusive access to Chaplin for *Life*. It was an insane position to be in. I felt hated because I was given the job only because I was a movie star and I was well-connected. The pressure was unbelievable, because I knew that the assignment was totally unmerited. I knew I was incredibly resented by the press, as well I should have been.

PLAYBOY: You said you got the assignment because of your connections. Did you pull it off?

BERGEN: In the end, I did a nice cover of him and I got some very nice black-and-white photographs and they used the piece I wrote, so I held up my side of the bargain. If I'd folded, it would have really been unforgivable. As self-effacing as I am about it, I'm utterly confident about every story I ever wrote. Although self-effacement was my strong suit, I had two areas of confidence—my writing, the journalism that I'd done, and some suspicion that I could play comedy.

PLAYBOY: Did you always know you could act?

BERGEN: It was just assumed. When I look back at my first movies, I think that there was a quality, but that if I had been more serious and more professional, more interested and less frightened, I could have been much better. Some of them, like *The Sand Pebbles* and *The Group*, were very good movies. There were other movies that were good movies in which I wish I had been better. I wish I'd been better in *The Wind and the Lion*, which is a movie I love. I've always regretted not being up to par in it, because everything about it was so first-rate. And then there were other movies in which I was just wooden and totally lost. I wasn't really in control or conscious of my work until *Starting Over* and *Rich and Famous*.

PLAYBOY: How about a favorite of the Sixties generation—*Carnal Knowledge*?

BERGEN: It was just a perfect piece, a perfect script and Mike [Nichols] is an actor's ultimate director. It was beautifully shot. Jack [Nicholson], of course, is a great actor to work with.

PLAYBOY: And most critics thought you held your own among some real heavyweights in that movie.

BERGEN: I held my own there because it was too good to fail in. Everything around me was so good that I just followed instead of fought. In most of my movies, I was so resistant and so self-destructive. *Carnal Knowledge*, though, was different; and I don't think it was given its due. It was so threatening to people, to women because it was so honest about how men were and to men for the same reason. It was even chilling to the men who made it. The tag scene, in which Jack has Rita Moreno talk him into his hard-on, to seduce him out of his impotence, and his abuse of the Ann-Margret character, were just brutal. The Jack

Nicholson-Ann-Margret relationship was agonizing to witness for a lot of men and women. And for women, my character was hard to see: She was a woman of real intelligence and abilities who completely relinquished them, abandoned them without a fight and just gave in to a marriage, a sentence of imprisonment in a marriage that turned to stone. I love that and I loved *Rich and Famous*. Somebody finally gave me a real comedy role, which is what I'd been dying for.

PLAYBOY: Did comedy have more value to you because making people laugh was so important to your father?

BERGEN: Yeah. It's what we made. Comedy was my father's product. Other people's fathers were in textiles or software. My father was in comedy.

PLAYBOY: Is comedy genetic?

BERGEN: I think some of it's genetic and some of it is rewarded.

PLAYBOY: Your childhood was obviously different from most kids'. When did you become aware of the difference?

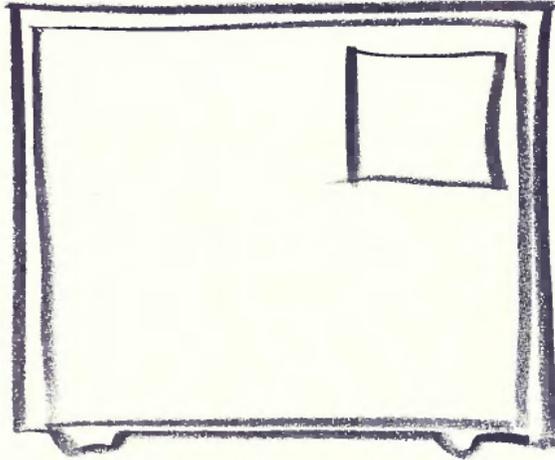
BERGEN: What comes through the strongest is having a father who seemed to be perceived as extraordinary. Somehow, he was set apart. Virtually all of the children I knew had fathers or mothers who in some way were celebrated for one thing or another. It's perfectly normal in context, but when you venture out of that world, it's disorienting. It gives you a really inflated and vulgar sense of entitlement.

PLAYBOY: The oddest side to your childhood was your second brother, the wooden one. You've talked a lot about that bizarre sibling rivalry with Charlie McCarthy.

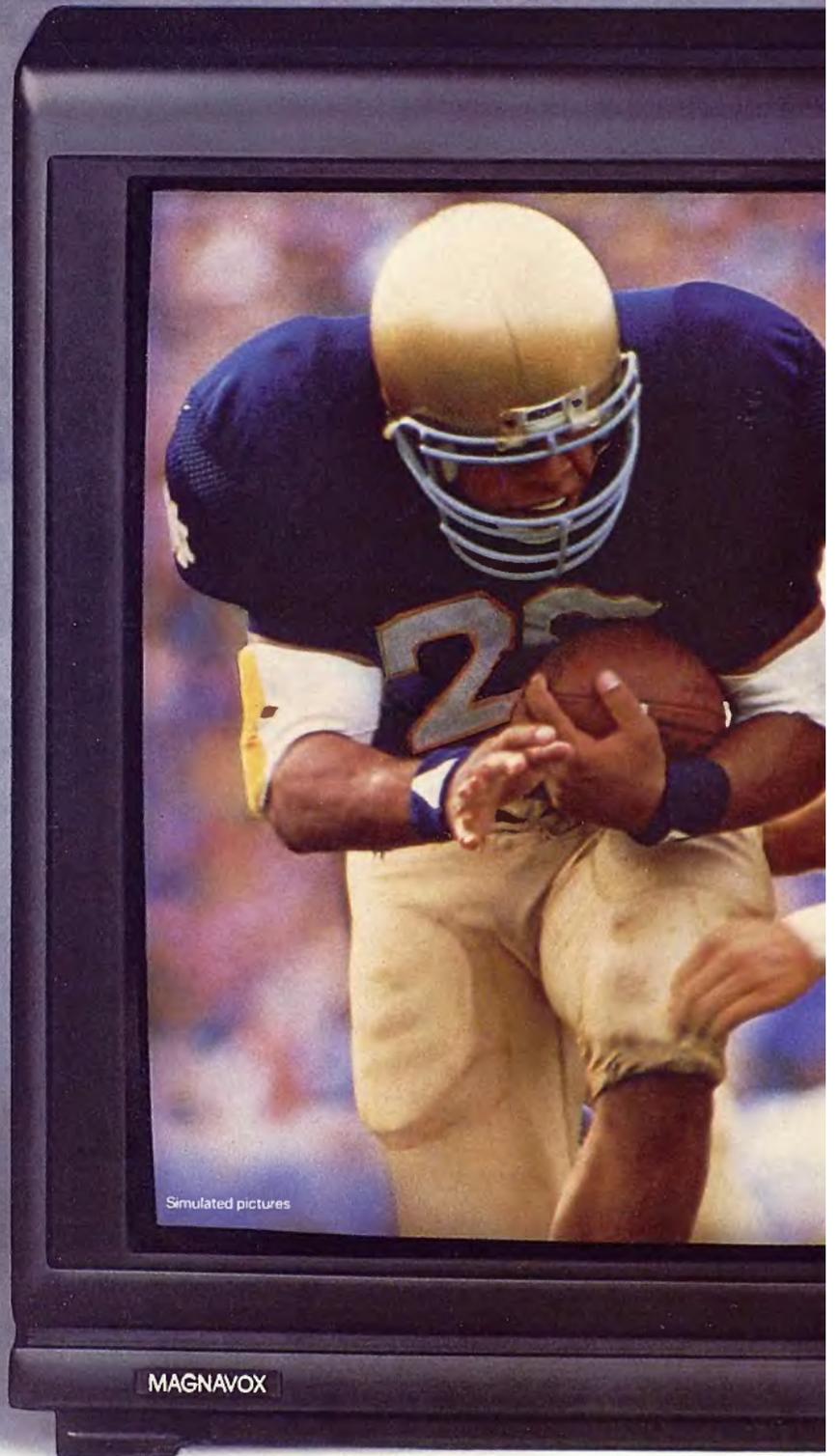
BERGEN: It's been sort of reinvented by the media. I wrote about it in the book because I'd never addressed it before. It was never anything that I gave much thought to. It was other people finding it so astonishing that made it such a big deal.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't? Even when Charlie McCarthy had a bigger bedroom than you?

BERGEN: It was sort of a minor annoyance and a quirk of my childhood, an interesting wrinkle. I consider my childhood to be incredibly rich and baroque. I have scrapbooks of my father when he was in vaudeville. Doing the research on him was the best time I had doing the book. It was so interesting to learn about him. I found out things about my father that I'd never known when he was alive. And it is a fascinating story—he created Charlie and Charlie sort of took over; he couldn't kill him off. He really just wanted to use Charlie as a wedge to get in the door and it became the thing. All the mail went to Charlie. If he went places without Charlie, people weren't really interested in seeing him. It was always Charlie, very wise and quick-witted, fearless to say the unthinkable. And there was my father, who was very conservative, reserved and dignified. I have a chuckle that sometimes startles me because it sounds like Charlie's. I go, "Oh, God." For the book, I looked at my relationship with Charlie. I really looked at it



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and tried to understand it and mine it.

PLAYBOY: Judging from your memoirs, your mother played a less influential role in your life. How did that affect you?

BERGEN: I think it leaves you incomplete. I think it's very hard to make your way in life if you don't have a friendship with your mother. Daughters don't want to be their mothers and yet it's inevitable that in many ways they become them. I just come up against ways I'm like my mother all the time. Good ways and ways that trouble me.

PLAYBOY: Yet your major influence was your father.

BERGEN: I very consciously wanted to model myself after him. I think it was that I didn't want to fall prey to the powerlessness that I saw women succumbing to.

I always admired women or men who were self-sufficient and resourceful and I always wished that I had more of that myself.

PLAYBOY: Did the fact that it was difficult for you to be affectionate with your father affect your romantic relationships?

BERGEN: For a long time, it was very difficult for me to say "I love you" to anyone. It was easier to say it to a man than to a woman. It took me a long time before I was comfortable saying it to women friends or to my mother.

PLAYBOY: When a man said it to you, did it turn you off?

BERGEN: Yeah. I would really squirm. I was a moving target. I was always intrigued by someone I didn't hear it from. And I would get very claustrophobic when I heard it.

PLAYBOY: No more?

BERGEN: When you're younger, you're sort of a prisoner of heat. You act on impulses. And in a way, I think it's too bad. I don't think you can give yourself away too easily. I think that in every relationship, you give part of yourself away. There's always an impulse toward intimacy, and every time you engage that impulse and you give something of yourself to a man and you tell him, you know, whatever is required to tell him to afford that intimacy, then you lose something; the next time you do it, it's a retread; it's invalid.

I wish I had known fewer people. I would like to have dated fewer men. I met

a lot of men I really learned from and who were really important as friends and important in other ways, but I also had relationships that didn't mean anything. Ten or fifteen years ago, we telescoped relationships into a weekend. People would give themselves away over and over again every Friday night, and by Saturday, you'd be having a family, and by Sunday, you were divorced. And you can't keep recycling yourself over and over again and have anything real left to give. It took me such a long time to learn. It took me such a long time to break patterns. I was only just ready when I met Louis.

PLAYBOY: Why then? What had changed?

BERGEN: I think a lot of it had to do with coming to terms with my father's death.

their heads down and their eyes are shifting from right to left to see who's watching, while the woman is, like, "I can't stand it anymore and you've done it over and over and you just don't hear me!" She's screeching at the top of her lungs and she's weeping and the guy is embarrassed, hoping nobody's listening, shifting from one foot to the other and looking down and just waiting for it to be over. It's a kind of hysteria that women have to go through, I guess. We love the drama.

PLAYBOY: Were you particularly good at it?

BERGEN: Oh, God! You know, when I think of the drama. I was so wedded to the drama. And the amount of breakage! I broke all kinds of stuff. And putting my hand through doors, through glass, through

window panes. Driving like a lunatic. It's women's propensity. It has something to do with female wiring and I don't know what it is. I think it comes from powerlessness. I know a lot of women whose husbands have chronically screwed around on them and either the women will have just found out about twenty years of infidelity or they'll have lived with it for fifteen years and their only recourse is to get cancer. They can't be homicidal, they can't kill their husbands, so they kill themselves quietly. I've seen it over and over again.

PLAYBOY: Is that you, too?

BERGEN: I'm tall and I'm big and, unfortunately, my husband is sort of afraid of me. I don't have tantrums very much anymore, but

when I do, they're really very unpleasant, very turbulent. I didn't see it at the time, but I totally manipulated the men I was with. They would tell me and I didn't know what they were talking about, but it's absolutely crystal clear to me now how I manipulated every single fight, I just provoked everything down the line, provoked it so that I could then claim to be a victim.

PLAYBOY: No more?

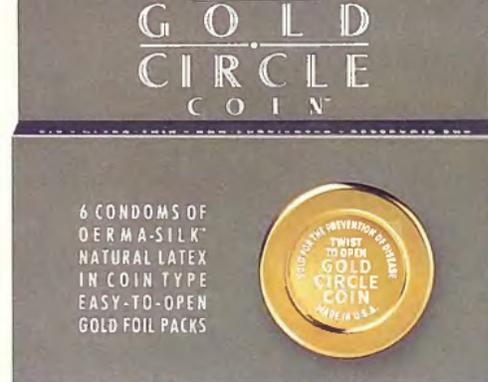
BERGEN: There was a tacit pact made with Louis because I had just had enough of doing it and because he was really good at it, too, and neither of us was good at relationships and we were just worn out.

PLAYBOY: So that's what happens—we eventually get exhausted and give in?

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And it wasn't just me, by the way. Families split apart like atoms, right and left, and everything was disintegrating. Nobody could—could—

PLAYBOY: The C word?

BERGEN: Yeah. I was just totally unable to commit to anybody. Most of the women I know have, for some reason, little masochists in their DNA and it takes a while to exorcise those. Most of the women I know went through all kinds of masochistic relationships in their twenties. I still see the commitment syndrome all the time just by walking around. I see couples, especially younger couples in their twenties or their thirties, sitting on a park bench or walking along and the guys have

BERGEN: [Laughs] I see it now in other people and I think, Oh, God, how do you have the energy for it? How do you have the stamina? You couldn't pay me to go back out there again. If, God forbid, anything ever happened, I'd just get a bunch of dogs and go live in the mountains. I'd be a forest ranger.

PLAYBOY: You grew up at a particularly tumultuous time—smack in the middle of the Sixties. Do you remember it with nostalgia or with sadness?

BERGEN: It was difficult for a lot of us. Whether it was the Sixties or Beverly Hills, there was an unusually high number of fatalities among the people I knew. I don't know if it was coincidental with acid, but a lot of kids I knew died when they were in their early twenties. Some of them went over the edge and never came back.

PLAYBOY: What was the difference between them and you?

BERGEN: Probably Swedish Lutheranism. I know that I always wanted to get out. I was like an animal with my ears always up—aware that there was something dangerous about growing up in the environment of Beverly Hills. Maybe it's something about the weather. As I've said, I found it a very difficult place to be self-motivated.

Moving to New York when I was in my twenties and thirties saved me. The kids in California are very uninformed, very uninterested and very unmotivated. They're these gorgeous, physically perfect people who have the emotional register of a melon. It's where "Have a nice day" came from. I wanted out. I went to Switzerland when I was fourteen.

PLAYBOY: What were you looking for?

BERGEN: I think it was really just curiosity. And also I felt that life was too fast and I

was too young to deal with it. I looked much older than my age. I wanted very much to be independent and I wanted very much to be more open than I was. But I think the part of me that was a survivor knew that I couldn't handle it.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents overprotective?

one fast lane to—supersonic.

PLAYBOY: What's the root problem of being the child of someone who's famous?

BERGEN: You think you're hot stuff. And you don't do anything to deserve it.

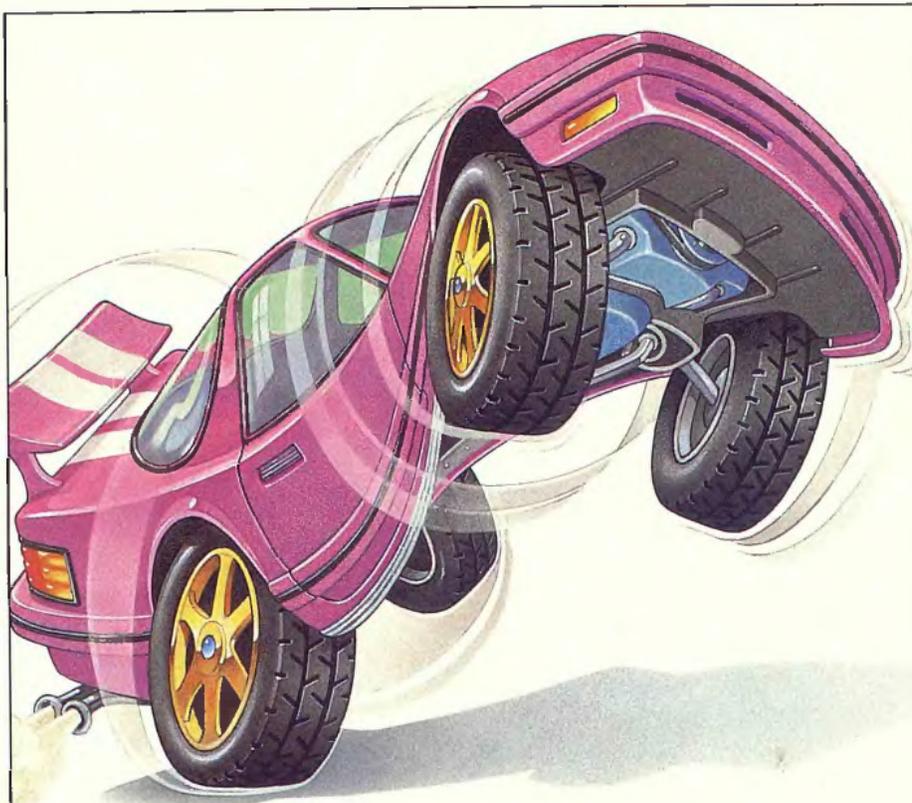
PLAYBOY: Is that behind the suicides and O.D.s of your peers?

BERGEN: Several things are. Because our parents were in careers that took them away from home for long periods of time, there wasn't a constant sense of parental supervision. Most of the kids I knew had unlimited funds to act out any kind of adolescent fantasy that they could have wished for, so that there was no financial restraint, either. And it was very glamorous. Guys got 300SLs and Corvettes and unlimited spending at sixteen.

PLAYBOY: What's the result?

BERGEN: I think you just spin out of control. I think your self-esteem is counterfeit. I didn't get a car or money and I had curfews. It probably helped enormously.

I did go through a lot of whining, which I really hated, but that seems characteristic of people in their twenties, whether they're raised in Beverly Hills or not. But I always had an enormous sense of guilt about my overprivilege. With it came a social conscience—try to use it rather than just feel guilty about it. I find that I have a really hard time being friends with people who don't take some kind



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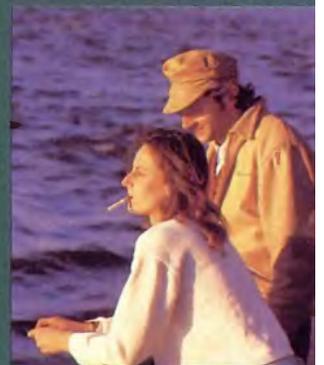
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BERGEN: The fact that they let me go away to Switzerland, that they indulged that, says no. They didn't indulge me in the way that other school friends of mine were indulged, with cars and jewelry and clothes and stuff. But they did it in terms of what they thought made sense—education. They thought that there was something valuable in going to school in Switzerland, which, in fact, turned out to be going from

of action, who are committed shoppers.

PLAYBOY: How were those issues dealt with in your home? Were your parents politically involved?

BERGEN: They were very conservative. They were very friendly with the Eisenhowers and the Reagans before the Reagans were even in politics. But to try to give a simple answer: I never felt that I could complain about anything. I really



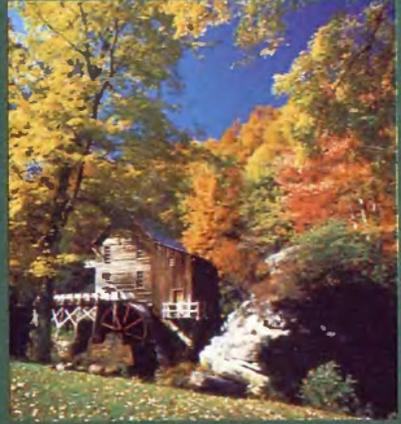
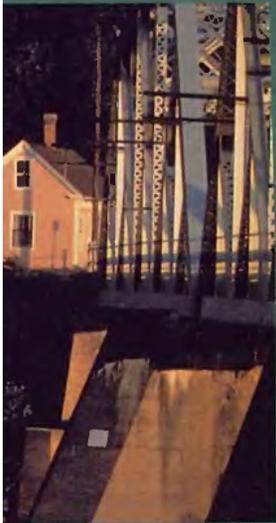
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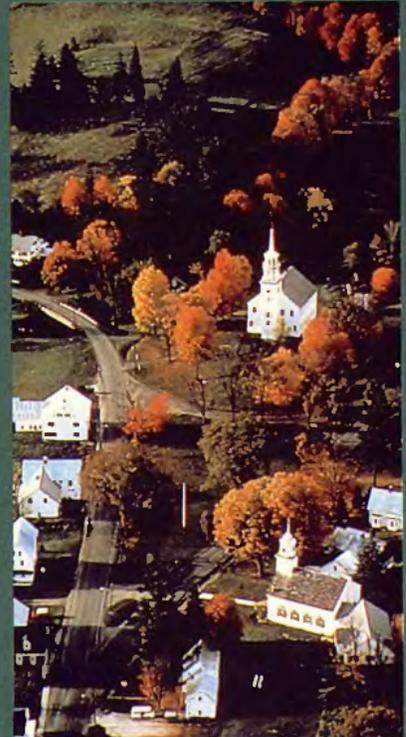
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betrayed my parents as far as politics were concerned. When I came back to America, when I was about twenty-one, I sort of did my Beverly Hills hippie impersonation. Then I got involved in more focused political work.

PLAYBOY: What led to your hippie impersonation?

BERGEN: I walked flat into the Sixties after doing the Princess Grace impersonation and I just didn't have a clue as to what was happening. I'd been in Europe for so long. I came home to a house full of the Beach Boys and the Mamas and the Papas—literally—and I mean it was really the Sixties in full flower. I came in Chanel shoes and my Piaget watch and one of my Chanel suits and I just didn't know how to deal with it. Nobody was talking and everybody was sitting around *stoned*, listening to this *music*. I didn't know how *not* to talk. I didn't know how not to make party patter. I was at Monterey Pop and I went to the Beach Boys' house before they had to repaint it, when it was purple, and they were really working then to stock the pool with dolphins. Brian Wilson had his piano with its legs cut off in a sandbox, and he'd be in there playing, and there was a bust of Beethoven in the foyer that spoke to him every time he went by, and there was a recording studio off the living room and a ramp leading up to it, and suddenly somebody would ride up and do it on a motorcycle. This was very different from the royal courts of Europe.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between a Beverly Hills hippie and a regular hippie?

BERGEN: In Beverly Hills, his Nehru jacket was custom made at a place we all went to in Beverly Hills. He flashed peace signs from his Mercedes. He wore love beads from Tiffany.

PLAYBOY: But eventually, you ended up hanging out with serious radicals such as the late Huey Newton.

BERGEN: I knew Huey over a period of years, when he was underground.

PLAYBOY: Were you part of that movement?

BERGEN: I always felt somewhat like an outsider. I felt that the concerns were legitimate and I wanted to participate, but there were certain lengths to which I didn't go or that I didn't agree with. I wasn't a likely SDS candidate.

PLAYBOY: You did undercover work when you went on a famous date with Henry Kissinger—egged on by Abbie Hoffman.

BERGEN: With Abbie right across the canyon *watching*, draped in a sheet.

PLAYBOY: You were doing some espionage for the left, then?

BERGEN: Well, we had the incredibly naïve idea that I would have some sort of input in Kissinger's foreign policy. Sure. Abbie was one of the first and the most original voices of the counterculture.

And he was the only one who didn't end up on Wall Street or, you know, born again or making designer jeans. He's the only one who stayed true to his school. He had real courage. There was also something sad and touching about him. It was very hard to be Abbie Hoffman later on, in the Seventies, and in the Reagan era.

But you know, the Seventies were a little overwhelming for many of us. Everything was in jeopardy. Everything was revolutionized—there was a political revolution, a spiritual revolution, a social revolution, a feminist revolution, a sexual revolution . . . and there was really nothing to hang on to anymore. That was OK in your twenties, because you didn't need solidarity in your twenties, but all the same, it could be confusing. There were a lot of winds blowing at the same time.

PLAYBOY: How did the aforementioned sexual revolution affect you?

BERGEN: I happened to be monogamous while the sexual revolution was going on. Though I was surrounded by people who weren't. I basically believe in monogamy, so it wasn't like I was participating on this grand level. But there was certainly a kind of buzz in the air. It's amazing now when you think how we have retrenched and burrowed back into the comfort and the familiarity and the safety of our hearth and home. Not just me—everyone.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that has happened because of AIDS or do you think it would have happened anyway?

BERGEN: AIDS certainly is the most tangible and dramatic reason for it to happen, but I think all of the social movements were really more than people could manage. I think that people were really losing it, spinning out of control. A lot of good marriages bit the dust. A lot of families suffered and kids suffered. I'm not sure that anything got accomplished in the *Playboy Philosophy* scheme of things, because it seems now that we're back to a morality that's maybe less hypocritically rooted but more conservative.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about the old *Playboy Philosophy*. Hef's married now. But if the difference between then and now is that our sexual behavior is a choice rather than behavior imposed upon us, would you agree that we've come a long way?

BERGEN: In France, or anywhere in Europe, almost anywhere else in the world, it wouldn't have been pursued with the vengeance that it was here. It was just an indication of how warped we were to begin with. One of the things I love most about Americans is how childlike we are. We're very childlike in the sense of sex—the bathroom jokes and lascivious remarks on TV, for instance. The level of our humor is for people who are still titillated by sexual innuendo. It all strikes

Europeans as incredibly immature—the way that we persecute politicians with these incredibly self-righteous, moralistic witch-hunts, as if anyone could be held accountable to such standards.

PLAYBOY: What political issues concern you now?

BERGEN: There are many things. I'm very concerned about America's debt to Vietnam veterans. Personally, I will feel a little easier if I can figure out some way to pay back some of that. It's not too late to make amends to those guys.

PLAYBOY: Are you more sensitive about this issue because of your antiwar involvement?

BERGEN: I don't know. I certainly opposed the Vietnam war, but I never opposed the American soldiers.

But maybe the biggest issue now is the environment. I'm getting more and more obsessed about it and about people's denial of what is going on. It makes me crazy that there are deliberations about whether we should recycle because it's a lot of trouble. I can really imagine being very radical in this if I could find a way to be effective. It's already almost too late. But it's something I'll be involved in. You risk making a real fool of yourself and you risk being lampooned by the press; Meryl Streep got involved in protesting Alar and pesticides and they savaged her very unfairly.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned several times how important it has been for you to risk humiliation and ridicule. Does that apply personally, too?

BERGEN: It used to be the opposite; I had this reserve and this impenetrable façade. I was basically so self-conscious and so insecure around people, and I was getting hit on right and left. I didn't know how to deal with it.

PLAYBOY: Were you suspicious of the motives of potential suitors?

BERGEN: I don't think their motives were worse than mine.

PLAYBOY: And today?

BERGEN: There's not a question since I've been married. Maybe it sounds boring, but I believe you should honor relationships.

PLAYBOY: This sounds like the mature Candice Bergen speaking.

BERGEN: It may be deadly to talk about, but getting older means being responsible. You acquire a sense of responsibility for your own behavior and you don't pass it off on other people—on your parents, your environment. You have a sense of responsibility to your friends and to your family and to the people around you and to the planet and a sense that you should act from that. That's what I believe about life: You should behave honorably. It's very important to me. It is *not* what Hollywood is about.







THE KILLING MAN

it was a stormy afternoon
and he had an appointment—
with a corpse

SOME DAYS hang over Manhattan like a huge pair of unseen pincers slowly squeezing the city until you can hardly breathe. A low growl of thunder echoed up the cavern of Fifth Avenue, and I looked up to where the sky started at the 71st floor of the Empire State Building. I could smell the rain. It was the kind that hung above the orderly piles of concrete until it was soaked with dust and debris, and when it came down, it wasn't rain at all but the sweat of the city.

When I reached my corner, I crossed against the light and ducked into the ground-level arcade of my office building. It wasn't often that I bothered coming in on Saturdays, but my client couldn't make it any time other than noon today, and from what Velda had told me, he was representing some pretty big interests. I punched my button and rode the elevator up to the eighth floor.

On an ordinary day, the corridor would have been filled with the early-lunch crowd, but now the emptiness gave the place an eerie feeling, as though I were a trespasser and hidden eyes were watching me. Except that I was the only one there, and the single sign of life was the light behind my office door.

I turned the knob, pushed the door open and just stood there a second because something was wrong, sure as hell wrong, and the silence

a new mike hammer story
By MICKEY SPILLANE

was as loud as a wild scream. I had the .45 in my hand and I crouched and edged to one side, listening, waiting, watching.

Velda wasn't at her desk. Her pocket-book sat there, and a paper cup of coffee had spilled over and stained the sheaf of papers before dripping to the floor. And I didn't have to move far before I saw her body crumpled up against the wall, half of her face a bloody mass of clotted blood that seeped from under her hair.

The door to my office was partially open and there was somebody still in there, sitting at my desk, part of his arm clearly visible. I couldn't play it smart. I had to explode and ram through the door in a blind fury, ready to blow somebody into a death full of bloody, flying parts. . . . Then I stopped, my breath caught in my throat, because it had already been done.

The guy sitting there had been taped to my chair, his body immobilized. The wide splash of adhesive tape across his mouth had immobilized his voice, too, but all the horror that had happened was still there in his glazed, dead eyes that stared at hands whose finger tips had been amputated at the first knuckle and lay in neat order on the desktop. A dozen knife slashes had cut open the skin of his face and chest, and his clothes were a sodden mass of congealed blood.

But the thing that had killed him was the note spike I kept my expense receipts on. Somebody had slipped them all off the six-inch steel nail, positioned it squarely in the middle of the guy's forehead and pounded it home with the bronze paperweight that held my folders down.

I ran back to Velda. Her pulse was weak, but it was there, and when I lifted her hair, there was a huge hematoma above her ear, the skin split wide from the vicious swelling of it. Her breathing was shallow and her vital signs weren't good. I grabbed her coat off the rack, draped it around her, stood up and forced the rage to leave me, then found the number in my phone book and dialed it.

The nurse said, "Dr. Reedy's office."

"Meg, this is Mike Hammer," I told her. "Burke in?"

"Yes, but—"

"Listen, call an ambulance and get a stretcher up here right away and get Burke to come up *now*. Velda's been hurt badly."

While she dialed, she said, "Don't move her. I'll send the doctor right up. Keep her warm and—" I hung up in mid-sentence.

Pat Chambers wasn't home, but his message service said he could be reached at his office. The sergeant at the switchboard answered, took my name, put me through, and when Pat said, "Captain Chambers," I told him to get to my office

with a body bag. I wasn't about to waste time with explanations while Velda could be dying right beside me.

Her skin was clammy and her pulse was getting weaker. The frustration I felt was the kind you get in a dream when you can't run fast enough away from some terror that is chasing you. And now I had to stay here and watch Velda slip away from life while some bastard was out there getting farther and farther away all the time.

There were hands around my shoulders that yanked me away from her, and Burke said, "Come on, Mike, let me get to her."

I almost swung on him before I realized who he was. When he saw my face, he said, "You all right?"

After a moment, I said, "I'm all right," and moved back out of the way.

Burke Reedy was a doctor who had come out of the slaughter of Vietnam with all the expertise needed to handle an emergency like this. He and his nurse moved swiftly and the helpless feeling I had before abated and I moved the desk to give him room, trying not to listen to their comments. There was something in their tone of voice that had a desperate edge to it. Almost on cue, the ambulance attendants arrived, visibly glad to see a doctor there ahead of them, and carefully, they got Velda onto the stretcher and out of the office, Burke going with them.

"What happened, Mike?" asked Meg.

"I don't know yet." I pointed to the door of my office. "Go look in there."

A worried look touched her eyes and she walked to the door and opened it. I didn't think old-time nurses could gasp like that. Her hand went to her mouth and I saw her head shake in horror. "Mike . . . you didn't mention—"

"He's dead. Velda wasn't. The cops will take care of that one."

She backed away from the door, turned and looked at me. "That's the first . . . deliberate murder . . . I've ever seen." Slowly, very slowly, her eyes widened.

I shook my head. "No, I didn't do it, Meg. Whoever hit Velda did that, too."

The relief in her expression was plain. "Do you know why?"

"Not yet."

When she left, I walked over to the miniature bar by the window and picked up a glass. Hell, this was no time to take a drink. I put the glass back and went into my office.

The dead guy was still looking at his mutilated hands, seemingly ignoring the spike driven into his skull until the ornamental base of it indented his skin. The glaze over his eyes seemed thicker.

I heard the front door open and Pat shouted my name. I called back, "In here."

Pat was a cop who had seen it all. This one was just another on his list. But the

kill wasn't what disturbed him. It was where it had happened. He turned to the uniform at the door. "Anybody outside?"

"Only our people. They're shortstopping everybody at the elevators."

"Good, keep everybody out for five minutes. Our guys, too."

"Got it," the cop said and turned away.

"Let's talk," Pat said.

It didn't take long. "I was to meet a prospective client at noon in my office. Velda went ahead to open up and get some other work out of the way. I walked in a few minutes before twelve and found her on the floor and the guy dead."

"And you touched nothing?"

"Not in here, Pat. I wasn't about to wait for you to show before I got a doctor for Velda."

Pat looked at me with the same old look.

"OK," he said. His eyes looked tired.

"Let's get our guys in here."

While the photographer shot the corpse from all angles and did close-ups on the mutilation, Pat and I went into Velda's office, where the plain-clothes officers were dusting for prints and vacuuming the area for any incidental evidence. Pat had already jotted down what I had told him. Now he said, "Give me the entire itinerary of your day, Mike. Start from when you got up this morning, and I'll check everything out while it's fresh."

"I got up at seven. I showered, dressed and went down to the deli for some rolls, picked up the paper, went back to the apartment, ate, read the news and took off for the gym."

"Which one?"

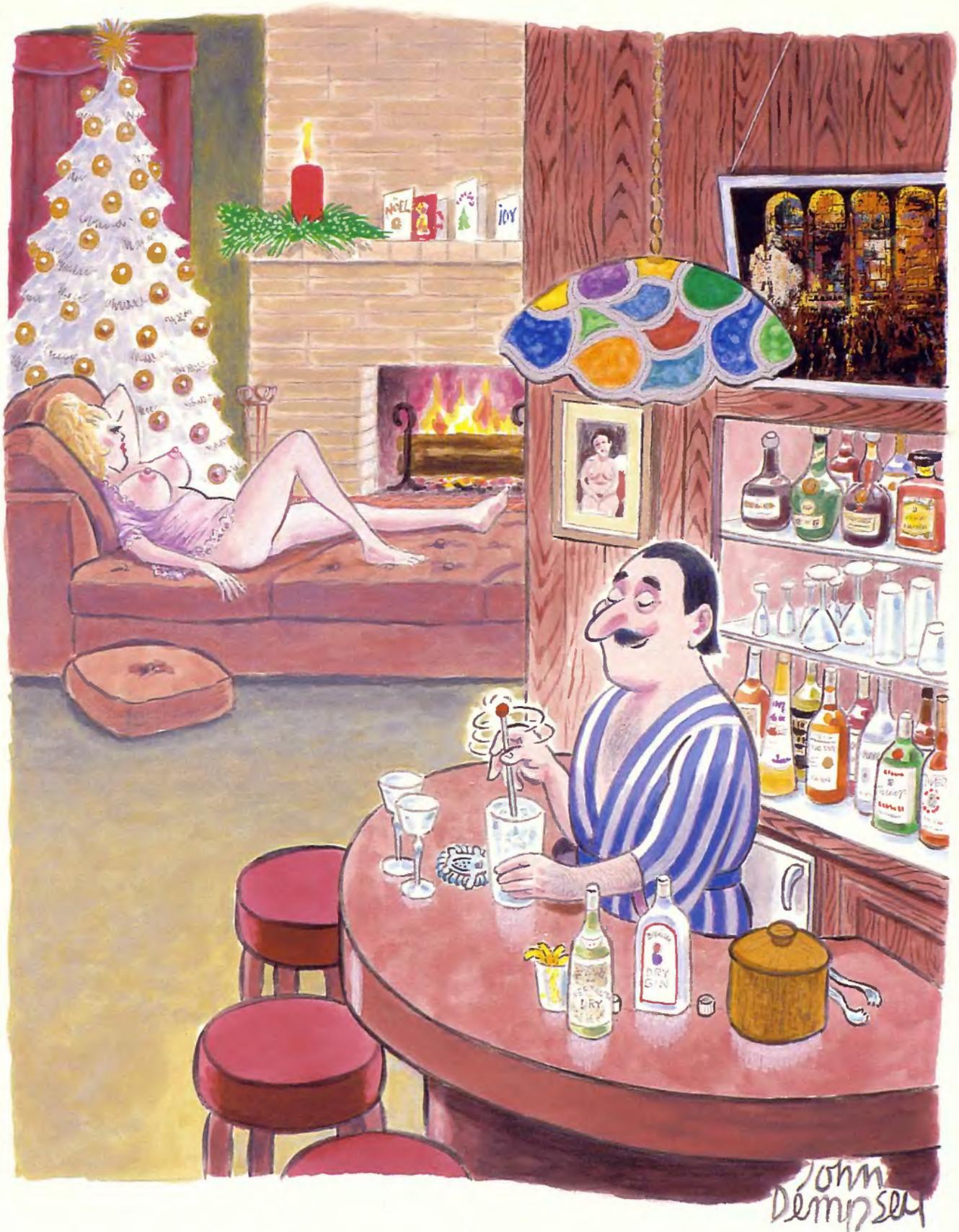
"Bing's Gym. I got to the office a few minutes before twelve and walked into . . . this." I waved my hand at the room. "Burke Reedy will give you the medical report on Velda and the M.E. will be able to pinpoint the time of death pretty well, so don't get me mixed up in suspect status."

Pat finished writing, tore a leaf out of the pad and closed the book. He called one of the detectives over and handed him the slip, telling him to check out all the details of my story. "Let's just keep straight with the system, buddy. Face it; you're not one of its favorite people."

Pat bent over and examined the body carefully. His arm brushed the dead man's coat and pushed it open. Sticking up out of the shirt pocket was a Con Edison bill folded in half. When Pat straightened it out, he looked at the name and said, "Anthony DiCica." He held it out for me to look at. "You know him, Mike?"

"Never saw him before."

"DiCica was an enforcer for the New York Mob. He was a suspect in four homicides, never got tapped for any of them



*"Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
not a creature was stirring—except me."*

and gained a reputation of being a pretty efficient workman."

"Then?"

"Simple. Somebody cracked his skull open in a street brawl and he came all unraveled. He was in a hospital and left with severely impaired mental facilities."

"Who sponsored him?"

"Nobody took him in. He remembered very little of his past, but he could handle uncomplicated things."

"What's the tag line, Pat?"

"He could have made enemies. Somebody saw him and came after him."

"In my office?"

"OK, Mike, who would want *you* dead?"

"Nobody I can think of."

"Hell, somebody wants you even better than dead. They want you all chopped up and with a spike through your head. Somebody had a business engagement with you at noon, got here early, took out Velda and didn't have to wait for you because there was a guy in your office he thought was you and he nailed that poor bastard instead."

"I've thought of that," I said.

I picked up the phone and called the building super. I told him I needed the place cleaned up and what had happened. He said he'd do it personally. I thanked him and hung up.

Pat said, "Let's go get something to eat. You'll feel better. Then we'll go to the hospital."

"I don't want to eat. I'll tell you what you can do, though."

"What's that?"

"Station a cop at her door. Somebody missed Velda, and they may want another go when they find out what happened."

Pat had called ahead, and the cop at Velda's door looked at my I.D. and let me in. The hospital room was in a deep gloom, only a small night light on the wall, making it possible to see the outlines of the bed and the equipment. When the door snicked shut, I picked up the straight-backed chair by the sink, went to the bed and sat down beside her.

Velda. Beautiful, gorgeous Velda. Those deep-brown eyes and that full, full mouth. Shimmering auburn hair that fell in a pageboy around her shoulders.

Now her face was a bloated black-and-blue mask on one side, one eye totally closed under the bulbous swelling, the other a flat slit. Her hair was gone around the bandaged area and her upper lip was twice its normal size.

I put my hand over hers and whispered, "Damn it, kitten. . . ."

Then her wrist moved and her fingers squeezed mine gently. "Are you . . . all right?" she asked me softly.

"I'm fine, honey, I'm OK. Now, don't talk. Just take it easy. All I want is to be

here with you. That's enough."

I just sat there, and in a minute, she said, "I can . . . listen, Mike. Please tell me . . . what happened."

I played it back without building it up. I didn't tell her the details of the kill and hinted that it was strictly the work of a nut, but she knew better.

Under my fingers, I could feel her pulse. It was steady. Her hand squeezed mine again. "They came in . . . very fast. One had a hand over his face . . . and he was . . . swinging at me . . . with the other. I . . . never saw a face at all." Remembering it hadn't excited her. The pulse rate hadn't changed.

I said, "OK, honey, that's enough. You're supposed to take it real easy awhile."

But she insisted. "Mike. . . ."

"What, kitten?"

"If the police . . . ask questions. . . ."

I knew what she was thinking. In her mind, she had already put it on a case basis and filed it for immediate activity.

"Play sick," I said.

Until she made a statement, everything was up in the air. She was still alive, so there was a possibility that she could have seen the killers. They couldn't afford any witness at all, but if they tried to erase her, they'd be sitting ducks themselves. From here on, there would be a solid cover on the hospital room. The killers were going to sweat a little more now.

I thought I saw the good corner of her mouth twitch in a smile, and again, I got the small finger squeeze. "Be careful," she said. Her voice was barely audible and she was slipping back into a sleep once more. "I want . . . you back."

Her fingers loosened and her hand slipped out of mine. She didn't hear me when I said, "I want you back, too, baby."

Outside the door, a cop said, "How is she?"

"Making it." He was a young cop, this one. He still had that determined look. He had the freshness of youth, but his eyes told me he had seen plenty of street work since he left the academy. "Did Captain Chambers tell you what this is about?" I asked.

"Only that it was heavy. The rest I got through the grapevine."

"It's going to get rougher," I said. "Don't play down what you're doing."

He grinned at me. "Don't worry, Mike, I'm not jaded yet."

"Take care of my girl in there, will you?"

His face suddenly went serious. "You got it, Mike."

Downstairs, another shift was coming on, fresh faces in white uniforms replacing the worn-out platoon that had gone through a rough offense on the day watch. The interns looked too young to be doctors, but they already had the wear

and tear of their profession etched into them. One had almost made it to the door when the hidden P.A. speaker brought him up short, and with an expression of total fatigue, he shrugged and went back inside.

I cut around the little groups and pushed my way through the outside door. The rain had stopped, but the night was clammy, muting the street sounds and diffusing the light of the buildings. Nights like this stank. There were no incoming taxis and it was a two-block walk to where they might cruise by. There was no other choice, so I went down to the street.

I thought the little guy in the oddball suit who shuffled up to me on the street outside my apartment was another panhandler. He peered at me, a grin twisting his mouth, and said, "Remember me? I'm Ambrose."

"Ambrose who?"

"How many people with a name like that you know? From Charlie the Greek's place, man. Charlie says he wants you to give him a call."

"Why?"

"Beats me, man. He just told me to tell you that. And the sooner the better. It's important."

I told him OK, handed him two bucks and watched him scuttle away. When I got upstairs, I dug out the old phone book, looked up the Greek's place and called Charlie. His raspy voice started chewing me out for not stopping by the past six months, and when he was finished, he said, "There's a gent that wants to meet with you, Mike."

Charlie was an old-fashioned guy. When he said gent, it was with quotation marks around it, printed in red. Any gent would be somebody in the chain of command that led to the strange avenues of what they deny is organized crime. He wasn't connected; he was simply a useful tool in the underworld apparatus.

"He got a name, Charlie?"

"Sure, I guess. But I don't know it."

"What's the deal?"

"Like tonight. Can you make it down here tonight?"

I looked at my watch. "OK, give me thirty. You think I need some backup?"

"Naw. This guy's clean."

"Tell him to sit at the bar."

"You got it, Mike."

The Greek's place was just a run-down old saloon in a neighborhood that was going under the wreckers' ball little by little. Half of the places had been abandoned, but Charlie's joint was near the corner, got a regular trade and a lot of daytime transients, but from four to seven every evening, the gay crowd took over like a swing shift, then left abruptly

(continued on page 114)

Gotta

DANCE



TIME WAS, we didn't dance. In recent memory, the picture of Jimmy Carter moping around the White House didn't give rise to exuberance. But our postmodern, ironic age is giving way to a kinder, gentler notion: We are once again permitting ourselves to be all that we can be. We are also permitting ourselves to be less than all that we can be.

Dancing is a way in which we celebrate the bearable lightness of being. In dance, we are forgiven our lead-footedness; the ponderous bulk of our corporeal selves becomes leavened. Otherwise sensible people are suddenly twirled into a kind of dementia. Besides, dancing is one of the few social activities in which sweat is an acceptable by-product of enthusiasm, if not competence.

Dance helps us drop our reserve and reorders our priorities. The kind of

thinking that went into the frug, for example, is one that is temporarily untroubled by global hegemony: The twist, the loco-motion, the hitchhiker, the swim—nowhere do you find the rigorous, disciplined thinking that gave rise to LIFO and

aw, do we have to?



FIFO accounting techniques. The same is true for the tango, the fox trot, the lindy hop, the waltz. They all presumed a prepared sameness: Hold your hands like so, place your feet like so—in some cases, thrust your loins like there's no tomorrow. Billy Crystal, in *When Harry Met Sally . . .*, complains that one of the stages of the modern courtship is performing "the white man's overbite"—a kind of strained, jerky dance step on the rocky, goal-oriented road to sex. True dancing, you will learn here, isn't like that. It lightens, rather than burdens, the heart. It redeems and restores. Which is why we gotta do it, even if we're no good at it.



Why You Can't

BLAME CHUBBY CHECKER

LOOK at you: You're a competent guy, a man of accomplishment. Your career is flying, your pay check pushing the edge of the envelope. You read. You're up on movies. You know art and he knows you. You can summon sommeliers in the fanciest expense-account restaurants, and your personal stash of Cuban cigars attests to your taste *and* your resourcefulness, not to mention your contrariant contempt for the way the wind is blowing. In other words, you are a dude, an

18-karat, bona fide late-Eighties kind of man.

So how come you can't dance?

Oh, pardon me. Of *course* you can dance. You have those couple of steps you keep in your head to get you out of tight situations, such as the firm's annual black-tie New Year's bash. Well, actually, they're not really *steps*. They're more like a vague pattern of movement, a shuffling that you refer to as "slow dancing." But, hey, it got you by in junior high, and it gets you by in real life. You also have that other speed that you call "fast dancing," the one where you shift from one foot to the other and kick it forward like you're trying to shake something sordid off your shoe.

OK. But tell me this: Why do you feel that little moment of terror when you tear open that holiday invitation and out tumbles a card with the words DINNER-DANCE engraved in letters you can touch with your finger tips, as though you had a handicap?

I'll tell you why. It's because somewhere deep inside, you know you're the consummate late-Eighties man . . . and the rest of the world is about to dance into the Nineties.

The fact that the Nineties are looking like (text concluded on page 232)

article BY JAMES MORGAN

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA



WHY YOU SHOULD

*because it's
better than sex*

MY ONLY recommendation to a man who is even remotely thinking about ballroom dancing is to be careful. Unless you have a very large trust fund or a very strong character, don't begin at Arthur Murray. Once they hook you, they have you for life.

"Me?" you say. "Hooked? On ballroom dancing? *Come on!*"

I know. The only reason you'd take ballroom dancing at all would be as a joke. So that's why I'm telling you: Don't. Like a newborn duck, you'll get imprinted on your teacher and your classmates, and then they'll sign you up for lifetime lessons. Later, when you ask around, you'll discover that you could get the same lessons for less from someone who used to teach at Arthur Murray and now gives lessons himself.

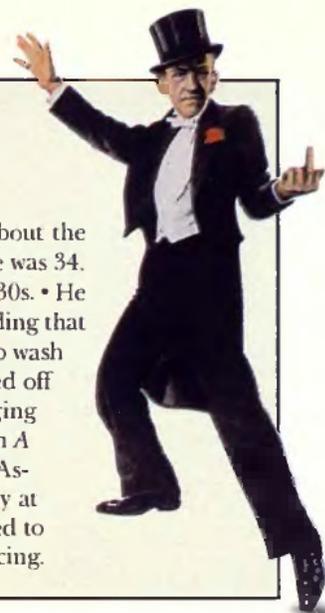
Once you feel what it's like to dance with someone who *knows* how to dance, you'll understand what I'm talking about. You (text concluded on page 92)

article BY EVE BABITZ

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

SURE, HE COULD DANCE, BUT...

The next time she wishes you could dance like Fred Astaire, you might tell her a few things about the prince of prance. For instance: • Sure, he could cut a rug, but he also started wearing one when he was 34. • He danced only with his sister until he was past 30. • He lived with his mother until well into his 30s. • He once made Ginger Rogers continue to rehearse even after her feet were bloody. • He was so demanding that many of his dance partners were reduced to tears during rehearsals. • When his wife asked him to wash the dishes, he smashed them on the kitchen floor and told her never to ask him again. • He stalked off the set of *Top Hat* because feathers from Rogers' dress were blowing in his face. • He enjoyed hanging out at the morgue; he also liked to watch police line-ups. • He tried to get Joan Fontaine fired from *A Damsel in Distress*. When director George Stevens told him he feared Fontaine might kill herself, Astaire said Stevens was exaggerating and insisted on replacing her. • He ate noodle soup every day at 12:30. • He didn't like to read, but he did like to watch TV game shows and soap operas. • He used to put on sunglasses and sneak into porno movies at the Pussy Cat Theater. • He hated social dancing.



RHYTHM AND SHOES

NEW YORK: The cavernous **Red Zone** houses fashion addicts and voguesters; **Mars's** six floors are crowded with ripped jeans and leather jackets; wear black to **M.K.** for live music, billiards and a cabaret; watch for Madonna at **Big Haus**, a record-industry showcase club. LOS ANGELES: **Vertigo** draws celebs of many stripes; at **Rubber**, rock stars jam with the rock-a-billy band. CHICAGO: The **Cabaret Metro/Smart Bar** has sawdust on the



floor and deejay music in the air; **Esoteria's** fenced-in floor protects the Beautiful People; Victoriana and psychedelia coexist at the **Lizard Lounge**. DALLAS: **Dallas Alley** is a nine-member club cartel featuring a dance floor for 1000; **Twenty Eight Twenty Six** has one of the top deejays in the country. MIAMI: **Decos** has a monster dance floor, lasers and five bars for the unquenchable; Latins and tourists line up at **Club Nu's** 24-hour bar; find inspiration from dancing samurais at **Facade**.

KELLY'S GIRLS: NO DATE? NO PROBLEM



Even the best hoofers have scuffed the floor with stand-ins. When Fred Astaire was stood up by Jane Powell in *Royal Wedding*, he cut a rug with a clothes tree. In *Thousands Cheer*, Gene Kelly skirted wallflowerdom by waltzing with a mop (above left). (In the middle, he's very animated with Tom and Jerry in *Anchors Aweigh*; at right, he's *Singin' in the Rain* while bumping with his bumbershoot.) In *Jailhouse Rock*, Elvis snarled, "Don't you be no square/If you can't find a partner, use a wooden chair." Most everyday household items can serve as supple partners when treated gingerly. However, there is one unavoidable ground rule: You lead.

WHAT'S IN THE NAME?

Remember the name dance? Archivists—notably John Waters in *Hairspray*—have unearthed forgotten gems, from the enthusiastically entomological (the roach) to the relentlessly instructional (the Madison). As we kick and scream into the Nineties, we're dancing to fewer names. Everyone did da butt for a time, as well as other novelties: the RoboCop (you whip your head from side to side), the Cabbage Patch (you move from side to side and stir something up) and the Roger Rabbit (you hop). But the dance in style now is voguing, named, apparently, after the magazine and involving posing, strutting, twirling about and other fashion-runway moves. Armchair psychologists will say that voguing makes a virtue of self-absorption, public preening and narcissism. Well, so did the watusi—that's what dancing is all about.



IT'S EASY AS 1, 2, 3

NINETY-EIGHT percent of dancing consists of following a few simple rules. Think of these as instructional *koans*, pointers from the pros, that we gleaned from how-to books and videos. Follow them and you'll move as gracefully as, well, Fred Astaire. • "Good posture is absolutely essential to good dancing."—THOMAS E. PARSON, *How to Dance* • "Don't try [the split kick into the back spin] with your good pants on."—WILLIAM H. WATKINS and ERIC N. FRANKLIN, *Breakdance!* • "Remember, you go counterclockwise when you're country dancing."—MELANIE GREENWOOD, *Hot Country Dancin'* • "Don't reach out for the floor; it's right there for you to hit."—BONNIE FRANKLIN, *Let's Tap!* • "Footwork alone does not make a good dancer—your whole body dances."—KATHY SMITH, *Fun with Foxtrot* • "The key to being a good partner is . . . to make the woman beautiful—make her flow, make her movement ecstasy and flight, you know."—PATRICK SWAYZE, *Swayze Dancing*.



may even come to realize, as I have, that dancing is better than sex. I mean that, I really do. It's better because it's a flirtation that can go on forever and ever without being consummated; because you can do it with strangers and not feel guilty or ashamed; because you can do it outside your marriage and not get in any trouble; and because you can do it in public, with people watching and applauding. And when you're doing it right, you can't think about anything else, such as what you forgot at work or that the ceiling needs painting.

Which is why women love to dance.

There's a problem, of course. All wonderful things in life come with some sort of problem. For women, it's finding men to dance with. I've been taking ballroom-dance lessons for more than a year now and, in my class, as in most classes, the women seriously outnumber the men. Not taking dance lessons is a common mistake among men. They fail to realize that dancing is one of the few things a man can learn when he's young that will come in handy later. Men who know how to dance—even a few basic steps—will never end up sad and alone, with nobody to play with, because women will always be looking for that rare man who can dance. They'll take him to night clubs and parties and on cruises, and they'll go all mushy after a simple waltz.

Men should know this, but they don't. They don't appreciate the fact that what happens between a man and a woman on a dance floor is so romantic and pure, so steeped in tender tradition that few women can resist it.

There are other wonderful things about dancing. It's a return to a more innocent time, back to the days of courtship when young couples danced the fox trot, the waltz and even the tango, and then fell in love with the way they felt in each other's arms, moving to the music. After they fell in love, they got married. And then they stayed married.

On a dance floor, it's OK for men to take the initiative and not worry about being viewed as Neanderthals. The man is *supposed* to ask the woman to dance.

And once you begin to dance, the man leads. It doesn't work well if you *both* lead, and it's no better if you take turns. The man gets to show off his physical strength, lifting her up and twirling her around. It's a scientific fact that once a woman feels a man's strong arms around her, she feels a lot better about life in general and can't complain much at all.

Women don't complain about the fact that most of them dance better than men. If a man can't cut it on the floor, the next time he asks, "Do you want to dance?" he may get a reply such as, "I think you need more practice. Why don't we meet somewhere and try?" Women are perfectly willing to help someone

learn. They'll even become the dance partner of a man they might not otherwise entertain in any way other than as a grave doubt.

Any man who so much as *wants* to learn to dance is given much more slack by the women in ballroom dancing than the women are by the men, once the man has learned to dance and is totally impatient with the least imperfection. I know this marvelous dancer named Frank, who, the minute we start to tango (we take Tango Argentino class together, the dance of the truly driven), begins looking at me in the mirror and saying, "Can't you do your *ochos* on your *own* balance?"

Frank, in fact, had a perfectly gorgeous partner named Irena, with long red hair down to her waist and a back like a Victorian virgin, her profile so pale and sweet against his dark, Latin good looks. But Frank was such a barrel of critiques that finally, one day, she just upped and quit, saying, "I can't dance with you anymore. It's no fun."

As for me, one day I asked Frank, "Don't you *like* dancing with me?"

And he said, "No. Not all the time."

So I left him alone from then on, even in a class where people were expected to dance with anyone handy. I ignored him for a long time. Now he *asks* me to dance, nicely, and things are a lot better.

Since I began doing ballroom dancing, I've discovered that there are two types of men to dance with. There's the kind who, like me, learned everything they know from teachers and who wouldn't veer off the beaten track if an earthquake struck in mid-step and with whom dancing is incredibly beautiful and brings moments of such happiness that they know they'll remember them until the day they die. And then there are the men who were born to dance, who took a few lessons when they were young and have been dancing ever since. These men regard dance as a simple way to express themselves, leading their partners into things they never dreamed of doing in a million years, and making me, at least, feel as though I've just been to a motel—or a small hotel in Santa Barbara—for the best weekend of my life.

"My God," I asked one partner, named Aldo, at the end of a slow Latin bolero. "What do you call *that*?"

"That," he said, smiling, "*is dancing.*"

No wonder he has been married five times. I would have married him, if only for a few infatuated months of ballrooms, moonlight and what he does to music.

Fred Astaire was like that, I suppose. He learned a few steps in his youth and just took off when he felt like it in later life. Oh, to be in Fred Astaire's arms. Or even Ralph's arms.

I had a first date with Ralph last Satur-

day. We were having dinner in one of those elegant old downtown-L.A. hotels that have a great restaurant, and after dinner, we walked past this hotel bar, where a combo was playing *But Not for Me*.

"Oh," he said, "that's a fox trot, right?"

"I think so," I said, wondering how a man who was only 34 and had been raised in Southern California would know.

"You want to try?" he said, smiling, and cherry bombs went off in my heart.

"To dance?" I said. "Oh, let's."

The floor was almost empty, maybe two other couples, and we stood for a moment while he listened for the slow/quick-quick beat, which is all a fox trot is. And there we were, gliding away, my heart turning into cotton candy and my head in and out of the clouds. I stood up straight, my feet stayed on the floor and in that moment, I was prepared to forgive him for anything he would do for the next 40 years.

The dance came to an end and he said, "That was fun."

I was seeing stars so badly I could hardly talk, but when he said "One more?" I managed a feeble "Oh, I'd love to."

Maybe it's the public formality of it all that makes the whole thing so private yet so intense. It took all my wits to keep from offering to be his slave for life.

"Ahhh," he said, "you're the queen of slow dances, aren't you? You're so easy to dance with, your body is the great escape."

"Now, now," I said, blushing like a love-struck kid. But I wasn't a teenager in love, I was something worse—I was a tango dancer in love.

If a year ago someone had asked me to dance a dance in a place like that, he'd have been sorry. I was worse than a heavy lead, I led myself. But now my body was fully clothed while my mind, heart and soul were quite a different story.

"In heels," he said, "you're just the right size for me."

Was he planning our future?

When I get infatuated this completely, I tend to think of headstones—what we'll have written on them and if he'd like the side-by-side look or prefer nice mausoleum plaques. A year ago, I might have asked his view, but now, due to the rigorously enforced charm that I acquired in tangoland, I'm as good at keeping my mouth shut as I am at keeping my back straight for the entire dance. If Ralph wants headstones, I'm sure he'll ask. I now leave it to the man to propose.

Of course, it's only a dance.

Nothing more.

But the great thing about ballroom dancing is where it can lead, if only a woman knows how to follow.





"I had to make a number of concessions in their new contract."



THE JOKER WAS WILD

text by
KENELM JENOUR

ACTRESS KAREN MAYO-CHANDLER DELIVERS THE GOODS ON EX-LOVER JACK NICHOLSON

WHEN GIRLS are asked what they look for in a man, they always talk about the sensitive things, like intellect, kindness and a sense of humor. Well, that's all very nice, very nice, indeed, but what I also want is a guaranteed nonstop sex machine, and that's exactly what I got with Jack. He's into fun and games in bed, all the really horny things that I get off on, like spankings, handcuffs, whips and Polaroid pictures. Now, that's a man to die for!" The man in question is Jack Nicholson, still a hot box-office star at 52, and the 28-year-old actress confirming his enduring sexual prowess is Karen Mayo-Chandler, a hot British beauty who spent the best part of a year in the Joker's bed. Brits are renowned for their delight in naughty bedroom stuff, and you'll notice a startling British insouciance when it comes to Karen's attitude about bedtime frolics—attitudes that wouldn't pass muster at the National Organization for Women. Classically trained at the prestigious Italia-Conti and Guildhall drama schools in London, the auburn-haired, hazel-eyed Karen



"A hero you can love and a villain you can hate," says Karen Mayo-Chandler of actor Jack Nicholson (above, as *Batman's* Joker), with whom she says she had a torrid, yearlong affair. "I'd say he's rather like the Joker, too; his idea of being sexy is dressing in blue-satin boxer shorts and fluorescent orange socks and chasing me around the room with a ping-pong paddle." The relationship now ended, Karen is concentrating on her Hollywood career.

made her big-screen debut in Ken Russell's controversial *Lisztomania* and was in John Osborne's biting TV drama *You're Not Watching Me, Mummy* at 18. By the time she was 22, Karen's face and figure—36-23-34—had placed her on the covers of more than 100 fashion magazines, *Vogue* and *Harpers* included, while she still found time to chase her theatrical dreams, appearing world-wide on stage in Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit* and even Woody Allen's *Play It Again, Sam*. Five years ago, she went to California on vacation, copped a TV guest-star role alongside Bruce Boxleitner in *Bring 'Em Back Alive* and a cameo role with Eddie



Murphy in the original *Beverly Hills Cop*. Hollywood became home. After a stint on the CBS soap *The Young and the Restless*, she was back on the big screen playing a string of bad girls—hookers, strippers and junkies—in the B-movie business. But 1989 saw her breakthrough, with a part opposite Karen Black in the current RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video release *Out of the Dark* and the lead in Roger Corman's cult sequel *Stripped to Kill 2*, which led to a five-picture Corman contract. Most



96 At right is a scene from the movie *African Express*, in which Karen, playing an American aviatrix, co-stars with Patrick Dallaghan. It's scheduled to be released early next year.





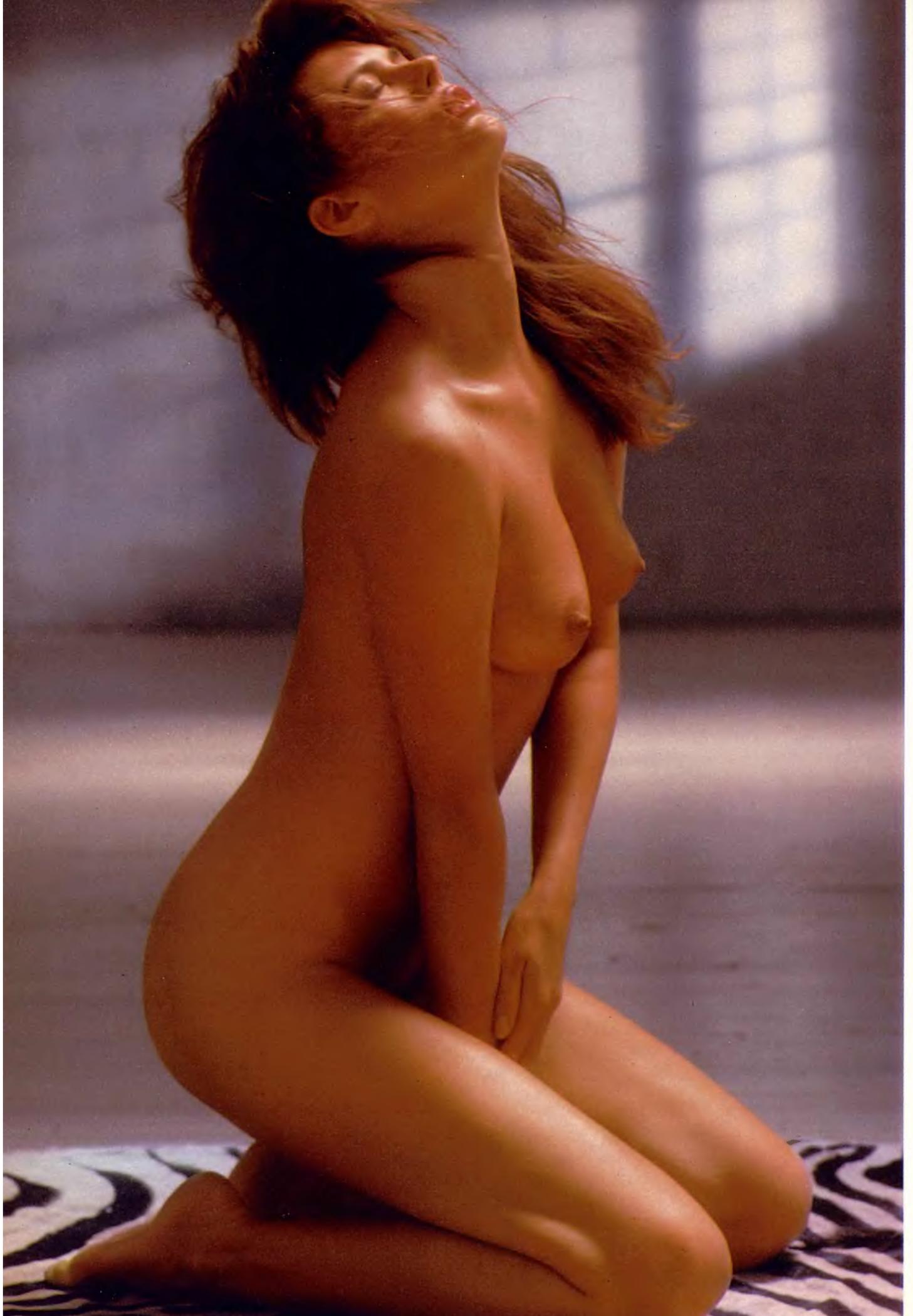




recently, she completed a major starring role in the upcoming *African Express*, playing a feisty American pilot in the World War Two adventure. In the midst of all this, she found time for a secret 12-month fling with "Joker" Jack, or, as she prefers to call him, "Spanking" Jack. With good reason, as we shall see. "I kept quiet about it for a long time," she says, "because I really don't like to kiss and tell, but you know how gossip starts in the movie business. You just can't keep it down. The tabloids made me out to be Jack's little British bimbo, so I simply had to set the record straight. The fact is that I was in love with Jack, and he treated me like a princess during our time together. It



was champagne and flowers all the way. Added to that, he spent hour after hour making love to me night after night. Could any girl resist? He's not a selfish lover like so many men, only interested in satisfying themselves. No one, and I do mean no one, can compare with Jack in the sack. He really ought to write a book about it: *How to Make Love to a Woman*, by Jack Nicholson. Now, wouldn't that be a best seller? I could talk forever about Jack's bedroom technique. With some men, making love is just a physical thing; with others, it's emotional or intellectual. It's rarely all three. With Jack, it's everything. Really, it's a life-or-death thing to (text concluded on page 211)





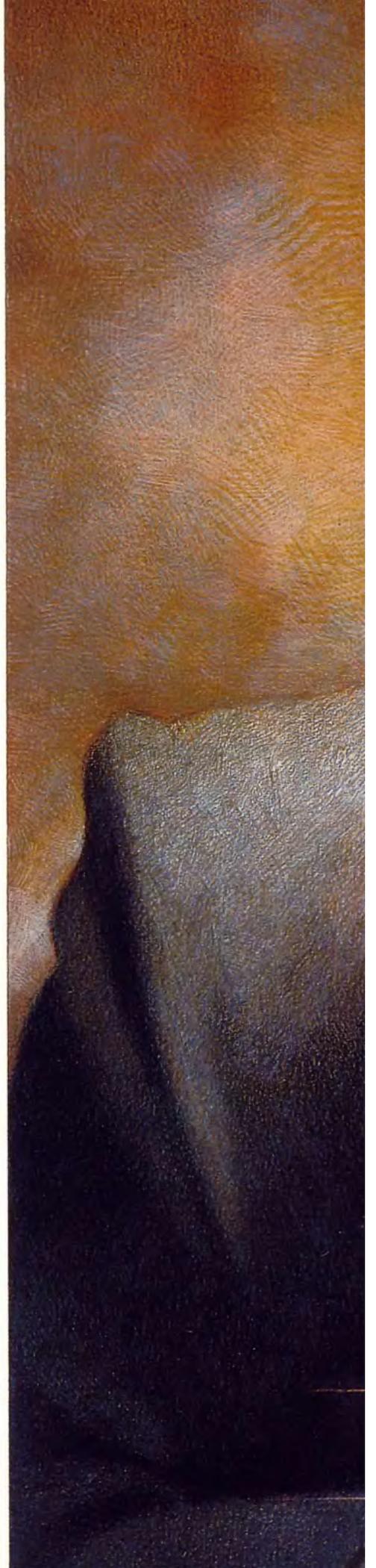
how to Tell if you're a grown- up

hint: looking in the mirror won't help

I WAS BORN in 1947. I have a wife, a child, a mortgage, two dogs and gum disease. People who are years younger than I am routinely get elected lieutenant governor. So you would probably describe me as a grownup. Which just goes to show how much *you* know.

Several years back, I began to suspect that, despite my age, I wasn't a grownup at all, and neither was my wife. What tipped me off was furniture. I noticed that over the years, all our friends had gradually, somehow, acquired furniture that not only went together in terms of color but also looked as though nobody had ever spilled margaritas mixed with bean dip on it and then allowed it to harden for several days on account of being too hung over to attempt cleaning procedures. I wondered, How did our friends manage this? *Our* furniture looks as though a random collection of large, unattractive animals wandered into our living room and died. It always will.

I know this (text concluded on page 228; see quiz overleaf)





THE REAL-LIFE APTITUDE TEST

(or how to tell if you are, finally, a grownup)

1. Your former college roommate shows up and repays the \$3500 you lent him to run away to Canada with in 1969. You:

- A. Spend a weekend in Vegas
- B. Buy a new set of clubs
- C. Reserve a place in nursery school for your unborn child
- D. Demand 8.9 percent interest

2. A foulard is:

- A. The layer of fat above the hips that rolls over the waistband
- B. A lightweight silk tie or handkerchief in a twill weave
- C. A sheer silk sock worn with formal dinner attire
- D. A black dress cape hemmed with lead weights

3. Your best friend has a professional triumph. You:

- A. Take him out for a drink
- B. Take yourself out for a drink
- C. Take his wife out for a drink
- D. Quit drinking

4. Your bank records and credit applications will be:

- A. Kept strictly confidential
- B. Shared with firms only if authorized by you in writing
- C. Sold to anybody with a letterhead and a fax machine
- D. Used as the basis of a monolog on the *Letterman* show

5. When a woman says she's not interested in _____, it usually means she's _____.

- A. Marriage . . . bitter
- B. Younger men . . . sarcastic
- C. Other men . . . discreet
- D. Size . . . kind

6. Rank the following in order of importance:

- A. Credit-card insurance
- B. Over-the-horizon radar protection
- C. Annual physical
- D. Team-logo boxer shorts

7. A large monkey and a small monkey sit in the same tree. Each has six bananas. The large monkey eats six. The small monkey eats two. How many bananas does the small monkey have left?

- A. Six
- B. Four

- C. Two
- D. None

The following questions test your ability to decipher synthetic wordoids constructed from initials.

8. RICO:

- A. Puerto Rican terrorist organization
- B. Edward G. Robinson's big break
- C. Anticrime statute
- D. Registered Intensive-Care Obstetrician

9. LIFO:

- A. Last In, First Out
- B. Low-Intensity Fake Orgasm
- C. Less Is For Others
- D. Let's Instead Fuck, OK?

10. A half Windsor is:

- A. A short dress boot with a tartan lining
- B. A tie knot used to fill moderately spread collars
- C. A wrestling move in which an opponent's trunks are pulled around his knees
- D. An illegitimate offspring of the royal family

11. Match the nationality with the product:

- | | |
|----------|-------------|
| British | wine |
| French | beer |
| Italian | shotguns |
| Japanese | automobiles |
| German | optics |
| American | beef |
| Swedish | chain saws |
| Canadian | women |

12. A blucher is:

- A. A damp, viscous lump you snort onto your boss's tie while laughing at one of his jokes
- B. A half boot on which the upper laps over the vamp
- C. An absorbent pad sewn into the front of bikini briefs
- D. An Austrian velvet slipper

13. _____ treat a beautiful woman as if she were _____.

- A. Always . . . from Mars
- B. Never . . . married
- C. Always . . . mentally disabled
- D. Never . . . beautiful

No one graduates without fulfilling the foreign-language requirements. Below is a test of your fluency in

financialese.

14. T-bills are:

- A. 13-, 26- and 52-week Treasury securities sold at a discount from par
- B. Monthly payments on a Thunderbird
- C. Uncollected tax bills that are auctioned off to collection services
- D. Treasury notes bearing the likeness of Mr. T

The following question will reveal the subtlety of your mental palate.

15. Identify cumin:

- A. Symbolic Passover dish (bitter herbs, honey, onions and sand)
- B. Aromatic spice used in curry
- C. Hungarian chilled cucumber soup
- D. Turkish opiated mint tea

16. Forever means:

- A. As long as you both shall live
- B. As long as the money holds out
- C. As long as the average married man thinks he has been married
- D. As long as it takes to pay off your kids' college loans

OPTIONAL SECTION: ETHICS

17. You may safely lie to which of the following:

- A. The IRS
- B. The FBI
- C. Mike Wallace
- D. Your wife

18. It's not whether you win or lose, it's:

- A. How you play the game
- B. How you look
- C. Whether you beat the spread
- D. Whether you can deduct it

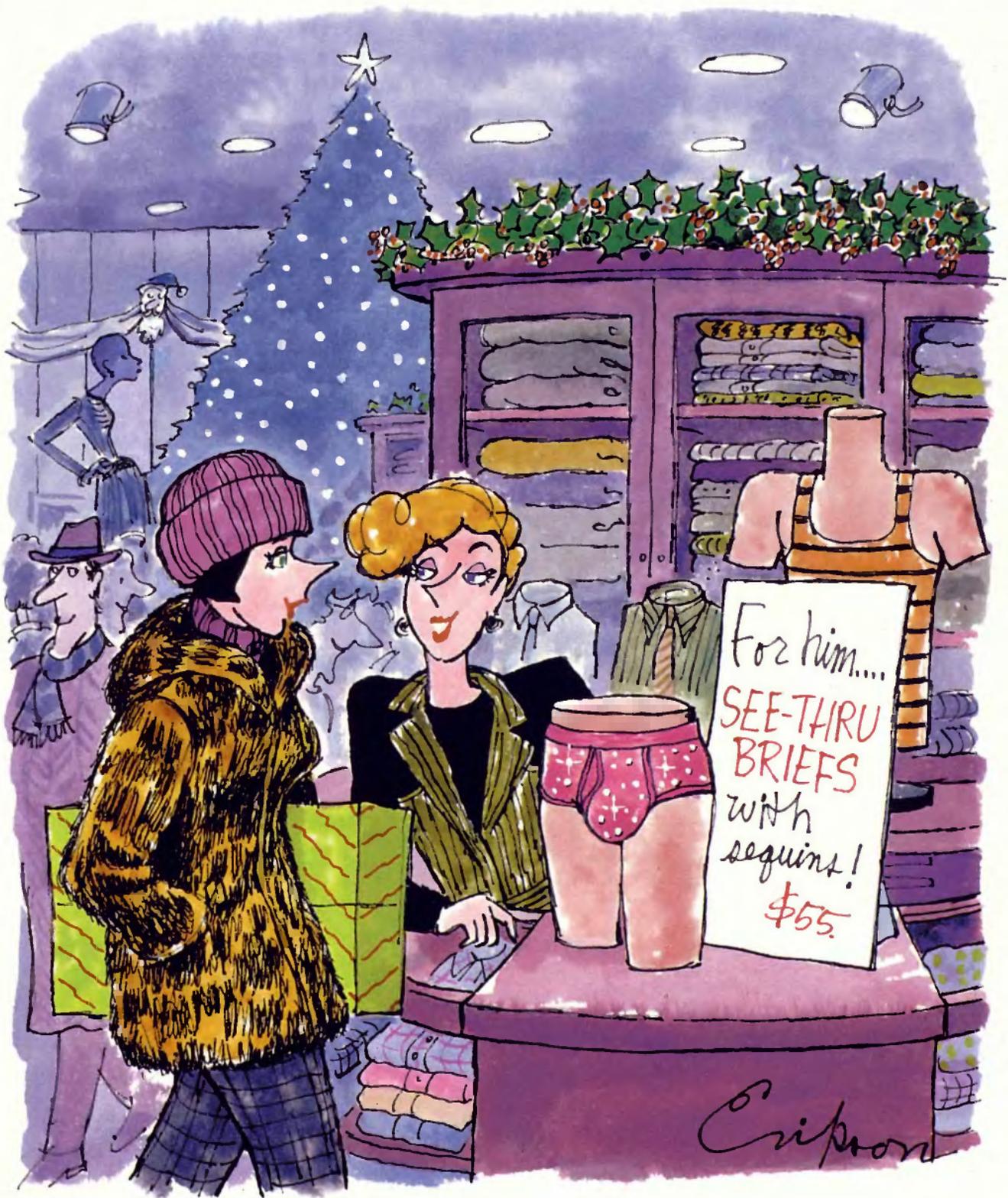
19. Confession is good for:

- A. The soul
- B. Her lawyers
- C. Senate subcommittees
- D. All of the above, so avoid it at all costs

20. Honesty is the best:

- A. Policy
- B. Weapon
- C. Billy Joel song ever
- D. Disguise

—LENNY KLEINFELD and
GEOFFREY NORMAN
(answers on page 232)



"This year you can give him a taste of his own medicine!"

— **PLAYBOY CHRISTMAS** —
C O L L E C T I O N

things you can live without, but who wants to?



The MiD ski boot, designed in collaboration with Porsche, features a mid-entry system for easy entry and exit but maintains the traditional overlap feel of classic ski boots. The angle of skiing or walking position is adjusted by forward flex and a quick one-button release. Available in four colors, from Lange USA, Colchester, Vermont, \$330.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Alessi's stainless-steel reproduction of a circa 1925 cocktail shaker created by German industrial designer Marianne Brandt captures the unique design and inherent beauty of the original, \$235. Cheers!



Measuring a mere 4 1/4" x 4 1/4" x 6 7/8" and weighing about 1 1/2 pounds, Sony's CCD-TR5 Handycam Bmm camcorder is the perfect little stacking stuffer, yet offers all the features of its full-sized brothers, \$1500.



To keep your holiday spirits soaring, there's a silver-plated, English-made aviator's watch featuring a gated top, quartz movement and leather band, from Butler & Wilson, West Hollywood, California, \$248.





At left: Grundig's radically streamlined German-made 26" improved-definition stereo television with nine audio speakers has a 155-channel tuner and wireless learning remote and on-screen programing, \$2500.

The crystal inkwell (shown with a Must blue-lacquer fountain pen, \$410) has a faceted base and a gold-ringed, frated-crystal cap and is numbered and initialed in gold, \$325. Both are from Cartier, Chicago.

This HO-gauge Digital Vista dame car with separate controls for setting ceiling and table lighting, features a waiter moving through the aisle, serving passengers, from Märklin, New Berlin, Wisconsin, \$295.





The Jaguar marque has moved on down the road to sunglasses. Model J701 has all the class and breeding of the big-cat machines and cuts sunrays, too, from Spex Inc., Chicago, about \$200, including a handy case.



Deck the halls! Technics' tap-loading SL-PC20 five-disc player allows you to change CDs even while one is playing. You also get 20-track random-access programming, sequential play and repeat modes, \$330.



Produced annually for the holiday season, this year's Alfred Dunhill of London's limited-edition (350) Christmas pipe is fitted with a gold band and housed in its own leather-bound book-style case, about \$750.

For the ultimate in off-road thrills, try the Honda Pilot, a four-wheel off-road specialty vehicle with a liquid-cooled 397-c.c. two-stroke engine, from Des Plaines Honda, Des Plaines, Illinois, about \$6000.



KILLING MAN (continued from page 86)

"That mutilation of DiCica could have been a message to you," he said. 'It looks like it.' I shrugged."

and everything went back to sloppy normalcy.

A pair of old biddies were sipping beer at the end of the bar and right in the center was a middle-aged portly guy in a dark suit having a highball. His eyes had picked me up in the back bar when I'd come in and we didn't have to be introduced. He waved Charlie over. I said, "Canadian Club and ginger," then we picked up the drinks and went to a table across the room.

"Appreciate your coming," he said.

"No trouble. What's happening?"

"There are some people interested in Tony DiCica's death."

"Pretty messy subject. You know what happened to him?"

He bobbed his head. "Tough."

"Yeah. He sure as hell messed up my office. But that's not what you want to know. Let's get something squared away here. You guys don't give a shit whether DiCica is dead or alive, do you?" I snarled.

"Couldn't care less."

"You mean unless he told my secretary what you wanted."

After thinking about it, he acknowledged the point. "Something like that."

I said, "You know, I don't give a rat's ass what Tony had. I don't have it and she doesn't either."

"Some people aren't going to look at it that way," he told me. "Until they are absolutely satisfied, you're going to have a problem."

"There's one hell of a hole in your presentation, fella," I said. "Tony's been running loose a long time. If he had something, why didn't they get it from him when he was alive?"

"You know about Tony's history?"

"I know."

"If you guess the answer, I'll tell you if it's right."

Hell, there could be only one answer. I said, "Tony had something he could hang somebody with." The guy kept watching me. "He had permanent amnesia after getting his head bashed in and didn't remember having it or putting it somewhere." The eyes were still on mine. The story line started to open up now. "Just lately, he said or did something that might have indicated a sudden return of memory." The eyes narrowed and I knew I had it.

When he put his drink away in two quick swallows, he rolled the empty glass between his fingers a moment and said, "A week ago, he suddenly recognized

somebody—he called him by his right name."

"Then he relapsed into amnesia again?"

"Nobody knows that."

"So?"

"You have your fingers in all kinds of shit. You move with the clean guys and you go with the dirty ones just as easy. Nobody likes to mess with you because you've blown a few asses off with that cannon of yours and you got buddies up in Badgeville, where it counts. So you'd be just the kind of guy Tony DiCica would run to with a story that would keep his head on his shoulders."

"Crazy," I said.

"He went to your office to arrange something with you. Before you got there, somebody showed up and did the job, expecting to walk away with the information. He didn't have it on him."

This thing was really coming back at me. "OK, what's my part?"

"He is your client, Mr. Hammer. He told you all in return for an escape route you were to furnish."

"That's a lot of bullshit, you know."

A gesture of his hands meant it didn't make any difference. "You see, as far as certain people are concerned, you're in until they say you're out. The information Tony had can be worth a lot of money and can cause a lot of killing. One way or another, they expect to get it back."

"What happens if the cops get it first?"

"Nobody really expects that to happen," he said. He pulled his cuff back and looked at his watch.

I took one more sip of my drink and stood up. "I guess somebody wants me to talk."

"Certain people are giving you a few days to make a decision."

I could feel my lips pulling back in controlled anger and knew it wasn't a nice grin at all. I pulled the .45 out and watched his eyes go blank until I flipped out the clip and fingered a shell loose. I handed it to him. "Give them that," I said.

"What's this supposed to mean?"

"They'll know," I told him.

I called Pat the next day. "What have you got on DiCica?"

"Interesting history. I'm going off duty. How about a beer?"

"How can you go off duty? It's afternoon."

"I'm the boss, that's how."

"I'll meet you downtown."

Over the beer, Pat told me about Anthony DiCica. He had a listing of all his arrests, convictions that were a laugh and the victims he was suspected of killing. Every dead guy was involved in the Mob scene, and two of them were really big time. Those two had been hit simultaneously while they were eating in a small Italian restaurant. DiCica, after shooting both parties in the head twice, made off with an envelope that had been seen on the table by a waiter. Following the hit, there had been an ominous quiet in the city for a week, then several other persons in the organization died. It was two weeks later that Anthony DiCica's head collided with a pipe in a street brawl.

"They went a little overboard in bringing him in and cracked his skull. After that, he was no good to anybody. They still needed his goods and had to wait for him to come out of his memory loss before they could move. . . ."

Pat lifted his beer and made a silent toast. "We really took his place apart, you know."

"No, I didn't know. What did you find?"

"Zilch. There were no hiding places. We even tried the cellar area. If he had anything at all, it's someplace else. End of case. It died with Anthony."

"The hell it did," I said. "Somebody in the organization thinks DiCica suddenly remembered and dropped his secret on me."

"Brother!"

I nodded. "The bastards as much as said it's my ass if I don't produce."

"Shake you up?"

"I've been in the business too long, kiddo. I just get more cautious and keep my .45 on half cock."

He watched me, frowning, grouping his thoughts. "That mutilation of DiCica could have been a message to you, then."

"It's beginning to look like it," I said.

"What do you do now?"

"See how far I can go before I touch a trip wire."

"You don't give a damn, do you?" he said.

"About what?"

"Anything at all. You don't want any backup, no protection . . . you want to be out there all alone like a first-class idiotic target."

I shrugged.

"There's a lot more of them than there are of you."

I watched him and waited.

He finally said, "They know how you are, Mike. You're leaving yourself wide open."

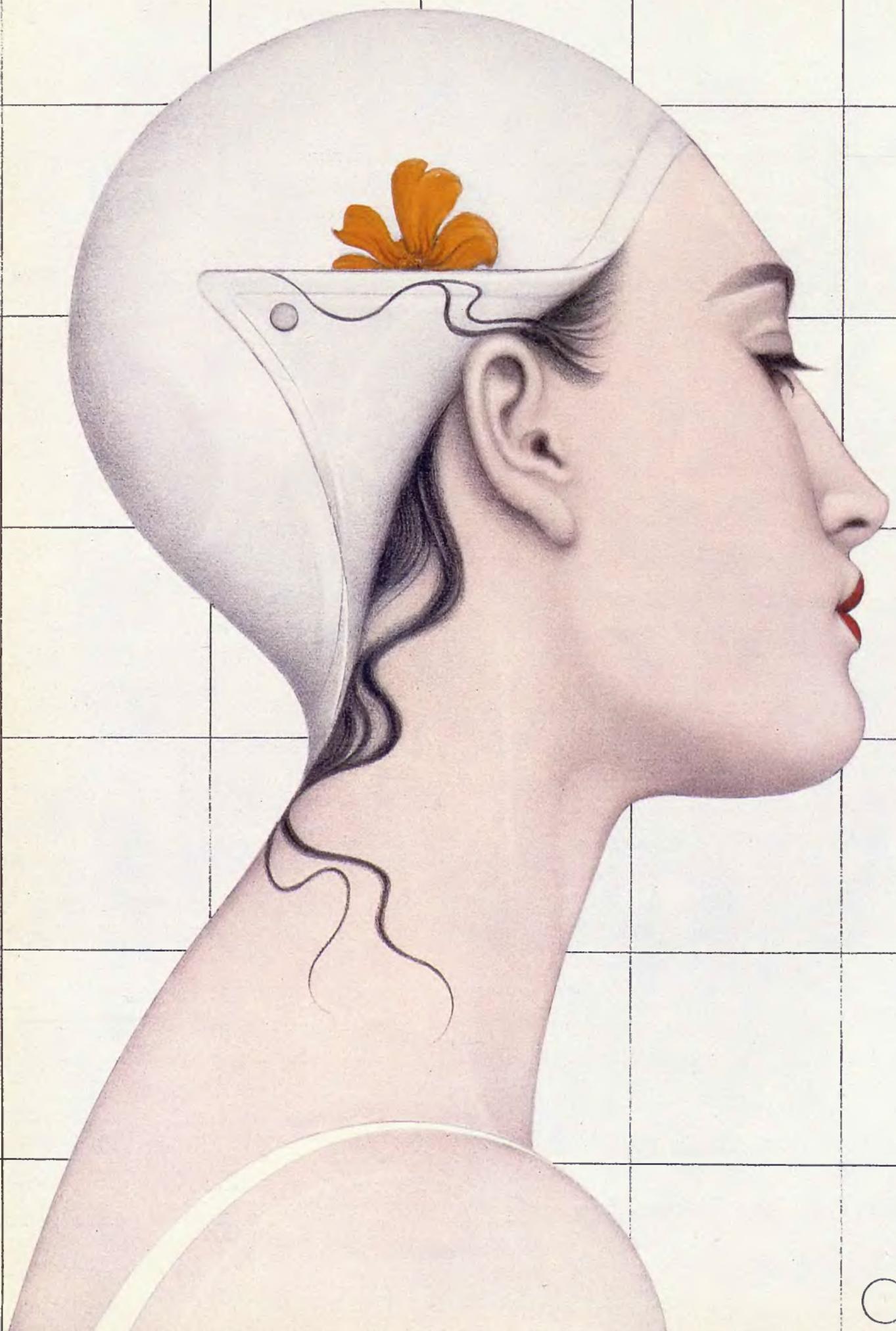
I felt a tight grin stretch across my lips and said, "That's the trip wire I set out."

They knew me at the hospital but wanted to see my I.D. anyway. The cop at

(continued on page 207)



"Nintendo doesn't have a game like that, does it?"



The

SWIMMERS

WE DIDN'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT HER—AND WE WEREN'T LIKELY TO, EITHER

THERE ARE STORIES that go unaccountably wrong and become impermeable to the imagination. They lodge in the memory like an old wound never entirely healed. This story of my father's younger brother Clyde Farrell, my uncle, and a woman named Joan Lunt, with whom he fell in love, years ago, in 1959, is one of those stories.

Some of it I was a part of, aged 13. But much of it I have to imagine.

It must have been a pale, wintry, unflattering light he first saw her in, swimming laps in the early morning in the local Y.M.C.A. pool, but that initial sight of Joan Lunt—not her face, which was obscured from him, but the movement of her strong, supple, creamy-pale body through the water, and the sureness of her strokes—never faded from Clyde Farrell's mind.

He'd been told of her; in fact, he'd come to the pool that morning to observe her, but still you didn't expect to see such serious swimming, 7:45 A.M. of a weekday, in the antiquated white-tiled "Y" pool, light slanting down from the wired glass skylight overhead, a sharp medicinal smell of chlorine and disinfectant pinching your nostrils. There were a few other swimmers in the pool, ordinary swimmers, one of them an acquaintance of Clyde's who waved at him, called out his name when Clyde appeared in his swim trunks on the deck, climbed up onto the

diving board, then paused to watch Joan Lunt swimming toward the far end of the pool . . . just stood watching her, not rudely but with a frank, childlike interest, smiling with the spontaneous pleasure of seeing another person doing something well, with so little waste motion. Joan Lunt in her yellow bathing suit with the crossed straps in back and her white rubber cap that gleamed and sparked in the miniature waves: an attractive woman in her mid-30s, though she looked younger, with an air of total absorption in the task at hand, swimming to the limit of her capacity, maintaining a pace and a rhythm Clyde Farrell would have been challenged to maintain himself, and Clyde was a good swimmer, known locally as a very good swimmer, a winner, years before, when he was in his teens, of county and state competitions. Joan Lunt wasn't aware of him standing on the diving board watching her, or so it appeared. Just swimming, counting laps. How many she'd done already he couldn't imagine. He saw that she knew to cup the water when she stroked back, not to let it thread through her fingers like most people do; she knew as if by instinct how to take advantage of the element she was in, propelling herself forward like an otter or a seal, power in her shoulder muscles and upper arms, and the swift scissors kick of her legs, feet flashing white through the chemical-turquoise glitter of the *(continued on page 168)*

fiction

By JOYCE CAROL OATES

FIGHTING WORDS

what do free speech, gun control and abortion have in common? they are the new chorus in our theater of confusion

opinion By DAVID MAMET

I AM A MEMBER of both the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Rifle Association.

Privileged to sit in these two mutually abhorrent camps, I have been struck by the similarity of their fundamentalist stance on two disparate issues: the First (A.C.L.U.) and Second (N.R.A.) amendments to the Constitution.

The First Amendment states that there shall be no law limiting freedom of speech (the only exception being the advocacy of violent overthrow of the Government).

The A.C.L.U. and enlightened liberal thought have long held that the First Amendment could not be plainer and is open to no interpretation; that interpretation or amendment in the least degree must inevitably bring about destruction of the amendment's protective meaning.

The members of the A.C.L.U. do not, in the main, I am sure, derive pleasure from lurid pornography, but they are sufficiently concerned about the tenuousness of freedom of speech that they are prepared to submit to the dissemination of pornography rather than open the First Amendment to that interpretation they feel must lead to its emasculation.

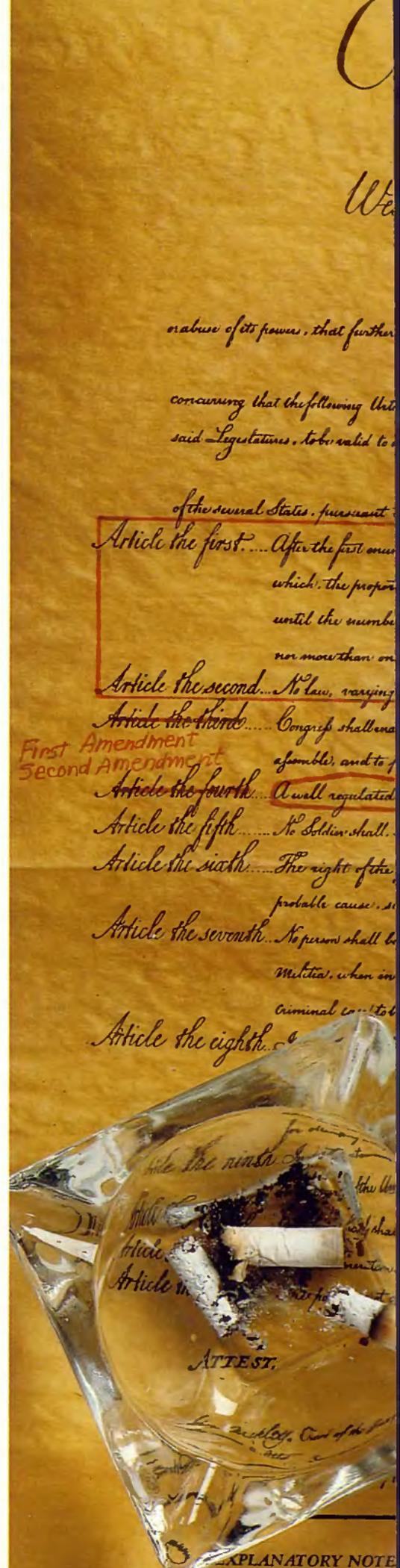
The leadership of the A.C.L.U. is sufficiently devoted to the purity of the notion of freedom of speech that it came to the defense of American Nazis, a group whose very existence they must have found loathsome, when the Nazis were debarred from marching in Skokie, Illinois, a predominantly Jewish community and home to many survivors of the Nazi death camps. Many viewers on the right (as well as some on the left) must have looked on in wonder at this, arguably, Pyrrhic display. As must viewers of the left look on when the N.R.A. opposes limitation of firearms whose only

possible employment is in mayhem.

Well, the left says, yes, keep your guns for home defense and for sporting purposes, but why must you have your semi-automatic assault rifles? What possible purpose can they serve? To which an enlightened member of the N.R.A. might answer in a twofold way: (1) A semi-automatic assault rifle is, the inflammatory modifiers removed, simply a rifle. The semi-automatic of the name refers to the action used to make the piece ready to fire again, semi-automatic being one of many possible actions, among them pump, lever and bolt. The "assault" of the name means that the rifle is made to resemble, and may even be made by the manufacturers of assault rifles, which are the modern evolution of the machine gun and are fully automatic; i.e., they fire more than one round with each pull of the trigger. The members of the N.R.A. might be asked why they would think it necessary either to possess or to espouse the possession of such articles designed to resemble weapons of war, to which the response might be (and this is the second portion of the answer): (2) "None of your business—the Second Amendment to the Constitution states that the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed. This statement is not open to interpretation."

"Yes, but," the interlocutor might state, "don't you see that your mindless pursuit of this idea leads to murder?"

To which the response might be, "No, I do not see that, any more than you see that pornography leads to rape; but I do see that any attempt to interpret the Second Amendment must inevitably lead to destruction of this freedom to bear arms, and I feel that this freedom is sufficiently important that I am willing to tolerate abuses in the (continued on page 229)



THE CHRISTMAS TAPES

spreading good cheer is so easy by phone. so listen up and leave your greeting at the tone

WILL ANYONE who is anyone be home for Christmas this year? Don't count on it. But modern technology is picking up the slack—even stars use phone answering machines. Do you ever wonder what their messages sound like?

Ivana and Donald Trump

"'Tis the night before Trumpmas, that magical hour, and Don and Ivana are not in the Tower. One evening each yule, to show that we care, we ride in a sleigh that is pulled by the mayor. We shower the Trump Apple's poor boys and girls with champagne and Krugerrands, truffles and pearls. And you'll hear us exclaim as each tot sheds a tear, 'Merry Trumpmas to all, and a happy Trump year!'" *Beep.*

Indiana Jones

"Not home! Hanging on a train! Leave a message for Indy! Dad, if it's you, I get the girl this Christmas!" *Beep.*

Sylvester Stallone

"Yo. Sly. Out. Acting. Or polo. Christmas. Merry. Except Brigitte. Not her. Leave a message at the grunt." *Grunt.*

Oliver North

"Please pardon me. I am presently off base. Why? I can't recall. But if you leave your name and credit-card number at the sound of the bugle, I'll send you a ticket to my Broadway show, *Ollie's Follies*, which will open in January if I can just locate Kukla and Fran." *Beep.*



Manuel Noriega

"Saludos, bandidos. Sí, it is I, Noriega. It has been a very good year here in Panama. We stared down the yanqui and held glorious elections, and we've adopted a national slogan: 'Better living through chemistry.' I wish I could be home to take your call, but in my absence, let me sing you a little banana-republic song: 'I know a mule, his name is Sal, fifteen k on the Panama Canal. He's a good old smuggler and he flies El Al, fifteen k on the Panama Canal.'" *Beep.*

Cher

"Sorry I'm not home. But in case you're wondering what I'd like for Christmas, I'm through with plastic and getting into metal. Bon Jovi, for starters. Please leave a message after the guitar solo." *Beep.*

The Reverend Jesse Jackson

"Of the fact that I am out, have no doubt. That the Reverend Jesse Jackson is struggling so that no white, yellow, red or African-American person need grieve, you must believe. Let us come together for the right reason in this holy season. Let us stop cycles of pain, cycles of sorrow, leave your name and I'll call you back tomorrow." *Beep.*

Garry Shandling

"This is Garry's tape machine, Garry Shandling's tape machine. This is the message that you hear every time you call him. We're almost to the question How do you think his hair is? Then you'll hear a Garry Shandling tone." *Beep.*

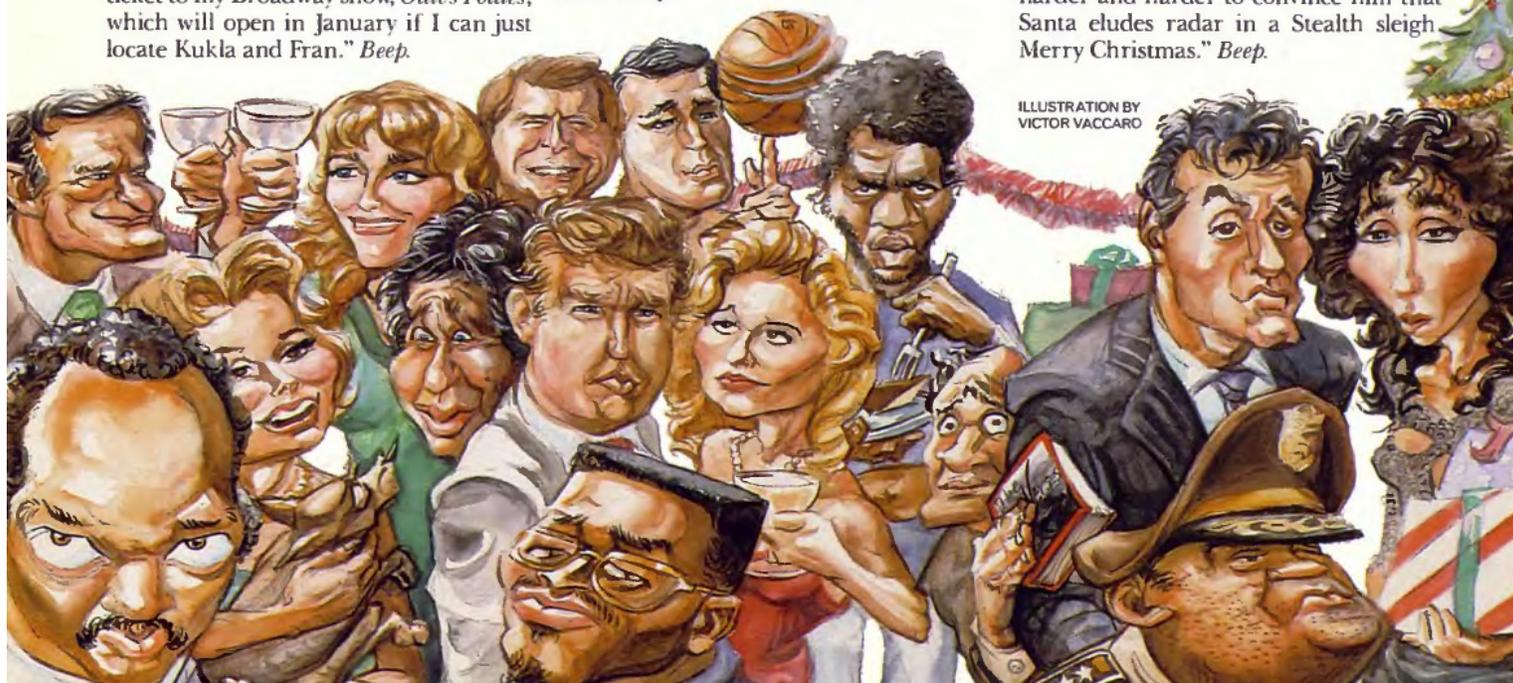
Bo Jackson

"You called Bo Jackson. Bo is at work. April to September, Bo is in Kansas City. October to January, Bo is in L.A. Christmas Eve, call the North Pole." *Beep.*

Marilyn Quayle

"This is Marilyn Quayle. Danny is attending an important forestry meeting at the White House. I am shopping for his Christmas present. He says he wants a copy of Plato's *Republican*. I think we'll stick to putters. Danny loves Christmas. He hangs little TOW missiles in doorways and asks for a kiss. But now that he oversees the space program, it is getting harder and harder to convince him that Santa eludes radar in a Stealth sleigh. Merry Christmas." *Beep.*

ILLUSTRATION BY
VICTOR VACCARO



David Letterman

"Hi, it's Dave. Here are the top-ten reasons I'm too busy to come to the phone right now:

"10. Rereading Laurence Leamer's Carson bio.

"9. Getting hair cut . . . again.

"8. Entertaining 'Mrs.' Letterman's parents.

"7. Getting to know the 'real' Arsenio Hall.

"6. Selecting gifts for NBC execs from G.E. employee catalog.

"5. Flossing.

"4. Working with Paul on *Dave's Answering Machine Theme*.

"3. Helping Richard Lewis through annual Christmas doldrums.

"2. Training reindeer to 'fly' for Stupid Pet Tricks.

"And the number-one reason I'm too busy to come to the phone right now: Making 'snow angels' with Madonna and Sandra Bernhard." *Beep.*

Sandra Bernhard

"Oh, man. I'm not in right now. Really. Madonna and Dave. This 'tree-trimming' thing. God, I'm so sick of Christmas." *Beep.*

Madonna

"Sorry, I can't come to the phone right now, because I'm out 'hanging mistletoe' with Dave and Sandra." *Beep.*

Willie Horton

"Sorry I missed your call. I'll be out for the weekend. Merry Christmas." *Beep.*

Lee Atwater

"Hey, bro, have a cool yule and lay down some jive at the beep. . . . If this is David Duke, I did not authorize this call. . . ." *Beep.*

Bill Laimbeer

"Me? You're calling me? You've got to be nuts! He had his hand in my eye! Oh, sorry—thought I was on the court there for a second. This is Bill Laimbeer of the Detroit Pistons. Leave a message at the sound of the whistle." *Tweet.*

William Hurt

"I'm out Christmas shopping, but remember, just because I buy you something, it doesn't mean we're *married*, for Chrissakes." *Beep.*

Rob Lowe

"Yes, this is Rob Lowe. No, you can't see it. So just leave me alone. I mean it. If you don't, I'm warning you, I'll start singing. 'Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.'" *Beep.*

Pete Rose

"This is Pete. I never bet on baseball, and supposing I did? Big #@\$* deal. What's it to you? Huh? You got an answer to that? Put it on the tape. Seven to five I call you back by New Year's." *Beep.*

Isa Isa Gabor

"So vy do you call now, dahling? I finally get out of the house, go for a little drive, and now the phone starts ringing. Pleeeezzzzz leave me with a message, dahling, especially Freddie De Cordova. For you, the answer is always *ja*." *Beep.*

Spy Magazine

"We're not here right now. We're in therapy, trying to get rid of our Trump envy. Please leave your dirty secrets at the beep. 'Merry' Christmas." *Beep.*

Spike Lee

"Merry Malcolm Xmas. Do the right thing and leave a message." *Beep.*

George Bush

"Hi, I'm George Bush. Barbara and I are in the Oval Office with Vice-President Quayle, trimming the tree with a thousand points of light and singing *O Tannenbaum*. The Vice-President keeps singing *O Tannin' Salon*, but that's Dan. We love him. America loves him. And at this nice time of year, when Americans exchange gifts, or, if they have no gifts, gift certificates, let me say that I hope America loves its Christmas President, too. Have a merry Christmas, America, and a kinder, gentler new year." *Beep.*

James Brown

"Oww! You called James Brown, Godfather of Soul, hardest-working man in the penitentiary. Yow! Can't pick up your call. No! Can't pick up the soap. Hunh! Call James in three to six." *Beep.*

Oprah Winfrey

"Oh, girlfriend, I'm glad you called! But I can't come to the phone right now. I'm pretaping my Christmas special about overweight wives of celebrity hairdressers who have seen Elvis. If you have seen Elvis or know someone who has, leave a message at the tone." *Beep.*

Salman Rushdie

"Shh. This is Rushdie. I can't talk. They may be tracing your call. Leave a *very* short message. I'd like to say merry Christmas, but I'd better not." *Beep.*

Kimberley and Hugh M. Hefner

"We're sorry, but we can't come to the phone just now. We're, uh, feeding the animals. But let us be the first to wish you a very merry Christmas, as well as to say that the sexual revolution is not over. *No way*. And we wish you and yours a happy new year from the Playboy family." *Beep.*





TWO FOR THE ROAD

miss december
has a new motto:
"don't tread on me"

PETRA VERKAIK, a 22-year-old native Californian, celebrated the signing of her Playmate contract in an unusual fashion: by running herself over with her own van. The venerable '76 Volkswagen has a habit of not starting, so Petra's accustomed to climbing under the chassis, armed with a screwdriver, to get things going. This time, in her excitement about becoming a Playmate, she neglected to check whether or not the transmission was in gear. When the motor turned over, the van lurched onto her chest and perched there for about 30 seconds. "A very long thirty seconds," she says. "I thought I was going to die." With a mighty effort—"I'm not Hercules or anything, but it's a light car"—Petra managed to free herself, sort of. "I pushed it up and slid under it. Then it landed on my hair, pinning me." Fortunately, the episode took place in the parking lot next to *Playboy's* West Coast offices, and rescue was soon at hand. Cassie Gould, a *Playboy*

"I want a man who has drive, who is reaching for something in life," says Petra Verkaik. "I don't care if it's racing cars, photography or medicine—something he wants to be good at. He has to have his own life and sa da I."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



publicist, was the first to happen by and see two legs sticking out from beneath the dilapidated van. Her call for help was answered by two security guards and a pair of passers-by who quickly got the van off the Playmate; paramedics and sheriff's officers arrived seconds later. At the hospital, Petra was X-rayed and got the good news that she could go home immediately. The bad news was that now that Petra was obviously out of danger, everybody was cracking jokes about the accident. When a Playmate, particularly a well-endowed Playmate, is saved from serious injury by her breasts, people smile. It's not unlike the story of a preacher's being saved from a stray bullet by his Bible. And Petra is by nature a rather shy person. "God, I was so embarrassed," she recalls. Still, when she heard that West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski had dubbed her "the retread Playmate," Petra good-naturedly responded, "Well, I did have tread marks on my shirt. What else can I do but laugh?" Petra and her misbehaving van go way back. "My mom bought it new, and we used it to camp at the Grand Canyon and everywhere." Last year, her mother gave Petra the van. Since then, its trips have most often been to the mechanic. Still, it has provided reliable-enough

"My boyfriend's emotional. I like that," says Petro. "Sometimes he'll fight his emotions, but then he just lets them out. Sometimes we cry together if something upsets him."





"I want a man who's romantic and passionate, who'll bring me flowers for no reason and who tells me I'm beautiful in the morning when my hair is all crazy," says Petra. "Even if I don't feel very pretty, it's important that he doesn't see just the outside."





transportation to get Petra to modeling assignments (she recently did some promotional work for Pepsi). She currently shares a house near L.A. with three others, including her boyfriend, with whom she plots fantasy travel plans (first stop: Bali, her mother's birthplace; her father comes from Holland). Her next move, however, may be to try out for a spot in the *Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll* revue, currently in Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe. "Playboy has helped me a lot," says Petra. "It has given me self-confidence. Now I love meeting people." There's another plus: With her Playmate earnings, she'll be able to buy a new car. "Something light," she says, smiling. "Like a Honda CRX."

"I've always had a special thing about cars. In high school, I had a Celica Supra, and it was me," says Petra. "But then it was totaled, and that really bent my ego."



MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: PETRA VERKAIK

BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 11-4-66 BIRTHPLACE: LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AMBITIONS: MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE
AND BE THE BEST MODEL/ACTRESS I CAN

TURN-ONS: WATER, THE OUTDOORS, LINGERIE,
LOVE ♡ AND SUCCESS

TURN-OFFS: NEGATIVE PEOPLE AND UN-
CLEANLINESS

FAVORITE MOVIES: REPO MAN, PLATOON, THE
GODS MUST BE CRAZY

FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS: THE TODAY SHOW

FAVORITE SPORTS: ALL WATER SPORTS, SKIING, HIKING

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: PHIL COLLINS, M. JACKSON, U2

IDEAL WEEKEND: WITH MY ♀ LOVER, IN A SNOW
CABIN, CHAMPAGNE ♀, IN FRONT OF A FIREPLACE.

MR. RIGHT WILL BE: A HANDSOME, INTELLIGENT, FUN
MAN WITH A GOAL IN LIFE



THIS IS MY
5TH GRADE PICTURE



WHO YOU LOOKING
AT?!?



ON CAMPUS IN
THE 9TH GRADE



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young woman complained to her friend about her boyfriend's extraordinary sex drive. "I barely have the strength to go to work in the morning," she said. "Now that he's off on holiday, things will only get worse."

"How long is he off?" her companion asked.

"It varies," she replied, "but usually, time for one cigarette."

Dan Quayle vigorously supports the Administration's plans to send a man to Mars, but insiders report that he intends to re-enlist in the National Guard to make sure it isn't him.



One morning, a Texan walked up to his savings-and-loan branch office and found it closed. After several minutes of pounding on the door, the manager appeared. "We're closed!" he shouted through the glass.

"But your sign says you're open nine to five," the customer replied.

"Those aren't our hours. Those are the odds we'll be open tomorrow."

What does Mother Teresa's answering machine say? "Hello, Saint Elsewhere."

As soon as the famous movie director passed through the pearly gates, Saint Peter told him they had a film they wanted him to direct. The director tried to beg off, pleading exhaustion, but Saint Peter explained that this was a very special film—the script was by Shakespeare.

The director was tempted for a moment but declined. Then Saint Peter said the art direction would be by Da Vinci. The film maker warmed considerably to the project but again decided against it.

"The music will be by Beethoven," Saint Peter added.

"Screenplay by Shakespeare! Production design by Da Vinci! Original score by Beethoven!" the director exclaimed. "I'll do it!"

"There's just one thing," Saint Peter said. "God has this girlfriend who sings. . . ."

A Muscovite asked a butcher for beef and was told there was none. She asked for chicken. None. Lamb? None. Pork? None. Veal? None.

As the dejected shopper walked out, the butcher turned to his assistant and murmured admiringly, "What a memory!"

An archaeologist was digging in the Negev Desert in Israel and came upon a casket containing a mummy. After examining it, he called the curator of a prestigious natural-history museum. "I've just discovered a three-thousand-year-old mummy of a man who died of heart failure!" the excited scientist exclaimed.

"You can't know all that from looking at him," the curator replied. "Bring him in. We'll see."

A week later, the amazed curator called the archaeologist. "You were right about the mummy's age and cause of death. How in the world did you know?"

"Easy. There was a piece of paper in his hand that said, 10,000 SHEKELS ON GOLIATH."

How many Helmsley employees does it take to change a light bulb? One hundred: 99 to try and one to fire them all.

After a visiting Chinese theoretician was given a tour of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, he was asked to interpret various styles of painting. "Expressionism," he said, "is painting what you feel. Impressionism is painting what you see."

"But then, what is socialist realism?" he was asked.

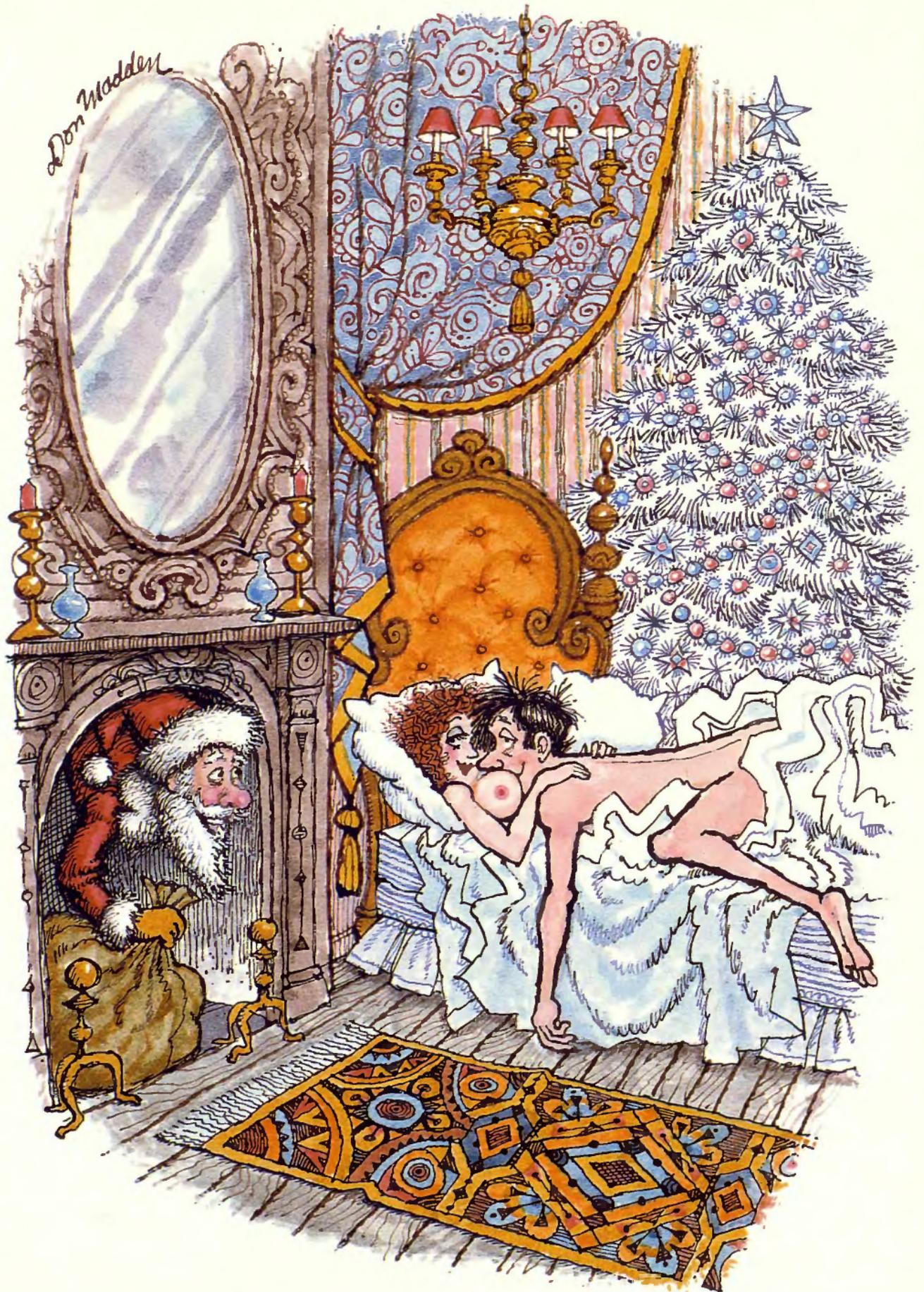
"That," he said, "is painting what you hear."



What's the difference between a terrorist and your wife? You can negotiate with a terrorist.

A geneticist believed he had discovered a method for putting the theory of human cloning into practice. He decided to clone himself first. Everything went perfectly—except that, through some minor miscalculation, his clone was rude, vulgar and foulmouthed. When he was unable to correct the problem, he threw the offensive clone out his laboratory window. The following day, the scientist was arrested for making an obscene clone fall.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I've a few Christmas goodies—if it isn't too much of an anticlimax."

L U C K Y

P I E R R E

I N T H E

D O C T O R ' S

O F F I C E

fiction **By ROBERT COOVER**

"The doctor will see you
now."

The patient, a livid mass of welts, bruises, abrasions and deep discontents, wearing only a short hospital gown tied at the back and laid out on an examining table like raw stock, is wheeled, cold and half-conscious, into the doctor's office.

"Well, well!" exclaims the doctor, exhibiting a professional jollity. "And what have we here?"

Lucky Pierre, skin-flick hero, does not answer, keeping bottled up his scripted groans. He lies darkly in his wounds, his knees and elbows turned out, as though he were coming unspooled. By contrast, the doctor, who directs this in-house segment, which for all he knows may be his last, is glowing with well-being, her silvery-blond hair pulled back in a tight bun at the neck, her teeth sparkling, her complexion radiant, her bright uniform *(continued on page 212)*

THE NURSES STRIP AWAY HIS GOWN—AND
THE CAMERAS WHIR IN THE BACKGROUND





PATTI D'ARBANVILLE

It's said that living is the best preparation for an actor. If that's so, Patti D'Arbanville is better equipped than most. At 14, while a disc jockey in a Greenwich Village night club, she was discovered by Andy Warhol and cast in his movie classic "Flesh." At 15, she began modeling in Paris and London, where she worked with Francesco Scavullo and Richard Avedon, and met Cat Stevens, who wrote two songs for her: "Lady D'Arbanville" and "Wild World." She starred in the erotic film "Bilitis" and, back in America, had roles in such films as "Rancho Deluxe," "Big Wednesday," "The Main Event" and "Modern Problems." Most recently, she played John Belushi's drug connection, Cathy Smith, in "Wired." Patti is also Ken Wahl's continuing love interest on TV's "Wiseguy." In real life, she has been married twice and shares a son, Jesse, with Don Johnson. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Patti at her Santa Monica home. He reports: "Her living room is cluttered with Catholic artifacts and all sizes of framed photographs, including one group shot of Patti, best friend Pamela Des Barres and Melanie (Mrs. Don Johnson) Griffith. She was dressed in jean cut-offs and a T-shirt and was surrounded by workmen who were remodeling her house. Outside, it sounded like the attack of the Mexican lawn blowers. She has amazing powers of concentration."

1.

PLAYBOY: Your latest film, *Wired*, the John Belushi bio-pic, received enormous pre-release publicity—most of it critical. Even the actors who took roles have been chastised, in effect, for betraying one of their own. And it was a long time before the movie found a distributor. Did you think about any of that when you accepted the part of Cathy Evelyn Smith, the woman who gave Belushi the injection that led to his death?

D'ARBANVILLE: No, it's a relatively small part that I thought I really could do something with. I knew Cathy once, and I wanted to make an antidrug statement. The publicity has worked to my advantage, because I've been able to say what I feel about anybody's picking up

a drug. Actually, I've made more antidrug statements doing interviews about it than the movie is ever going to make. It's a powerful piece, but as far as I'm concerned, they could have been a little bit stronger with what really happens when you use drugs. Otherwise, I'm sick of it all. *Wired* seemed like "the movie that never would be." And I just don't get it. I'm tired of talking about it. I wish people would judge this poor fucking movie on what it is instead of this big hoopla around it.

2.

PLAYBOY: In 1975, you were Jeff Bridges' girlfriend in *Rancho Deluxe*. Since then, he has landed steamy roles with every beautiful leading lady in Hollywood. What about him first appealed to you?

D'ARBANVILLE: He can dance. Figuratively and literally. Jeff's way with women makes complete sense to me. We danced like crazy. We never stopped.

3.

PLAYBOY: Which of your movies should all knowledgeable and hip video collectors have in their library?

D'ARBANVILLE: *Wired!* [Laughs] Nah. *Bilitis*, the one I did with David Hamilton. It's pretty, but it's a piece of kaka. I don't really like anything I've done except the *Wiseguy* episodes I've recently been in. I say turn on the video recorder Wednesday nights, because that's what I'm most proud of.

4.

PLAYBOY: As the woman who was with Don Johnson in his early *Miami Vice* days, tell our female readers how to handle a stubbly man.

D'ARBANVILLE: It never bothered me. I don't like full beards or mustaches, but a little stubble here and there is fine. What I don't like is when men shave their bodies, like these muscle guys. I have an actor friend, a big Italian guy, and he's built. He's got a body that makes me say, "Please, yes, help." You puddle when you see him. But he shaves his body. I love hair. I love hairy arms and chests and legs and the whole area that's supposed to have hair—except on the back. I'm not too crazy about that. In other words, Peter Sellers would not have worked for me.

5.

PLAYBOY: You and Don remain friends. You're also close to his wife, Melanie Griffith. Now that they've remarried

each other, give us a short course in converting a love affair to a lasting friendship.

D'ARBANVILLE: It takes love and respect. Compromise. Accepting each other the way you really are and not the way you want each other to be. Lowering your expectations sometimes.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've been married twice. What would it take for you to try again, and make it stick?

D'ARBANVILLE: Someone over thirty-five who has pretty much decided on what he wants to do in life; someone who understands what I want to do in my life; someone who wants to have four kids. [Laughs] Before, when I got married, it was just important to find someone to take care of me. And I wanted to walk down the aisle with my father, in a white dress. Now companionship is more important. I don't need anybody to take care of me. I've figured that out by myself. But now my independence gets in the way. Also, I have the attention span of a gnat. So the guy has to be pretty interesting. Basically, I like Italian men. I like big men. I like big, independent, strong men who won't follow me around like a puppy dog when they fall in love. I like men before they fall in love with me. After they fall in love, I don't know what happens. They get stupid. I don't get it.

7.

PLAYBOY: What's the least amount of time it has taken you to say "I love you"?

D'ARBANVILLE: [Embarrassed] And mean it? A month. And it was a mistake.

8.

PLAYBOY: There have been a lot of self-help books for women in the past twenty years. What's your best advice for women of the Nineties?

D'ARBANVILLE: Boy, you're really asking the wrong person. [Laughs] Hmm. OK. Just don't take any shit, ever. Just be true to yourself, and if they can't keep up with the program, then tell them to go away.

9.

PLAYBOY: Say you've had your eye on a big Italian guy for a while, and now he's coming to your place for dinner. What do you cook to seduce?

D'ARBANVILLE: Oooh. He can cook for me. [Laughs] I would make a sauce that my girlfriend Maria told me about. Anne

(continued on page 233)

tv's wisegal
on body hair,
tattoos and
why men
in love turn
stupid





AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT

how to host an
elegant, intimate christmas
eve dinner for two

food and drink
By KAREN MAC NEIL

SOMEWHERE there exists that image of the perfect Christmas Eve: starry, snowy, seductive. And unlike lots of perfect images, this one even seems possible. But is it? As the season of mirth and merriment approaches once again, we're faced with the very practical question of what to actually do on Christmas Eve. Invite the lady of your life out for a classy dinner? Throw in your lot with family? Give a cocktail party for two and 20 close friends? Play it perverse and order a feast of take-out Chinese?

If *any* of these thoughts have occurred to you, dismiss them. Christmas Eve is not the kind of ritual to be messed with. No matter how nonconformist or renegade you are in the normal scheme of things, you must put attitude aside just this once and do Christmas Eve right. Wrap her in old-fashioned rapture. Pull out the stops. Make Christmas Eve dinner *for her*, and make it an unforgettable one.

No, it should not be you buying the champagne and a caterer doing the real work. Trust me, a catered

Christmas Eve dinner has all the charm of a carburetor. And, I know, you aren't Martha Stewart, nor do you want to crash-course your way through Julia Child. It doesn't matter. There's cooking and there's craziness. I'm not suggesting that you reinvent gastronomy in a kitchen that's used to a six-pack and a couple of grapefruits.

On the other hand, don't open a can of cream-of-mushroom soup, pour it over a thawed bird and mix up a few distraction martinis. Remember, this *is* Christmas. And there's another thing to think about: Feeding someone is intrinsically primal and, depending on how you do it, a powerful aphrodisiac. So here, dear worldly, sophisticated gentlemen, is your Christmas Eve menu:

- Caviar and *Crème Fraîche*
on Toasted Brioche
Iced Vodka
-
- Chestnut Soup with Roasted
Chestnuts
Rosé Champagne
-
- Cranberry-Orange Relish on Endive
Wild Rice with Toasted Pine Nuts
Double-cut Veal Chops
with *Shiitake* Mushrooms
in Cognac Cream Sauce
Assorted Wines
-
- Bûche de Noël*
Tawny Port
-
- Christmas Cookies
Coffee
Cognac

You could use a drink right now? Reserve judgment. I promise it will be painless to create this meal. Back to strategy. A key decision must be made. You can play the evening straight and chic or keep her wired with small surprises. Take, for example, her arrival. You could, of course, simply suggest an arrival time, so she has to get into her cold car and drive over. Still, the scenario doesn't get high marks for mood enhancement. A *Dr. Zhivago*-style sleigh would have the right spin; too bad it's 100 years too late as a possibility. A limo? That depends on her. She'll either love it or gag.

Less ostentatious but uptown: Send a black sedan. Make sure there's something wrapped and waiting on the back seat for her. Something funny, perhaps referring to a shared joke, is best. Resist the corny and the obvious: no candy-cane panties, please.

By the time she arrives, you want to be not only ready but relaxed. An old catering rule has it that great dinner parties are so well organized the host can take an hour's nap before the guests arrive. The plan, then, is to pin down as many things as possible weeks ahead.

Lighting, for example, doesn't get much better than the subtle dance between shimmering Christmas-tree lights and the ever-evocative fire. Make sure you have good logs, lots of kindling and plenty of pine cones to throw on the blaze for snap, razzle and that mountain-cabin smell. Turn off all the track lights and use candles everywhere.

Choose a progression of music, keeping her in mind: soft jazz, oldies, blues and maybe, just for nostalgia, a few Forties ballroom tunes. She may, after all, ask you to dance. You may, after all, just feel like holding her.

The single man's home may be his chrome-and-leather castle, but the feel—on this night, anyway—needs to be very different. Every room must suggest richness and comfort. On the side table, lay out a wheel of Stilton cheese. On the mantel, put your favorite silver bowl brimming with roasted chestnuts. Set out tempting chocolates by the tree. These are the subtleties that suggest homeyness. And they require nothing more than a little grocery shopping.

The last pre-Eve, create-the-ambiance task is table setting. This is the time to drag out, buy or borrow a beautiful tablecloth: brocade, lace or linen. And, of course, good linen napkins and your best china and silver, polished to a gleam. The more Ralph Laurenish, the better. An elegant, simple table is what you're after, so no buxom bouquets or phallic pepper mills. A sprig of mistletoe peeking out of her napkin would be nice, however.

On to the dinner, devised with one thing in mind: to keep you from wanting to strangle yourself with your apron strings. Almost everything, in fact, is bought ready-made. Your job is "dressing things up" to make them your own, plus cooking the chops. First, the caviar. This meal gets patriotic later on; for right now, though, buy as much of the best Russian caviar you can afford. (Leftovers make for a tasty Christmas breakfast in bed.) Delicious Osetra is the type you want.

Caviar tastes best when it's spooned onto thin slices of toasted brioche. Soft and slightly sweet, brioche can be bought in almost any good French bakery or gourmet store. Don't worry about other potential caviar accompaniments such as chopped egg or onion. Instead, put out a small dish of *crème fraîche* (bought in a gourmet store) for dabbing on top.

Glacially cold vodka served in iced glasses is caviar's soul mate. If you're serious about this, you can ice the bottle down as the czars did so that it's wrapped in a strait jacket of ice. If your lady is not the vodka type, move straightaway to the champagne.

As the caviar must be the real McCoy, so, too, must the champagne. You may have happily consumed countless bottles of sparkling wine all year long, but

tonight you must drink bubbles that come only from that treasured region northeast of Paris called Champagne.

Although, truthfully, any French champagne would be luscious, Krug's Grand Cuvée is legendary. To maximize the impact, make it Krug's Rosé. Far from being frivolous, rosé champagnes are richer, deeper, more rare and often more costly than golden champagnes.

Champagne must be served in a tall, sleek flute—a gorgeous piece of glass, if ever there were one. Just holding it can make a woman feel sexy.

Speaking of which, we have neglected the not-so-small matter of a Christmas gift. If you have bought her something big, on the magnitude, say, of a microwave oven—or something brainy, such as the unabridged version of the *Oxford English Dictionary*—save it for Christmas Day. Tonight you must give her something small, surprising and personal. Tie a gold bracelet to the champagne bottle with a bit of ribbon and ask her to pour. *That* sort of present.

Let the Krug's Rosé carry you through the first course, chestnut soup with roasted chestnuts. The soup is easily bought in a gourmet take-out shop and will need only a quick warming over low heat. (Oyster soup is the substitute of choice.)

Just before serving the soup in shallow, wide soup bowls set on dinner plates, sprinkle roasted chestnuts on top. To wit: Buy chestnuts in a supermarket. While heating your oven to 350° Fahrenheit, with a sharp knife carve an X into the flat side of each chestnut shell. (Try not to penetrate the meat.) Put all the nuts on a baking sheet and roast for 30 minutes. Cool just enough to handle, but peel the chestnuts when they're still warm.

That first course should be a breeze. But now you really step up to bat. The main course is composed of three dishes: cranberry-orange relish on endive, wild rice with toasted pine nuts and double-cut veal chops with *shiitake* mushrooms in a cognac cream sauce. Buy both the cranberry relish and the cooked wild rice at the gourmet store. What you want is a chunky homemade cranberry sauce. At home, mince about a teaspoon of thin slivers of orange peel and toss them into the cranberry sauce. Mound this next to crisp endive for a chic, Christmasy salad.

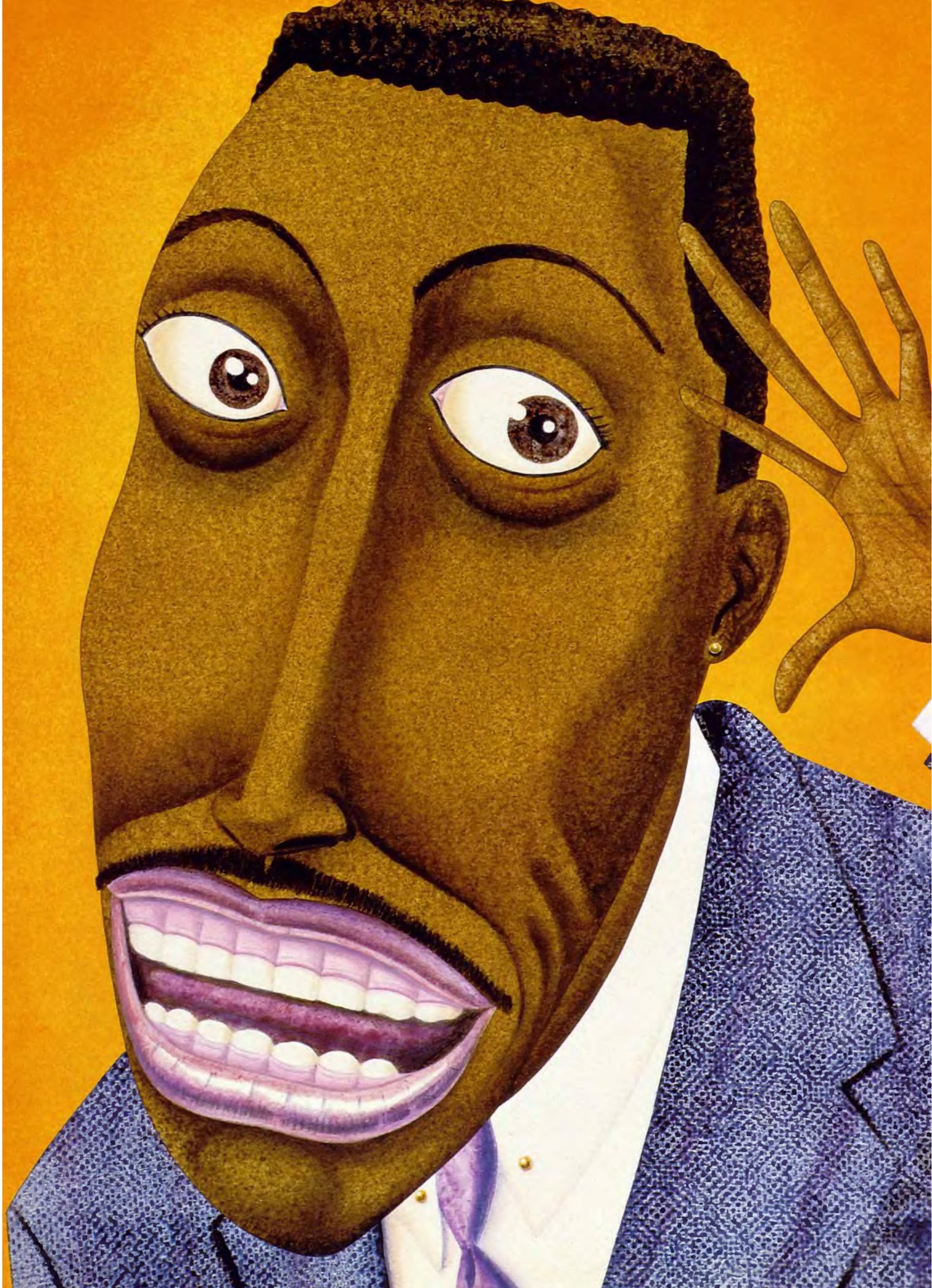
For the wild rice, all that's needed is a few tablespoons of pine nuts that you toast two to three minutes until golden, then sprinkle over the warmed rice.

Ask the butcher for two double-cut one-and-a-half-inch-to-two-inch-thick veal chops. Take them out of the fridge a half hour before preparing. Warm two dinner plates in a very low-heat oven. In a nonstick skillet, melt two tablespoons of butter. Brown the chops on medium-high heat, about three minutes on each side.

(concluded on page 227)



"Thank God my Christmas endorphins take over for the holiday party marathon."



*It's Hall or nothing
No one else will do
It's Hall or nothing
You'll be mine before I'm through*

—*Hall or Nothing*, by ARSENIO HALL

You can hear the song five nights a week, plus reruns on weekends. It's the song that Arsenio wrote to kick off his talk show—but what you don't hear on TV is that the song has lyrics to go with its partytime groove, lyrics that a pissed-off Arsenio wrote after he read a review that said he wouldn't have a career without his buddy Eddie Murphy.

That's typical. *The Arsenio Hall Show* is unquestionably the liveliest, and probably the hippest, late-night party on television. ("He attracted a new audience," suggested *The New York-*

er, "the one radio stations refer to as urban contemporary, people who would usually be somewhere else on a week night—out.") But while its 30-year-old host hugs his guests and grins ear to ear and slips from the king's English to ghetto patois and back again, he keeps a lot of other stuff to himself. He doesn't talk about the way he still smarts from criticism and feels embattled by fame, or the struggle it took to become the first black success in a field that's intrinsically conservative and historically lily-white. "The suit on the kid from the ghetto," says Arsenio, "is part of the tightrope walk I do."

Tonight, the Ron Rinker suit's a soft gray striped, the shirt white, the tie a metallic-silver-and-blue-gray print. With a gleam in his eye, Arsenio stands in front of the audience and starts talking serious trash about one of his favorite recent targets: "I read today that La Toya Jackson just announced that she's gonna hold a concert in the Soviet Union," he says. "That sounds like a hostile act, if I've ever heard one. . . . The Russians love their vodka. I hope they got enough

of it around. They gonna need a *lotta* vodka when La Toya starts singing."

The crowd erupts into the kind of rhythmic barking—"Roof! Roof!"—that has been popular in black dance clubs for a decade, especially since George Clinton's 1982 smash *Atomic Dog*. (Tonight, one group of white kids apparently hasn't been listening closely enough, lustily shouting, "Ooo! Ooo!") But the minute Arsenio or any of his guests drops even a mild showbiz platitude, the audience automatically applauds, as if

by talk-show rote. Several times a night, this hip party turns into the Jerry Lewis telethon, with an effusive, gushing Arsenio leading the cornball love fest.

So the tightrope-walking host faces the crowd with the split personality, finishes his monolog, confers briefly with his producer, Marla Kell Brown—who tells him how he's doing on time and suggests topics he may want to raise during the upcoming segment—and then sits down in his chair to bring out guests. There's no desk, no phony cityscape through phony windows, no co-host, no potted plants.

"I'm trying to do a new thing, do something different," is how he explains it. "I don't want to do *The Pat Sajak Show*, which appears to me to be the second-string guard waiting for Magic Johnson to pull his hamstring. He's got the desk, he's got all his Lettermanisms, he's got a guy [bandleader Tom Scott] who looks like Paul Shaffer. . . . It's like, *stop it!* There's no room for this greatest-hits show. We have it already."

As a result, he says, he refuses to prepare snappy (continued on page 224)

can success make
arsenio happy?
can anything?

HOTTER THAN HALL

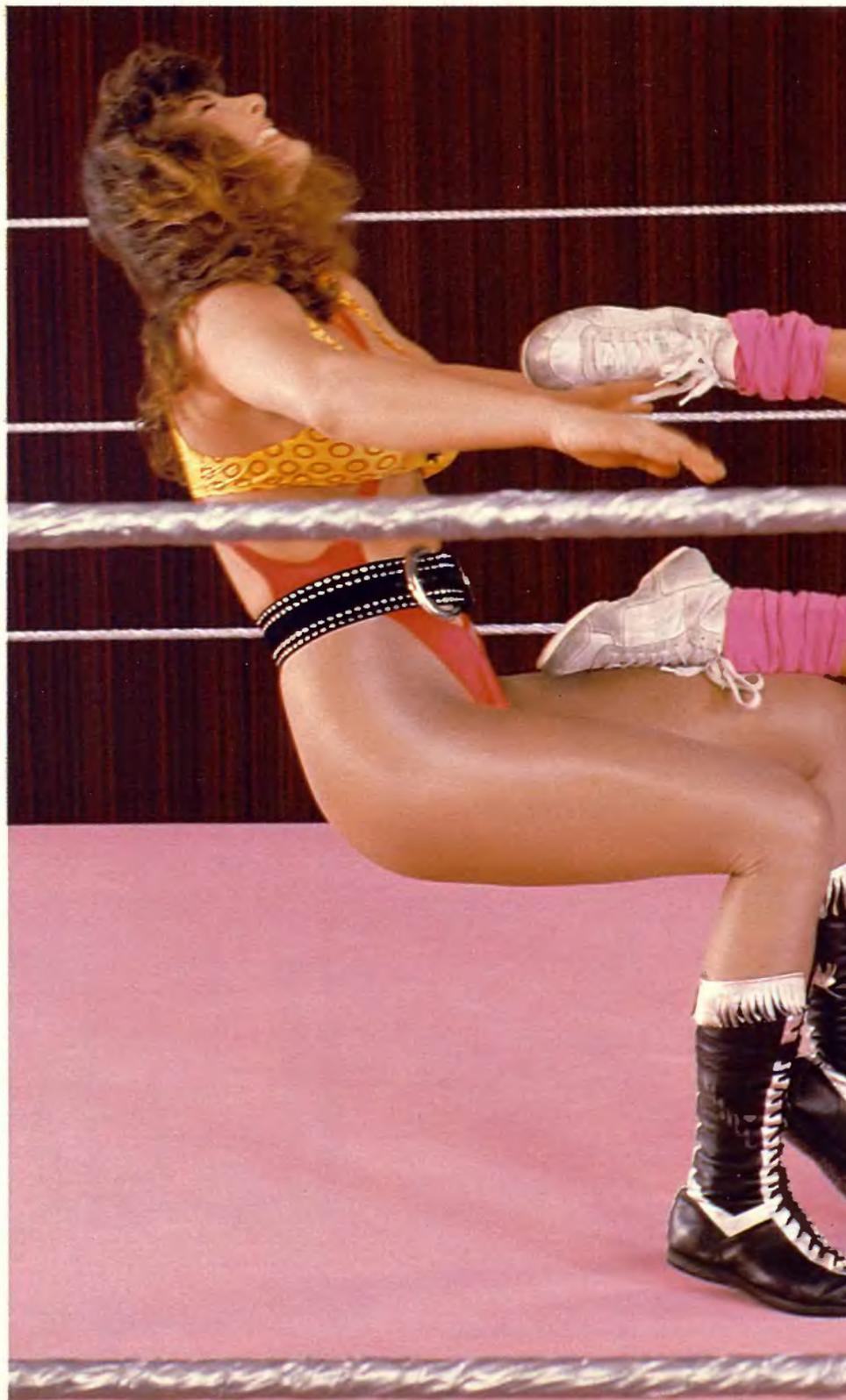
By Steve Pond

LETHAL WOMEN

getting a kick out of lady wrestlers

POW! THWACK! “#*%&@ing witch!” Whump! “Wimpette!” Bash! “Nobody twists my nose off!” Whammo! Welcome, fans, to the wild world of Championship Wrestling, Women’s Division—sugar ‘n’ spice and everything in a vise. Hammer locks, drop kicks, death grips, flying scissors and now and then a punt to the privates. But feminine. Fans, don’t ever suggest to a lady wrestler that her career is less dainty than, say, day care. If you do, she will patiently explain that wrestling is simply one more career option for today’s woman while she grafts your elbow to your ear. “I’m pretty, I’m feminine and I’m tough,” says the American Wrestling Association’s “Magnificent” Mimi Lesseos. Mimi is only one of the dangerous damsels now starring for fem wrestling agencies: A.W.A., GLOW (Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling), POWW (Powerful Women of Wrestling) and The American Angels offer a bevy of good girls to cheer (besides Mimi, there are Luscious Lisa, Precious, The Farmer’s Daughter, Bambi) and bad girls to boo (Palli the Terrorist, Sasha the Russian, Madusa, Queen Kong). The best and the baddest are here, in hard-hitting action and, for the first time, soft focus.

Luscious Liso drops Magnificent Mimi (right) in *The American Angels*, o Sebastian International Pictures film due from Paramount. At top, Trudy Adams, “The Farmer’s Daughter,” in black, wins two of three from “Coal Miner’s Daughter” Donno Spangler.







The battle between Magnificence and Lusciousness (Magnificent Mimi and Luscious Lisa, stars of *The American Angels*, are the rasslin' hellions, top) continues. Mimi is 5'8", 125 pounds and a European champ. Luscious Lisa, 5'3", 98 pounds and new to pro wrestling, trained for ten weeks with grappler Alex "The Medic" Knight. She "gat bruised pretty bad" during filming, says co-producer Beverly Sebastian, "but she hung in there." Above, Mimi relaxes with the championship belt she won by delivering well-aimed belts to villainess Madusa Miceli. On the opposite page is Gorgeous Lady of Wrestling Jeanne "Hollywood" Basone.





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Calm down, fight fons. GLOW girl Dawn Rice (above), a British-born wrestler whose ring name is Godiva, ain't even a champion yet. On the opposite page, Luscious Liso—who as Jan MacKenzie made mincemeat of a band of bayou bondits in the movie *Gator Bait II*—prepares to shower up. At top, she's in another bruiser with Magnificent Mimi. "She's o trouper," Mimi says of Lisa. "She's ballsy. I worked with her three months, and she got pretty good." To Lisa's right is GLOW girl Dono Felton, 22, who studies dance by day and wrestles as Thunderbolt by night. "I'm a nice girl," says Dana, a drop-kick specialist. "I fight evildoers."





The tale of the tape on Belinda Endress (above): 38-24-33. Fans who would like to volunteer for Belinda's famous "pretzel hold" may write to her c/o *Dear Playboy*. In the action sequence at top, Farmer's Daughter Trudy Adams gets the better of Coal Miner's Daughter Donna Spangler, who just happens to be Trudy's cousin. Trudy initiated her cousin in the rigors of pro wrestling; Donna—seen in a more leisurely pose at right—thus avoided the trials of a lady wrestler's apprenticeship. "When I was starting out in Las Vegas," says Trudy, "these bad girls brought a *blowtorch* into the ring and set my pigtails on fire." But in fem wrestling, the good girls always win.



THE *thirtysomething* JOURNAL

the producer of the
show we love to
hate takes us behind the
scenes and (gulp)
into the psyches

article By RICHARD KRAMER

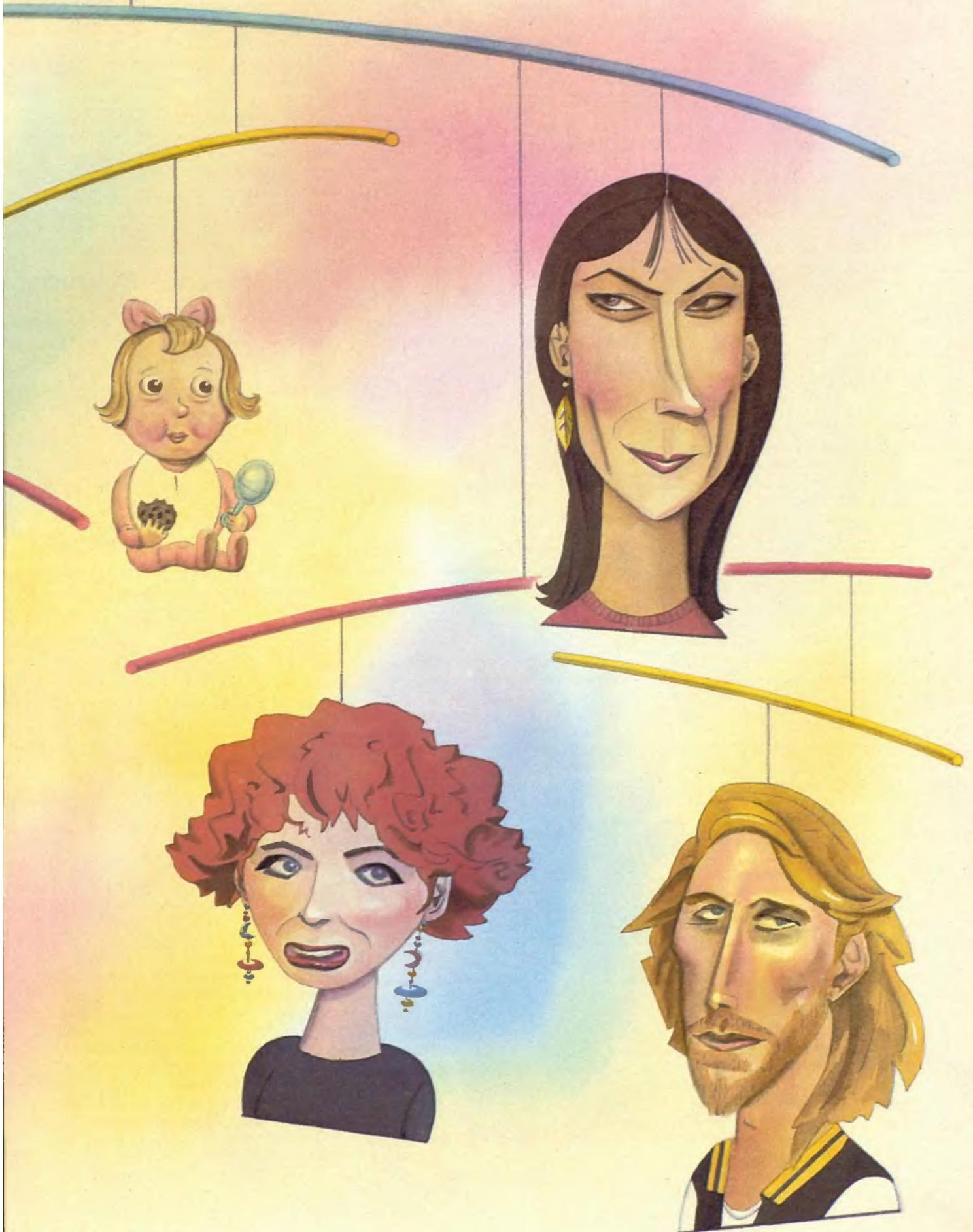
"WOULD I LIE TO YOU? Why would I lie to you?" Mr. Gerber asks, holding up two palms to underline the truth of what he's telling us. "This is the call I get from the network—this is an *emergency* call. They're worried that the *footsteps* sound too loud in the dailies. What a disaster!"

As we all laugh, he scores a goal on the coffee-table hockey game. "Bingo!" He's pleased with himself, with the show, even, it seems, today, with us. "Jesus, I love coming over here. This is the way it should be in this business. This is *fun*."

We are sitting in Marshall Herskovitz' office—Ed Zwick, Marshall, Mr. Gerber and me. Our suite, from which we produce the television series *thirtysomething*, is like all the others in the building—everything is brown, paneled, quasi-Miesian—the color of a good cigar. Marshall has tried to stamp his personality on the resistant space. A heraldic tapestry hangs on one wall, while on the others, he has arranged some medieval weapons, a photograph of Bodiam Castle and an oil painting. When I questioned the painting's quality, Marshall replied, "I'm glad you like it. It's by my dead father."

Mr. Gerber scores another goal. He's all smiles today, and so are we. We've survived the first season of the series, and it has been a success. Ed and Marshall are the creators and executive producers of *thirtysomething*, which means they formulate and supervise each of the season's 22 episodes. They are also directors and writers and, less officially, wet nurses and





scourges to a large staff. I joined the show, at their invitation, soon after ABC asked them to turn the pilot into a series. My official title at the start of the season was story editor; by season's end, I had been bumped up to executive story consultant. I have written and worked on many of the first season's shows and have been involved in the development of all of them. The season was a good one for me and for the show. I have found work I enjoy with people I like, and the show has found a perch in the ratings that is both comfortable and demographically sound: Rich people who buy things watch us.

The press, which attacked us at the start as "a bunch of whining Yuppies" (*People* magazine gave us a D-plus), now deals with us as a phenomenon of the culture. *The New York Times* has done a series of "think" pieces on the show (though we still can't figure out whether it likes us or not); therapists use our episodes with patients. We're all proud of the show, willing to put in seven-day weeks and eager to get to work in the morning. Everyone is confident there will be a second season and no one is sure. If there is, Ed and Marshall are that much closer to maybe someday, possibly, becoming very rich. If there is, I will become the producer and also get to direct. So there are stakes here today, and dreams. Those who own houses are, between takes, sketching additions; those who don't are looking but not yet buying.

"So anyway," Mr. Gerber continues—his first name is David, but he is Mr. Gerber, at least to me, for he is the head of MGM/UA Television, which provides the \$1,000,000-plus we need each week to produce the show—"I've got a feeling that we could get a pickup for next year as early as the end of next week. And let me add, I hope I'm right."

We hope he's right, too, and, needing reassurance, we choose, this afternoon, to believe his hunch.

"So what do you think that means?" Ed asks after Mr. Gerber leaves.

"That he doesn't know," Marshall says. "No one knows. Maybe we'll never know, maybe we'll just do a second year and have to pay for it out of our *bar mitzvah* money."

We adjourn, encouraged but as yet not picked up, left to consider this prime-time version of the existential void.

•

One day—this is 12 years ago now, when I was living in New York and trying to make a go of it as a free-lance writer—I slipped a disc on the uptown local. I spent the next two months in bed, feeling sorry for myself and watching, through the sweet haze of muscle relaxers, a lot of TV. I decided to try writing a script, so, arranging my pillows and propping a record album up against my knees, I be-

gan. I'd watched, while in bed, several episodes of the series *Family*; it seemed easy enough to echo its smug, suburbanly moral voice. In a couple of weeks, I had 60 pages; I put them into an envelope, found out the names of the producers from *Variety* and cast it out—a script in a bottle, so to speak—to California.

That bottle was found, and bought, and I moved to L.A. and became a story editor on the series *James at 15*. That job was notable for one thing: It was how I met Ed Zwick and became part of the beginnings of *thirtysomething*. We started our first lunch as buyer and seller (me pompous, Ed eager) and ended it as friends—two nice, complicated Jewish boys who were the same age, similarly nervy and needy, both with an ironic sense of our own bullshit quotient and an appreciation of it in each other. I couldn't get them to hire Ed at *James at 15*—I couldn't get them to do *anything* at *James at 15*—but we had lunch again, anyway, and again after that, and we vowed one day to work together, because friends were what mattered in "this town," and how great it would be to work one day with one's network of friends.

Ed had already started to establish that network. Marshall Herskovitz—another nice, complicated Jewish boy—had been in Ed's class at the American Film Institute. Recognizing each other as the *other* smartest person around, they had declared a pact of mutual disarmament.

I met Marshall through Ed, shortly after that first lunch. We would play racquetball, gossiping about Ed's aggressiveness, and compare notes on our analysts—concluding, over the years, that (A) the gains made in one's treatment were difficult, if not impossible, to ever put into words and (B) all analysts are short.

During those years before *thirtysomething*, I worked a lot, every now and then writing a script that, albeit unmade, would be well enough received by the powerless middle-management studio career women—that army of Melissas and Laurens—to assure me my next job. I spent two years writing a script for a famous producer that so pleased him that he rewarded me with a fat "advisory" deal and a promise to direct a movie. This came to an end when he fired the distinguished director with whom I'd spent the two years preparing the film, and I learned, on the same day, that he'd had a well-known hack writing a script on the same subject at the same time I was. I extricated myself from this man's employ.

Somewhere inside me, a small voice whispered, "Work with friends. . . . Work with friends. . . ." But that voice was still too small to be heard or understood.

Meanwhile, Marshall and Ed became a team, won Emmys for their work and

made a television deal with MGM/UA. One day they learned, at the height of selling season, that they'd been scheduled for a meeting at ABC in two days' time and they had nothing to sell. They panicked, of course, and then clutched; Ed traces their ultimate breakthrough to his wife, Liberty. She made reference to the Booth cartoon in which a wife takes in the sight of her blocked-writer husband and the room full of canines he inhabits and acidly tells him, "So write about dogs. . . ."

Ed called Marshall then, both to see if he had any ideas and to mention the dogs.

"Dogs?" Marshall asked him.

"You heard me. . . ."

Marshall decided that if the subject were dogs, he'd better get over to Ed's house, where there *was* a dog, Max.

"You want to do a pilot about Max?" Marshall asked when he got to Ed's. "What, is Max going to talk or something? I hate shit like that."

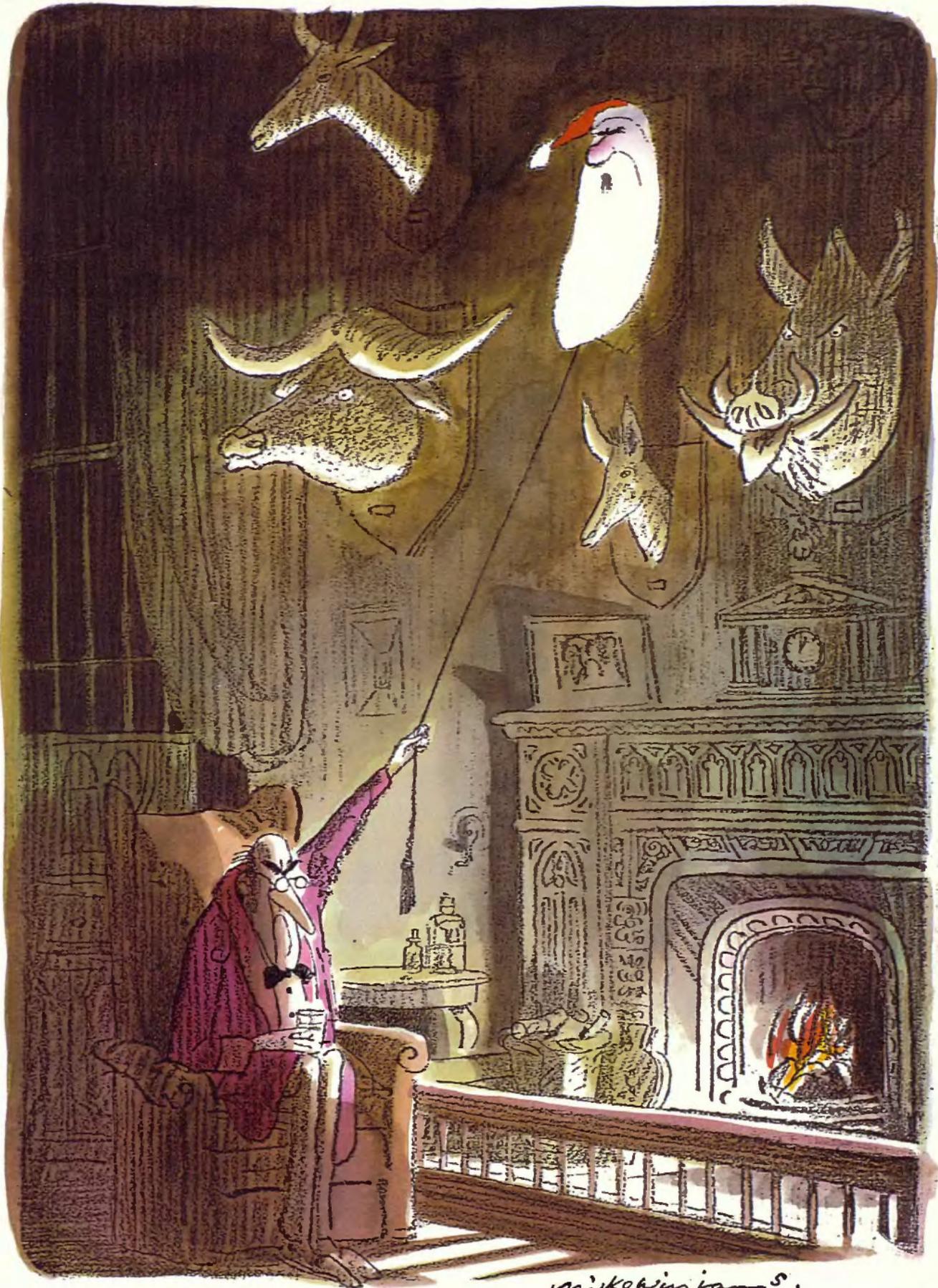
"Right!" Ed said. "Max! And you and me and Liberty and Susan and our friends and the kids and the house and the plumber."

"I think I get it," Marshall said. "Dogs. . . ."

ABC got it, too. They said, "We love it, go write it." Ed and Marshall wrote a draft of an hour that could both stand on its own and serve as a style-and-substance blueprint in case (God willing, God forbid) the pilot became a series. The script was about a married couple with a baby who lived in Philadelphia (Marshall's home town) and the friends, married and otherwise, who formed their circle. Hope, the wife, had an anxiety attack about hiring a baby sitter; the crisis involved her and her husband Michael's decision not to go camping with their friends. That was all, and that was *thirtysomething*. Ed and Marshall handed in the script and the network said, "Make it."

Ed gave me the script to read. "It's sort of about nothing," he warned me. "Just our lives." I hated it and pretended to like it, but he knew I hated it and, as it took its steps toward production, with Marshall as the director, he never mentioned it to me again. I had, at the time, my own problems; boredom and frustration made me decide, "I'll beat this town," and I watched as I tried to turn myself from a writer into a deal maker. I came up with ideas such as *Alien Pygmalion* and *The King and I in Space*. I was lucky enough never to have to write any of these things; before I could start, Ed called me with the latest news on *thirtysomething*.

"I have good news and bad news," he said. "The good news is the pilot got
(continued on page 203)



Mike Williams.

"Ho, ho, ho."

i A R R I B A

E S P A Ñ A !

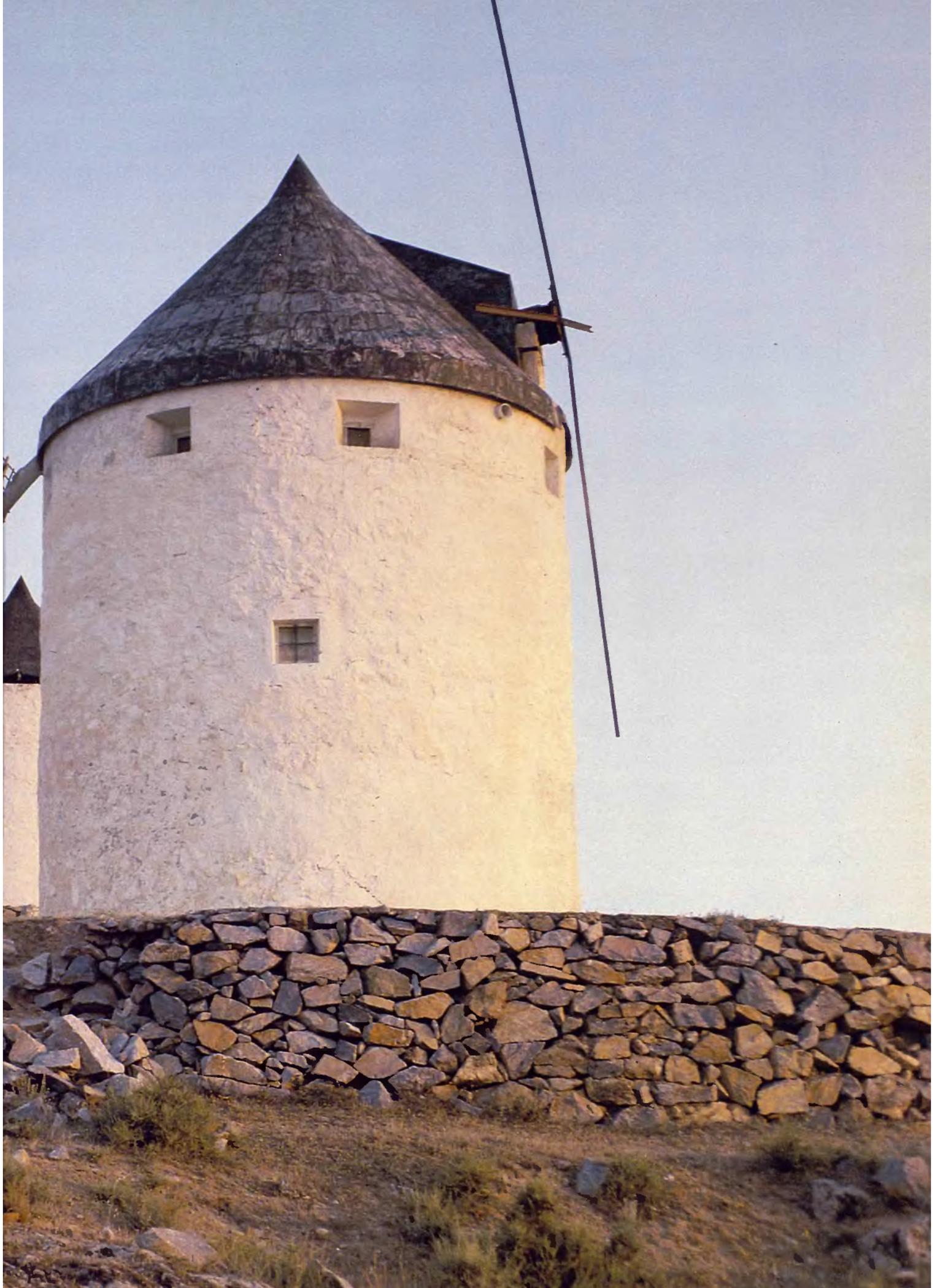
the hottest country in europe, spain vaults into the 21st century

travel **By Herbert Bailey Livesey** SPAIN IS SNAPPING and sizzling like oil in a red-hot *paella* pan. In a scant decade, the former land of sun-washed ennui has leapt from the rim of the Third World to the cusp of the 21st Century. Northern Europeans once sneered that Africa began at the Pyrenees. Now, Teutonic tycoons with umlauts in their logos look over their shoulders and see Spain gaining on them. Inflation is down, investment is through the roof and it has the highest-revving economy in Europe. And it's about to kick into turbodrive. The year to watch is 1992, a watershed of profound once and future significance. It's the fifth centennial of Queen Isabella's decision to underwrite a voyage by a man known to her as Cristóbal Colón. He bumped into an empire while she was busy ending eight centuries of Arab occupation. It is also the year the Common Market has chosen to drop its internal customs barriers, the longest step yet toward a united Europe. To celebrate, Barcelona nabbed the summer Olympics, Seville is mounting a six-month-long world's fair *and* Madrid has been designated "cultural capital" of the entire continent. All in 1992. No nation had a longer way to go. For nearly 40 years,

The windmills of Consuegra have changed little since Miguel de Cervantes pitted the dotty Don Quixote against them; but some 60 miles away, high-rises prick the skyline of Madrid.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY







Spain had been pinned in place by a round generalissimo named Francisco Franco, who managed to repeal several centuries. Couples were arrested for necking in public and *men* had to wear tops on their bathing suits at a time when France was inventing the monokini. While London swung, roosters were making wake-up calls in Madrid. When, in 1975, Franco finally gasped his last, after the most attenuated mortal illness in memory, the loudest sound was of closets opening.

Spaniards blinked and floundered in the light of what they dubbed *La Libertad*. They were baffled by all those . . . choices! Options! Alternatives! The sampling of once-forbidden fruits was nearly universal. Transvestites and punks and porn invaded the streets. Grass and hashish were decriminalized. Crime escalated. A new generation of magazines and newspapers, free of censorship, shoved at the boundaries of taste and credulity. *La Movida*, a loose coalition of nose-thumbing film makers, fashion designers and artists, outdid even them. Every week saw another strike or demonstration or election.



Spain made itself, in other words, a democracy. And today's Spain constitutes the best argument for that form of imperfect government since Thomas Jefferson. Now is the time to go, to witness a country reinventing itself. In 1992, there may not be room.

Spain is already the destination of first

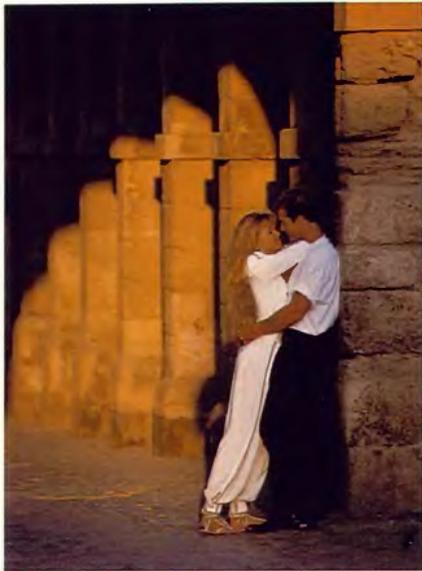


From the top, left: Tooling around on a rented scooter is one way to beat the traffic in booming Barcelona, which is busily preparing to host the Olympic Games in 1992. Toledo's narrow lanes seem made for romance after a heavy-duty day of sight-seeing (the entire city is a national monument). Posters in Seville announce the schedule of *corridos* at the local *plaza de toros*, one of Spain's oldest; in Madrid's bull ring, a matador in his *traje de luces* (suit of lights) executes a precisely choreographed dance of death.



The waters of the Mediterranean are incredibly clear off the island of Formentera, one of the Balearics (above). That and 2900 hours of sun per year make its nude beaches—unthinkable in the heyday of the late Generalissimo Francisco Franco—among the most popular, rivaled only by those on its sister island of Ibiza (below), where *tado el mundo* goes topless at Malibu Beach.



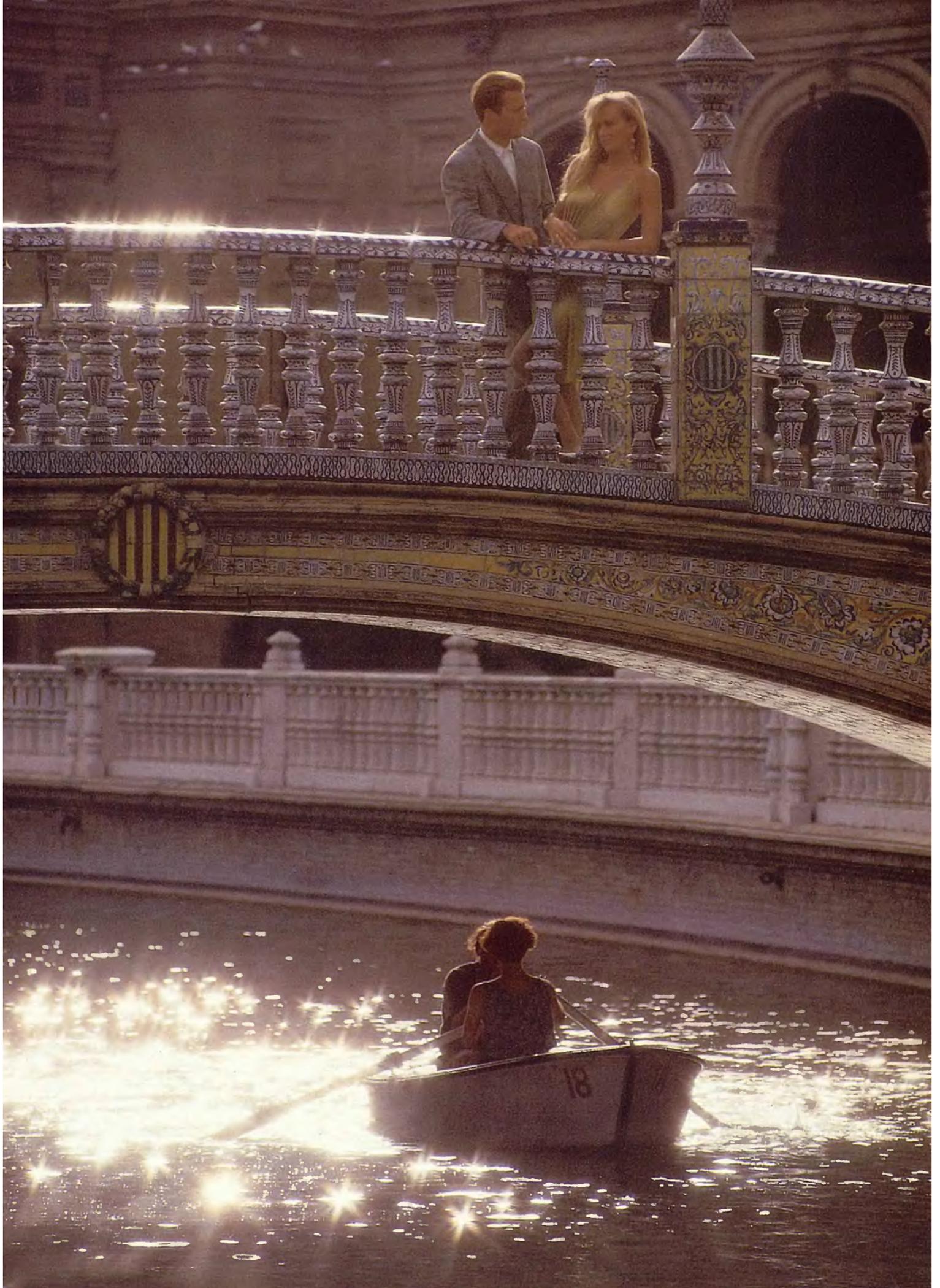


choice for its European Economic Community compatriots. Nearly 55,000,000 people flood over the borders every year, leaving behind almost 17 billion dollars in francs, pounds, marks, yen and greenbacks. They are drawn by a place that piques intellects and senses at every turn. A recent PR campaign held that Spain was "all Europe in a single country." Never has there been more truth in advertising. Name a need, a quirk, a kick, a desire . . . it's there. Sleep in an 11th Century castle. Walk by moonlight in a Roman theater. Dine as well as on the Right Bank. Swim in January on a subtropical island. Like Italy and unlike France or England, Spain boasts three great cities, not just one. And within a day's trip of Madrid, Barcelona and Seville are a dozen more—smaller but nearly as engrossing.

A curious brand of supply-side socialism is the engine behind much of the country's growth, and pragmatic prime minister Felipe González is its driver. The results are more Thatcher than Marx. State-owned industries are going private, caps have been imposed on union wage settlements, international banks and conglomerates have been allowed to rush in and carve out slices.

Spain, Inc., was long shrouded and stultified by ham-handed civil bureaucracies. The travel agency you used, the plane in which you flew, the car you rented, the gasoline you bought were all in the hands of (continued on page 200)

Caught in the ancient spell of Ibiza, first settled in the Eighth Century B.C., our travelers visit the historic Dalt Vila area in the island's capital (top left) before heading to the hot disco Pachá (left). Back on the mainland, they pen postcards in their suite at Barcelona's five-star Hotel Ritz, an elegant re-creation of the *belle époque* style (top right). Across the country in Seville, they visit the Plaza de España (right), picturesque souvenir of 1929's Ibero-American Exposition. Seville is now readying another world's fair, Expa '92.

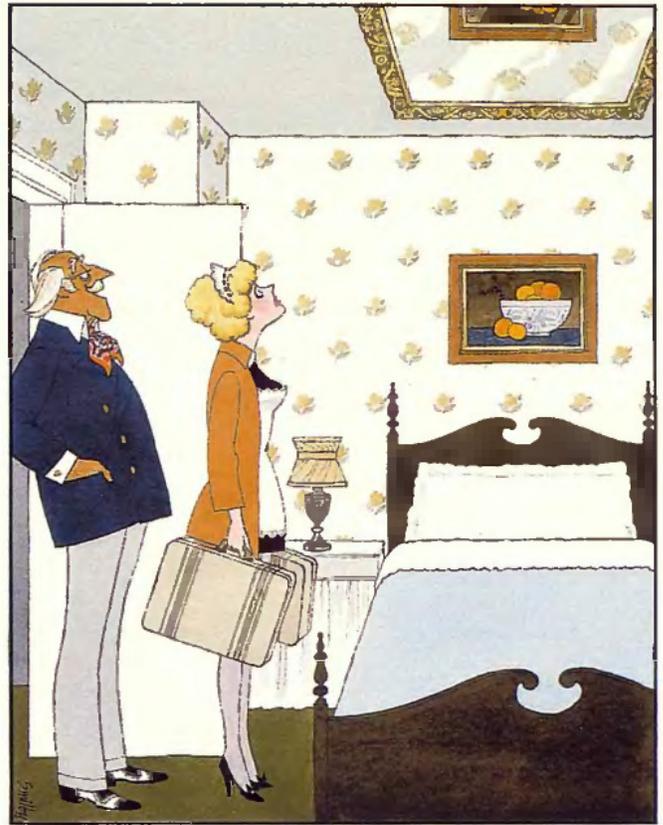


Smilby's Suzette

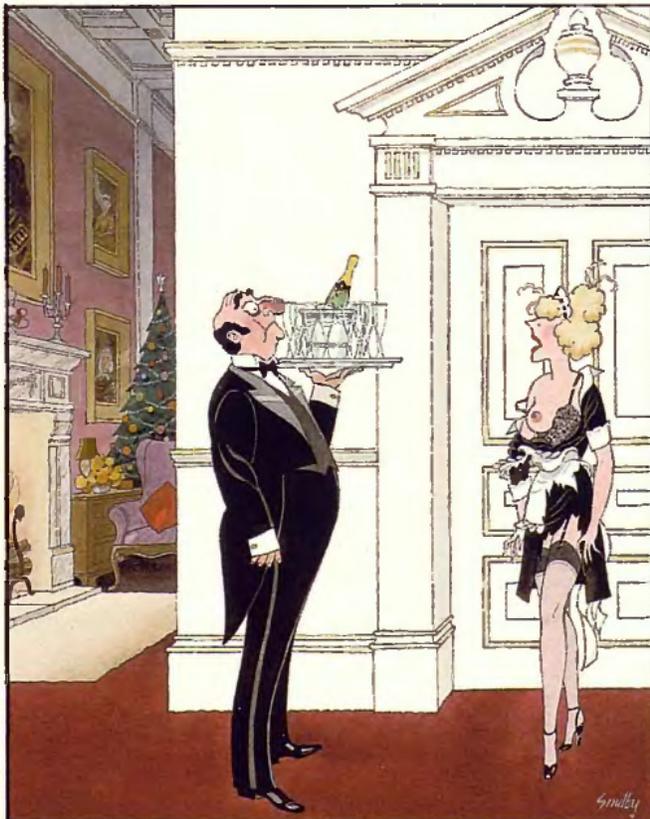
maid-to-order
tidbits from the original
french domestic

by

Smilby



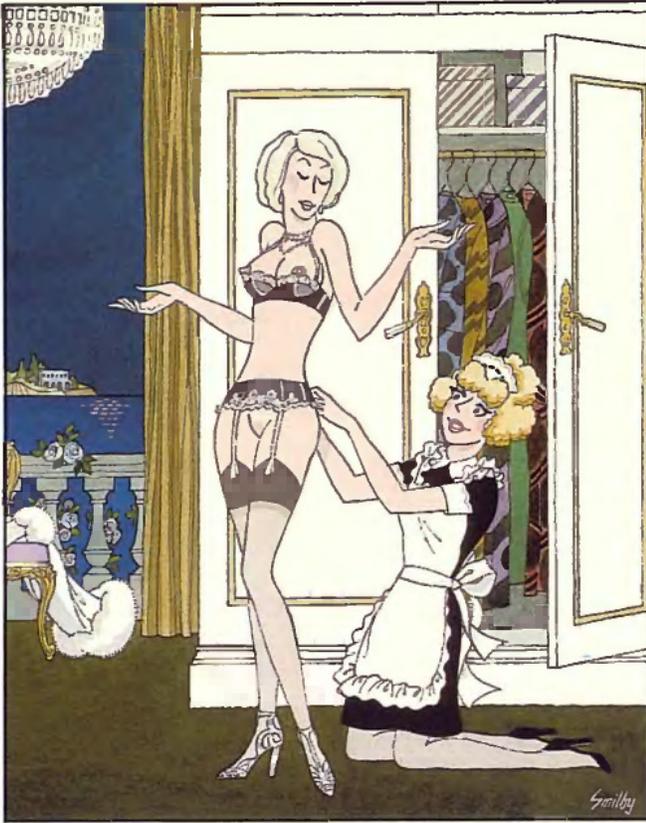
"And this will be your room, my dear."



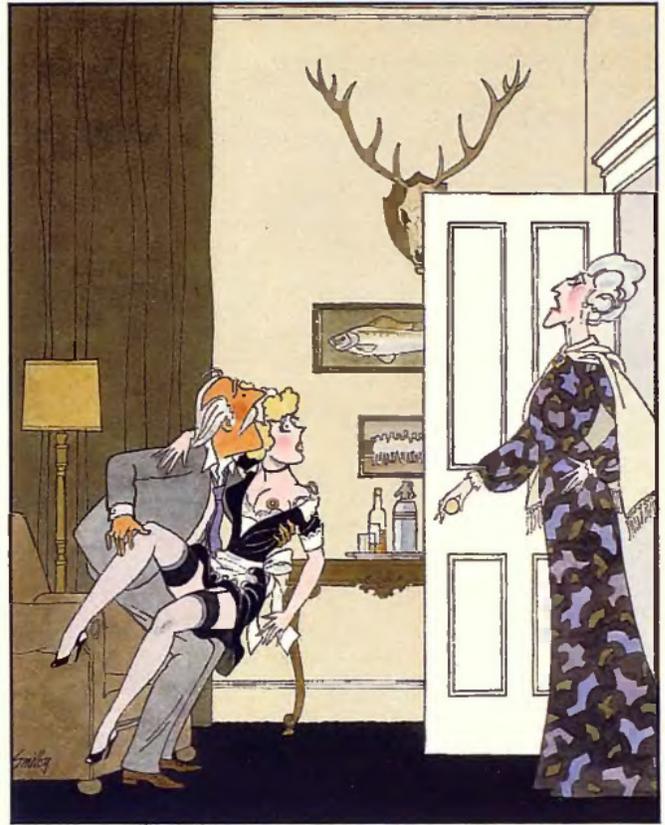
"It's all right for you, Benson; you don't have to cope with ten lords aleapin'."



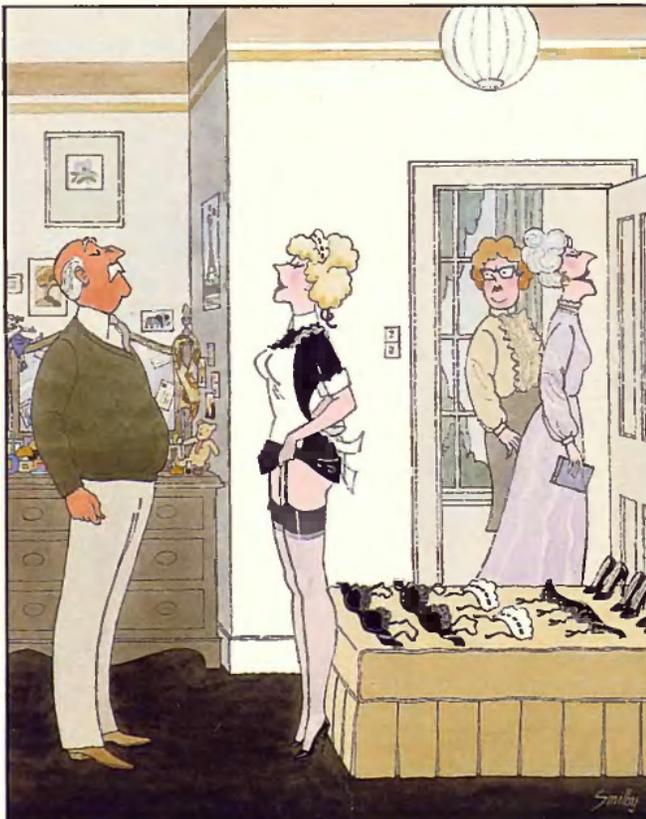
"And she's marvelous with the children, too."



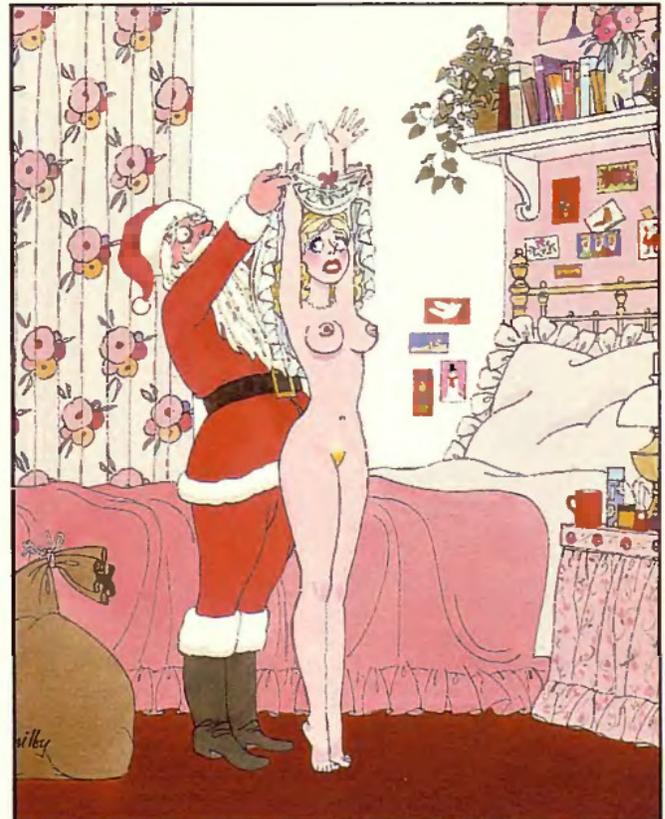
"And will madame be requiring her panties tonight?"



"Wellard—how many times must I tell you?—Friday is Suzette's night off!"



"The dear general still enjoys his little military ways."



"I thought 'trick or treat' was only Halloween."

interview By Dr. JEFFREY M. ELLIOT

The facts are well known. During 1988, in a campaign marked by name calling, race baiting and puffed-up patriotism, Republican Vice-President George Bush trounced his Democratic challenger, Governor Michael Dukakis, winning 54 percent of the popular vote and a near-landslide victory in the Electoral College. It is easy to forget that for a time, the outcome was not so certain.

Shaken by Dukakis' pre-election surge, the Bush campaign came up with Willie Horton, a black convicted murderer who'd been charged with raping a Maryland woman after escaping while on a furlough from a Massachusetts prison. Dubbed "Bush's Most Valuable Player," Horton became the star of a devastating television commercial that appeared for 28 days last fall and imputed that Dukakis was "soft on crime" (the furlough program—established by Dukakis' predecessor, Republican governor Francis Sargent—granted the possibility of furlough to convicts serving life-without-parole sentences). The idea to use Horton in the campaign was that of the Bush election brain trust, though Bush himself later disavowed the ad.

By Election Day, few had not been exposed to the grisly details of Horton's crimes. These began in 1974, when he and two accomplices were charged with the brutal murder of 17-year-old Joseph Fournier, a service-station attendant, whose body, stabbed 19 times, was found stuffed in a trash barrel, his feet jammed up near his chin.

Convicted of armed robbery and murder, the trio was sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole. In 1986, Horton, who had served 11 years, was granted a furlough. He had taken earlier furlough trips without incident. However, this time, he failed to return.

Ten months later, he was arrested near Washington, D.C., for terrorizing a young couple, Angela Miller and Clifford Barnes. Horton was convicted of brutally raping Miller and slashing Barnes across the chest and stomach—22 times.

Through it all, Horton proclaimed his innocence of both crimes—as do many convicted prisoners. Presently incarcerated at the Maryland State Penitentiary in Baltimore, Horton has previously refused all interviews. Although this interview has been edited for space, Horton's language is his own.

PLAYBOY: During the Presidential campaign, you became a symbol of evil and depravity. Why do you think the reaction you provoked was so strong?

HORTON: First, it's hard for me to understand or appreciate the intensity of feeling that exists. After all, I have very little contact with the outside world. Needless to say, through well-honed advertising skills, the Bush campaign succeeded in portraying me as the Devil incarnate. To be truthful, if it were someone else—and I were not sitting in prison—and I didn't know the real truth, I'd probably feel the same way.

I do wish, however, that the public possessed the common sense to understand that there's two sides to every story—and that they should suspend judgment until they've heard both sides. I have the evidence—which is readily available to anyone who wishes to examine the trial transcripts—that I did not commit the crimes I was convicted of.

PLAYBOY: We'll return to that. But first, how did you feel when you found out about the ad? Did you think it was racist?

HORTON: Was the ad racist? Hell, you know it was. And I'm not the only victim of racism. All poor people and minorities are portrayed in a similar manner by people who exploit their

(continued on page 218)

the man
whose menacing
face and
criminal record
helped make
george bush
president
gives his views
from prison

A
F E W
W O R D S
F R O M . . .
W I L L I E
H O R T O N



The SWIMMERS

(continued from page 117)

"They arranged to meet for drinks that afternoon, and spent the next two days together."

water. When Joan Lunt reached the end of the pool, she ducked immediately down into the water in a well-practiced maneuver, turned, used the tiled side to kick off from, in a single graceful motion that took her a considerable distance, and Clyde Farrell's heart contracted when, emerging from the water, head and shoulders and flashing arms, the woman didn't miss a beat, just continued as if she hadn't been confronted with any limit or impediment, any boundary. It was just water, and her in it, water that might go on forever, and her in it, swimming, sealed off and invulnerable.

Clyde Farrell dived into the pool, and swam vigorously, keeping to his own lane, energetic and single-minded, too, and when, after some minutes, he glanced around for the woman in the yellow bathing suit, the woman I'd told him of meeting, Joan Lunt, he saw, to his disappointment, that she was gone.

His vanity was wounded. He thought, She never once looked at me.

My father and my uncle Clyde were farm boys who left the farm as soon as they were of age: joined the U.S. Navy out of high school, went away, came back and lived and worked in town, my father in a small sign shop and Clyde in a succession of jobs. He drove a truck for a gravel company, he was a foreman in a local tool factory, he managed a sporting-goods store; he owned property at Wolf's Head Lake, 20 miles to the north, and spoke with vague enthusiasm of developing it someday. He wasn't a practical man and he never saved money. He liked to gamble at cards and horses. In the Navy, he'd learned to box and for a while after being discharged, he considered a professional career as a welterweight, but that meant signing contracts, traveling around the country, taking orders from other men. Not Clyde Farrell's temperament.

He was good-looking, not tall, about 5'9", compact and quick on his feet, a natural athlete, with well-defined shoulder and arm muscles, strong, sinewy legs. His hair was the color of damp sand, his eyes a warm liquid brown, all iris. There was a gap between his two front teeth that gave him a childlike look and was misleading.

No one ever expected Clyde Farrell to get married, or even to fall seriously in love. That capacity in him seemed missing, somehow: a small but self-proclaimed absence, like the gap between his teeth.

But Clyde was powerfully attracted to women, and after watching Joan Lunt swim that morning, he drifted by later in the day to Kress's, Yewville's largest department store, where he knew she'd recently started to work. Kress's was a store of some distinction, the merchandise was of high quality, the counters made of solid, burnished oak; the overhead lighting was muted and flattering to women customers. Behind the counter displaying gloves and leather handbags, Joan Lunt struck the eye as an ordinarily pretty woman, composed, intelligent, feminine, brunette, with a brunette's waxy-pale skin, carefully made up, even glamorous, but not a woman Clyde Farrell would have noticed, much. He was 32 years old, in many ways much younger. This woman was too mature for him, wasn't she? Probably married or divorced, very likely with children. Clyde thought, In her clothes, she's just another one of them.

So Clyde walked out of Kress's, a store he didn't like anyway, and wasn't going to think about Joan Lunt, but one morning a few days later, there he was, unaccountably, back at the Y.M.C.A., 7:30 A.M. of a weekday in March 1959, and there, too, was Joan Lunt in her satiny-yellow bathing suit and gleaming white cap. Swimming laps, arm over strong, slender arm, stroke following stroke, oblivious of Clyde Farrell and of her surroundings, so Clyde was forced to see how her presence in the old, tacky, harshly chlorinated pool made of the place something extraordinary that lifted his heart.

That morning, Clyde swam in the pool for only about ten minutes, then left and hastily showered and dressed and was waiting for Joan Lunt out in the lobby. Clyde wasn't a shy man, but he could give that impression when it suited him. When Joan Lunt appeared, he stepped forward and smiled and introduced himself, saying, "Miss Lunt? I guess you know my niece Sylvie? She told me about meeting you." Joan Lunt hesitated, then shook hands with Clyde and said in that way of hers that suggested she was giving information meant to be clear and unequivocal, "My first name is Joan." She didn't smile but seemed prepared to smile.

Joan Lunt was a good-looking woman with shrewd dark eyes, straight dark eyebrows, an expertly reddened mouth. There was an inch-long white scar at the left corner of her mouth like a sliver of glass. Her thick, shoulder-length dark-

brown hair was carefully waved, but the ends were damp; although her face was pale, it appeared heated, invigorated by exercise.

Joan Lunt and Clyde Farrell were nearly of a height, and comfortable together.

Leaving the Y.M.C.A., descending the old granite steps to Main Street that were worn smooth in the centers, nearly hollow with decades of feet, Clyde said to Joan, "You're a beautiful swimmer—I couldn't help admiring you in there," and Joan Lunt laughed and said, "And so are you—I was admiring you, too," and Clyde said, surprised, "Really? You saw me?" and Joan Lunt said, "Both times."

It was Friday. They arranged to meet for drinks that afternoon, and spent the next two days together.

In Yewville, no one knew who Joan Lunt was except as she presented herself: a woman in her mid-30s, solitary, very private, seemingly unattached, with no relatives or friends in the area. No one knew where exactly she'd come from, or why; why here of all places, Yewville, New York, a small city of fewer than 30,000 people, built on the banks of the Eden River, in the southwestern foothills of the Chautauqua Mountains. She had arrived in early February, in a dented rust-red 1956 Chevrolet with New York State license plates, the rear of the car piled with suitcases, cartons, clothes. She spent two nights in Yewville's single good hotel, The Mohawk, then moved into a tiny furnished apartment on Chambers Street. She spent several days interviewing for jobs downtown, all of which you might call jobs for women specifically, and was hired at Kress's, and started work promptly on the first Monday morning following her arrival. If it was sheerly good luck, the job at Kress's, the most prestigious store in town, Joan Lunt seemed to take it in stride, the way a person would who felt she deserved as much. Or better.

The other saleswomen at Kress's, other tenants in the Chambers Street building, men who approached her—no one could get to know her. It was impossible to get beyond the woman's quick, just slightly edgy smile, her resolute cheeriness, her purposefully vague manner. Asked where she was from, she would say, "Nowhere you'd know." Asked was she married, did she have a family, she would say, "Oh, I'm an independent woman, I'm well over eighteen." She'd laugh to suggest that this was a joke, of a kind, the thin scar beside her mouth white with anger.

It was observed that her fingers were entirely ringless.

But the nails were perfectly manicured, polished an enamel-hard red.

It was observed that, for a solitary
(continued on page 190)



*"He's been upset since they colorized 'It's a Wonderful Life,'
and I think it's finally pushed Him over the edge!"*

PLAYBOY

JAZZ AND ROCK POLL

it's your turn to pick the hits

POP MUSIC 1989 was a year of provocative contrasts, from Tone-Lōc to Pete Townshend. Guns n' Roses and the *a cappella* jazz group Take 6 shared success on the charts. Lou Reed, Roy Orbison and Chet Baker were re-discovered. It was a very good year for women: Edie Brickell, Natalie Merchant, Paula Abdul and Melissa Etheridge, to name a few. De La Soul and Living Colour, two black bands, took on rock and roll and crossed a great divide. We celebrated the 20th anniversary of Woodstock, and, as we predicted last year, the dinosaur tours kept going but gathered momentum when the Stones buried their differences, produced a hot new album and hit the road. Hollywood honored The Killer, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Spike Lee's movie built its climax around a boom box. Even the good, gray *New York Times* went country with a profile of Randy Travis. After years of hearing that jazz is making a comeback, it really is, and rock is no longer a thing separate and apart. In short, there was a whole lot of shaking going on.

THE BALLOT

The Playboy Music Ballot is a breeze to fill out this year. We worked really hard to make the people and the events on the ballot reflect 1989's magic moments. All you have to do is check off the box next to your favorite performer or album in each category. We've left a write-in spot for those of you who think you have a better idea. Then tear off the ballot and use the envelope attached to send in your vote, postmarked no later than midnight, December 15, 1989. All you'll need is a stamp.

rock

Male Vocalist/Rock

- Bono
- David Bowie
- Peter Gabriel
- Ziggy Marley
- Paul McCartney
- John Cougar Mellencamp
- George Michael
- Prince
- Lou Reed
- Steve Winwood
- _____

Instrumentalist/Rock

- Peter Buck
- Clarence Clemons
- Robert Cray
- Edge
- Jeff Healey
- Joe Jackson
- Joe Satriani
- Paul Shaffer
- Ringo Starr
- Kip Winger
- _____

Rock Album

- Big Daddy*—John Cougar Mellencamp
- Blind Man's Zoo*—10,000 Maniacs
- Disintegration*—The Cure
- Full Moon Fever*—Tom Petty
- Green*—R.E.M.
- Like a Prayer*—Madonna
- A New Flame*—Simply Red
- Repeat Offender*—Richard Marx
- Shooting Rubberbands at the Stars*—
Eddie Brickell & New Bohemians
- Steel Wheels*—Rolling Stones
- _____

Female Vocalist/Rock

- Paula Abdul
- Tracy Chapman
- Toni Childs
- Gloria Estefan
- Melissa Etheridge
- Lita Ford
- Debbie Gibson
- Madonna
- Bonnie Raitt
- Michelle Shocked
- _____

Group/Rock

- Bon Jovi
- Eddie Brickell & New Bohemians
- Cowboy Junkies
- Guns n' Roses
- INXS
- Living Colour
- Metallica
- R.E.M.
- Rolling Stones
- Traveling Wilburys
- _____

Male Vocalist/Jazz

- Roy Ayers
- Tony Bennett
- Ray Charles
- Sammy Davis Jr.
- Al Jarreau
- Dr. John
- Bobby McFerrin
- Frank Sinatra
- Mel Tormé
- Joe Williams
- _____

Instrumentalist/Jazz

- Terri Lyne Carrington
- Harry Connick, Jr.
- Miles Davis
- Kenny G
- Herbie Hancock
- Branford Marsalis
- Wynton Marsalis
- Najee
- David Sanborn
- Grover Washington, Jr.
- _____

Female Vocalist/Jazz

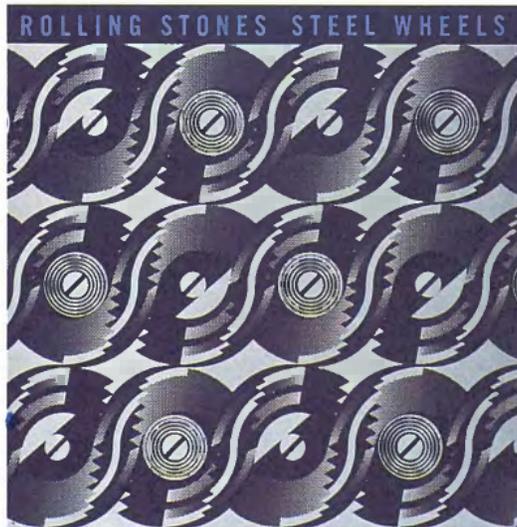
- Patti Austin
- Basia
- Betty Carter
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Tania Maria
- Carmen McRae
- Sade
- Marlena Shaw
- Sarah Vaughan
- Cassandra Wilson
- _____

Group/Jazz

- Chick Corea Akoustic Band
- Dirty Dozen Brass Band
- Hirashima
- Pat Metheny Group
- Modern Jazz Quartet
- Pieces of a Dream
- Rippingtons
- Spyro Gyra
- Steps Ahead
- Take 6
- _____

Jazz Album

- Amandla*—Miles Davis
- Let's Get Lost*—Chet Baker
- Chick Corea Akoustic Band*
- In a Sentimental Mood*—Dr. John
- The Majesty of the Blues*—
Wynton Marsalis
- Point of View*—Spyro Gyra
- Take 6*
- Trio Jeepy*—Branford Marsalis
- The Truth Is Spoken Here*—
Marcus Roberts
- Voodoo*—Dirty Dozen Brass Band
- _____



— c o n c e r t —

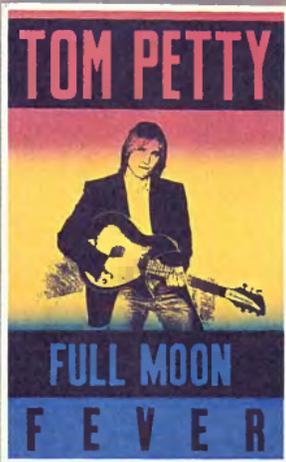
Concert

- Club MTV Tour
- Grateful Dead
- Lyle Lovett
- Metallica
- New Order
- Bonnie Raitt
- Rolling Stones
- 10,000 Maniacs
- Tom Tom Club
- Who
- _____

— m o v i e
s o u n d
t r a c k —

Movie Sound Track

- Batman*
- Beaches*
- Do the Right Thing*
- Ghostbusters II*
- Great Balls of Fire!*
- The Karate Kid III*
- Let's Get Lost*
- Road House*
- Shag*
- Young Einstein*
- _____



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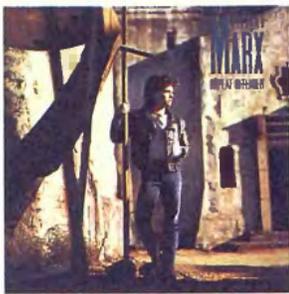
PLACE
STAMP
HERE

detach here

PLAYBOY JAZZ AND ROCK POLL
P.O. BOX 11233
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

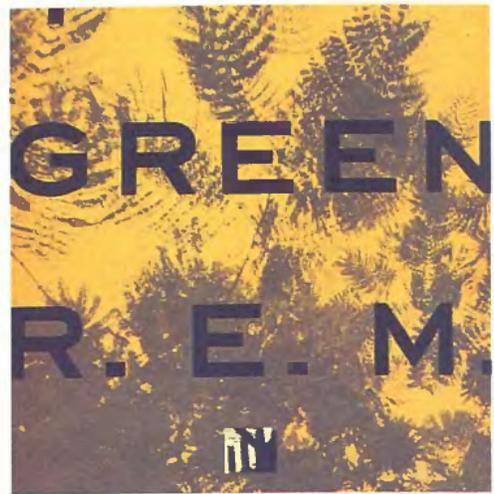
PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.
 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
 CHICAGO, IL 60611



detach here

RETURN ENVELOPE



hall
of
fame

Hall of Fame

- Chuck Berry
- James Brown
- Aretha Franklin
- Jerry Garcia
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Jerry Lee Lewis
- Loretta Lynn
- Bob Marley
- Roy Orbison
- Buck Owens
- Charlie Parker
- Prince
- Keith Richards
- Smokey Robinson
- Diana Ross
- Sting
- Frank Zappa
- _____

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10,000 MANIACS
BLIND MAN'S ZOO



r & b

Male Vocalist/R&B

- Bobby Brown
- Peabo Bryson
- Terence Trent D'Arby
- Kool Moe Dee
- Freddie Jackson
- LL Cool J
- Tone-Lōc
- Al B. Sure!
- Keith Sweat
- Luther Vandross
- _____

Female Vocalist/R&B

- Anita Baker
- Neneh Cherry
- Natalie Cole
- Mica Paris
- Brenda Russell
- Mavis Staples
- Brenda K. Starr
- Jody Watley
- Karyn White
- Vanessa Williams
- _____

Group/R&B

- Ashford & Simpson
- De La Soul
- Fine Young Cannibals
- D.J. Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince
- Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam
- Neville Brothers
- New Edition
- Public Enemy
- Salt-n-Pepa
- Was (Not Was)
- _____

R&B Album

- Batman*—Prince
- Don't Be Cruel*—Bobby Brown
- Girl You Know It's True*—Milli Vanilli
- Hangin' Tough*—New Kids on the Block
- Knowledge Is King*—Kool Moe Dee
- Lōc-ed After Dark*—Tone-Lōc
- The Raw & the Cooked*—
Fine Young Cannibals
- Raw Like Sushi*—Neneh Cherry
- Straight Outta Compton*—N.W.A.
- 3 Feet High and Rising*—De La Soul
- _____

c o u n t r y

Male Vocalist/Country

- Clint Black
- Rodney Crowell
- Joe Ely
- Lyle Lovett
- Willie Nelson
- George Strait
- Randy Travis
- Ricky Van Shelton
- Dwight Yoakam
- Hank Williams, Jr.
- _____

Female Vocalist/Country

- Rosanne Cash
- Lacy J. Dalton
- Holly Dunn
- Emmylou Harris
- k. d. lang
- Patty Loveless
- Kathy Mattea
- Reba McEntire
- K. T. Oslin
- Dolly Parton
- _____

Group/Country

- Alabama
- Baillie & the Boys
- Desert Rose Band
- Foster and Lloyd
- The Judds
- Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
- Oak Ridge Boys
- Restless Heart
- Southern Pacific
- Sweethearts of the Rodeo
- _____

Country Album

- Absolute Torch and Twang*—
k. d. lang and the Reclines
- Beyond the Blue Neon*—
George Strait
- 5:01 Blues*—Merle Haggard
- Kentucky Thunder*—Ricky Skaggs
- Killin' Time*—Clint Black
- One Woman Man*—George Jones
- River of Time*—The Judds
- Southern Star*—Alabama
- Sweet Sixteen*—Reba McEntire
- Will the Circle Be Unbroken, Vol. II*—
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
- _____

top - ten
music
videos

Top-Ten Music Videos

- Armageddon It*—Def Leppard
- Batdance*—Prince
- End of the Line*—Traveling Wilburys
- Express Yourself*—Madonna
- Leave Me Alone*—Michael Jackson
- Patience*—Guns n' Roses
- She Drives Me Crazy*—Fine Young Cannibals
- Stand*—R.E.M.
- Straight Up*—Paula Abdul
- Wild Thing*—Tone-Lōc
- _____

best veejay

Best Veejay (MTV, BET, TNN)

- Robin Breedon
- Julie Brown
- Adam Curry
- Alvin Jones
- China Kantner
- Shelley Mangrum
- Martha Quinn
- Kevin Seal
- Shotgun Red (Puppet Veejay)
- Donnie Simpson
- _____



BIG DADDY





"Ooooo—preholiday sex is beginning to make sense!"

SEX

STARS!

OF 1989

Holy

**MICHAEL KEATON,
KIM BASINGER**
The Megahitters
of Summer



**A COMIC-BOOK HERO
MAKES HISTORY, A BRAT
PACKER MAKES A MISTAKE,
A BEAUTY BUYS A DOWN-
HOME TOWN AND CHER
TAKES ON THE NAVY**

text by **JIM HARWOOD**

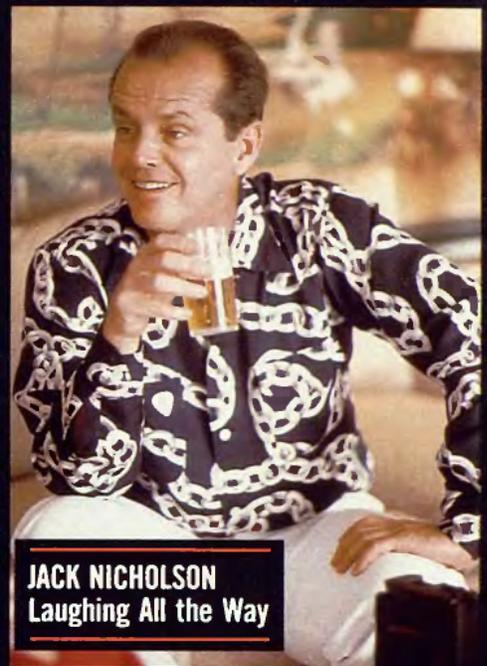
THOSE PROFESSIONAL kill-joys who make their living by observing social trends are claiming that people are scared of sex these days. Couldn't prove it by watching the Sex Stars of 1989, who've been having a ball on screen and off. Take *Batman*, which not only broke box-office records but shattered tradition by having Michael Keaton become the only comic-book superhero ever to score on the first date. The fact that the young lady is the irresistible Kim Basinger makes Keaton's rush to the boudoir all the more understandable. But who can fathom the logic behind the making of the year's most talked-about home movie, the infamous Rob Lowe video? A chance meeting between Rob and two teenage girls in an Atlanta night spot might have gone unnoticed had not somebody—it's still not clear who—decided to make a video tape of their getting better acquainted in a hotel room.

Lowe insists he's innocent of the worst charges, and the video itself is unclear as to who did what to whom, especially in the many fuzzy overdubbed versions (*text continued on page 186*)

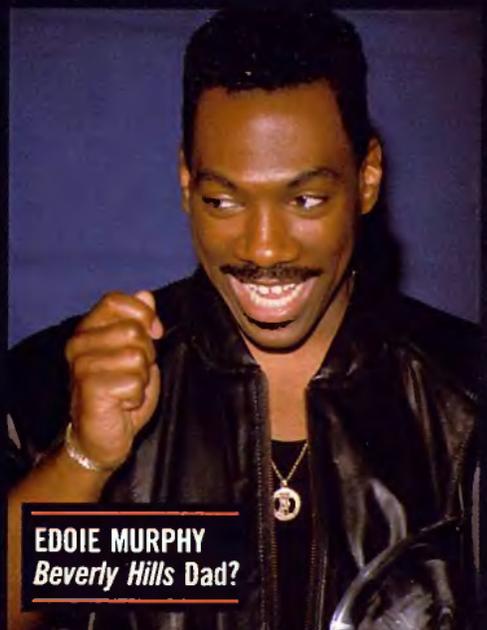
FLYING HIGH Michael Keaton, best known for comic roles, surprised skeptics by turning a comic-book hero into a vulnerable but powerful sex symbol in the record-breaking hit *Batman*. Co-starring as Vicki Vale is the perennial *Playboy* favorite Kim Basinger.



CHER
Able-bodied Seawoman



JACK NICHOLSON
Laughing All the Way



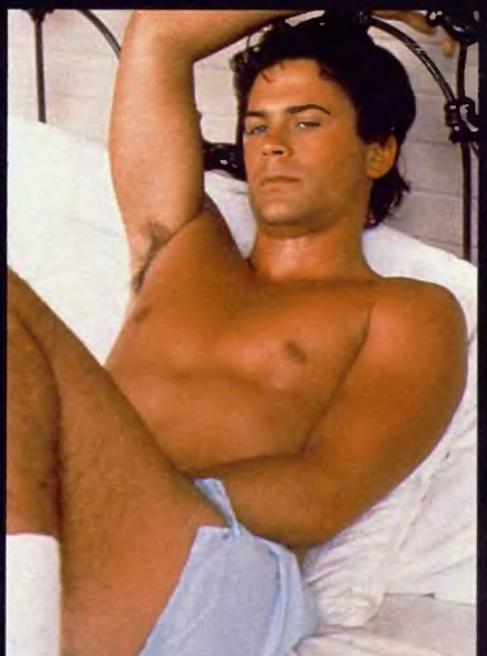
EDDIE MURPHY
Beverly Hills Dad?



BRIGITTE NIELSEN
On Her Mark

HERE COMES TROUBLE Cher's in hot water with Navy brass, who har-rumped over the skimpy outfit she wears in a video shot aboard the Missouri. Jack Nicholson made out in *Batman* but was targeted by kiss-and-teller Karen Mayo-Chandler (her story's in this issue). Eddie Murphy's single *Put Your Mouth on Me* raised eyebrows, as did allegations by two women that he'd fathered their kids. A home video shot Rob Lowe's fame to new depths; Brigitte Nielsen and Mark Gastineau's often stormy ins and outs are resulting in a baby.

ROB LOWE
Tail of the Tape





TALISA SOTO
Blue-Ribbon Bond

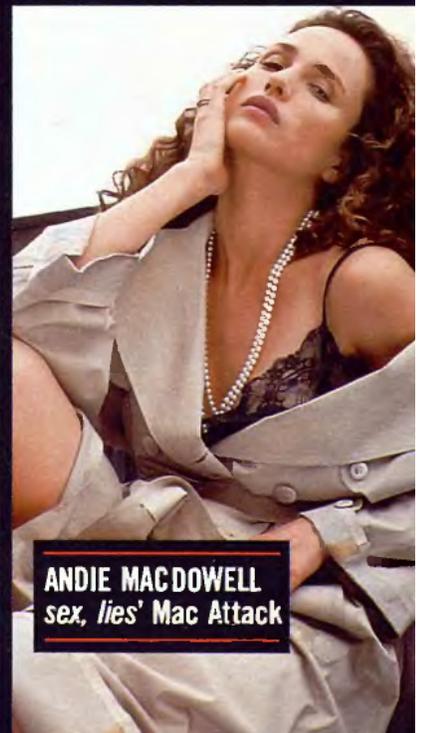


MEG RYAN
Ohh! Yes! Yes! Yes!!

WHEN YOU'RE HOT, YOU'RE HOT These four actresses should be able to write their own tickets after scoring in memorable 1989 appearances. Talisa Soto is the drug lord's mistress who shares James Bond's bed in *Licence to Kill*; Meg Ryan stages an unforgettable fake orgasm in a deli for the comedy *When Harry Met Sally*. . . . Uma Thurman, a *mademoiselle* who's a seducer's easy mark in *Dangerous Liaisons*, followed up with a turn as the Goddess of Love in *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, and former model Andie MacDowell's name is being bruited about as Oscar material after her moving performance as a betrayed wife in *sex, lies, and videotape*.



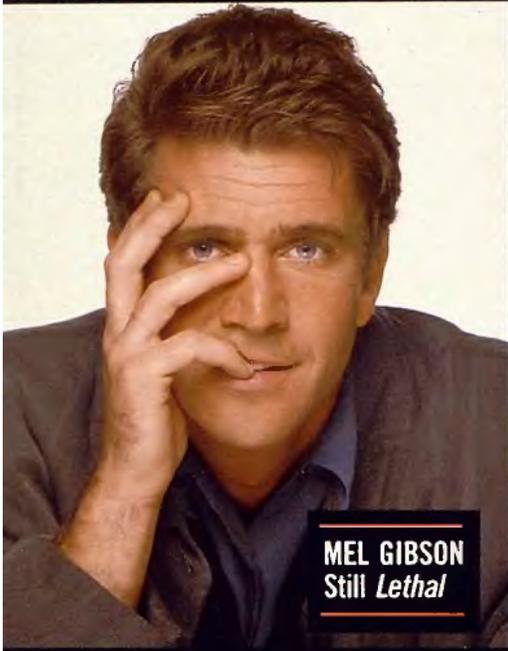
UMA THURMAN
From Vixen to Venus



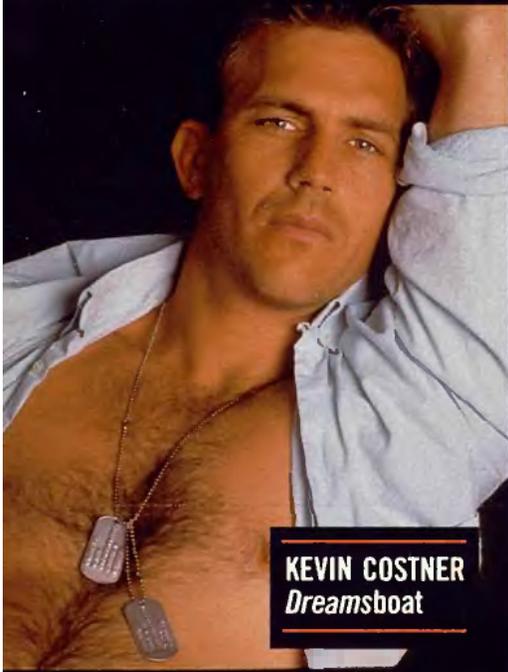
ANDIE MACDOWELL
sex, lies' Mac Attack

HUNKS IN HOLLYWOOD

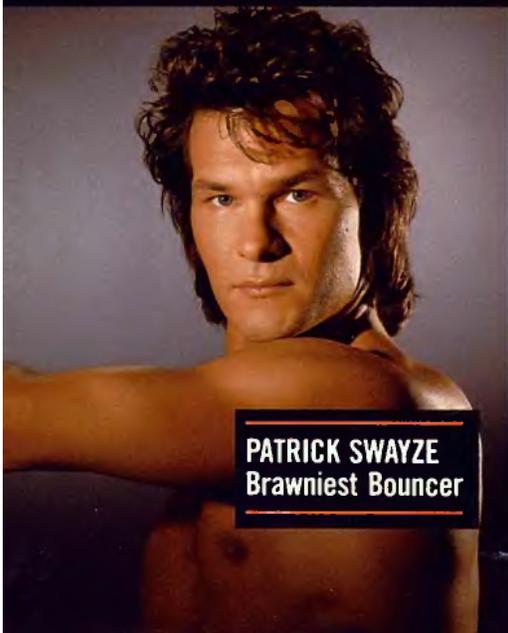
American-born, Aussie-bred actor Mel Gibson continues to set hearts a-throb in *Lethal Weapon 2*, a sequel to the 1987 thriller. Kevin Costner fulfills Everyman's baseball fantasy (and Everywoman's vision of Mr. Right) in *Field of Dreams*; Patrick Swayze eschews dancing, *Dirty* or otherwise, and opts for violence as a champion "cooler" in *Road House*. (Unfortunately for their legions of female fans, none of the three happily married men is available.) Perhaps no actor has been so surprised to find himself a sex symbol as Ron Perlman, the leonine hero of television's popular *Beauty and the Beast* series, who admits he's astonished at the amount of mail he gets from eager women viewers.



MEL GIBSON
Still *Lethal*



KEVIN COSTNER
Dreamsboat



PATRICK SWAYZE
Brawniest Bouncer



RON PERLMAN
Simply *Beastly*



JULIE MCCULLOUGH
Best Baby Sitter



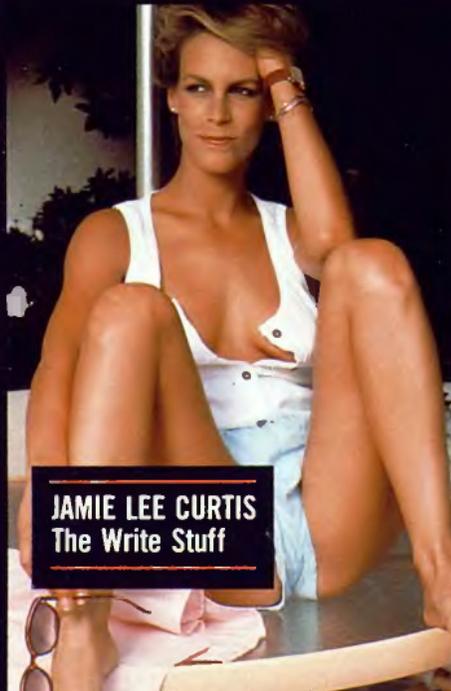
SHANNON TWEED
Football's 1st Femme

TELETEMPRESSES

Things've been looking up on the tube lately, with Miss February 1986, Julie McCullough, hired to mind the kids on ABC-TV's *Growing Pains*, 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed taking over as a football-team owner on HBO's *1st & Ten*, July 1989 Playmate Erika Eleniak working as a lifeguard on NBC's *Baywatch* and Jamie Lee Curtis writing for *Chicago Monthly* magazine in ABC's *Anything but Love*. And then there's Roseanne Barr, pudgy star of TV's *Roseanne* and the upcoming film *She-Devil*, in which, she said, she ought to have done a nude scene: "I look great."



ROSEANNE BARR
Blue-Collar Bimbo



JAMIE LEE CURTIS
The Write Stuff



ERIKA ELENAK
Baywatchable

MADONNA
Back to Her Roots



MICHELLE PFEIFFER
Pfabulous Pface



DO BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN? Madonna seems to think so. Shed of Sean Penn, she made a controversial video, got dropped from Pepsi ads and has been linked with her *Dick Tracy* co-star, Warren Beatty. After a steamy encounter with Mel Gibson in *Tequila Sunrise*, Michelle Pfeiffer copped an Oscar nomination for *Dangerous Liaisons*; Sigourney Weaver, who earned two Academy Award nominations (for *Gorillas in the Mist* and *Working Girl*), altered her image by donning a vampish blonde wig for lensman Helmut Newton. Melanie Griffith, yet another Oscar nominee (for *Working Girl*), tied the knot again with ex-husband Don Johnson. Diane Sawyer abandoned CBS' ship *60 Minutes* to co-anchor a new vessel, ABC's *Prime Time Live*, for a reported \$1,500,000. Wrestling champ Hulk Hogan sprang out of the ring to make his movie debut in *No Holds Barred*; Patsy Kensit of the rock group Eighth Wonder landed the coveted role of Mel Gibson's love interest in *Lethal Weapon 2*. As for Morganna, baseball's inimitable "Kissing Bandit," she kissed Pat Sajak during the debut of his new CBS talk show and was the subject of a third *Playboy* feature (*Ode to Morganna*, September).

PATSY KENSIT
Wonder *Weapon*



HULK HOGAN
Mightiest Muscle Man

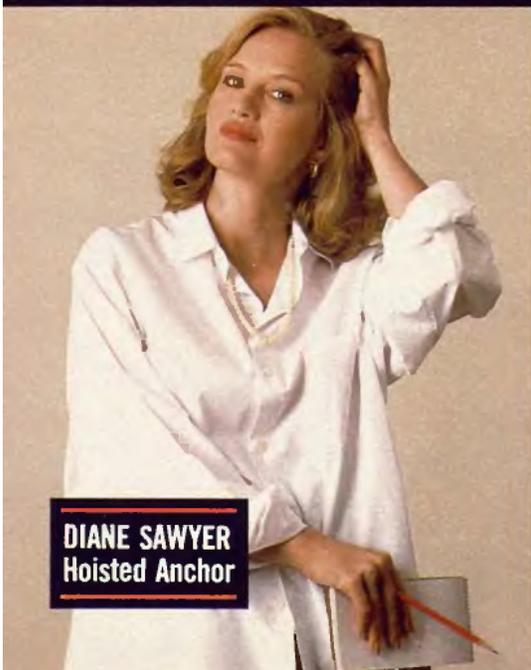




SIGOURNEY WEAVER
Boffo Bigwig



MELANIE GRIFFITH
Working Wife



DIANE SAWYER
Hoisted Anchor



MORGANNA
Grandstand Player



NATALYA NEGODA
Glasnost's Gift



KIMBERLEY CONRAD HEFNER
Bride of the Year

PLAYBOY PRESENTS: These three beauties proved media darlings as well as reader favorites through their appearances on the pages of this magazine this year. *Glasnost* and *perestroika* combined as Natalya Negoda shocked fellow citizens of the Soviet Union with a sizzling star turn in the Russian film *Little Vera*—grand-prize winner in the 24th Chicago International Film Festival—and an even more revealing pictorial in the May issue of *Playboy*. Kimberley Conrad became not only Playmate of the Year (*Playboy*, June) but, in July, the (literally) blushing bride of the world's most determined bachelor, Hugh M. Hefner. And La Toya Jackson showed kid brother Michael (and millions of magazine buyers) a thing or two with a noteworthy layout in our March issue—an exposure that quickly landed La Toya a spot on a Bob Hope special.



LA TOYA JACKSON
Big-Sister Act

that quickly spread from Manhattan to Beverly Hills. To satisfy the Atlanta district attorney, Lowe agreed to 20 hours of public service; but he still faces a lawsuit from the irate mother of one of the young ladies, not to mention protests from parents of kids in the youth groups he was scheduled to serve.

Whatever actually happened in the hotel room, it couldn't have been as much fun as what Lowe's insurance company quickly announced it would not cover. In lawyerly terms, the Chubb Custom Insurance Company renounced all responsibility for any actor who uses his "celebrity status as an inducement to females to engage in sexual intercourse, sodomy and multiple-party sexual activity for his immediate sexual gratification and for the purpose of making pornographic films."

Coincidentally, the beautiful Basinger also hails from Georgia, and soon after finishing *Batman*, she took her earnings and bought the tiny town of Braselton, near her birthplace. It's just an old cotton-mill town, but Basinger said she wanted to preserve the memories. "These are the fields where I learned oral sex!" she told *Vanity Fair*, which is bound to make Braselton a tourist attraction as soon as they can figure out how to design the monument.

Basinger must have had a lot to discuss with Jerry Hall, who also worked on *Batman*, as the ladylove of Jack (the Joker) Nicholson. Hall has lived with Mick Jagger for some years and, according to the diaries of her late friend Andy Warhol, employs an amiable method of keeping him faithful.

"Even if you only have two seconds, drop everything and give him a blow job," Warhol records Jerry proclaiming on June 5, 1978. "That way, he won't really want sex with anyone else. . . . I know that I can tell that to you, because you won't tell anybody."

Friends being what they are, Warhol didn't tell Mick's wife Bianca for more than a year. According to Andy, "Bianca said she wouldn't care; she said the only girlfriend of Mick's she ever got jealous of was Carly Simon, because Carly Simon is intelligent and has the look Mick likes—she looks like Mick and Bianca."

Warhol enjoyed lots of Platonic relationships with women friends, mainly because they could talk with him the way they talk with one another—but rarely with men. To hear how women really talk, most men have to drop in on movies such as *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills* and hear Jacqueline Bisset tell Mary Woronov about the charms of her houseboy: "He can suck your box till your nose bleeds."

There was also sex, lies, and videotape for men to learn from by watching and listening to lovely Andie MacDowell and

Laura San Giacomo. For MacDowell, it was a big change from her first film role—as Jane in *Greystoke*—but it was a film debut for San Giacomo, who remembers a frantic call to a friend the night before her big scene: "What should I do? This is only my first film and I have to perform the 'big O' tomorrow."

When dishing about sexual competitors, of course, women aren't such good buddies. After *Prince* topped the charts with his *Batman* numbers, one protégée, Apollonia, was less than kind about another, *Vanity*. Denying that there was any real competition, Apollonia remarked, "Her I.Q. is equivalent to her new bra size—which must be thirty-two now. I have nothing positive to say about her."

Discussing her appearance in *Shag*, *Bridget Fonda* thought it a fair reflection of what happens to the fair sex when a man is around. "It's basically about being friends, and these girls, like, fuck each other over any chance they get, all the time, for a guy."

Left to their own devices under tough circumstances, some girls get along fine nonetheless. Although on-screen rivals for Timothy Dalton's attentions in *Licence to Kill*, Talisa Soto and Carey Lowell bonded together to survive five months of filming in Mexico. The solution, Lowell reported, was "a lot of tequila with soda slammed down and shot back."

Surely, pretty Paulina Porizkova had neither Soto nor Lowell in mind when she remarked, "A model being in a Bond movie is the same as walking around with a sign saying, NO. I CAN'T ACT." Before *Licence* opened, Lowell showed some of the same doubt herself: "I kept wondering, Am I going to be categorized as a Bond girl? Do I want to be slotted into that group of blonde bimbos?"

Blonde Kelly Lynch admitted she was only the "tits and ass" in *Cocktail*, starring Tom Cruise. "One of the reasons I like being an actress," she told an *Interview* reporter, "is that I get to do the 'dirty-gnarly' on screen, but Tom wouldn't even open his mouth when he kissed me. This went on for a few takes, so I took him out in a hallway and threw him against the wall and told him if he didn't open his mouth on the next take, I was going to rape him right there in front of the crew. He got the message."

Lynch had less trouble subsequently in *Road House*, opposite Patrick Swayze, but noted that "his wife, Lisa, is a friend of mine, so it was a little weird doing the love scene. People are going to be running out of the theaters right to their bedrooms. We keep our clothes on, but it's immediate and desperate and—there."

Swayze revealed to *Us* magazine that he called Lisa for advice when he and Kelly were stumped on how to do the scene. "She talked about when the need

for sex gets so urgent, so immediate that you don't even take time to remove your clothes. Now, that's pretty sexy. So we went that way."

Blonde but definitely not a bimbo, Michelle Pfeiffer had two hits in *Tequila Sunrise* and *Dangerous Liaisons*, following the success of 1987's *The Witches of Eastwick*. Divorced from Peter (thirtysomething) Horton, she was asked before heading to Paris to shoot *Liaisons* if her work were sexually fulfilling. . . . Her reply: "It depends on the movie, on the part. If there's a lot demanded of you, it can be very sexually fulfilling. If you're working on something that isn't very demanding, isn't very fulfilling, then you have all this energy to burn, and you can go crazy."

Pfeiffer got an Oscar nomination for *Liaisons* in the midst of rumors about a romance with her married co-star John Malkovich, which suggests she had energy to burn that she wasn't even aware of. Maybe she'll work some of it off in her singing part in *The Fabulous Baker Boys*, with the Bridges brothers, Jeff and Beau.

Lovely Uma Thurman also likened her experience in *Liaisons* to romance, insisting that the picture "is not about my tits. *Dangerous Liaisons* is kind of a hard act to follow," she observed in *Premiere*. "It's like after you've been in love and you try to go on a date with some schmuck. It just doesn't work."

Now happily reunited with wife Glenne (*Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*) Headly, Malkovich boasts that "I have probably more female friends than any man I've ever met." He credits his "fairly strong feminine side. I find myself really distanced from male behavior. You know, you go and play basketball and it's like, 'Fuck you, you cocksucker! Eat shit, wimp!' I can't really identify with that."

In her May *Playboy Interview*, Susan Sarandon explains why she gets annoyed with "guys who rejected my friendship because they only wanted sex. There's one guy in particular who was forever trying to get me into bed, and I remember once saying to him, 'Listen, can't we just be friends?'" She's more than just friends with actor Tim Robbins, with whom she had a bouncing baby boy this past summer.

Teenager Winona (*Beetlejuice*, *Great Balls of Fire!*, *Heathers*) Ryder explained her approach to boys: "They're a lot of fun if they're your friends. But once you start liking them, it hurts. I'm a very honest person and if I like somebody, I'm not too good at hiding it. But there's always some game that's being played and it drives me nuts. Basically, I just say, 'Here's the deal. What are you going to do about it?'"

Can men and women mix sex and friendship? was the hot question debated



Now that's good fortune.

by Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan in *When Harry Met Sally* . . . , a hit memorable for many moments but none exceeding Meg's deli demonstration of how women fake orgasms. Off screen, Ryan didn't seem to be faking it with Dennis Quaid, as the two moved in together, billing and cooing through constant interviews. In an effort to top each other in birthday stunts, she hired a plane to fly overhead with a HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DENNIS sign when he was appearing on stage in Austin and he responded by dispatching a marching band to her film set.

Hollywood egos being what they are, it remains to be seen how their relationship will withstand the fact that Meg's movie was a surprise smash while Dennis' *Great Balls of Fire!* dived into the Dumpster, denying him a hit his career sorely needed. More interesting than the picture, a Jerry Lee Lewis bio, was the fact that fans kept stealing Quaid's underwear while he was shooting the film, prompting him to protest to *Esquire*, "If people want me to be their movie star, well, fine, I'll be their movie star. If people think I'm a fuckhead, then, fine, I'll be their fuckhead. But running off with my underwear?"

It's finally looking final for Madonna and Sean Penn after three satisfying years of wedded warfare. She filed for divorce, released a hit album, *Like a Prayer*, with an accompanying controversial video, and

took up with 19-year-old Jason LaFargo, as well as with *Dick Tracy* producer-director-co-star Warren Beatty. If that weren't enough, she and Sandra Bernhard showed off some wild discoing together and dropped hints that they were more than just good friends. Bernhard confirmed that they keep company a lot, disclosing that "our favorite thing to do is go to 7-Eleven and buy junk candy late at night."

With no home to wreak havoc in, Sean traveled a bit with music groups, prompting rocker Michelle Shocked to observe to a *Rolling Stone* reporter, "What I figure is that if you're an actor and your career is in a bit of a lull because you just broke up with someone more famous than you and you need to get your photo in a newspaper, wouldn't you want to go and hang out with a trendy band?"

Speaking of trendies—and aren't we always?—Cher's roller-coaster love life with boyfriend Rob Camilletti, an aspiring actor and former bagel baker, lapsed—a development that, she announced to a concert audience, helped inspire her new hit *We All Sleep Alone*. Cher looked neither lonely nor sleepy in her controversial video *If I Could Turn Back Time*, shot aboard the U.S. Missouri, with the scantily clad star smiling astride a large naval cannon.

Still alone also, after spending \$25,000,000 on his two divorces, Sylvester Stallone has plenty of *Rocky* and *Rambo*

money to spare but insists he's unhappy that nobody goes to see pictures such as *Lock Up*, in which he gets to talk more. He has a lot to say after his marriage to Brigitte Nielsen, which he described as "a little fucking jog through Dante's Inferno."

Brigitte kept busy, as usual, breaking up and making up with footballer Mark Gastineau. Pregnant, she had to postpone their wedding date because Mark didn't get a divorce in time, just one more problem on top of a previous breakup and complaints of physical abuse. But at last report, the two were living together and the his-and-hers tattoos were still in place.

Times were tough on old friends elsewhere, as well. Amy Irving and Steven Spielberg agreed to split their estate evenly, each reportedly taking \$100,000,000; the cause of their breakup, gossips said, was his friendship with Kate Capshaw, whom he directed in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. Also on this year's split list were Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden and Cybill Shepherd and chiropractor Bruce Oppenheim, whose divorces were relatively civilized, under the circumstances (Oppenheim wore a beeper so Cybill could reach him in a hurry).

Less pleasantly, Clint Eastwood broke off with Sondra Locke. She alleged that he'd forced her into two abortions and sterilization before throwing her out of the house without warning, but her palimony suit is complicated by the fact that during her 13 years with Clint, she has been married to another man whom she'd never gotten around to divorcing.

William Hurt spent several days on the witness stand defending himself against ballerina Sandra Jennings' claims that they'd been as good as married when they lived together and produced a son. At the other end of the relationship scale, Eddie Murphy was sued by actress Michael Michele for allegedly getting her fired from *Harlem Nights* after she refused his sexual advances. Not so often rebuffed, Murphy is facing a couple of paternity claims.

Messy, indeed, was a lawsuit filed by James Woods and his then fiancée, now wife, Sarah Owen, against Sean (*No Way Out*) Young, accusing her of sending them "photographs and graphic representations of violent acts, deceased persons, dead animals, gore, mutilation and other images." It seems Woods jilted Young after a romance during the filming of *The Boost*, but Sean says she never sent that voodoo doll.

Even relationships that once seemed picture perfect can turn into enduring grudges, as Cyndy Garvey proved in a bilious book about her former marriage to first baseman Steve. Recounting his alleged lies and infidelities, Cyndy said, "He's cold, aloof and asexual. He's a sociopath who doesn't take responsibility for his actions. . . . If Ted Bundy is a ten, then Steve's a seven." Steve can't be *too* asexual; since Cyndy penned her diatribe, he has reportedly fathered children by two girlfriends before wedding a third.

Thank goodness for Kevin Costner, whose



"Hello . . . this is the North Pole hotline. . . .
Santa Claus speaking. . . ."

NAGEL

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own marriage remains solid after more than ten years, three kids and the pressures from his sudden success in *No Way Out*, *The Untouchables*, *Bull Durham* and *Field of Dreams*. Charmer that he is, Costner still confesses the insecurity he felt when he met wife Cindy at a college party. "It took me a month just to figure out that Cindy might want to be around me."

Mel Gibson is so equally clean-cut that he and his family inspired his *Lethal Weapon 2* co-star Patsy Kensit to consider marriage to her beau, Dan Donovan, the keyboardist with Big Audio Dynamite. "I can honestly say I'm going to grow old with Dan," Patsy promised. "I'll be fat and happy with six children."

Despite the impertinent personalities involved, there was something almost equally wholesome about the fact that Melanie Griffith and Don Johnson finally tied the knot again, with their sons by other relationships serving as ring bearers. Even though his *Miami Vice* is off the air, while she's soaring after stealing *Working Girl* from Sigourney Weaver, Melanie insists he's still her hero. "Don's got a helicopter. . . I make good money, but I don't have my own fucking helicopter, you know what I mean? That's why I feel I'm a princess in a fairy tale, because not only do I have my prince, I have the castle that goes with it." At presstime, she was due to present Don with a baby daughter.

Kimberley Conrad got the Mansion and the king, formerly the world's most dedicated bachelor, Hugh M. Hefner himself. To be sure, the modest ceremony by the Wishing Well at Playboy Mansion West, before

200 guests and 10,000 long-stemmed white roses, was enough to captivate Kimberley. But she was earlier delighted with the news that she'd been named *Playboy's* 1989 Playmate of the Year, carrying a bonus of \$100,000 cash and a Porsche 911 Cabriolet.

Although nothing could top the nuptials, a couple of other *Playboy* pictorial subjects made headlines in 1989. A provocative layout by Michael Jackson's older sister La Toya quickly landed her a berth on a Bob Hope special.

And the Soviet Union's first Sex Star, after her lusty performance in *Little Vera*, Natalya Negoda, posed for a May feature that surely steamed more wrinkles out of the Iron Curtain.

This year's busy Playmates include the 1982 Playmate of the Year, Shannon Tweed, who owns her own football team on HBO's *1st & Ten*; Miss February 1986, Julie McCullough, a baby sitter on *Growing Pains*; and Miss July 1989, Erika Eleniak, a lifeguard on NBC's new series *Baywatch*.

About the only big TV star who hasn't appeared in *Playboy* is Roseanne Barr, who had trouble finding a size 22 double for a nude scene while shooting her movie *She-Devil*. Even though she used a stand-in, Roseanne told reporters she looked so good she'd like to do a nude scene herself.

When she's ready, *Playboy's* ready. After all, we've already published an oversized centerfold of September's Playmate twins Mirjam and Karin van Breeschooten, so the presses are prepared.



The SWIMMERS

(continued from page 168)

woman, Joan Lunt had curious habits.

For instance, swimming. Very few women swam in the Y.M.C.A. pool in those days. Sometimes Joan Lunt swam in the early morning, and sometimes, Saturdays, in the late morning; she swam only once in the afternoon, after work, but the pool was disagreeably crowded, and too many people approached her. A well-intentioned woman asked, "Who taught you to swim like that?" and Joan Lunt said quietly, "I taught myself." She didn't smile and the conversation was not continued.

It was observed that, for a woman in her presumed circumstances, Joan Lunt was remarkably arrogant.

It seemed curious, too, that she went to the Methodist church Sunday mornings, sitting in a pew at the very rear, holding an opened hymnbook in her hand but not singing with the congregation; and that she slipped away afterward without speaking to anyone. Each time, she left a neatly folded dollar bill in the collection basket.

She wasn't explicitly unfriendly, but she wasn't friendly. At church, the minister and his wife tried to speak with her, tried to make her feel welcome, *did* make her feel welcome, but nothing came of it, she'd hurry off in her car, disappear. In time, people began to murmur that there was something strange about that woman, something not right, yes, maybe even something wrong; for instance, wasn't she behaving suspiciously? Like a runaway wife, for instance? A bad mother? A sinner fleeing Christ?

Another of Joan Lunt's curious habits was to drink, alone, in the early evening, in the Yewville Bar & Grill, or the White Owl Tavern, or the restaurant-bar adjoining the Greyhound Bus Station. If possible, she sat in a booth at the very rear of these taverns where she could observe the front entrances without being seen herself. For an hour or more she'd drink bourbon and water, slowly, very slowly, with an elaborate slowness, her face perfectly composed but her eyes alert. In the Yewville Bar & Grill, there was an enormous sectioned mirror stretching the length of the taproom, and in this mirror, muted by arabesques of frosted glass, Joan Lunt was reflected as beautiful and mysterious. Now and then, men approached her to ask if she were alone. Did she want company? How's about another drink? But she responded coolly to them and never invited anyone to join her. Had my uncle Clyde approached her in such a fashion, she would very likely have been cool to him, too, but my uncle Clyde wasn't the kind of man to set himself up for any sort of public rejection.

One evening in March, before Joan Lunt met up with Clyde Farrell, patrons at the Yewville Bar & Grill, one of them my father, reported with amusement hearing an exchange between Joan Lunt and a local farmer who, mildly drunk, offered to sit



"Our apartment has no fireplace. Would you mind awfully if we used yours?"

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with her and buy her a drink, which ended with Joan Lunt's saying, in a loud, sharp voice, "You don't want trouble, mister. Believe me, you don't."

Rumors spread, delicious and censorious, that Joan Lunt was a man-hater. That she carried a razor in her purse. Or an ice pick. Or a lady's-sized revolver.

It was at the Y.M.C.A. pool that I became acquainted with Joan Lunt, on Saturday mornings. She saw that I was alone, that I was a good swimmer, might have mistaken me for younger than I was (I was 13), and befriended me, casually and cheerfully, the way an adult woman might befriend a young girl to whom she isn't related. Her remarks were often exclamations, called across the slapping little waves of the turquoise-tinted water, "Isn't it heavenly!"—meaning the pool, the prospect of swimming, the icy rain pelting the skylight overhead while we, in our bathing suits, were snug and safe below.

Another time, in the changing room, she said almost rapturously, "There's nothing like swimming, is there? Your mind just *dissolves*."

She asked my name, and when I told her, she stared at me and said, "Sylvie—I had a close friend once named Sylvie, a long time ago. I loved that name, and I loved *her*."

I was embarrassed, but pleased. It astonished me that an adult woman, a woman my mother's age, might be so certain of her feelings and so direct in expressing them to a stranger. I fantasized that Joan Lunt came from a part of the world where people knew what they thought and announced their thoughts importantly to others. This struck me with the force of a radically new idea.

I watched Joan Lunt covertly, and I didn't even envy her in the pool—she was so far beyond me. Her face that seemed to me strong and rare and beautiful and her body that was a fully developed woman's body—prominent breasts, shapely hips, long firm legs—all beyond me. I saw how the swiftness and skill with which Joan Lunt swam made other swimmers, especially the adults, appear slow by contrast; clumsy, ill-coordinated, without style.

One day, Joan Lunt was waiting for me in the lobby, hair damp at the ends, face carefully made up, her lipstick seemingly brighter than usual. "Sylvie," she said, smiling, "let's walk out together."

So we walked outside into the snow-glaming, windy sunshine, and she said, "Are you going in this direction? Good, let's walk together." She addressed me as if I were much younger than I was, and her manner was nervous, quick, alert. As we walked up Main Street, she asked questions of me of a kind she'd never asked before, about my family, about my "interests," about school, not listening to the answers and offering no information about herself. At the corner of Chambers and Main, she asked eagerly if I would like to come back to her apartment to visit for a

few minutes, and although out of shyness I wanted to say "No, thank you," I said "Yes" instead, because it was clear that Joan Lunt was frightened about something, and I didn't want to leave her.

Her apartment building was shabby and weather-worn, as modest a place as even the poorest of my relatives lived in, but it had about it a sort of makeshift glamour, up the street from the White Owl Tavern and the Shamrock Diner, where motorcyclists hung out, close by the railroad yards on the river. I felt excited and pleased to enter the building and to climb with Joan Lunt—who was chatting briskly all the while—to the fourth floor. On each floor, Joan would pause, breathless, glancing around, listening, and I wanted to ask if someone might be following her, waiting for her. But, of course, I didn't say a thing. When she unlocked the door to her apartment, stepped inside and whispered, "Come in, Sylvie," I seemed to understand that no one else had ever been invited in.

The apartment was really just one room with a tiny kitchen alcove, a tiny bathroom, a doorless closet and a curtainless window with stained, injured-looking Venetian blinds. Joan Lunt said with an apologetic little laugh, "Those blinds—I tried to wash them, but the dirt turned to a sort of paste." I was standing at the window peering down into a weedy back yard of tilting clotheslines and wind-blown trash, curious to see what the view was from Joan Lunt's window, and she came over and drew the blinds, saying, "The sunshine is too bright, it hurts my eyes."

She hung up our coats and asked if I would like some coffee or fresh-squeezed orange juice. "It's my half day off from Kress's," she said. "I don't have to be there until one." It was shortly after 11 o'clock.

We sat at a worn dinette table, and Joan Lunt chatted animatedly and plied me with questions, as I drank orange juice in a tall glass, and she drank black coffee, and an alarm clock on the window sill ticked the minutes briskly by. Few rooms in which I've lived even for considerable periods of time are as vividly imprinted in my memory as that room of Joan Lunt's, with its spare, battered-looking furniture (including a sofa bed and a chest of drawers), its wanly wallpapered walls bare of any hangings, even a mirror, and its badly faded shag rug laid upon painted floor boards. There was a mixture of smells—talcum powder, perfume, cooking odors, insect spray, general mustiness. Two opened suitcases were on the floor beside the sofa bed, apparently unpacked, containing underwear, toiletries, neatly folded sweaters and blouses, several pairs of shoes. A single dress hung in the closet, and a shiny black raincoat, and our two coats Joan hung on wire hangers. I stared at the suitcases thinking how strange, she'd been living here for weeks but hadn't had time yet to unpack.

So this was where the mysterious Joan Lunt lived! The woman of whom people in

Yewville spoke with such suspicion and disapproval! She was far more interesting to me, and in a way more real, than I was to myself; shortly, the story of the lovers Clyde Farrell and Joan Lunt, as I imagined it, would be infinitely more interesting, and infinitely more real, than any story with Sylvie Farrell at its core. (I was a fiercely introspective child, in some ways perhaps a strange child, and the solace of my life would be to grow, not away from but ever more deeply and fruitfully into my strangeness, the way a child with an idiosyncratic, homely face often grows into that face and emerges, in adulthood, as "striking," "distinctive," sometimes even "beautiful.") It turned out that Joan liked poetry, and so we talked about poetry, and about love, and Joan asked me in that searching way of hers if I were "happy in my life," if I were "loved and prized" by my family, and I said, "Yes—I guess so," though these were not issues I had ever considered before, and would not have known to consider if she hadn't asked. For some reason, my eyes filled with tears.

Joan said, "The crucial thing, Sylvie, is to have precious memories." She spoke almost vehemently, laying her hand on mine. "That's even more important than Jesus Christ in your heart, do you know why? Because Jesus Christ can fade out of your heart, but precious memories never do."

We talked like that. Like I'd never talked with anyone before.

I was nervy enough to ask Joan how she'd gotten the little scar beside her mouth, and she touched it, quickly, and said, "In a way I'm not proud of, Sylvie." I sat staring, stupid. The scar wasn't disfiguring in my eyes but enhancing. "A man hit me once," Joan said. "Don't ever let a man hit you, Sylvie."

Weakly, I said, "No, I won't."

No man in our family had ever struck any woman that I knew of, but it happened sometimes in families we knew. I recalled how a ninth-grade girl had come to school that winter with a blackened eye, and she'd seemed proud of it, in a way, and everyone had stared—and the boys just drifted to her, staring. Like they couldn't wait to get their hands on her themselves. And she knew precisely what they were thinking.

I told Joan Lunt that I wished I lived in a place like hers, by myself, and she said, laughing, "No you don't, Sylvie, you're too young." I asked where she was from and she shrugged, "Oh—nowhere," and I persisted, "But is it north of here, or south? Is it the country? Or a city?" and she said, running her fingers nervously through her hair, fingering the damp ends, "My only home is *here, now*, in this room, and, sweetie, that's more than enough for me to think about."

It was time to leave. The danger had passed, or Joan had passed out of thinking there was danger.

She walked with me to the stairs, smiling, cheerful, and squeezed my hand when we said goodbye. She called down after

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me, "See you next Saturday at the pool, maybe—" but it would be weeks before I saw Joan Lunt again. She was to meet my uncle Clyde the following week and her life in Yewville that seemed to me so orderly and lonely and wonderful would be altered forever.

Clyde had a bachelor's place (that was how the women in our family spoke of it) to which he brought his women friends. It was a row house made of brick and cheap stucco, on the west side of town, near the old, now defunct tanning factories on the river. With the money he made working for a small Yewville construction company, and his occasional gambling wins, Clyde could have afforded to live in a better place, but he hadn't much mind for his surroundings and spent most of his spare time out. He brought Joan Lunt home with him because, for all the slapdash clutter of his house, it was more private than her apartment on Chambers Street, and they wanted privacy, badly.

The first time they were alone together, Clyde laid his hands on Joan's shoulders and kissed her, and she held herself steady, rising to the kiss, putting pressure against the mouth of this man who was virtually a stranger to her so that it was like an exchange, a handshake, between equals.

Then, stepping back from the kiss, they both laughed—they were breathless, like people caught short, taken by surprise. Joan Lunt said faintly, "I—I do things sometimes without meaning them," and Clyde said, "Good. So do I."

Through the spring, they were often seen together in Yewville; and when, week-ends, they weren't seen, it was supposed they were at Clyde's cabin at Wolf's Head Lake (where he was teaching Joan Lunt to fish) or at the Scholharie Downs race track (where Clyde gambled on the standard-breds). They were an attractive, eye-catching couple. They were frequent patrons of local bars and restaurants, and they turned up regularly at parties given by friends of Clyde's, and at all-night poker parties in the upstairs, rear, of the Iroquois Hotel—Joan Lunt didn't play cards, but she took an interest in Clyde's playing, and, as Clyde told my father, admiringly, she never criticized a move of his, never chided or teased or second-guessed him. "But the woman has me figured out completely," Clyde said. "Almost from the first, when she saw the way I was winning, and the way I kept on, she said, 'Clyde, you're the kind of gambler who won't quit, because, when he's losing, he has to get back to winning, and when he's winning, he has to give his

friends a chance to catch up.'"

In May, Clyde brought Joan to a Sunday gathering at our house, a large, noisy affair, and we saw how when Clyde and Joan were separated, in different rooms, they'd drift back together until they were touching, literally touching, without seeming to know what they did, still less that they were being observed. So that was what love was! Always a quickness of a kind was passing between them, a glance, a hand squeeze, a light pinch, a caress, Clyde's lazy fingers on Joan's neck beneath her hair, Joan's arm slipped around Clyde's waist, fingers hooked through his belt loop. I wasn't jealous, but I watched them covertly. My heart yearned for them, though I didn't know what I wanted of them, or for them.

At 13, I was more of a child still than an adolescent girl: thin, long-limbed, eyes too large and naked-seeming for my face and an imagination that rarely flew off into unknown territory but turned, and turned, and turned, upon what was close at hand and known, but not altogether known. Imagination, says Aristotle, begins in desire: But what is desire? I could not, nor did I want to, possess my uncle Clyde and Joan Lunt. I wasn't jealous of them, I loved them both. I wanted them to *be*. For this, too, was a radically new idea to me, that a man and a woman might be nearly strangers to each other, yet lovers; lovers, yet nearly strangers; and the love passing between them, charged like electricity, might be visible, without their knowing. Could they know how I dreamt of them!

After Clyde and Joan left our house, my mother complained irritably that she couldn't get to know Joan Lunt. "She's sweet-seeming, and friendly enough, but you know her mind isn't there for you," my mother said. "She's just plain *not there*."

My father said, "As long as the woman's there for Clyde."

He didn't like anyone speaking critically of his younger brother apart from himself.

But sometimes, in fact, Joan Lunt wasn't there for Clyde: He wouldn't speak of it, but she'd disappear in her car for a day or two or three, without explaining very satisfactorily where she'd gone, or why. Clyde could see by her manner that wherever Joan had gone had, perhaps, not been a choice of hers, and that her disappearances, or flights, left her tired and depressed; but still he was annoyed, he felt betrayed. Clyde Farrell wasn't the kind of man to disguise his feelings. Once, on a Friday afternoon in June before a weekend they'd planned at Wolf's Head Lake, Clyde returned to the construction office at 5:30 P.M. to be handed a message hastily telephoned in by Joan Lunt an hour before: CAN'T MAKE IT THIS WEEKEND. SORRY. LOVE, JOAN. Clyde believed himself humiliated in front of others, vowed he'd never forgive Joan Lunt and that very night, drunk and mean-spirited, he took up again with a former girlfriend . . . and so it went.

But in time they made up, as naturally



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they would, and Clyde said, "I'm thinking maybe we should get married, to stop this sort of thing," and Joan, surprised, said, "Oh, that isn't necessary, darling—I mean, for you to offer that."

Clyde believed, as others did, that Joan Lunt was having difficulties with a former man friend or husband, but Joan refused to speak of it; just acknowledged that, yes, there was a man, yes, of course he was an ex in her life, but she resented so much as speaking of him; she refused to allow him re-entry into her life. Clyde asked, "What's his name?" and Joan shook her head, mutely, just no; no, she would not say, would not utter that name. Clyde asked, "Is he threatening you? Now? Has he ever shown up in Yewville?" and Joan, as agitated as he'd ever seen her, said, "He does what he does, and I do what I do. And I don't talk about it."

But later that summer, at Wolf's Head Lake, in Clyde's bed in Clyde's hand-hewn log cabin on the bluff above the lake, overlooking wooded land that was Clyde Farrell's property for a mile in either direction, Joan Lunt wept bitterly, weakened in the aftermath of love, and said, "If I tell you, Clyde, it will make you feel too bound to me. It will seem to be begging a favor of a kind, and I'm not begging."

Clyde said, "I know you're not."
"I don't beg favors from anyone."
"I know you don't."

"I went through a long spell in my life when I did beg favors, because I believed that was how women made their way, and I was hurt because of it, but not more hurt than I deserved. I'm older now. I know better. The meek don't inherit the earth and they surely don't deserve to."

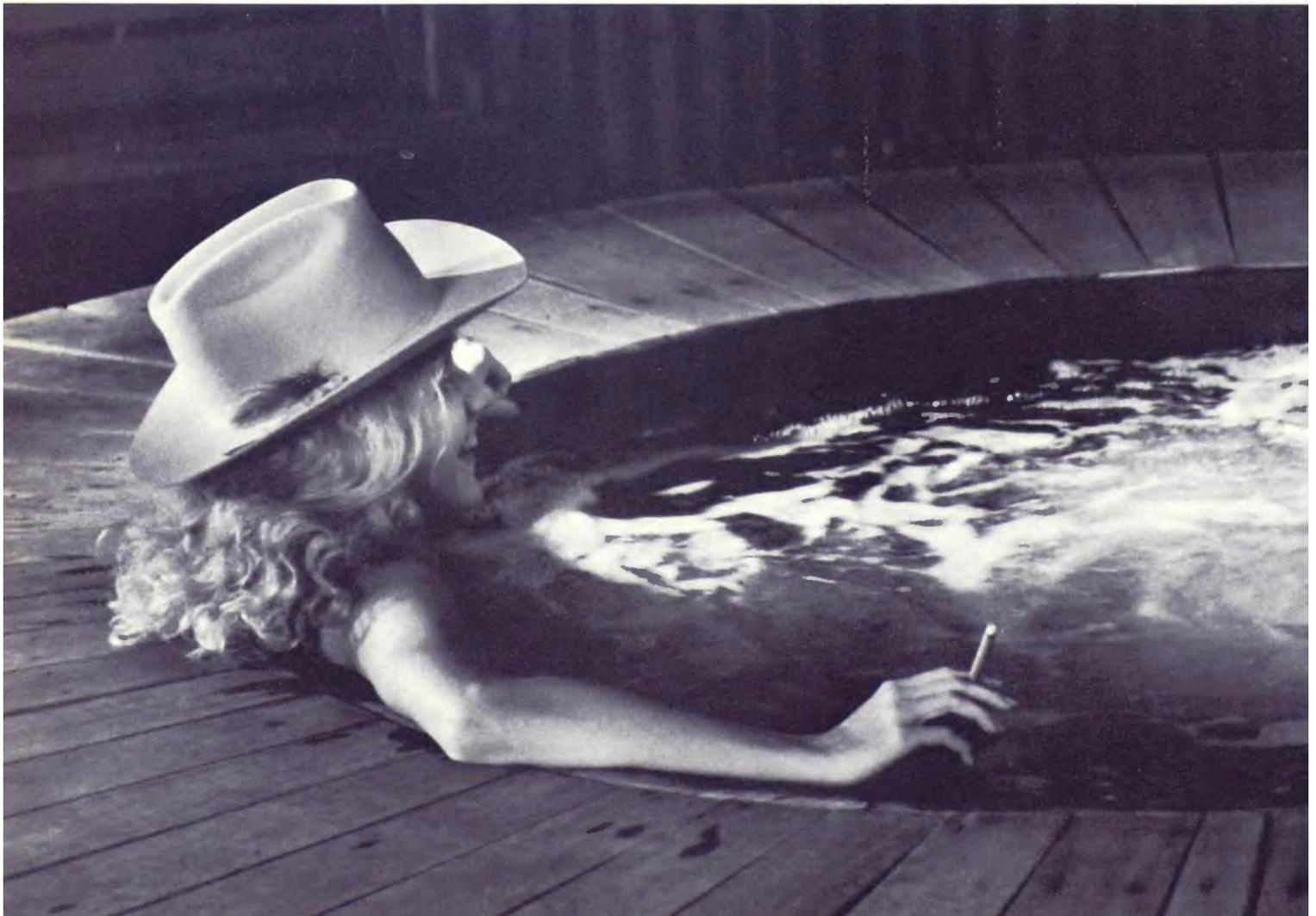
Clyde laughed sadly and said, "Nobody's likely to take you for meek, Joan honey."

Making love, they were like two swimmers deep in each other, plunging hard. Wherever they were when they made love, it wasn't the place they found themselves in when they returned, and whatever the time, it wasn't the same time.

The trouble came in September: A cousin of mine, another niece of Clyde's, was married, and the wedding party was held in the Nautauga Inn, on Lake Nautauga, about ten miles east of Yewville. Clyde knew the inn's owner, and it happened that he and Joan Lunt, handsomely dressed, were in the large public cocktail lounge adjacent to the banquet room reserved for our party, talking with the owner-bar-tender, when Clyde saw an expression on Joan's face of a kind he'd never seen on her face before—fear, and more than fear, a sudden sick terror—and he turned to see a stranger approaching them, not slowly, exactly, but with a restrained sort of haste: a man of about 40, unshaven, in a blue seer-sucker sports jacket now badly rumbled,

tieless, a muscled but soft-looking man with a blunt, rough, ruined-handsome face, complexion like an emery board, and this man's eyes were too bleached a color for his skin, unless there was a strange light rising in them. And this same light rose in Clyde Farrell's eyes, in that instant.

Joan Lunt was whispering, "Oh, no—no," pulling at Clyde's arm to turn him away, but naturally, Clyde Farrell wasn't going to step away from a confrontation, and the stranger, who would turn out to be named Robert Waxman, Rob Waxman, Joan Lunt's former husband, divorced from her 15 months before, co-owner of a failing meat-supplying company in Kingston, advanced upon Clyde and Joan smiling as if he knew them both, saying loudly, in a slurred but vibrating voice, "Hello, hello, hello!" and when Joan tried to escape, Waxman leapt after her, cursing, and Clyde naturally intervened, and suddenly, the two men were scuffling, and voices were raised, and before anyone could separate them, there was the astonishing sight of Waxman, with his gravelly face and hot eyes, crouched, holding a pistol in his hand, striking Clyde clumsily about the head and shoulders with the butt and crying, enraged, "Didn't ask to be born! Goddamn you! I didn't ask to be born!" And "I'm no different from you! Any of you! *You!* In my heart!" There were screams as Waxman fired the pistol point-blank at Clyde, a popping sound like a



firecracker, and Waxman stepped back to get a better aim—he'd hit his man in the fleshy part of a shoulder—and Clyde Farrell, desperate, infuriated, scrambled forward in his wedding-party finery, baboon style, not on his hands and knees but on his hands and feet, bent double, face contorted, teeth bared, and managed to throw himself on Waxman, who outweighed him by perhaps 40 pounds, and the men fell heavily to the floor, and there was Clyde Farrell straddling his man, striking him blow after blow in the face, even with his weakened left hand, until Waxman's nose was broken and his nostrils streamed blood, and his mouth, too, was broken and bloody, and someone risked being struck by Clyde's wild fists and pulled him away.

And there on the floor of the breezy screened-in barroom of the Nautauga Inn lay a man, unconscious, breathing erratically, bleeding from his face, whom no one except Joan Lunt knew was Joan Lunt's former husband; and there, panting, hot-eyed, stood Clyde Farrell over him, bleeding, too, from a shoulder wound he was to claim he'd never felt.

Said Joan Lunt repeatedly, "Clyde, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Said Joan Lunt carefully, "I just don't know if I can keep on seeing you. Or keep on living here in Yewville."

And my uncle Clyde was trying hard, trying very hard, to understand.

"You don't love me, then?" he asked several times.

He was baffled, he wasn't angry. It was the following week and by this time he wasn't angry, nor was he proud of what he'd done, though everyone was speaking of it, and would speak of it, in awe, for years. He wasn't proud because, in fact, he couldn't remember clearly what he'd done, what sort of lightning-swift action he'd performed; no conscious decision had been made that he could recall. Just the light dancing up in a stranger's eyes, and its immediate reflection in his own.

Now Joan Lunt was saying this strange, unexpected thing, this thing he couldn't comprehend. Wiping her eyes, and, yes, her voice was shaky, but he recognized the steely stubbornness in it, the resolute will. She said, "I do love you. I've told you. But I can't live like that any longer."

"You're still in love with *him*."

"Of course I'm not in love with him. But I can't live like that any longer."

"Like what? What I did? I'm not *like* that."

"I'm thirty-six years old. I can't take it any longer."

"Joan, I was only protecting you."

"Men fighting each other, men trying to kill each other—I can't take it any longer."

"I was only protecting you. He might have killed you."

"I know. I know you were protecting me. I know you'd do it again if you had to."

Clyde said, suddenly furious, "You're damned right I would. If that son of a bitch ever—"

Waxman was out on bail and returned to Kingston. Like Clyde Farrell, he'd been treated in the emergency room at Yewville General Hospital; then he'd been taken to the county sheriff's headquarters and booked on charges of assault with a deadly weapon and reckless endangerment of life. In time, Waxman would be sentenced to a year's probation: He had no prior record except for traffic violations; he was to impress the judge with his air of sincere remorse and repentance. Clyde Farrell, after giving testimony and hearing the sentencing, would never see the man again.

Joan Lunt was saying, "I know I should thank you, Clyde. But I can't."

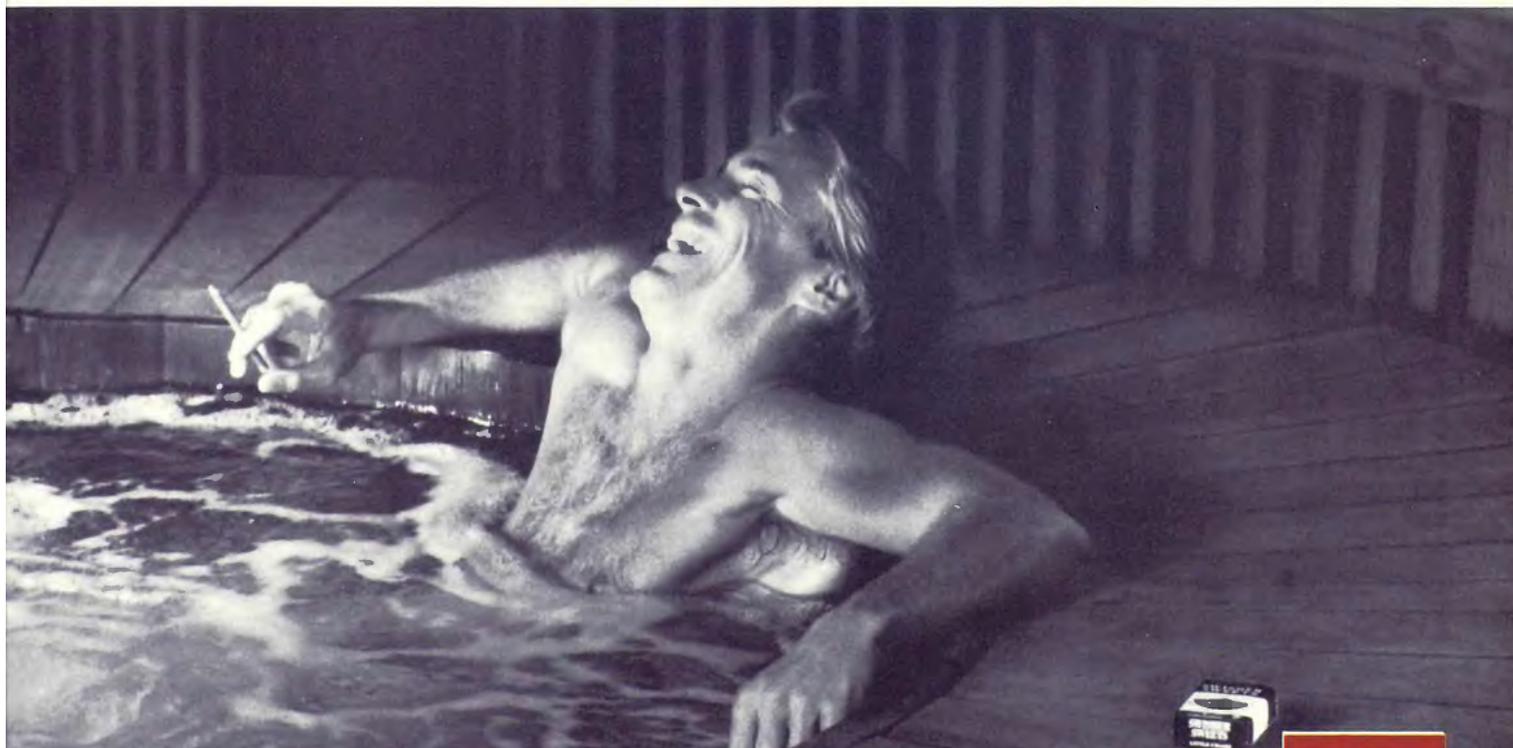
Clyde splashed more bourbon into Joan's glass and into his own. They were sitting at Joan's dinette table beside a window whose grimy and cracked Venetian blinds were tightly closed. Clyde smiled and said, "Never mind thanking me, honey: Just let's forget it."

Joan said softly, "Yes, but I can't forget it."

"It's just something you're saying. Telling yourself. Maybe you'd better stop."

"I want to thank you, Clyde, and I can't. You risked your life for me. I know that. And I can't thank you."

So they discussed it, like this. For hours. For much of a night. Sharing a bottle of



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*Most states, depending upon taxes.



bourbon Clyde had brought over. And eventually, they made love, in Joan Lunt's narrow sofa bed that smelled of talcum powder, perfume and the ingrained dust of years, and their lovemaking was tentative and cautious but as sweet as ever, and driving back to his place early in the morning, at dawn, Clyde thought surely things were changed; yes, he was convinced that things were changed. Hadn't he Joan's promise that she would think it all over, not make any decision, they'd see each other that evening and talk it over then? She'd kissed his lips in goodbye, and walked him to the stairs, and watched him descend to the street.

But Clyde never saw Joan Lunt again.

That evening, she was gone, moved out of the apartment, like that, no warning, not even a telephone call, and she'd left only a brief letter behind with CLYDE FARRELL written on the envelope. Which Clyde never showed to anyone and probably, in fact, ripped up immediately.

It was believed that Clyde spent some time, days, then weeks, into the early winter of that year, looking for Joan Lunt; but no one, not even my father, knew exactly what he did, where he drove, whom he questioned, the depth of his desperation or his yearning or his rage, for Clyde wasn't, of course, the kind of man to speak of such things.

Joan Lunt's young friend Sylvie never saw her again, either, nor heard of her. And this hurt me, too, more than I might

have anticipated.

And over the years, once I left Yewville to go to college in another state, then to begin my own adult life, I saw less and less of my uncle Clyde. He never married; for a few years, he continued the life he'd been leading before meeting Joan Lunt—a typical “bachelor” life, of its place and time; then he began to spend more and more time at Wolf's Head Lake, developing his property, building small wood-frame summer cottages and renting them out to vacationers, and acting as caretaker for them, an increasingly solitary life no one would have predicted for Clyde Farrell.

He stopped gambling, too, abruptly. His luck had turned, he said.

I saw my uncle Clyde only at family occasions, primarily weddings and funerals. The last time we spoke together in a way that might be called forthright was in 1971, at my grandmother's funeral: I looked up and saw through a haze of tears a man of youthful middle age moving in my general direction. Clyde, who seemed shorter than I recalled, not stocky but compact, with a look of furious compression, in a dark suit that fitted him tightly about the shoulders. His hair had turned not silver but an eerie metallic blond, with faint tarnished streaks, and it was combed down flat and damp on his head, a look here, too, of furious constraint. Clyde's face was familiar to me as my own, yet altered: The skin had a grainy texture, roughened from years of outdoor living, like dried earth, and the creases and dents in it resembled animal

tracks; his eyes were narrow, damp, restless; the eyelids looked swollen. He was walking with a slight limp that he tried, in his vanity, to disguise; I learned later that he'd had knee surgery. And the gunshot wound to his left shoulder he'd insisted at the time had not given him much, or any, pain gave him pain now, an arthritic sort of pain, agonizing in cold weather. I stared at my uncle thinking, *Oh, why? Why?* I didn't know if I were seeing the man Joan Lunt had fled from or the man her flight had made.

But Clyde sighted me and hurried over to embrace me, his favorite niece, still. If he associated me with Joan Lunt—and I had the idea he did—he'd forgiven me long ago.

Death gives to life, to the survivors' shared life, that is, an insubstantial quality. It's like an image of absolute clarity reflected in water—then disturbed, shattered into ripples, revealed as mere surface. Its clarity, even its beauty, can resume, but you can't any longer trust in its reality.

So my uncle Clyde and I regarded each other, stricken in that instant with grief. But, being a man, *he* didn't cry.

We drifted off to one side, away from the other mourners, and I saw it was all right between us, it was all right to ask, so I asked if he had ever heard from Joan Lunt after that day. Had he ever heard of her? He said, “I never go where I'm not welcome, honey,” as if this were the answer to my question. Then added, seeing my look of distress, “I stopped thinking of her years ago. We don't need each other the way we think we do when we're younger.”

I couldn't bear to look at my uncle. *Oh, why? why? Why?* Somehow, I must have believed all along that there was a story, a story unknown to me, that had worked itself out without my knowing, like a stream tunneling its way underground. I would not have minded not knowing this story could I only know that it *was*.

Clyde said, roughly, “You didn't hear from her, did you? The two of you were so close.”

He wants me to lie, I thought. But I said only, sadly, “No, I never hear from her. And we weren't close.”

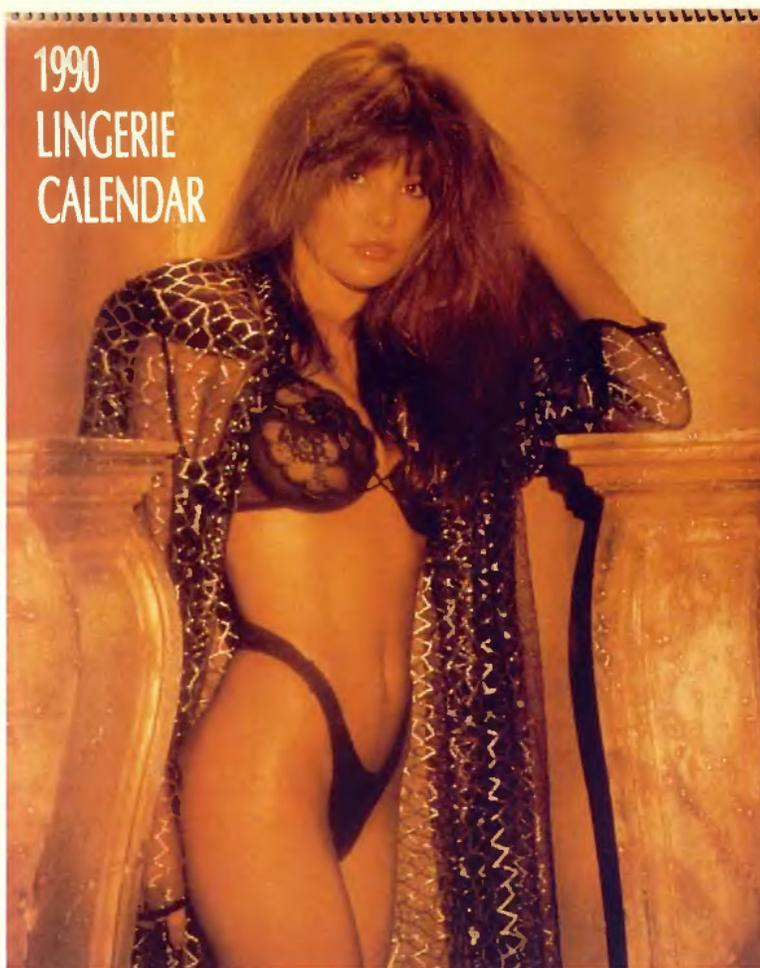
Said Clyde, “Sure you were.”

The last I saw of Clyde that day, it was after dark and he and my father were having a disagreement just outside the back door of our house. My father insisted that Clyde, who'd been drinking, wasn't in condition to drive his pickup truck back to the lake, and Clyde was insisting he was, and my father said, “Maybe yes, Clyde, and maybe no,” but he didn't want to take a chance, why didn't *he* drive Clyde home, and Clyde pointed out truculently that, if my father drove him home, how in hell would he get back here except by taking Clyde's only means of transportation? So the brothers discussed their predicament, as dark came on.



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"The hopelessly fit can schuss in the morning, swim or parasail at sunset, then boogie until daybreak."

the government. González—an avowed socialist, remember—has been selling them off for seven years. The latest to go partially private was Repsol, the state oil behemoth, and Iberia Airlines is rumored next on the block. Modern Madrid bristles with towers housing multinationals. General Motors, IBM, Xerox, ITT, General Electric, Chase Manhattan and TRW are only a few that count themselves in on the feeding frenzy. Ford builds cars near Valencia, Citibank has branches in small provincial capitals, Seiko makes watches, Olivetti assembles typewriters.

Trickle-down has been as uneven as under Maggie and Ronnie, but it has happened. I bought a house in a village in

rural Aragón the year the little dictator went to his reward. The only television sets in town were in the bars on the main square, and the most envied farmers were the three who owned pony-sized tractors. The 47 others had mules and carts if they were lucky, donkeys if they weren't. By last summer, roofs bristled with antennas, the transportation ratio was reversed and the last three mules were looking poorly.

Gain a lot, lose a little. The construction crane may be the truest symbol of Spain's surging prosperity. Shaped like an inverted L, it looms over every city, town and beach. By 1992, there will be more than 3500 miles of new roads and highways, no irrelevancy in a country where a Sunday

drive in the country has always been an exercise in terror.

But the captivating soul of Spain remains. Acolytes of Papa Hemingway still fling themselves into *encierro*, the running of the bulls in Pamplona. Castanets and guitars sound in shadows scented by orange blossoms. *Aficionados* shout "¡Olé!" at a matador's perfect veronica. Fiestas, whether secular debauch or ecclesiastical ecstasy, emblazon every month of the calendar with skyrockets, bonfires, torchlight processions and mock medieval pageantry. Affluence has triggered a blossoming pride in ethnic roots. Matrons and teenagers flock to dance schools to relearn the *sevillanas*, an exuberant form of flamenco performed by night-club patrons, not pros.

Spain is nirvana for night birds in a world run by morning people. Cocktails at 11 and dinner at midnight are the rule in fashionable circles. Discos don't even *begin* to fill until two A.M. Whether done up as ro-coco seragli, postmodernist caverns or neobrutalist prison yards, they thump on to dawn and beyond. Culture is served by open-air jazz and classical concerts in Madrid and Barcelona, by film and opera festivals in San Sebastián and by dance recitals held in the prehistoric cave of Nerja and the Moorish palaces of Granada.

Many visitors to Spain have nothing more elevating in mind than a two-week goof with warm sand up to their ankles. The Costa del Sol accommodates them. Backed by coastal ranges, the nearly unbroken strand runs about 100 miles along the southern lip of the Iberian Peninsula. Between Málaga and Estepona to its west are dozens of tennis courts and a score of championship golf courses. Many of the latter were designed by Robert Trent Jones, which presumably will mean more to the afflicted than it does to me.

Ambivalence tempers my feelings about the "Sun Coast." It is *in* Spain but *not of* it, an international enclave with SPANISH SPOKEN HERE signs in shop windows. Jumbo jets daily disgorge regiments of package tourists from Europe, the Middle East and Japan, most of whom stay in hotels booked by nationality. They then blow their six days and five nights drinking the same beer and eating poor imitations of the same food they left behind.

Still, the fabled Mediterranean is right there, bordered by five-star *gran lujo* resort hotels peopled by lovelies who no longer have to wear bras on the beach. Two hours away are the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, skiable from October to April. The hopelessly fit can thus schuss in the morning, swim or parasail at sunset, then boogie and tell lies until daybreak in the clubs of Torremolinos and Marbella. There are worse ways to spend a week, and it needn't cost more than spring break in Daytona.

Day trips or overnight excursions can be easily combined with beach-blanket bingo. The white villages of Mijas, Ojén and Casares are within easy reach of Marbella,



"Give the little bastards what they want!"

the class act of the Costa del Sol. Testaments to the virtues of architecture without architects, their tiled-roof houses tumble down mountainsides like heaps of sugar cubes.

A little farther away is Granada, a city that would be of no great appeal were it not for the Alhambra. That ridgetop complex of fortresses, palaces and gardens was left behind by Moorish caliphs, evicted from their last major stronghold in Spain in, you guessed it, 1492. Mullahs of the Arab world still mourn its loss. Well they might, for it is easily the equal of the Parthenon in splendor.

The principal attraction of Córdoba, which is somewhat farther from the coast, is a six-acre mosque with a flat roof supported by 800 red-and-white columns with stacked arches. Prelates of the Church Triumphant inserted a grotesque baroque cathedral in the heart of the mosque in the 16th Century, but that desecration only serves to heighten the mysterious grace of the original structure. Outside is the Judería, the ancient Jewish quarter of white houses, cobblestoned streets and patios cascading with flowers. June is the time to go.

April is best for Seville. That is the time of two quintessentially Spanish celebrations, one sacred, the other raucous, if not exactly profane. The nights before Easter, brotherhoods representing 52 neighborhood churches carry immense *pasos* on their backs through the streets to the cathedral. The floats depict saints and Biblical scenes, the effigies bejeweled, robed in flowers and rendered in meticulous detail. They are led by candle-carrying penitents in conical black hoods and robes. These are startling to American visitors, for a white version of the costume has been subverted to another cause by the Ku Klux Klan.

A week or two later is the April horse fair. A city of tents rises on an empty fair-ground. Some are furnished with crystal chandeliers and oil paintings, and caterers and orchestras are hired. Others have no more than a few tables and chairs and a record player. Everyone moves in for the

week. Sleep is forgotten. Aristocrats and pretenders circulate endlessly on horseback or in carriages, the men (and some women) dressed in flat-brimmed black hats, tight, short jackets and intricately tooled leather chaps. Most women don vivid tiered dresses and lace mantillas, their backs straight, fists on hips, breaking into staccato clapping and foot stamping at any provocation. The flaps of the tents are drawn back to reveal their *sevillanas*-dancing occupants, a thousand *tableaux vivants* that don't wind down until morning. Many tents welcome any passer-by for the price of a beer.

Bullfights are held daily during the fair in one of the oldest, most impressive *plaza de toros* in the country. The drinking,

James in July. On the 25th of that month, citizens haul out the prized *botafumeiro*, a giant silver incense burner. It is hung by velvet ropes from the domed transept of the church, then swung in an ever-higher arc until it nearly reaches the ceilings on both sides, trailing contrails of fragrant white smoke. Gasps and squeals from the S.R.O. crowd are hardly worshipful, at least by Protestant standards. Fun in church? And all this preceded and followed by parades and fireworks in the great plaza out front.

Celts settled this region before they moved on to Ireland. They left behind a type of bagpipe called the *gaita* and the sword dance it accompanies. But food, not folklore, is the best reason to visit the

north country. Right where Spain connects with France is the Basque country, split by the border and the source of separatist friction for centuries. Reports of Spanish terrorism nearly always involve extremists of the E.T.A., a sort of Basque I.R.A. Since they target politicians, police and military personnel, they are of minor risk to tourists.

Gastronomes are not deterred, for the Basques are Spain's premiere chefs. Proximity to Gallic culinary influences hasn't hurt, and local restaurateurs have developed a *nueva cocina*—new cuisine—that even those chauvinistic Michelin Red Guides grudgingly applaud. San Sebastián, a handsome resort city with a scimitar-shaped beach, is the place to

sample the causes of approbation. If there's time for only one meal, set aside three hours for Akelarre, on a slope falling to the sea west of the city. Michelin awards it two stars. It deserves three.

Noshing is as good a reason as any to linger in Madrid. The city may have invented *tapas* and certainly perfected the grazing food that has enjoyed a mild vogue over here. Along and near Victoria Street, hip-to-hip bars ladle out their specialties from platters lining the tops of their counters. Garlic shrimp, fried octopus rings, snails and grilled quail are among offerings that can total 50 or more. Just point to your choices. For an old-time

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eating and dancing is round the clock, as if *Sevillanos* wanted to stockpile sins for which to atone during *next* year's Holy Week.

Seville and the rest of southern Spain are to be avoided in summer, when weeks of 100-degree-plus temperatures are routine. Spaniards then escape to the ever-green coast of the Bay of Biscay, the Mar Cantabrico. Santiago de Compostela, in the far northwest corner of Spain, was a pilgrimage site rivaling Rome during the Middle Ages. The city hasn't changed all that much since then. Its centerpiece is a cathedral, a people's church that becomes downright festive during the Feast of Saint

tapas bar that still doesn't rely on microwave technology, seek out La Trucha, near the Plaza Santa Ana.

Madrid was founded by Philip II in 1561, not many years before Peter Minuit bought Manhattan. Long the youngest of major European capitals, it was also the stodgiest. No more. A true 24-hour city, Madrid crackles with the vitality of a citizenry discovering its creativity. Its *avant-garde* fashion industry makes eyes pop in Paris and Milan. Its nascent film industry has already gained recognition through the quirky flicks of such hot directors as Pedro (*Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*) Almodóvar. The city already

Mau-Mau, in the modern northern district. Al-Andalus is the place to take a turn at the *sevillanas*.

Madrileños are educating their taste buds, too. Where once the only available foreign edibles were wan chow mein and greasy curries, a new generation of chefs is challenging the conservative Spanish palate. A few among many are the California-outpost Armstrongs, the Franco-Asian El Mentidero de la Villa and the tony northern-Indian Annapurna. The apex of Iberian dining is Zalacain, and it comes very close to perfection.

An entire vacation can easily be spent in Madrid and environs. Within easy range

dead run. Under construction are an Olympic village (to be converted after the event to 14,000 apartments and a museum), a new airport and an extended subway, a dozen hotels, a refurbished Montjuich Stadium and a domed arena. The 1929 Mies van der Rohe Pavilion—the one that showcased the classic Barcelona chair—is being re-created, and the Beaux Arts National Palace has been gutted for a \$26,000,000 make-over.

The entire city is primping, cleaning and refurbishing. New parks and plazas fill up with monumental sculptures by such international artists as Roy Lichtenstein and Anthony Caro. They must compete with the works of the late Antonio Gaudí, the Catalan iconoclast whose riveting buildings are surrealism in stone. Conjure up a church designed by Disney and Dali, a glorious, goofy admixture of frozen starbursts, melting lintels, dripping portals and polychromed saints. That gives a wisp of a hint of Gaudí's unfinished cathedral, La Sagrada Familia. He outdid himself all over town, with apartment blocks, town houses and parks providing a feast for architecture buffs.

Repasts of the temporal sort are preceded and followed in a multitude of *tabernas*, boites, bistros, bars, "sexy shows," B-girl havens, night clubs and dance halls sufficient to break Olympian training rules for a year. Mannered bumptiousness meshes with laid-back conviviality. One old-time bar is Quatre Gats, in the ancient Roman quarter, where the youthful Picasso and Miró plotted artistic revolution. Euro synth and Euro trash are made at home in hyperchic Bikini and Nick Havanna. Devotees of the grape slouch negligently in *champañerías*, which promote the Catalan *cavas*, wines made by the champagne method.

When the urge for a cleaning respite of wind and sand bubbles up, we head for the Costa Brava, the "Rugged Coast" that curls from Barcelona to the French border. So have millions of others, with the result that much of the coast is drowned in ill-conceived ticky-tack. Isolated pockets of country-squire urbanity persist, however. Top of the bin is Hostal de la Gavina, near the fishing village—*cum*—resort of San Feliu de Guixols. It is the love child of the late José Ensesa, an industrialist who devoted his life to scouring away all infelicities that might distract from a night at his plush, antique-filled inn.

A meal in the hostel's restaurant demonstrates why the Catalan kitchen is easily the match of the Basque. Afterward, preferably by starlight, we walk out along the mile-long path carved into rock above the silvered crashing sea. At our backs, we sense the palpable vigor and spectacle of Spain, a place of time slip and paradox.

GETTING THERE AND GETTING AROUND

READY TO BOOK A FLIGHT for Spain? Iberia Airlines of Spain, the national airline, offers the most frequent service from several American cities. TWA and Pan Am have flights from New York; American from Dallas.

Within Spain, Iberia also offers a \$249 "Visit Spain" air pass valid for flights throughout the country; \$50 extra gets you to and from the Canary Islands. The pass, however, must be purchased in the U.S. and is issued only in conjunction with a transatlantic Iberia ticket. Highways are being vastly improved (expect construction delays in some areas) and all the principal American car-rental agencies maintain offices at airports and in major cities. Railroad buffs may board high-speed TALGO trains and the luxurious Twenties-style Andalusian Express, patterned after the fabled Orient Express.

Spain has every class of accommodation, from *gran lujo* five-star hotels to simple *hostales*. You've dreamed of castles in Spain? It's possible to stay in one. Or in a former hospital, even a remodeled convent. Such historic structures are among the unique network of 86 *paradores nacionales*, government-run inns, scattered about the country. The original idea, back in the Twenties, was to space them a day's journey apart in areas where travelers could not expect adequate accommodations. Sizes vary greatly, from as few as 12 beds to as many as 500; most have up-to-date amenities such as air conditioning and color TVs, as well as commodious dining rooms where regional specialties and wines are served. It's advisable to book in advance. U.S. agents include Castle Hotels in Spain, 2928 South Bascon Avenue, San Jose, California 95124, and Marketing Ahead, Inc., 433 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016. ¡Buen viaje!

—GRETCHEN EDGREN

had more than 50 museums, including the renowned Prado—home to a magnificent collection of Goyas—but new ones have opened, notably Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, housed in a former 19th Century hospital.

As often as not, night for *Madrileños* begins at the Cafe de Oriente. Established by a priest turned restaurateur, it boasts a *fin de siècle* atmosphere and sidewalk tables that pull in everyone from haggard cellists to Sony execs to the studded-leather and fluorescent-cockade crowd. Across the way is the Royal Palace, a 2000-room wedding cake that ranks as the capital's *número dos* attraction (after the Prado). After a midnight bracer, the patrons peel off to any of 100 clubs. Discos attract all ages and classes, not just kids and freaks. Those whose complexions have cleared up often choose Joy Eslava, a converted movie theater, or

are many of the nation's most compelling smaller cities. Toledo, the capital of the Visigoths and site of two of Spain's handful of synagogues, looks much as it did in El Greco's famous painting. Segovia is dominated by a functional Roman aqueduct. Philip II erected his ponderous Xanadu in El Escorial. Ávila retains its magnificent fortress walls with 88 carefully preserved sentry towers, featured in *The Pride and the Passion*, a bad Fifties epic starring a skinny Frank Sinatra as a rebel leader.

Barcelona doesn't have as many must-see attractions in its orbit, but then, few want to leave once in its thrall. Certainly I didn't, even the first time. Despite the oppressive Franco regime, the *Barcelonés* were then the most progressive, creative and energetic of Spaniards. They still are.

If the rest of Spain is finger-poppin' down the road to '92, Barcelona is at a



“The one on my left leans over. ‘Let’s face it. You know what we are? We’re muff. Big blonde muff.’”

picked up. The bad news is we have to do the series.”

My official title in those early days of *thirtysomething* was story editor, which, two months before we shot our first show, was still a mysterious function, as there were, as yet, no stories to edit.

Ed and Marshall showed me their script in which Hope’s well-meaning father and impossible mother descend for a visit. I thought the emotional landscape of this story was small; Hope was characterized as a pill, thereby giving her mother grounds for complaint. When I brought this up, Ed and Marshall brushed my concerns aside. I didn’t give in; I kept saying, “But what’s it about? Where’s the conflict?” I remember the look of pity Marshall gave me; he tried to explain that his goal for the series was to redefine drama, to search it out in the minute emotional lacunae that television, up till then, had never been interested in. He said *thirtysomething* would mine that new terrain. We would never have a car chase, but we might have a show about the characters’ feelings about a car chase.

While we were still two months away from shooting our first episode, I began writing my own first script. Through all my years as a screenwriter, the log line on me had been “Good on character, weak on structure.” I always saw things in terms of detail and nuance, rather than in how the story was told.

This problem exploded during the early meetings on my first script, nearly ending my work on *thirtysomething* before it had even begun. Ed, Marshall and I had come up with the idea of exploring, in detail, the events of two Saturday-night dates. Hope and Michael, seeking to recapture a lost sense of romance, plan a perfect evening that turns into one disaster after another. Melissa and Gary, floating barks on the singles sea, go through their own disasters that bring them together for a doomed rekindling of their past affair. It would all end on a Sunday morning, with both couples reconciling as their stories intertwined.

We went through our planning sessions on the episode, at the end of which I was to type out a simple outline of the beats in each act. I did this and handed it in to Ed and Marshall. As I sat there, watching Ed read it, he screwed his features tighter and tighter into what many of us on the show would come to refer to as “The Face”—a look of profound and angry displeasure.

“Dickie,” The Face said to me, and I knew I was in trouble. Dickie is Ed’s private name for me, used only in moments of real affection or true distress. “Come out-

side. I want to talk.”

We stood out in the hallway, Ed standing against one wall while I faced him from another. He held up the outline.

“What is this?” he asked.

“It’s the outline,” I told him. “The beats, the acts.”

“But it’s not. Didn’t you take notes? You left out most of what we talked about. Listen, Richard”—he joined me now, at my wall—“it’s like we said—maybe this isn’t the right thing for you, which is OK. We said that would be OK, right?”

I told him I’d do it again. He said all right, and The Face undenched a little. I went back to my office and got very depressed. For the next few days, I realized how much the prospect of this job frightened me. I was afraid to let Ed and Marshall down. I was afraid to write in my own voice, having in the past always chosen subjects that kept me at a distance to it. I was afraid to fail and, maybe most of all, I was afraid I couldn’t be part of a team. One by one, these fears became clear to me. Then I faced them, told them to fuck off and sat down and did the outline right.

“Good,” Ed and Marshall said when I resubmitted it. “Now go and write it.”

So I did, and somehow my confrontations with both Ed and myself freed me. I decided, as I began to work, that both couples’ fantasies of perfect romance were what caused their trouble; by the end, I wanted them to have learned they could adjust those fantasies to the reality of their lives. It seemed to me that all four characters were victims of song lyrics that painted a rose-tinted universe where everything was possible. So I made those lyrics a part of the show, inventing a cocktail-lounge-pianist character who, through love songs by Gershwin, Porter and Rodgers and Hart, would comment musically on Michael and Hope’s and Gary and Melissa’s Saturday nights in hell.

It was actually fun to write this script, which I was now calling “But Not for Me.” (We would never put our titles on the screen, though each script had one. My favorite: “I’m in Love with a Wonderful Gynecologist.”) It was fun because Ed and Marshall had created in the pilot the chance for me and other writers to write in our own voices. I had too many ideas, for a change, and had to throw out at least half of them. I finished the script and handed it in. Ed and Marshall loved it—and I was, while not quite yet in the clubhouse, at least aware of the password to get in.

We have made it through 21 episodes and are all exhausted, yet we’ve parceled enough lunatic energy to survive the

22nd and final show. When the Writer’s Guild strike continues past the date that would have made it possible to produce the last show for this season, we are left with that energy and nowhere to put it. There is a rush of goodbyes, tears, thank-yous—all actorly hyperbolic yet somehow provisional, as no one knows if we’re coming back. I clean out my office yet still go in most days to *shmoose* and try to maintain some contact with whoever’s around. And then there’s no one around to *shmoose* with; my reserve of energy backflips into the blues; everyone else says he feels the same way.

Well, I tell myself, you need a change, because this is what I always tell myself when I *don’t* need one, and I never learn from the mistake. How about London, then Florence, then New York? As Mel Harris knows everything, I ask her if she has a good travel agent. Of course she does; just say I’m a friend of hers. So I fly to London. It takes a week for me to see I shouldn’t be there and that I want to go home, and that home in the past year has redefined itself as—for better or worse—the show.

My timing is lucky. I call Ed from London, just to check in, and he suggests I return via New York, as he and Marshall and the whole cast will be there to appear on the *Donahue* show. When I get to New York, everyone is at the hotel. We’re all thrilled to see one another.

The three days we’re all together in New York provide the release I hoped to find in London. We do what we’ve never had time to do all year: We hang out. We go to see Mel’s boyfriend in a play, then all go out to dinner. The other people in the restaurant are too hip to ask for autographs, so they simply stare at us instead. Everyone gets loaded. Mel bursts into tears, but no one knows why. Tim Busfield puts his arm around me and asks, “Can I have a dad who gets cancer next season, too?” I am seated between the pretty blonde girlfriends of two of our cast members. The one on my left leans over to the one on my right and says, downing her eighth glass of champagne, “Let’s face it. You know what we are? We’re muff. Big blonde muff.” It’s late now; we all share cabs back to the hotel and on the way, indulge in our present favorite topic of conversation, which is what shows we should put up for the Emmy.

It is almost the end of April. The Writer’s Guild strike, which started at the beginning of March, still shows no signs of ending. Pessimism rules. Ken Olin’s predictions for our futures are the bleakest: Tim Busfield and Peter Horton will get their own series—Tim will play a Protestant detective in Northern Ireland and Peter will do a show where all the other characters are animated. Mel Harris will become a hand model, Polly Draper will co-anchor the *Today* show and he, Ken, will do a brief stint as the rabbi on *Dallas* and then never work again. I go home one day to find a message on my machine from

Peter that says, "You are worthless, we're all worthless, we have no reason to exist." So we wait, we worry, searching the show-business skies for bad omens.

Through all this, we find important reasons to call one another that turn out to be no reasons at all. Each actor has ideas for his character for "next season"; my answering machine is filled with such messages as "What if Ellyn had a nervous breakdown?" and "What if Gary went to El Salvador on a fact-finding mission and Hope and Michael didn't approve?" Ed, Marshall and I compare notes and decide the show we really want to do is about Hope's being rushed to the hospital because she loses touch with her feelings.

One Sunday, too many weeks after Mr. Gerber's hunch about our imminent pick-up has been proved wrong, I call Marshall for some false and desperate reason. We chat for a minute or so, then he tells me Lizzie, his five-year-old daughter, wants to speak with me.

"I want to tell you something very important," she says.

"What's that?"

"I'm very upset today and sad."

"What's the matter?" I ask her.

"Do you know my fish Spotty?"

"No, I don't think I do, Lizzie."

She sighs. "Well, it doesn't matter. Spotty is dead."

Spotty's demise is a sign, of course. As images of fish corpses and unrenewed TV series float through my mind, I realize how much I want the series to continue, how very much I want the family I've found in the past year to stay together.

A few days later, I go out to dinner with Polly Draper. We spend this evening, as I seem to spend most of my evenings, reminiscing about the past season. As we're splitting the bill on two credit cards—neither of us is working right now, after all—John Pasquin, who directed two shows for us, comes over with his wife to say hello to Polly and me. The air around us glitters with fortune; John has just directed three pilots in a row, and he and his wife have adopted a baby. They want to get home to the kid, so there's a round of handshakes and kisses and then, tossed over John's shoulder, these farewell words: "And hey, guys—great news about the pickup!"

We look at each other, and then run together to the telephone. I slam in my change and call Ed. His line is busy.

"Call Marshall!" Polly cries.

And he's not home. Later that night, I reach Ed, who confirms that, indeed, our anxiety is over and we have been renewed by the network for another year. The next morning, I call my Realtor. He comes to my apartment and we talk about houses.

Peter Horton and I spend an afternoon hanging out. We are meeting today because he is worried. He likes to worry, as we all do, but he also has a reason. He has watched, with more than a degree of

grace, the bulk of the first season's shows go to Michael. It's Michael's house, marriage, family, job; Michael has the conflict about holidays, as it's Michael's father who gets sick and dies. There's no one in the cast who is not aware of this, just as there's no one who doesn't feel that Ken deserves it. The cast members are remarkably generous, but at the same time, they all want and have asked for, as it were, a dying father of their own.

There are two reasons for Ken's first-season supremacy. The first is that he's a wonderful actor; Peter knows that, and he's also mature enough to know that, despite our relative lack of attention to Gary, we've in no way implied that his abilities strike us as any the less. The second reason is that Ken has had the good luck to become our mouthpiece. When I met him, I told Marshall I thought he was terribly bright. "Oh, yeah," Marshall said. "He's one of us."

Peter seems less direct than Ken, or it may be that we haven't given him the chance to be as direct. This is the reason we're meeting today—a sort of psychoanalytic session. We talk about our mothers and fathers, our sisters and our lives. Peter has always had a hard time smiling, as his mother always told him to smile because that is what nice people did. The more he talks about himself, the more often he asks if I want him to leave yet. This tells me how much he wants to stay, and I realize how delicate the relationships are between the actors and us. He can't hear the ticking he has set off inside me; he tells me that he wants more stories for Gary, not because we feel that we have to do them but because we feel that we need to do them. Somehow, he has cut to the quick of what, for me, the show is about and what makes it good. I ask him to keep a journal and not to write about emotions but about specifics. He leaves, promising to do that, and as soon as he has left, I run to the word processor and spew out five story ideas for Gary.

It is the end of May. We have all, for weeks, reassured one another with variations on the same clichés that, as the day approaches for the announcement of Emmy nominations, have come to seem increasingly hollow. "It's about the work, not awards." "It's a popularity contest. Nothing really good—i.e., us—is ever really popular." "We're too controversial. We shouldn't even go to the ceremony." No one, of course, buys any of this. Everyone wants to get nominated, and everyone wants to win.

I know I do. I spend the night before the announcements forcing myself to rise above it, failing and being unable to sleep. The call comes at seven A.M. The series as a whole has been nominated. Patty Wettig, Tim Busfield and Polly Draper are singled out from the cast, and we've gotten one writing nomination, for the episode we refer to as "Dead Dad," in which Michael's father informs his son he has cancer. And that's it. No directing nominations. Noth-

ing for Mel. Nothing for Melanie. Nothing for Ken or Peter—or me. Shit. It's about the work, not awards, right?

I call Patty to congratulate her and find her in tears. She doesn't feel that she deserves to be nominated at the expense of others. Tim, calling in from the set of his movie *Field of Dreams*, says the same thing, as does Polly when she calls from New York. Ken is in West Virginia acting in a TV movie with Jill Eikenberry of *L.A. Law* and Ron Perlman of *Beauty and the Beast*; we learn later that he went out to the set to give them the good news that they had both been nominated. Mel Harris is in the office that day. She says she doesn't care that she hasn't been nominated (and I believe her), but she's upset about Ken.

"I mean, ultimately, it's no big deal," she says. "We all know that. I just really thought he deserved it."

Maybe it's the lack of adrenaline or the debilitating effect of the strike; I find myself endlessly circling my first script for the new season without ever quite reaching its heart. I know it's there—I can see it and at the same time calculate my distance from it. The trouble seems to be focused on Michael's feelings and behavior in the story. Every acting teacher has a different term for this—action, intention, objective, subtext, goal. The word is unimportant, but the *idea* is the bedrock of all acting: What does the character *want*?

The actors help us, and we were lucky in that all of them were used to sitting around tables, filling Styrofoam cups with cigarette butts while they worked over a scene from every angle. On the scripts I wrote, I was always astonished to learn that Patty or Tim or Melanie knew more about what I was trying to write than I did and could guide me, through their actor's questions, to where I wanted to go.

I ask Ken to come to lunch and spend a few hours with me working on this new script. He has an alchemic gift of being able to convert autobiography into fiction, so what comes out is not a glimpse into his private life but a glimpse into Michael Steadman's as interpreted by him. Ken isn't Michael, and Michael isn't Ken; at the same time, Ken is Michael and Michael is Ken, and to search out the core of that paradox would afford a glimpse of the mystery that allows one man to believably become another. All I know is that (A) Ken is smart, (B) he grows more articulate as he grows more excited and (C) if anyone can help me with this dead lump of pages on my desk, he can—and he'd better.

We greet each other, spend the next half hour worrying—about the Emmys, the ratings, the inappropriate behavior of some of his fellow cast members—and then we work. He sits down next to me at the word processor and it starts to happen. He's off and he's into it, excited by the possibilities of a new script and a new season. We had written Michael and Hope, in *thirtysomething's* first year, as the ideal

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couple. Ken's private title for the series was *Father Knows Best, but He's Ambivalent About It*. Still, Hope and Michael had their bourgeois ducks in a row; they were a couple who could (and would) discuss anything and everything. This new script is about things for which words can't be so easily found, impulses that can't be kissed away or cured by understanding. Michael wants another kid. Hope's not so sure. This thrills Ken—he's as bored as we all are with reconciliation scenes. He gets to work, quick and deft, with the material I present to him, carving out the conflict I have so far been unable to identify.

"So, OK," he says, lighting his tenth cigarette. "Fine; we know I'm sick of advertising, and I can barely force myself to get to the office and come up with some idiot campaign for something I don't give a shit about. At the same time, Hope is at the magazine and I'm proud of her and I'm jealous, too, right? Even though maybe I don't know that I'm jealous. . . ."

"Well, maybe you know it, but you would never admit to it."

"Of course not! I'm not that big a jerk. And also, seeing her really taking off and working again turns me on; I'm incredibly attracted to her. She's like she was when I first met her and I was totally smitten with her, right? Which is very sexy, because I sense she's not totally available to me right now. But at the same time, she's been home

for the past year and a half with the baby and she has been totally available to me and I want it both ways. This is really cool. Is this helping you?"

"It's helping me."

"And what's harder, maybe, is that suddenly, she's a breadwinner, too."

I feel it starting for me; as he talks, I see scenes and bits of scenes.

"So who am I? Make me a pig! Make me real! I don't want to be the ideal little husband; that's boring, there's nothing to play there. Mel, she'll be able to do this really well. Hope loves being a mother and all that, but her self-esteem has suffered. She knows I've seen her differently, she wants it the way it was when we started, too; she wants to be able to control me and my feelings about her. What I want is to have her available to me. And, like, at the end of act two?"—he's referring to a scene I've shown him. Michael and Hope are making love when Hope interrupts it, against Michael's protests, to insert her diaphragm. When she returns to the bedroom, Michael is gone, and the rift between them has come out in the open—"What that scene is," Ken says, "is a test. 'Are you available to me? Is your womb available to me?' And she's not and it's not, and I can't deal with that. Because a deeper part of me is freaking out that if she doesn't need me anymore—then who am I?"

It's not a question he expects me to an-

swer while we're sitting here. The script will take care of that soon enough—and, because of the time we've spent together today, I know there will *be* a script. I can feel the episode starting to grow. This idea of availability that Ken has so intuitively helped me pinpoint dictates both dialog and behavior. He leaves; I start writing.

A Pasadena Sunday. Four p.m. A hundred degrees, 1000 photographers, and here we are, in gowns and tuxes, on our way into the Civic Auditorium, where this year's Emmy show is to be held. I have Mel Harris on one arm, Melanie Mayron on the other; the *paparazzi* cry out "Hope!" and "Melissa!" instead of their real names. We meet everyone else from the show in the lobby; Ed and Marshall are both in Michael Steadman-type glooms, convinced we don't have a chance.

The Emmy show itself, produced by Lorne Michaels, is endless but entertaining, its highlight a medley of TV theme songs performed by the Sweeney Sisters, who at one point approach Mary Tyler Moore and musically ask her who can turn the world on with her smile. Early in the evening, there is a montage spanning 40 years of TV's leading men. Uncle Miltie, Desi Arnaz, Dick Van Dyke, Dennis Weaver—faces as icons, faces that summon association, and there among them are faces I know well. Ken's, Peter's, Tim's. We have become, I can see, part of the electronic cultural landscape, and I start to believe that maybe, just maybe, today's trip to Pasadena might turn out to be worth what it will cost to have the tux cleaned.

I'm right. Patty wins, as does the "Dead Dad" script, as does the series as a whole. We all troop up to the stage to collect the big one. As I've lost a few pounds since I last wore my tux, I hold Melanie's hand with one hand and my pants up with the other. Ed and Marshall say their standard few words, then we are all photographed backstage and led off for the rack of lamb and complimentary cologne. After the swirl of congratulation dies down, I join Ed at a table where, for the first time tonight, he sits alone.

"So. . . ." he says.

"So?" I respond.

"So now what?"

"Write about dogs," I tell him.

He looks at me. "Wait a minute. . . ."

"What?"

"What if we did a whole show from the dog's point of view? It could be incredible."

"You're out of your mind," I tell him. "And I'm not writing it."

"But just think about it," he says, so I do, as, clutching our statuettes, we make our way outside, with a hug for the winners and a "Next year" for the losers, to wait for the cars that will take us home.



MARTY MURPHY

"Well, you just naturally assumed' wrong, I ain't one of Santa's helpers."



KILLING MAN

(continued from page 114)

the door scanned my P.I. ticket and driver's license, checking my face against the photo before letting me into Velda's room.

"Hey, kid," I said softly. In the dim light, I saw her head turn slowly and knew she was awake. They had propped her up, the sheet lying lightly across her breasts, her arms outside it. The facial swelling had lessened, but the discoloration still put a dark shadow on her face. One eye still was closed and I knew smiling wasn't easy.

"Do I look terrible?"

I let out a small laugh and walked to the bed. "I've seen you when you looked better." I took her hand in mine and let the warmth of her seep into me. Inside, I could feel a madness clawing at my guts, scratching at my mind because somebody had done this to her. They had taken soft beauty and a loving body and tried to smash it into a lifeless hulk because it was there and killing was the simple way of moving it.

"Mike, don't," she said.

I sucked my breath in, held it, then eased out. I was squeezing her hand too hard and relaxed my fingers. "Everything OK, kitten?"

"Yes. They are taking care of me." She tilted her head up. "What's happening?"

I filled her in with some of the general information, but she stopped me. She wanted details, so I gave them to her.

I put my hands on the mattress and bent down so my face was close to hers. Her tongue slipped between her lips, wetting them, and as my mouth touched hers, she closed one eye. A kiss is strange. It's a living thing, a communication, a whole wild emotion expressed in a simple moist touch and, when her tongue barely met mine, a silent explosion. We felt, we tasted, then, satisfied, we separated.

"You know what you do to me?" I asked. She smiled.

"Now I'm as horny as hell and I can't go out in the hall like this. Not yet."

"You can kiss me again while you're waiting."

"No. I'll need a cold shower if I do." I stood up, still feeling her mouth on mine. "I'll be back tomorrow, kitten."

Her smile was crooked and her eye laughed. "What are you going to do with . . . that?" she asked me.

"Hold my hat over it," I told her.

I had the cabbie drop me at the corner and picked up a late-evening paper at the kiosk. There was a mist in the air and the streetlights had a soft glow around them and lighted windows in the apartments were gently blurred. It was the kind of night that dampened street sounds and put a dull slick on the pavement.

The doorman at my place generally paced under the marquee, but tonight I couldn't blame him for staying inside. I hugged the side of the building out of the wind, moved around the garbage pails

outside the areaway that ran to the rear and saw the feet inside the glass doors as the guy jumped me from behind.

Damn.

One arm grabbed me around the throat and a fist was ready to slam into my kidneys, but I was twisting and dropping at the same time, so fast that the fucker lost his rhythm and went down with me. His arm came loose and he rolled free, and I forgot all about him because the other one had come out of the hallway with a sap in his hand, ready to lay my skull open. I let the swing go past my face and threw a right smack into his nose, saw his head snap back, then put another into his gut.

Everything was working right. The guy behind me came off the sidewalk thinking he had me nailed. I didn't want any broken knuckles. I just drove my fist into his neck under his chin and didn't wait to see what would happen. The boy with the sap was still standing there, nose stunned, blood all over his face but not out of it.

You don't have to waste any skin on guys like that. I kicked him in the balls, and the pain-instinct reaction was so fast he nearly locked onto my foot. His mouth made silent screaming motions and he went down on his knees, his supper foaming out of his mouth.

I went inside. The doorman was just coming out of it, a lump already growing on the side of his head. "Can you hear me, Jeff?" I said.

He grimaced, his eyes opened and he nodded. "That bastard. . . ."

"I have them outside. You give the cops a call."

"Yeah. Damn right."

The big guy I had rapped in the throat was trying to get away. He was on all fours, scratching toward the car at the curb. I took out the .45, let him hear me jack a shell into the chamber and he stopped cold. That old Army automatic can have a deadly sound to it. I walked over to him, knelt down and poked the muzzle against his head.

"Who sent you?"

He shook his head.

I thumbed the hammer back. That sound, the double click, was even deadlier. "We . . . was to . . . rough you up." His voice was hardly understandable.

"Who sent you?"

His head dropped, spit ran out of his mouth and he shook his head again.

"Why?" I asked him. I kept the tone nasty.

All the big slob had in his eyes was fear. "You sent . . . the guys . . . a bullet."

I heard the siren of a squad car coming up Third Avenue. "How much did they pay you?"

"Five hundred . . . each."

"Asshole," I said. I eased the hammer back on half cock and took the rod away from his head. A grand for a mugging meant that the victim would be wary and dangerous, and these two slobs hadn't given it a thought. I gave him a kick in the

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sida and told him to get over beside his buddy. I didn't have to tell him twice.

Wheels squealing, a car turned at the corner and the floodlight hit me while it was still rolling. The cameraman came out, turning film, a girl in a flapping trench coat right behind him, giving into a hand mike a rapid, detailed description of what was going on, and I even let New York City's favorite on-the-spot TV team catch me giving the guy another boot just for the hell of it.

When the squad car got there, I identified myself, gave a statement and let the doorman fill in the rest. The two guys had waited near the curb nearly an hour, spotted me at the corner, then one had gone in, grabbed the doorman, then waited until the other had jumped me to lay a sap on his head before joining the fun. Luckily, the sweatband of the doorman's uniform cap had softened the blow. Both of the clowns had knives in their pockets along with the old stand-bys, brass knuckles and a blackjack. It took one radio call to get an I.D. on them and they were shoved, handcuffed, into the rear of the squad car.

Enough of the crowd had collected to make it an interesting spot in the late news coming up, and the reporter said, "Any further comment on this, Mr. Hammer?"

At least she'd remembered my name.

"They just tried to mug the wrong guy," I said. Then I winked into the lens and walked away.

Upstairs, I called Pat. I ran through the story again, then added, "It's all coming back to DiCica, buddy. They're making sure I know they're watching."

"You don't scare them, Mike."

"If they think I have access to what Anthony had, I can sure shake them up. What have you got?"

"Something extremely interesting. My boys came up with another lead, an old dealer who is straight now and doesn't want his name mentioned in any way. You're right. It all comes back to when DiCica shot those two gang leaders and picked up that envelope."

"And you know what was in it?"

"Yes. Directions."

"To what?"

"A truckload of cocaine."

"Do you realize how much stuff that is?"

"In dollars, the street value is incredible. Anyway, it came up via Route Ninety-five into the New York area. The trailer was delivered to a depot in Brooklyn, all the paperwork completed, and the next day, another tractor signed for it, hauled it out and it hasn't been seen to this day."

"But *somebody* would know where the cargo went to."

"Sure," Pat said. "The drivers would have known."

"So they were the only ones who knew?"

"Why not? The fewer the better. They picked their own hiding spot for the shipment, made up a map and delivered it to

the bosses. On the way out, they were followed by hit men and taken out in a supposed accident. The bosses didn't want anybody knowing where the stuff went. Unfortunately, they were in line for a hit themselves that night. And DiCica got the map."

"Tell me something. How much is the street value of the junk today?"

He told me. I let out a low whistle. Nine-digit figures are understandable. When they reach ten, it's almost unbelievable.

"Mike, unless we find that cargo, nothing will ever end."

"Are you checking out all the leads?"

"The trailer would take a certain-size building to be concealed in. We're working on the assumption that something was bought, rather than leased. By now, taxes would be owing, and if anything matches, we'll be on it."

"You don't have that much time."

"Any other options?"

"A lot of luck."

Sickness and injury never stop in the big city. It was a bloody night in the emergency room, spatters of red on the walls, trails stringing along the floors, smeared where feet had skidded in its sticky viscosity. The walking wounded were crowded by stretchers and wheelchairs and my short cut to Velda's floor was blocked.

When I reached her floor, I pushed through the steel fire door into the corridor and the wave of quiet was a soft kiss of relief. The nurse's desk was to my left, the white tip of the attendant's hat bobbing behind the counter. Someplace, a phone rang and was answered. Halfway down the hall, a uniformed officer was standing beside a chair, his back against the wall, reading a paper.

The nurse didn't look up, so I went by her. Two of the rooms I passed had their doors open, and in a half-lit room, I could see the forms of the patients, deep in sleep. The next two doors were closed and so was Velda's.

Until I was ten feet away, the cop didn't give me a tumble, then he turned and scowled at me. This was a new one on the night shift and he pulled back his sleeve and gave a deliberate look at his wrist watch, as if to remind me of the time.

I said, "Everything OK?"

For a second, the question seemed to confuse him. Then he nodded. "Sure," he replied. "Of course."

All I could do was nod back, like it was stupid of me to ask, and I let him go back to leaning against the wall. At the desk, the nurse glanced up. She recognized me and smiled. "Mr. Hammer, good evening."

"How's my doll doing?"

"Just fine, Mr. Hammer. Dr. Reedeey was in twice today. Her bandages have been changed and one of the nurses has even helped her with cosmetics."

"Is she moving around?"

"Oh, no. The doctor wants her to have complete bed rest for now. It will be several

days before she'll be active at all." She stopped, suddenly realizing the time herself. "Aren't you a little early?"

"I hope not." Something was bothering me. Something was grating at me and I didn't know what it was. "Nothing out of order on the floor?"

She seemed surprised. "No, everything is quite calm, fortunately."

A small timer on her desk pinged and she looked at her watch. "I'll be back in a few minutes, Mr. Hammer. . . ."

Now I knew what the feeling was. That cop had looked at his watch, too, and his was a Rolex Oyster, a big, fat, expensive watch street cops don't wear on duty. But the real kicker was his shoes. They were regulation black, but they were wing tips. The son of a bitch was a phony, but his rod would be for real and whatever was going down would be just as real.

I said, "How long has that cop been on her door?"

"Oh . . . he came in about fifteen minutes ago."

It was two hours too soon for a shift change.

"Did you see the other one check out?"

"Well, no, but he could have gone—"

"They always take the elevators down, don't they?"

She nodded, consternation showing in her eyes. She got the picture all at once and asked calmly, "What shall I do?"

"Give me the phone and you beat it. Don't look back. Do things the way you always do."

She patted her hair in place, went around the counter and stepped on down the hall. She didn't look back. I pulled her call sheet over where I could see it and dialed hospital security. The phone rang eight times and nobody answered. I dialed the operator and she tried. Finally she said, "I'll put their code on, sir. The guards must be making their rounds."

Or they're laid out on their backs someplace.

Overhead, the call bell started to ping out a quiet code every few seconds.

I hung up and dialed Pat's office. I said, "Pat, I have no time for talk. I'm at the hospital and everything's breaking loose. There's a phony cop at the door, so the real officer is down somewhere. They're going to try to snatch Velda. Get some cars up here and no sirens. They smell cops and they'll kill her."

"They moving now?"

I heard wheels rolling on the tile and squinted around the wall. Coming out of the last door down on the right was an empty gurney pushed by a man in an orderly's clothes. "They're moving, Pat. Shake your ass."

I hung up and stepped out into the corridor, whistling between my teeth. The guy pushing the gurney stopped and started playing with the mattress. I pushed the button on the elevator, looked down at the cop who was watching me and waved. The phony cop waved back.

When the elevator halted, I got in, let the doors close and pushed the stop button. I stood there, hoping the guy pushing the gurney wouldn't notice the lights over the door standing still. The rubber tires thumped a little louder, passed the elevator, and when I didn't hear them any longer, I pushed the OPEN button and stared out into the corridor. I took my hat off, dropped it on the floor and yanked the .45 out of the holster. There was a shell in the chamber and the hammer was on half cock. I thumbed it back all the way and looked down the corridor.

The guy in the orderly's clothes was standing there with an AK-47 automatic rifle cradled in his arms, watching both ends of the hallway. His stance was low, and when he swung, his coat flopped open and it looked like he was wearing upper-body armor. The gurney was sticking out of Velda's door. She was strapped onto the carrier. The man in the uniform came out of her room, a police-service .38 in one hand and one hell of a big bruiser of an automatic in the other. Unless I got some backup, I was totally outgunned and no way could I close in on them without putting Velda's life on the line.

A quiet little code still pinged from the hall bell. Security still hadn't answered.

No wasted moves this time. The pair moved the gurney away from me and I knew they were headed toward the other bank of elevators. The phony orderly had draped a sheet over the gun on his arm. The uniform had hidden the automatic but had placed the .38 on the gurney next to Velda.

I stepped back into the car, let the doors close, pushed the first-floor button and hoped nobody tried to get on. Like all hospital elevators, this one took forever to pass each level, and before it stopped, I picked my hat up and held it over my .45. When it reached the first floor, I stepped out. This time, I didn't run. The gurney would be moving at proper walking speed, seemingly going through a normal routine, and as long as I hurried, I could meet it outside the building. There was no way this play could be stopped without some kind of shooting, and I didn't want anybody else in the way.

They came out of the elevator just as I stepped outside, and now I felt better. They had turned toward the walkway door and I was waiting out there in the dark. There were only a few seconds to look around for their probable course and find cover. The walkway curved down to the street, but the parking places were filled with off-street overnights, and the cars there couldn't handle a limp patient. Unless they had planned on a mobile van or a station wagon, any transportation would have to be farther down the line, out of sight from where I was standing.

I moved on down the walk, reached the parked cars and got into the street behind them. The doors of the hospital swung inward. The guy in the orderly uniform



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came out first, the AK-47 under his arm, still covered. He never took his eyes off the area in front of him, pulling the gurney forward with one hand while the other man pushed from behind.

The gurney finally slid through the doors and now the phony cop had the oversized automatic in his hand.

I let them pass me, crouching down behind the cars, and when they were about ten feet in front of me, I kept pace with their movements.

A car turned up the road, momentarily lighting the area. It swept over the gurney, but the two went on in a normal manner. I stepped between the parked cars and let it pass. It was a civilian car with a woman at the wheel. It seemed like an hour had passed, but it had been only a few minutes.

Hell, the traffic was light. A squad car could have been here by now. Another set of lights turned up and a truck dropped down a gear and lumbered up the hill. I moved down two car lengths, still staying close, still silently swearing at the frustrating delays in emergency police actions. A car made a U turn at the hospital and came toward me from the other direction, and only when it got past me did a raucous blast from the loud-hailer yell, "Freeze, police!" and the power lights from the truck turned night into day, blinding the two men in the glare.

Everything happened so quickly that there was a hesitancy in the movements the men made. The phony orderly wasted one second trying to strip the sheet from the AK-47 and a pair of rapid blasts took him down and out. The phony cop jammed himself down in a crouch and his gun came up to shoot through the bottom of the gurney. He was out of the others' sight but not out of mine, and I squeezed off a single round that took him in the shoulder and spun him around like a rag doll.

I was standing and had my hands over

my head so the cops wouldn't take me out with a wild shot, figuring me for the other side. Pat came running up, a snub-nosed .38 in his fist, and said, "You OK, Mike?"

"No sweat." I took my hands down in time to yell and point behind Pat, and he turned and fired at the phony cop, who was about to let go at the gurney again. Pat put one into the side of his head, blowing his brains all over the sidewalk. They all came out one side, so his face was gory but still recognizable.

The area was cordoned off so fast no spectators had a chance to get near the bodies. Two cops took the gurney out to the truck and lifted it into the back, and the lady cop from the first car got in with Velda and the truck lurched ahead, made a turn in the street and headed west.

Pat took my arm and hustled me toward his own marked cruiser that was close by. I said, "Where did you guys come from?"

"Come on, pal, I alerted this team as soon as you headed over here." He yanked a portable radio from his pocket and said into it, "Charlie squad, what do you have?"

There was a click and a hum, and a flat voice answered with, "One officer down in the patient's room, Captain. We have a doctor here who says he was sapped, then drugged. There are two syringes on the bed table, both empty."

"Is the officer OK?"

"Vital signs OK, doc says."

I tapped Pat on the shoulder. "Tell him to check the last room down the hall on the right."

He passed the message on, and a minute later, the receiver hummed and the voice said, "Got a nurse down in there, too, Captain. She got the same treatment. The patient who was there is gone."

"He sure is," Pat told him.

As we got into the car, the radio came alive again. Pat barked a go-ahead, and the cop on the other end said, "Captain, four

hospital-security guys just got here. They answered a call in the basement and wound up locked in a storeroom."

"Good. Get a statement from them."

"Roger, Captain."

He turned the key and put the car in gear. Up ahead, the truck was turning the corner and he leaned on the gas to catch up to it. "Mind telling me where we're going?" I asked.

"For tonight, you're going fancy. I'm putting you up in my apartment. We'll hold you there overnight and get you squared away tomorrow. If you weren't a friend, I'd slap you in a prison ward to keep you out of trouble."

"Did you get a good look at the guy you shot?"

"I got a good look at both of them."

"Make 'em?"

He yanked the wheel, going around a car and pulling up directly behind the truck. "The slob playing cop was Nolo Abberniche. He started out as a kid with the Costello bunch. That bastard has knocked off a half dozen guys and all he has is three arrests on petty offenses."

"You seem to have a good line on him."

"Plenty of fliers, nationwide inquiries. Pal, you are traveling in some pretty heavy company. That other guy was Marty Santino. He's another hit man, but he likes fancy jobs. This one was right up his alley."

"Who's paying for it, Pat?"

"That died with those hoods. You know damn well we won't find anything to tie them in directly with any of the Mob boys."

"Beautiful," I said. "We wait for them to make another run on us."

"Not this time, Mike."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked him.

"Simple, pal. We have the location of the truck. It's in a barn on a farm north of Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, on Route Ninety-four, just before Hamburg. Because it's an interstate operation, the FBI can get on this from their local offices a lot faster. And we're taking you and Velda out of the action. You're too important as witnesses and possible targets to be exposed during the mop-up. I know damn well you're not going to let her out of your sight, so we're setting both of you up at a safe house of our choosing. Any objections?"

"No."

"Good. I thought you'd do it my way for once. You'll be covering Velda and we'll be covering both of you, just in case. It may seem redundant, but we don't want to take any chances. Once we haul in that trailer, I expect things will quiet down."

"Things are never quiet around me, Pat. You should know that by now."

"Just shoulder the piece, Mike. You've had your revenge."

"Hell. Vengeance is mine," I said, and out of the corner of my eye, I caught Pat grinning at me. We both laughed, while the buildings of the city passed by.



"And now may I tell you what I—if I were your girlfriend—would give you?"



"He would hold me down, rip off my clothes and make incredible, mad, wild and wonderful love to me."

him and he made it like that for me, too." From the moment he seduced her on green-silk sheets at his Mulholland Drive mansion, Karen openly admits she had the time of her life. When they met, on a skiing weekend in Aspen, she had played hard to get, thinking he was just another aging Hollywood wolf looking for a one-night stand. "I remember he gave me that killer smile of his and whispered, 'Baby, you're a tough nut to crack!' But he was so persistent, so exciting, so sexy I simply couldn't resist. If Jack had been married, I wouldn't have agreed to see him. I wouldn't touch a married man with a barge pole. Of course, I knew that Anjelica Huston had been his steady lady for years—you can't miss the one picture of her he keeps in his bathroom—but I rather gathered their relationship had become a friendship thing by that time.

"I do remember that when her father, John Huston, died, Jack was very upset. I knew that the three of them had made *Prizzi's Honor* together and that Jack admired the old man immensely. But on the night before Mr. Huston's funeral, Jack called me up to his house and I had to wonder why he wasn't consoling Anjelica instead of making love to me. My God, he was passionate that night!

"But that's Jack all over, you see. He really is a horny little devil. He has this image of being a bit like Bogart, a lovable rogue, a naughty little boy, if you like, and that's just how he is."

On the other hand, Karen says, Jack is a culture vulture, a man of high taste and style who loves the arts, classical music, the opera, the theater. His home is packed with priceless antiques and paintings: There's a Picasso on his living-room wall.

The other side of Jack is a fun-lover, a devil-may-care hedonist who adores to indulge himself in the pleasures of the flesh.

"Jack just loves to play sexy games, and so do I. He always wanted me to walk about in saucy underwear, garter belts and stockings, that sort of thing. I was always buying little knickknacks to please him at night.

"He liked to take naughty pictures of me with his Polaroid camera. Sometimes he would want me to be totally submissive to him. He'd smile and, with that glint in his eyes that all his female fans would recognize, he'd say, 'I'm going to have to tie you up and spank you for being a bad girl.'

"I'd run off giggling and screaming, but he'd always catch me, naturally. . . . Then he would hold me down, rip off my clothes and make incredible, mad, wild and wonderful love to me. Jack really is the most

exciting man in the world at times like that. Sex with him is both a pleasure and a pain, in every sense. . . .

"One night, he got so carried away, so passionate, he left me with a real problem in the morning. I was filming *Out of the Dark* at the time and it took the make-up girl all of two hours to cover up the impact of Jack's lovemaking!

"There's only one time of day when Jack doesn't want to do it. . . . in the mornings. Now, I love to have sex when I wake up, but Jack gets very grumpy. Any other time, he's there, ready and randy as the devil; but when he's snoring away after a long night of love, you'd better not wake him up! I learned not to do that pretty quickly.

"Jack's a very noisy love-maker when he gets going, a real grunter, and he likes a lot of verbal encouragement, too, but the strangest thing about him in bed is his ability to make his hair stand on end to the point of no return. I never could understand how he did that. It was as if he had been electrocuted! I used to spend hours going through his bathroom cabinets to see what brand of styling mousse or hair spray he used, but I never did find anything.

"The other funny habit he had was eating peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches in bed. He said he had to keep his strength up!

"Jack was like a drug to me. He was very addictive. Life was one big high when he was around. He had me completely hooked for a long time. Of course, all good things must end.

"Sometimes when men throw themselves at you, the only way to treat them is badly. You lose respect for them and you move on. So Jack went to London to make *Batman* and I got on with my career. I guess the age difference told in the end. Actually, Jack is about the same age as my mother. Perhaps I should have introduced them—that's a joke. Ha, ha! My mum will kill me for that."

So what's in the future for this spunky, outspoken actress the British critics are calling the new Joan Collins?

Currently, she's studying with acting coach Jeff Corey—he worked with Nicholson, too—and looking for bigger, better and more challenging movie roles. "I love to play bad girls, characters who are psychologically complex, living on the edge."

Karen is also working on a book—she won't say what it's about—and rehearsing with a new rock-and-roll band to be launched in the new year.

"I simply love to perform, you see. There's always this desire to be a little self-indulgent. No, very self-indulgent! But for an actress, that's not a good thing, so I have to make up for it in my personal life in every way I can.

"When I was a little girl, my very proper, very British father used to say to me that good little girls should be seen and not heard, and I guess I've been rebelling against that particular piece of advice ever since." And how!



"Now, here's how it works, Mr. Claus—we will pick up all your packages and fly them to Memphis. We will then guarantee overnight delivery to every address in the world and you will never have to leave this office!"

LUCKY PIERRE (continued from page 136)

"Lucky Pierre, last of the great pornographic-film icons, is hoisted upside down."

clean and fragrant. Cast in his misery, he is offended by such a picture of health. She picks through an array of instruments, her metallic nails clicking, selects an otoscope and a sensitometer.

"Looks like a bad case of advanced misentropy!" she chuckles, winking at her colleagues.

"Critical, doctor?"

"Fetal, I'm afraid."

Her breasts are high and pointed, her belly as flat and tight as a drumhead, her buttocks packed full and firm in the starchy white skirt. She is encircled by the glint of stainless steel and the glaze of lights, by wall charts and diplomas, by the hum of apparatus and the soft, hushing movement of nurses and production assistants. She peers under his eyelids, into his ears and nostrils, down his throat, dictating to an aide: "Signs of hypopraxia, idiodynamic delusions, hot lips and circadian decubitus. Deglutition and exteroceptors normal. More or less. There are cunt hairs between his teeth: Query cohort relationships."

"He seems so cold and lethargic, doctor . . ."

"Yes, a consequence, perhaps, of overcranking . . ."

She leans down to listen to his heart, pressing her pubis against his hand: seems almost to move, to caress him. Curious, or perhaps simply because he is who he is, he turns his hand over to hold it in his palm, less numb, somehow, than the rest of him.

"Aha!" She smiles. "Feeling better?"

She peeks under his gown.

"My goodness! I guess you are!"

"A . . . terrible fall, Clara . . ."

"Yes, I recognize the symptoms."

"No, *the* fall, I mean . . . a rupture of some kind. Permanent, I think . . . or worse!"

THE END, he means, but she just laughs and stuffs his awakening hand up her skirt.

"You're too suggestible!"

Her mound is warm and wet, thickly padded with wiry little curls. Her labia seem to reach out, grip his fingers, count them, twist his knuckles, read the palm.

"Hmm. Moderate hypopselaphesia, probably transient and cryogenetic. Ugly wart on the social finger. Diarthrodial articulation, synergetic and tender. Severe agnails, symptoms of ambivalence, but effectively excitomatory."

"Voluptafacient, doctor?" asks a nurse.

"Quite. Feels good, too. Yum! Decussate life and love lines, implying endopathic abirotrophy of the essential humors. Turn him over and let's have a reverse-angle look at his old *arrière-vousure!*"

As they pull his hand away to roll him over, her cunt sucks up his fingers . . . then—ffllpop!—lets them go. Procum-bent, he feels the chill come on again. That fall: no saving jump cuts this time, no fades, no soft dissolves; they let him hit bottom and even filmed the bounce. Didn't even slow it down. Neorealism, they called it. For Clara's sake: her demand for unmediated authenticity. You can't anatomize a mock-up, as she likes to say. She wants the truth, the hard-core truth, 24 times a second, even if she has to create it herself. Now her assistants spread his knees and elbows out, adjust his balls for him, untie his gown. Clara smiles down at what she sees, slaps his buttocks.

"On the homely face of it, I'd have to describe it as dasygenal, wouldn't you, girls?"

"Is it . . . is it serious, doctor?" he wants to know, prepared for the worst.

"Very serious," she laughs. "It means you have a hairy ass. *Ex facie*. Relax. You may as well enjoy this."

She spreads his cheeks, sniffs about critically, squeezes a pimple, pokes a proctoscope into his rectum.

"What does it look like in there, doctor?"

"Not a pretty picture, I'm afraid. Some evidence of diathetic dysteology, as well as time-orientation compulsions, possibly due to a faulty diet. Better stick an explosimeter up there, while I take a look at his tail. What's left of it?"

"An explosi—*what?*"

She probes the base of his spine, finds a raw nerve, sending him bucking off the table.

"*Yowww!* Damn it, Clara, take it easy! *That hurt!*"

"There it is, girls, that's where the old caudal appendage got broken off. The original hypostatic disunion; he's been looking for it ever since. Thus, the first phase of hominization: the quest motive. Which in the present instance has degenerated into a kind of sacral eschatology—you can see the open sore here—confused by the dysgnostic assumption that woman was created from that severed tail and to this day, as the doggerel goes, must serve his will and solace his posteriors still!"

The nurses hoot mockingly at that and beat his nates with stethoscopes and clipboards, artificial limbs, leather traction belts and rubber blood-pressure tubes, wagging their own tails excitedly and scratching their fleas.

"But it's true!" he protests weakly. "I remember it . . ."

"Forget the past, dear Lucky, it's mostly waste. There is, as they rightly say, no future in it."

"But what does it matter, Clara? There's

no future anyway. I'm finished, I know that. The reel's run out. . . ."

"Bullshit. Despair is a metaphor, like any other."

"I just want to sleep. . . ."

"No doubt. We all suffer these gesticidal tendencies. The lure of the fade-out. But don't worry. You're in *my* film now, dear boy, *my* care. *Experto credite*. Look: Already your ass is as red as a rose in bloom! *It* won't soon go to sleep again!"

"It's not my ass that's the problem, Clara, it's my head, my heart . . .!"

She laughs at his confusions. It's true. What does he know about anatomy? He's a complete dope.

"Rig him up for stress analysis," she says to her assistants.

His feet are bound together in ankle cuffs, and Lucky Pierre, last of the great pornographic-film icons, is hoisted upside down and hung from a gambrel stick. The gown is stripped away and he is smeared over with a photoelastic covering. Weights are suspended from his arms, neck, mustache, penis and navel, and a stereoscope is fitted to his eyes. He is subjected to a sequence of 3-D images—body parts, falling buildings, circus acts, snowstorms, genteel sodomies, worm fucking, electrocutions and the like—while the doctor studies the isochromatic patterns got by bombarding him with polarized light.

"But I've given it all I've got, Clara," he whimpers, his tongue flopping against the roof of his mouth. "I've really tried. . . ."

"I know. That's why you've been sent to me. Have faith. And don't press the chicken switch. When in doubt, exercitate! Orthopraxy saves and all that. My! Look at those gorgeous colors!"

While she watches him, he is watching the collapse of ecosystems, the gang bang of a child star, castrations and bicycle races, the fall of an airplane, the discovery of the optical printer, and as blood rushes to his head, he thinks, She's right, our bodies are full of chaos and violence; it's the way they express themselves. All actors have to understand that; the integrity of our performances depends upon it. Let it roll.

"Each color indicates the magnitude of stress at each part of the system," the doctor is explaining to her assistants, who are oohing and aahing at the sight of him all lit up like that.

"What lovely spots of blue there in his belly, doctor!"

"Yes, the hypochondrium, of course. Nearby, that ugly black spot is the liver, where much of the murder takes place, and, as is to be expected, it's the locus of least stress."

"But, oh, my, look at his testes! It's almost as though they're on fire!"

"Yes, while by contrast, observe that the penis, which is self-evidently diageotropic and so subject to additional gravitational demands, runs nevertheless—following the speeding train of received images—the whole spectrum, now black and flaccid,

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now crimson and aroused, now a straining, luciferous white, as though unsure of its own enthusiasms or responsibilities."

"It's rather like his head, doctor. It looks like a bowl of lit-up fruit!"

"True, but the head contains all these colors at once, like a syncretic contexture of shifting options, you might say, while his penis' dysmnestic experience of these states is serially diachronic."

"Gosh, you're right! That sure makes it a whole lot prettier, doesn't it?"

"It's wonderful what you can learn from a silly old dick, doctor!"

"Ex pene Herculem, my dear!"

"But— Good heavens!"

"Yes?"

"His . . . his heart, doctor!"

"Mmm. You've noticed."

"It's . . . it's green!"

The doctor sighs, smiles, casts a long, affectionate glance at the patient.

"Yes, it . . . it almost makes you believe in love again, doesn't it?"

"Doctor!"

The doctor laughs and switches off the polarized light.

"Take him down, exuviate him, then osculate his pecker, please, and give me a coefficient of viscosity reading in centipoise."

While the doctor withdraws to her desk to fill out her examination report and feed the data into her bank of computers, her assistants unshackle him, remove the stereoscope and peel off the photoelastic sheath. One of the nurses slides a catheter down his urethra, reaches up under his scrotum and manipulates the *vas deferens* with little pumping motions and, sucking gently on the tube, draws off a small specimen of semen. He shudders: a certain tingling reminiscent of orgasm but without the spasm. Leaves him feeling suspended,

weird, nervous somehow, at the edge, much as one feels when one has to sneeze but cannot, and he worries now about having come here: Is there to be an operation? Will he leave here alive? He reaches up to give himself relief, but they rap his knuckles with a steel rule.

"Don't make us strap you down, now!"

"The doctor wants it spick-and-span! She'll see you in a minute."

"Pl— Ah-choo! Please. . ."

"The sample, doctor. It's pretty sticky stuff."

"Thank you. Mmm, tastes good, too. I can see why they are using it as an excipient. Pity he's been wasting so much of it."

"Come on, Clara, goddamn it! I feel all wrong! Help me get it off!"

"Are you always in such a hurry?" she asks with a smile. "We've only just begun!"

She weighs his stones on a ballocks balance, listens to them, waggles them about, beats a small electronic gong with them: hollow, echoey sound. Why does she care? Her appetite for knowledge arouses in some small part his own. It's important, he thinks, to be possessed like that. To be so eager to be alive and aware, it drives you mad. She reads the signals from the gong, runs a profilometric check on his penis, tries to bend it, slaps at it to see in which direction it bobs.

"Pubes: pterygoid. Calluses: clitoridean. Shear modular: impressive."

She nips at his glans with her teeth, stretches his prepuce, clucking her tongue ominously, separates the lips of his penis, peers down the urethra.

"Whew! That's a pretty long fall at that!" she admits.

"I told you. . ."

"Would one of you girls dim the lights, please?"

The office darkens. Clara adjusts the aperture with a little twist at the base of his prick. Her hands are smooth and cool, good hands to be in in this crisis.

"What's important about these little things," she says, squinting, "is their power of resolution. It's a kind of optical illusion. . ."

The nurses murmur appreciatively and take turns peeking inside while the doctor holds it open. As she touches and plays with him, he relaxes. He knows that, sooner or later, she will satisfy him, and will satisfy him as no one else can, because the inevitability of her doing so is part of the subtext that informs all her films, unscripted though she pretends them to be.

"Now, the heart of these systems," the doctor is explaining, "is the intermittent mechanism. This one uses an advanced spring-loaded, oscillating claw—if you look down in there, you'll be able to see it—which in turn is backed up by one of the most ancient of such devices, the old-fashioned dog movement, using the eccentric pin. See it wiggle there? Yes, that's it."

"Isn't it rather troublesome to have two paradoxical systems in one mechanism, doctor?"

"Perhaps. But this is the price for versatility and sufficiency."

"What's that little gaugelike device up here near the nose, doctor?"

"That's to adjust the speed. It's what makes many of your special effects possible."

She presses a little trigger under the shaft, his hips buck and slap the table and light pours through, casting a moving image on the ceiling: He, Lucky Pierre, is wallowing in heaps of unwound film up there and beautiful young starlets are cracking their maidenheads on his cock like champagne bottles.

"It's only recently," the doctor is saying, "that we have come to understand the gonads as part of the central nervous system. In the past, we tended to isolate them purely in terms of their hypothetical reproductive functions, failing to see that this anthropocentric bias ignored the communities within and the universal order without."

Her grip on his prick is firm but soothing. His hips have stopped bucking, but he still seems to be experiencing the orgasm. Not as good as most orgasms, true, but better than the frustration that went before, and he enjoys the prolonged effect. On the ceiling, dying spermatozoa are arranging themselves into astrological signals.

"We now know that no sense data—which is to say, no data at all—enter man's central nervous system without simultaneous transmission to the gonads and, at the same time, that no mental processes take place, no matter what logic circuits may have been implemented by prior environmental engineering, without gonad feedback and involvement."

He seems to remember a time when a mean girl in school stuffed his prick in an



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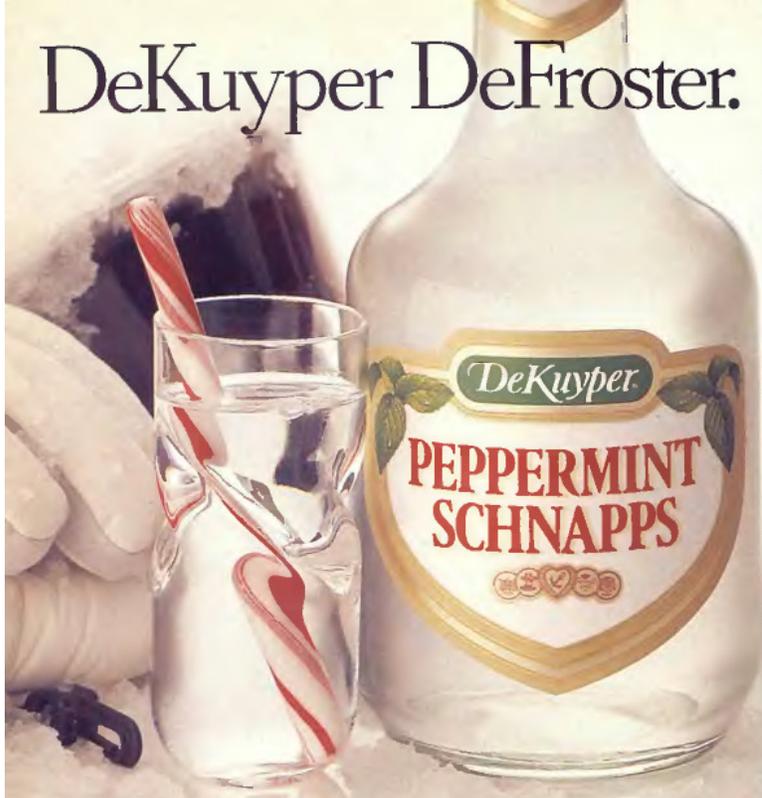
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inkwell, but on the ceiling now, his teacher is showing him an apple with the laws of gravity written on it.

"And as you may have surmised from our previous stress analysis, the peculiar design factor of the gonads, perhaps because of the relative brevity of their intracommunal life cycles, is their augmented processor impact and diminished storage capacities, such that their peculiar contribution to mental activity is *projection*. . . ."

He eats the apple and falls through space at 32 feet per second per second, thinking, This apple tastes just like a cunt! Somewhere, he hears the sound of blades being sharpened, and the doctor's fingers have become as rigid and cold as steel.

"I assume you all know how this gadget works. You've taken these things apart . . . ?"

"Yes, but if there were snatching or excessive tension on our perforations, doctor, where would we . . . ?"

"You'd open it right here."

On the ceiling, the doctor has grown fangs and scowling brows and is stealing up on the patient with a gleaming scalpel.

"You see? We could completely disassemble it, if you like. . . ."

The doctor, grinning evilly, has slashed off the patient's genitals and is going for his heart, his head, but he pulls himself together. The doctor withdraws, cowering in a dark corner; her eyes gleaming like burning coals. Perhaps she has not yet struck the first blow. Perhaps she is naked.

"Efforts have been made to temper the impact of the gonads' signal digression and distortion through increasingly complex program designs for nonhuman cybernetic components, but, clearly, if man is to remain relevant, he must remain close to the transdimensional mainstream of life and, thus, must keep his gonads plugged into all his mental processes, and screw the consequences, to coin a phrase."

The doctor has discovered his throbbing cock. The scalpel falls from her trembling hand. Her fangs recede, her eyes glaze over with excitement. Cautiously, she approaches, her heart

thumping visibly in the walls of her steaming cunt.

"That's not to say that these projections of the gonads are in themselves reliable stimuli for sound behavior—on the contrary! Barrel distortion, curvature of field, chromatic aberration, recurrent clap and flicker are only a few of the typical defects. The circle-of-confusion factor has never been satisfactorily resolved and tends to be infectious. Moreover, just as cerebral logic systems attempt to think out problems, the gonads instinctively try to fuck their way out. Thus, as you can see above, our subject somehow supposes he can neutralize what he has interpreted and projected as hostility by fucking me into quiescence or even affection. And who knows—ha, ha!—he may be right!"

Before mounting him, the hovering doctor inserts an endoscopic camera in her womb to photograph the attitude during entry and exit and shoves an extensometer up her ass to measure him through the separating membrane. Her golden body is as sleek and hard as a mannequin's—nothing sags or wobbles, not a blemish or a wrinkle—yet it's rumored she may be more than 300 years old! The wonders of science!

"He even perceives this coitus to be initiated by me, but these projections are occluded by a veritable montage of ambivalence. Behind the mad-doctor sequence, you will discover the indifferent doctor, the heroic doctor, the incompetent doctor, the corrupt and the distracted doctor. If I adjust the focus, you will see projections that include yourselves, others of the city streets, his workplace, the decaying cosmos, his assumed past."

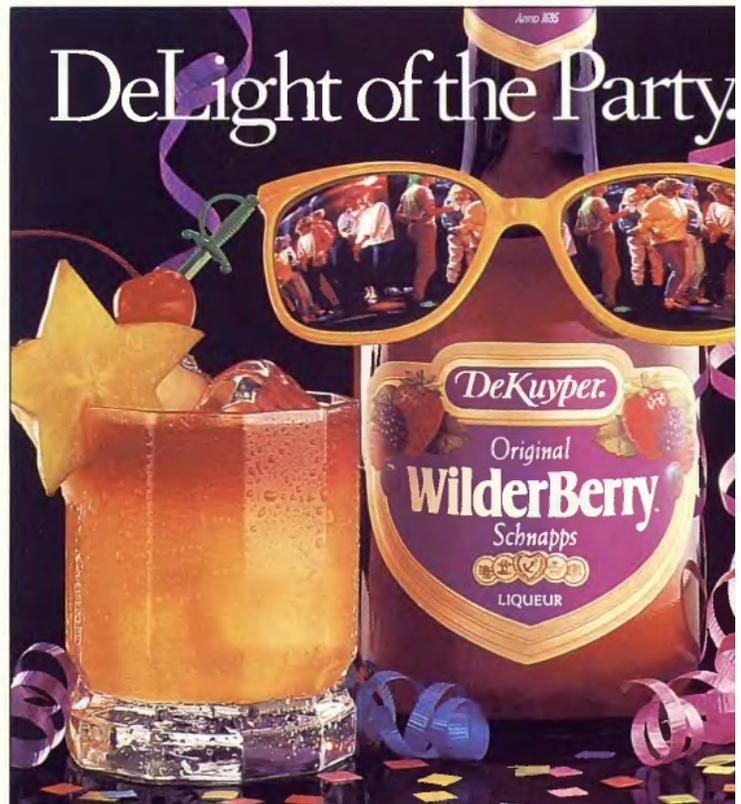
She does a kind of split across his body, one hand on his knee, the other pressing down on his belly.

"Does it hurt? Good. . . ."

Slowly, methodically, she lowers herself, and he feels her clitoris probe the length of his penis, feels the lips caress, suck, nibble, taste, pucker, blow, nip, feels her pubes thud softly, springily against his own.

"There is an associative rhythm to all these projections, which will become more evident as coitus proceeds, but it is clear that

DeLight of the Party



"Hey, you a Libra?" "Save it, alright." "Hi, buy you a . . ." "Buzz off, weirdo." "Excuse me, wanna have a Wild Fling?" "You mean 1½ oz. WilderBerry™ 4 oz. pineapple juice and a splash of cranberry?" "No, but that sounds good, too."

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DeLectable Encore.



"My baby's got the BluesBerry," she mixes it up all the time. My baby's got the BluesBerry, she mixes it up all the time. When she mixes one measure of Blues with three of cranberry juice, nothin's so fine ... thank you and goodnight."

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the projections are not any freer from the influence of the primary and secondary sense organs than our so-called rational operations are from the influence of the gonads."

He seems to see the wet red walls of her vagina, as though lit by quartz-iodine lamps, and beyond the lamps' glare, the fierce dark lens of the endoscopic camera. He wishes to perform well.

"Thus, advanced cineman's relationship with his gonads is not more remote; it is simply more complex. He has a heightened awareness of pattern, but also a heightened awareness of immediacy and randomness. Cineman is more space conscious, but he is also more time conscious. Motion is his very essence, yet no humanoid in the evolutionary scale was ever more conscious of configuration, fields, reaction formations or paradox. Kinetics is, finally, that science exclusively concerned with stasis."

He leaps and thrusts in the glistening red chamber, the insouciant pupilless eye of the camera now taunting him, infuriating him: He strives to reach it, to smash it with a head-on blow.

"He knows the circular reel and the square frame. His logic systems have led him to transcend art, his gonads have—ah!—led him beyond history. . . ."

The oozing walls flex and ripple, pushing him away, pulling him back. The extensometer is grabbing at him through the thin membrane, testing him.

"He knows he must turn away from abstractions and—foo!—fantasies toward the concrete, knows he must cope more directly with—ungh!—with disorientation and—ah! oh!—oh, this is beautiful! this is good!—with disorientation and entropy, yet he achieves this—ah! uf!—through a new respect for—oh!—for symbolic systems—hah!—and purely conceptualized—wow!"

Strains toward the fucking lens, can't reach it. The walls grab him. He feels himself coming gloriously apart. "Now!" he cries, explodes, smashes the lens with his own eruptive death. Strobes spin and crash, screams rend the deep silence, darkness falls about him, collapsing like a starry sky. Some lost part of him shudders and sinks away.

Later, he hears his own heartbeat. The wet red walls are the insides of his own eyelids. He thinks, I have been dreaming all this. I will awake in my own bed, my pajamas sticky and wet with cold come. I will walk through the sullen crowds and the blowing snow to the studio. My staff will give me a hot bath and we will make films together. But when he opens his eyes, he is still in the doctor's office. This frightens him: Something real is happening! The doctor, in her immaculate white uniform, is taking read-outs from her computers. Her assistants are dismantling and storing apparatus, preparing flow charts, admiring the splotch of dripping sperm on the ceiling high above.

"Am I . . . am I going to be all right?" he asks faintly.

The doctor comes over to him, gazes down, touches a cool hand to his forehead.

"Yes, I think so," she says.

He knows she is lying. It is serious, after all. He has made some kind of mistake. It's as though the very genre has been violated at the root, and there's nothing he can do about it.

"I want to know everything," he says, as a confession.

"You are suffering from hypotyposis compounded by severe parabology. I predict an episode of feverish protocunnicide, but this should be for the best, and at least an entertainment."

He sees something in her eyes he hasn't noticed before. A glint of communicative warmth behind the professional detachment. And the way she said entertainment. . . .

"Clara, I . . . I love you! What shall I do?"

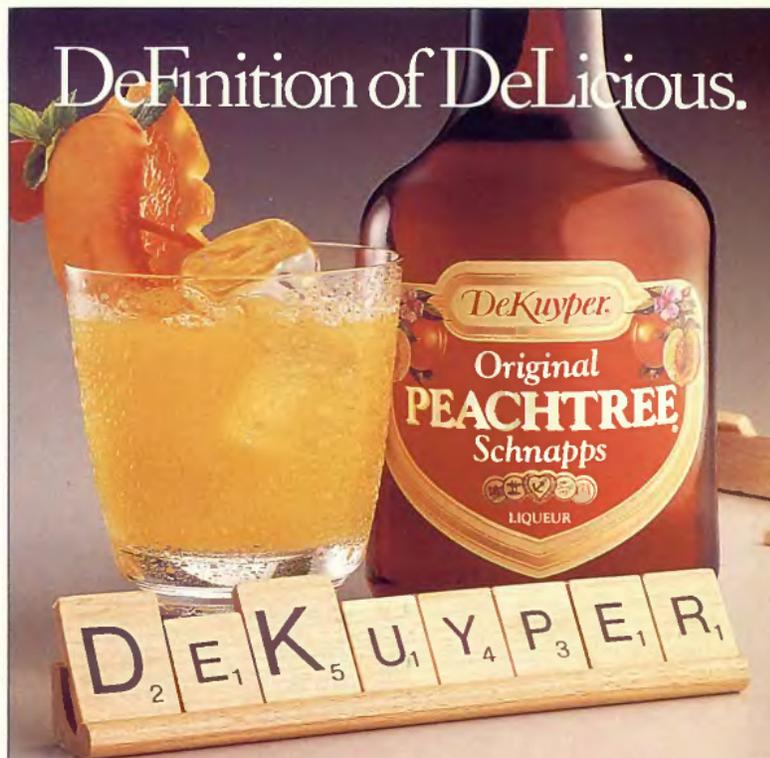
"Eat more balanced meals, exercise regularly, brush your teeth at least twice a day and, for the present, go home and get under a sun lamp."

"No, I mean—"

"That's a print," she says firmly. She hands him a prescription the size of an idiot card and he is wheeled out of the office and off the screen.



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"It's Ferguson—the one person we thought we could drop from this year's gift list!"

WILLIE HORTON

(continued from page 166)

woes in order to whip up public anger and fear. Obviously, many people resent the gains that blacks and poor people have made in recent years. If they had their way, they'd like to return to the good old days, when blacks and poor people had to shuffle for crumbs. Today, these bigots don't go out and beat up black people anymore. They do it with a paper and pen. And that's what happened to me.

Sadly, there's no black leader who possesses the moral authority of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. If this had happened to me when he was alive, I believe that the public would have known the truth by now. In many ways, blacks are their own worst enemies. We have a tendency to blame everyone else for our problems. And those who do make it often say, "To hell with everyone else. I made it. And I'm not going to let anybody take it away from me." And some politicians—like George Bush—won't let the old hatreds die. Why? Because they understand that racial smears win elections.

PLAYBOY: As you know, Vice-President Bush disavowed the ad and ordered that it be discontinued.

HORTON: Bush said he did not authorize the ad, that it was produced by the National Security Political Action Committee, which was totally independent of the Republican campaign. Bullshit. The fact is, the committee worked for George Bush. And it was headed by his top media advisor, Roger Ailes. Do you mean to say that Bush had no idea what was going on? Hell, he used to be the head of the CIA. If you believe that statement, I've got some terrific swampland that you might like to buy. I didn't graduate from Yale, but I can certainly tell a scam when I see one.

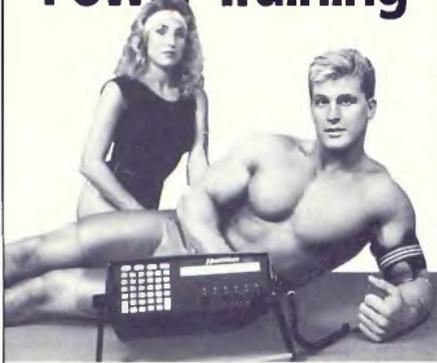
PLAYBOY: Are you saying that President Bush is a racist?

HORTON: Look, I don't know George Bush. I don't know what motivates him. But I don't dislike him or hate him. I do, however, take strong exception to what he did—which was to fuel racial fears by implying that if Governor Dukakis were elected, he would unleash monsters like myself on an unsuspecting public.

Is George Bush a racist? That depends. He may just be a cheap political opportunist. But I can't help but question his moral judgment. And this from a man who wrapped himself in the flag and questioned Dukakis' "immoral" lack of concern for the safety of the public and his "weak" stance on crime. Who is he kidding? Isn't he the same George Bush who played footsie with General Noriega? And isn't he the same George Bush who said he knew nothing about the Iran/Contra scandal? Come on, who's fooling who?

PLAYBOY: Some people will find it hard to stomach your lectures about President Bush's morality—particularly since they come from one convicted of murder, rape,

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kidnaping and robbery.

HORTON: I did not commit murder, rape or kidnaping. Sure, I've made mistakes—lots of them. I don't deny it. I've lived life on the edge—and, at times, I've been my own worst enemy. But people make mistakes. What about forgiveness? Doesn't that exist anymore? I've matured over the years. I'm not the same person that I was ten years ago. I've changed. Don't I have that right?

Yeah, I stabbed a man. Yeah, I sold drugs. Yeah, I stole a car. But I did not commit murder. I did not commit rape. And I did not commit kidnaping. That's the truth. I'm not proud of my past. Who would be? On the other hand, I'm not unique. Like lots of others, my early years were spent on the streets. It may have been a bad life, and people may condemn me for it, but that was all I knew.

PLAYBOY: During the campaign, were you ever contacted by Bush's people?

HORTON: I can't be sure, but I can surmise. I had several bizarre experiences. For example, one day I was at work when the assistant warden called me into his office. He said to me, "I have somebody on the telephone who wants to talk to you." I decided to take the call, in the presence of him and his secretary. The caller said, "Hello, are you Willie Horton?" I said, "Yes, I am." And she said she wanted to discuss the election—and who I would vote for, if I could. She wanted to manipulate me into endorsing Dukakis, so that Bush and his cronies could further damage the governor's campaign.

PLAYBOY: Do you know for certain that she was a Bush campaign official? Did she ever contact you again?

HORTON: No, I don't know her actual position or connection with the Bush campaign. She wrote me several letters, but I never answered any of them. I will say, however, that she identified herself as a Republican but was deliberately vague when I asked her what she did. She simply said that she worked for an organization affiliated with the Bush campaign, in Washington, D.C., that was established to elect George Bush President.

PLAYBOY: There was a photograph of you that was used by the Bush campaign that was particularly scary—you looked depraved and maniacal. Where did that picture come from?

HORTON: Hell, I agree with you—that picture would have scared the shit out of me, too. It was horrible, really horrible. It makes me look incredibly evil. Let me tell you the story behind the picture: When I was being arrested, I was shot several times in the abdomen by the police and was rushed to the hospital. I stayed there for about two weeks, during which I had two operations. After I was discharged, they took me to the detention center in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, where I was placed in the hospital ward. I slept on a mattress on a concrete slab, with several staples and a cast on my right arm. Not too long afterward, a guard accused me of



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attempting to escape, so they moved me to a segregation unit in the hospital, which is designed for so-called rough criminals—those they can't control. I remained in that cell for six to ten months, during which I wasn't allowed to shave or get a haircut. *That's* when they took the picture.

PLAYBOY: When he was asked about the photograph, Lee Atwater said that the campaign had "a firm policy not to use Mr. Horton's photograph in any of our ads." He also said he had "no way of knowing" if the ad helped the Bush campaign. How do you react?

HORTON: One doesn't need to be a genius to gauge the impact of the ad. It was devastating. That's why the Bush campaign ran it for three weeks. I'm convinced they would have kept on showing it, if it were not for the backlash that resulted.

PLAYBOY: You must admit that a story like yours would upset a lot of people: A convicted murderer sentenced to life without parole is given a weekend furlough.

HORTON: Despite what the public may think, the vast majority of prisoners who receive furloughs do not escape or commit crimes while out. In addition, most inmates are not sentenced to life imprisonment without parole; once they do their time, they will be released back into society. So it is important for them to stay grounded in the real world, to learn how to function once they are reintegrated back into society. The furlough program gives them the opportunity to observe how law-abiding people behave. Hopefully, it will motivate them to avoid criminal activity in the future. What's so bad about that? These inmates have paid their debt to society. They deserve another chance.

As for convicted murderers, I don't really see a major difference. Like other inmates, the furlough program allows them to maintain contact with their families, strengthen their values and make a contribution to society.

PLAYBOY: But why *should* someone who has been convicted of murder—and sentenced to life imprisonment without parole—be allowed back onto the streets?

HORTON: The fact that a person committed murder doesn't mean that he can't or won't change. I'm living proof of it. People can and do change. However, we're not talking about releasing dangerous murderers from prison; we're talking about one- or two-day furloughs for model prisoners. There's a very big difference. What do these people want? Do they want us locked up in cages, fed raw meat and beaten daily for our sins? Yeah, we made a mistake. But aren't we entitled to humane treatment? We're not animals; we're human beings. And like all human beings, we're capable of change.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about sympathy for the perpetrators; what about sympathy for the victims?

HORTON: Who wouldn't sympathize with them? In fact, they deserve more than sympathy. For this reason, I support a vic-

tim's bill of rights, as well as financial recompense. Quite honestly, I've probably done things in my past to victimize innocent people, for which I'm sorry. I wish I hadn't, but it's impossible for me to make amends. So, yes, society must continue to look for ways to assist the victims of crime.

On the other hand, many people carry it to an extreme. I can understand loss. And I can understand pain. But, at the same time, the victim's loved ones must summon the strength to go on with their lives. True, it's sad when someone is murdered. But, at the same time, the victim's family should not wallow in self-pity. Many of these people, for example, demand the death penalty for the perpetrator. What will that accomplish, other than revenge? Will it bring back their loved one? I don't want to make light of such tragedies. Murder is a horrible act. However, let's be realistic. Regardless of the punishment, crime will always exist. Why should anyone have to die? The only solace I can find is that God put us here to live—and to die. Death is inevitable. That's why we must make the most of our lives while we're here.

PLAYBOY: If death is inevitable, how do you feel about the death penalty?

HORTON: I agree with Dukakis' stand. Hell, many people believe in the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I don't. Their goal is revenge—not rehabilitation. The death sentence is not a deterrent to crime.

PLAYBOY: You say your record was misrepresented. Yet you have refused to discuss the murder of Joseph Fournier, the crime for which you were convicted in 1975.

HORTON: I don't know who murdered Joseph Fournier. But I don't want to do anything that might harm my two codefendants. I don't want to do anything to jeopardize their defense. And given what's happened in the rape case since then, I know that my statements would be distorted or quoted out of context. I want to be fair. Sure, I could help my own situation by fingering one or both of them. But I won't do that. I won't harm them to save myself. My reason should be obvious: If I say that I didn't do it—which I didn't—then people will draw the conclusion that one or both of them did it. The fact is, I don't know who did it. I wasn't there.

PLAYBOY: On the rape charge in 1987, the trial transcripts show that the victim, Angela Miller, suffered through a four-hour nightmare, during which she was brutally and violently raped several times. Her fiancé, who was tied up in the basement and blindfolded, was slashed with a knife numerous times across his chest and stomach, kicked and punched. Their lives have been irreparably changed. According to one report, they're like "fragile figurines . . . afraid to move, afraid to go out, afraid even to cling to each other." Do you feel for them—and for your other victims—the way you want the public to feel for you?

HORTON: Yeah, of course. But the fact re-

mains, I didn't do it. And I have real doubts as to whether Angela Miller *was* raped. I certainly doubt Barnes's story, which is shot full of holes. If they were brutalized, as they said, then, of course, I'm sorry—very, very sorry. But I'm not responsible.

Now, as to the other victims—as far as Fournier's family is concerned, I, too, share their pain. How couldn't I? But again, *I* didn't kill Joseph Fournier. As you know, his family gave numerous speeches in which they attacked the furlough program and me. I don't blame them for venting their anger and frustration. However, the truth is, they were used, just as I was. Keep in mind, the murder had occurred fourteen years earlier. Why did they wait so long to speak out? It was politics. They wanted the attention.

PLAYBOY: In the Angela Miller case, most observers agreed that the evidence for that crime was solid against you.

HORTON: I've said many times I did not commit the rape. I consider myself a man. I've never had a problem with women; in fact, I've experienced considerable success with women. If I had my choice, I'd much rather be in the company of women than of men. That's why the rape charge is so ridiculous. I've never been at a loss for women. In fact, I suppose I've had too many women in my life. Sex has always been easy to come by. I've never had to force a woman to have sex with me. And I'd never force one to do so. In my mind, any man who commits rape must be sick.

PLAYBOY: As you may know, rape has little to do with sex; it's an act of violence. It has to do with power, control and domination.

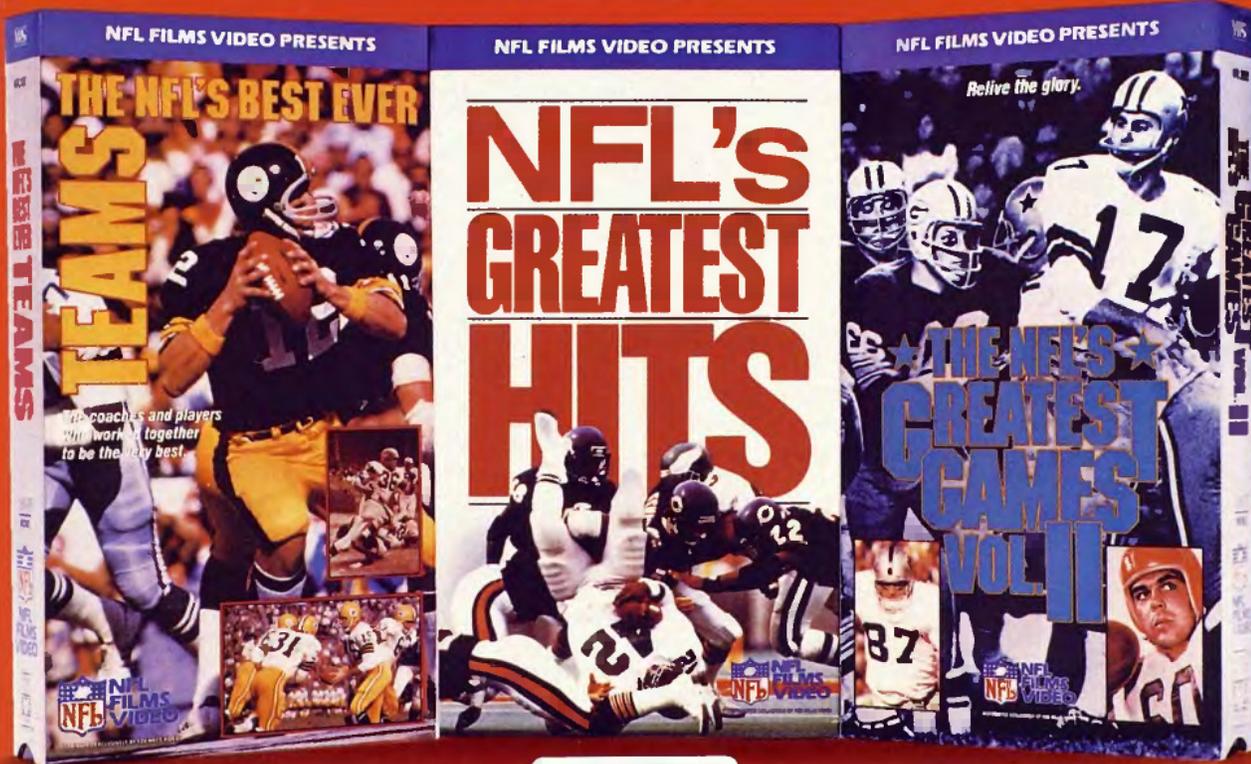
HORTON: You're right, of course, which is why I said rape is sick. It takes a sick person to commit such an act. And I am not sick. In my view, sex must be consensual. Both parties must agree. If a woman says no, then it's no.

PLAYBOY: Still, the fact remains that Miller and Barnes identified you as their assailant, the state of Maryland amassed a powerful case against you and a jury found you guilty of the charges. In his sentencing, Judge Vincent J. Femia said, "This man should never draw a breath of free air again. He's devoid of conscience and should die in prison." For an innocent man, that is damning testimony.

HORTON: First, I must say, once again, that I did not rape Angela Miller. And, as I said, I seriously doubt if she was raped. Let me tell you why. At trial, she testified, under direct examination, that her attacker had on a long-sleeved leather coat, gloves and a stocking mask. Further, she stated that when she returned from a party that night, the house was dark. She also said she is nearsighted. When the state's attorney asked her, "Is your assailant in this courtroom?" she looked dead at me, pointed directly at me and said, "Yes, that's him."

The next day, at my instruction, my attorney asked her, "Have you ever seen this man before?" She responded by saying

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"No." That's in the trial transcript. You can read it for yourself. And so my attorney asked her, "Isn't it true that you pointed to my client yesterday?" She said, "That's right, I did. Yesterday was the first time I ever saw him." Now, to me, that's outright perjury. Her statement should have been thrown out. How could she possibly identify me as the assailant if she had never seen me before? How in the hell did she know I was her assailant? [In fact, the transcripts show that Miller was asked if she had ever seen this man *other than the night of the incident*. Consequently, Horton's contention that Miller testified that she had not seen him before is entirely erroneous.]

Finally, I offered to submit to a blood test or a urine test—on three separate occasions—to the arresting detective. This, too, is documented in the trial transcript. [Horton was not given blood tests, but the transcripts do not document his offer to take the tests.] My attorney asked him, "Why didn't you administer the tests?" And he said, "We didn't feel they were necessary at the time." Keep in mind, they knew that I had escaped from prison in Boston and that I was on the FBI's wanted list. When the state's doctor was called, he testified that, to his best recollection, the only thing he could determine was that Miller had had sex within the previous two or three days and that she had bruises on her body. [The doctor actually said he found evidence of "forceful intercourse."] And, as I said, they found sperm in her system. Hell, if they had agreed to my request for a blood test or a urine test, they could have matched my sample with the blood or sperm they found. That way, they could have determined—in black and white—whether I was her assailant. But they chose not to.

I could go on and on. I admit, there are many questions I cannot answer. But does that mean I'm guilty? It's not up to me to

prove my innocence. It's up to the state to prove that I'm guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. The whole process made a mockery of the law.

PLAYBOY: And Barnes—was his story a lie?
 HORTON: Yes, very much so. In his case, I was charged with kidnaping and assault with a knife. He also stated that I had stuck his own gun in his mouth. To convict me, the prosecution had to put me in the house. They had no fingerprints, no eyewitnesses, no nothing. So what did they do? They tied me to the gun—which they said I stole from Barnes. And they testified that when I was arrested, I was found with some of the property that had been in Barnes's car, which I admit I stole. [Many personal objects from the Barnes-Miller home were found in the car with Horton.]

Yeah, I stole his car, but I did not rape Angela Miller—nor did I kidnap and torture Clifford Barnes. That's the truth. Originally, I was arrested, charged and tried on a forty-three-count indictment. In the end, I was found guilty of only ten of the counts. The entire trial—from start to finish—was bullshit.

PLAYBOY: You have a daughter. After your conviction, what did you tell her about her father? How does she view you now?

HORTON: It's a tremendous source of pain to me—more than anyone could possibly imagine. Nothing has been more painful than my inability to relate to my daughter and family the way I would like to. I've put them through hell. Prior to all this, my daughter and I enjoyed a very close relationship. Unfortunately, that's all been shattered. I hope that, in time, she will understand that what happened to her father could happen to anyone. But it will take time. We had a very frank talk. I told her everything. Hopefully, she'll be able to arrive at her own conclusions. I don't want to influence her one way or the other. She's sixteen now. I haven't seen

her since I escaped.

PLAYBOY: How and why did you get involved in drugs?

HORTON: I guess I was about eighteen or nineteen. At the time, I was very naive about drugs. In many ways, I lived a very sheltered life. My grandparents were very strict. We attended Sunday school every week. And after Sunday school, we were forced to attend Bible school. Nobody ever discussed drugs. But I wanted to experience life—and drugs were a part of life. They were certainly part of the world in which I grew up.

On the other hand, I never let drugs take over my life. I was in control. I wasn't a dope fiend or a drug addict. I liked how they made me feel, but I never had any great need to get high. Soon thereafter, I discovered I could make good money—really good money—selling drugs. Back then, the streets were wide open—you didn't have to search the back alleys for customers. Once the word spread that you had some good stuff, they found you. You didn't have to knock down anybody's door.

PLAYBOY: Is your story typical of young blacks in American ghettos who turn to crime out of bitterness and resentment?

HORTON: Black people are filled with anger and frustration over the way in which they've been treated by white society and don't know how to deal with the situation. Like other people, blacks want those status symbols and material possessions that society values: a home, a job, a car, money, clothes, jewelry. Unfortunately, most blacks in America's ghettos lack the resources or the opportunities to acquire them by legitimate means. In many ways, these communities are governed by the dog-eat-dog principle, in which everyone is striving to make it, but only a few will succeed.

I won't make excuses for them: Crime is wrong, whether blacks commit it or whites commit it. Many of these ghetto dwellers are weak but manage to make ends meet. Others, who consider themselves strong, try to make it by taking advantage of those who are weaker. It's a sad state of affairs. And the only answer, as I see it, is job creation. The Federal Government *must* institute a massive job-training program in the inner cities, it *must* spend whatever is necessary to train poor blacks for good jobs. If not, the problem will continue to worsen, to the point that no one will be safe on our nation's streets.

PLAYBOY: Many people believe that prison life is too soft—that inmates are coddled and rewarded for their antisocial acts. Why should prisoners—especially murderers—be entitled to special privileges at all? Why shouldn't society just lock them up and throw away the key?

HORTON: Are you serious? If so, that attitude is very inhumane. Many inmates haven't committed heinous crimes. Not every convicted murderer set out to commit murder. In many cases, they killed to protect themselves, their family, their property. I've met very few professional



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murderers or contract killers in my years in prison. Sure, I've met some very bad people—guys who would scare the pants off anybody. But they're the exception. In most cases, murderers are guys like anybody else—except that they snapped.

Obviously, murder is wrong. No one in their right mind would defend someone who held up a liquor store, robbed the clerk, and then, for the sheer fun of it, blew him away. It's indefensible. But not all murderers commit such heinous acts. In some cases, they simply panic and act out of fear. That doesn't excuse their actions, but it makes them different from those cold-blooded murderers who delight in killing.

At some point, these people *will* be released. Why shouldn't they be treated humanely—for society's sake? I thought that society was supposed to be better—more moral—than those it locks up. The ball-and-chain approach is totally irrational. And I'm not saying that because I'm incarcerated. I would say the same thing if I were on the outside. If you treat someone like an animal, put him in a pen and feed him raw meat, then you shouldn't be surprised that when he's released, he will turn on his keeper and devour him. The fact is, by nature, we're all animals. If you deny prisoners those basics that are essential to life, then they'll respond like animals when given the opportunity. Is that what society really wants?

PLAYBOY: Most readers would assume you'd say anything to gain some sympathy or to get your freedom.

HORTON: Obviously, I want to get out—who wouldn't? But that doesn't mean that I'm guilty of rape or that I'm this awful person most people think I am. I haven't pointed the finger at anybody else. All I want is justice. Is that too much to ask? Why should I be treated differently than other people? Aren't I entitled to the same rights as everybody else? I'm a human being. I have feelings. I deserve to be treated fairly. Look, man, the justice system ain't perfect—you know it and I know it. It makes mistakes. And it made a mistake in my case. Hell, I've swallowed my pride somewhat, given the vicious things the President and the media said about me. But you haven't seen me act in a violent manner.

PLAYBOY: If you were a con man, you'd be on your best behavior.

HORTON: What do I have to gain? You can't get out of prison by pulling a con. It's impossible. The prison officials are too smart for that. I'm not trying to bullshit anybody. Just look at the facts. Read the trial transcripts. Think for yourself. Hell, the real con man is George Bush. He created an issue out of whole cloth. Sure, I'm polite and well mannered. Does that mean I'm a con man? I'm not going to be an animal just because some people might expect it. I never have been. I'm not a user. And I'm not a manipulator. I'm me.

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“Don’t be mad at me if Cher doesn’t come out and call me an asshole. That’s not the show I do.”

comebacks to stories he knows his guests will tell, the way many talk-show hosts do; or to use plants when he goes into the audience, the way he says Sajak does; or to pre-script interviews, the way it was done when he was a guest on Joan Rivers’ show.

“That’s bullshit,” he says. “Sure, sometimes I’m going to have a guest, a Joe Isuzu, who’s gonna come out and I’m gonna think, This motherfucker ain’t funny, this ain’t goin’ nowhere, I could be canceled before the next commercial. But I’d rather leave it up to my improvisational abilities.”

On this particular week night, Arsenio tries out his improvisational abilities on John Forsythe, without much success. This is the kind of interview that lets you understand why some publicists are wary of letting him interview their clients. The rap on Arsenio is that while he’s lively and entertaining when he’s talking to his friends or people he admires, he can be uninterested and woefully unprepared with other guests. For some reason, this happens most often to white pop musicians: When singer David Crosby appeared on the show, Arsenio asked him if he had any plans to get Crosby, Stills and Nash back together. At that time, a new C.S.N.Y. album was moving up the top 20.

With Forsythe, Arsenio lapses into uneasy pauses, awkwardly tries to steer the conversation to horse racing and doesn’t listen. At one point, Forsythe describes jockey Willie Shoemaker as “my friend.” One minute and 58 seconds later, Arsenio asks, “Have you met Willie?”

“You do what you have to do,” says Arsenio after the Forsythe interview. “It was a booking condition: I was told, ‘Make sure you let him talk about his tribute to Willie Shoemaker.’”

“I think Arsenio gets away with a lot because he’s sweet,” figures Marla Kell Brown, a petite blonde in her late 20s whose suburban-Chicago upbringing makes her an unlikely but crucial collaborator. “People see this sexy guy who knows how to dance, and they think he must be a wild partyer. But he’s really just a sweet kid, a preacher’s son from Cleveland who’s not kidding when he says he stays home every Saturday night and watches *Showtime at the Apollo*.”

Arsenio on the set, Arsenio with Eddie, Arsenio in *Coming to America*, Arsenio on magazine covers, Arsenio in *Amazon Women on the Moon*, a life-sized cardboard cutout of Arsenio: The offices of Arsenio Hall Communications, Ltd., are decorated

with lots of pictures of the guy who pays the bills, but none are quite as striking as the one that has been delivered just before lunch on this summer morning. It seems that singer Luther Vandross enjoyed a recent show, cut a picture of Arsenio out of *Essence* magazine and ordered a huge cake with that picture reproduced in icing.

Arsenio looks at the cake and shakes his head in amazement. “Man, it’s nice to get the support of people you respect,” he says softly. “Because you definitely get the pressure and the criticism of enough people for enough things.”

The comment injects a somber note into a celebratory moment—but once again, that’s Arsenio. He’s a contradiction not just on the air but in person, too: unfailingly friendly and talkative but wary of outsiders. And surrounded by a formidable gauntlet of publicists and shifting ground rules: “*You can sit in on production meetings with Arsenio as long as you don’t interrupt him or ask him any questions during those meetings.*” . . . “*Actually, some of those meetings have to be private.*” . . . “*Arsenio told you it was OK to hang around and sit in on his meetings for the rest of the day? Well, he didn’t really mean it. He’s too busy to have you around. You’ll really have to leave.*” . . .

“I don’t trust people,” says Arsenio flatly. “That’s just the kind of person I am. I’m the guy who’s been through the incidents where your best friend who you love like a brother fucks your girl, so I’m kinda bitter. The only person I’ve ever gotten close to, or let get close to me, is probably Eddie. And there may be five people in the world who’ve ever visited me.”

In fact, he turned down Barbara Walters because he couldn’t bear to let Walters and her film crew into his house. So this office, which once belonged to Bing Crosby, is as close as you get: black-and-gray high-tech furniture, bookcases full of mementos and toys and CDs; a black drum set in the corner, a TV monitor hanging from the ceiling tuned to the Black Entertainment Network and, everywhere you look, pictures of Arsenio.

“Somewhere, I gotta draw the line and say, ‘You can’t have none of this,’” says Arsenio, sitting behind his big curved desk in his sweat pants, T-shirt and backward baseball cap. “And I draw that line when I go home, with my love life and my home life. You can make up all the shit you want: You can say I’m fucking Mary Frann in the ear on Tuesdays. Whatever. But the reality, I won’t give you any of that.”

So he talks about his work. Or, rather, he seems to talk mostly about the criticisms of

his work, delivering monologs that, regardless of what questions set him off, wind up on the subject of reviewers who panned him or people who didn’t believe in him or friends who betrayed him.

“I’m a pop talk-show host for the MTV generation,” he says. “When the show started, there were fifty-year-old journalists sitting around, saying, ‘He did a monolog, and he didn’t mention Gorbachev. He did stuff about George Michael.’ And it’s like, ‘You have that other show. Please, old men, go watch it and leave me alone.’”

“And don’t be mad at me if Cher doesn’t come out and call me an asshole. That’s not the show I do, either. Don’t be mad at me if, instead of making fun of show business, I say ‘I love it.’ I love the people, I love the gig, I love the business. I grew up standing in front of a mirror pretending I was one of the Temptations. I can’t wait to have ‘em on.”

He’s well aware, he says, that people make fun of his boundless enthusiasm, that comedians joke about how he went to the hospital “to have a smile bypass.” He can name the people who’ve made fun of him on the air: David Letterman and Paul Shaffer; Dennis Miller from *Saturday Night Live*, who responded to an ovation with “Oh, stop it, you’re gonna make me feel like Arsenio Hall”; even Pat Sajak, “though how in last place you have the nerve to form your mouth to do a job about me, I don’t get it.” He talks about Art Buchwald, who is suing Paramount, claiming that it stole his ideas for *Coming to America*. He mentions Willis Edwards, the president of the Beverly Hills/Hollywood chapter of the N.A.A.C.P., who said Arsenio wasn’t hiring enough blacks and later filed a \$10,000,000 libel and slander suit against him.

So, as he sits in his office, Arsenio Hall seems embattled. “People only see this side where you come out and do this hour for them,” he says. “They say, ‘Oh, Arsenio, thanks for entertaining us, thanks for being a nice guy, thanks for making me smile.’ If they only knew the obstacles that I have to hurdle. Everybody wants something, everybody’s fucking with you, everybody’s unhappy about something.”

For a minute, TV’s hot new talk-show host looks positively overwhelmed by it all. “If they only knew,” he says sternly, “what I had to go through.”

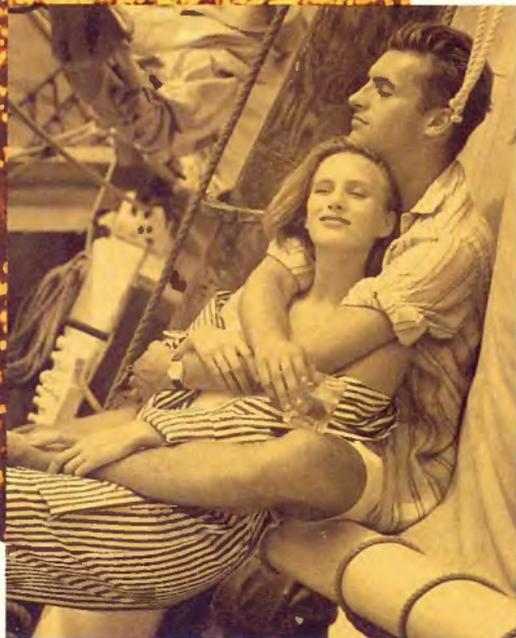
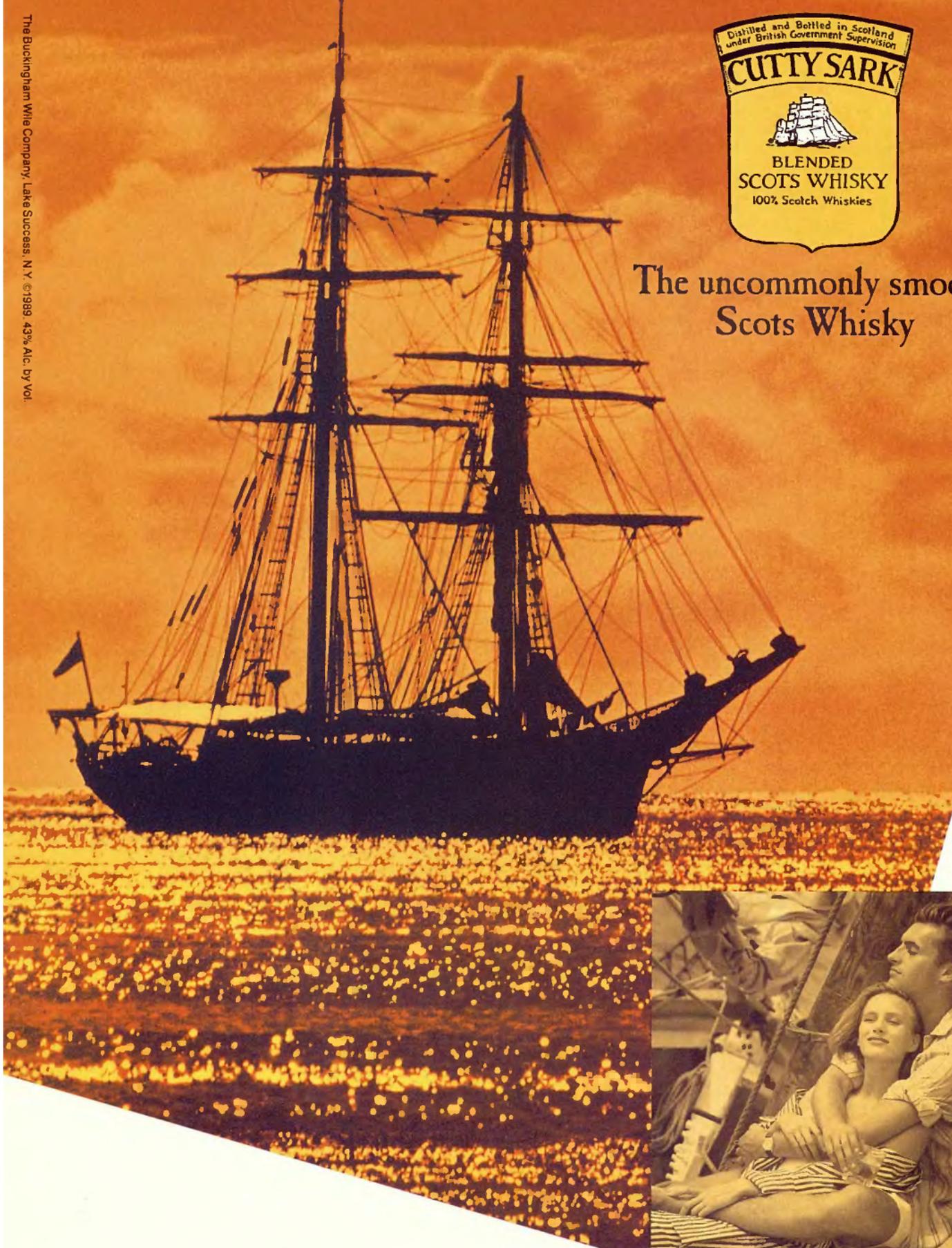
On stage 29, Rick Astley is singing *Ain’t Too Proud to Beg*, and Arsenio is listening. Astley’s a young white British singer and not the kind of guy you’d think of as Arsenio’s cup of tea, but he sounds sorta black—and besides, he’s doing an old Temptations song, and we know what Arsenio thinks of the Temps.

So as Astley runs through the song, Arsenio hangs out on the fringes of the stage and keeps half an eye on the singer, who

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later says he's doing Arsenio's show because "obviously, at the moment, it's the hippest show." At the same time, though, Arsenio scans the dozen or so guests who've gathered just out of camera range, looking for Larry Blackmon from the funk group Cameo. Arsenio has created an alter ego, an enormous rapper named Chunky A, and Blackmon is going to help out now that MCA Records has signed Chunky. "Forty pages of contracts that don't have my name on 'em," says Arsenio with a laugh.

His impending musical career, he admits, is mostly tongue in cheek: After all, this is a guy who knew, even when he was a kid banging away on a drum set, that music was a sideline and talk shows were his destiny. An only child who nonetheless slept on the top of a set of bunk beds—"I was a very lonely kid"—he grew up in a lower-class area of Cleveland. His folks split up when he was five, and at the age of 12, living with his mother, he announced that he was obsessed with Johnny Carson and wanted one day to guest-host *The Tonight Show*.

It was considered a pretty dumb aspiration: Kids in his neighborhood were supposed to grow up to work in an auto plant or a steel mill or tend bar, and at best, Arsenio was encouraged to follow his dad's footsteps and become a Baptist preacher. Instead, he stayed home and watched television, or practiced his magic, or played his drums until money ran short and his mom had to sell them. And when he got into college—first Ohio State University, then Kent State University—he majored in communications.

"At the point of graduation," he says, "I'm thinking weatherman. What do you usually do when you have a communications major who's silly? He becomes a weatherman."

But he couldn't find a job, so in the late Seventies, he moved to Chicago and began doing stand-up comedy. He remembers those days with some embarrassment: His routine consisted of "things off the Richard Pryor album and dumb things that I made up myself." He talked about the Village People: "It's a mystery. You think these guys are gay?" He imitated the Bee Gees, to show how singers don't enunciate anymore. And he told other jokes that he doesn't like to think about. "It was," he says, "terrible."

His big break came when he scammed his way into emceeing a charity show that included singer Nancy Wilson, who was due to play in Chicago the following week but who didn't yet have an opening act. He bought a white-polyester John Travolta-style suit for the show, but Wilson liked him anyway, took him on as her opening act, paid for his 1980 move to Los Angeles, set him up in the guest room of her manager's house, showcased him at the prestigious Roxy Theater and got him gigs

opening for friends of hers such as Aretha Franklin.

One by one, he achieved the goals he was setting for himself: to open for somebody, *anybody*, to open for somebody famous (he opened for everybody: Aretha, Tom Jones, Wayne Newton, Tina Turner and Patti LaBelle), to work the main room at the Comedy Store. He hosted *Solid Gold*, co-hosted the disastrous *Thicke of the Night*, appeared in *Amazon Women on the Moon* and on at least one occasion sneaked onto the set of *The Tonight Show*, stood on Johnny's mark, sat at his desk and imagined he was the host.

And in 1987, he was given the reins of *The Late Show* after Joan Rivers' talk-show challenge to Carson's dominance had collapsed. His assignment was simple: Take over a failed show for 13 weeks and try not to lose too many viewers. "It was a situation where, for two people, it just meant everything," says Marla, who was brought in to produce the show on the strength of her stints with Regis Philbin, *P.M. Magazine* and the game show *Win, Lose or Draw*.

Arsenio and Marla tossed out the desk and made things funkier, and the ratings improved. But afterward, he began work on *Coming to America*, deciding that he'd rather do one movie a year than five TV shows a week—until the night he went on *The Tonight Show* to promote *Coming to America*.

"I'm sitting there," he remembers, "and I'm looking at Johnny and watching him do his thing, and it was like. . . . Did you ever make love to a woman and it was real good? *Real* good? And then, years later, you're not with her, you see her and you remember how good that pussy was?" He grins. "And you think, Oh, shit, she used to put ice cubes in her mouth and. . . . And, oh, that noise she used to make. . . . That's what sitting at the Carson show was like."

"And during the commercials, Johnny started talking about being a magician when he was a kid, because he'd heard I was a magician, and that made me think of something else. It was like, Wait a minute: Johnny was a drummer, Johnny was a magician. You were a drummer, you were a magician. It looks to me like this is just supposed to be.

"It was the worst interview I've ever done," he adds with a laugh. "I was terrible that night, because I was elsewhere. But I decided on the air, while doing the worst interview of my life, that I was gonna do my show again."

Arsenio Hall and Eddie Murphy were on their way to Hawaii. And time after time, fans would tiptoe around Eddie and then barrel up to Arsenio, slap him on the back and ask him to do that funny thing he did on the show just the other night, remember? One lady asked for Arsenio's autograph, left, then returned and whispered, "I don't want to disturb Mr. Murphy, but tell him I love his work." Arsenio is

always "Arsenio," and Eddie is always "Mr. Murphy."

"With him, it's like he's this big movie star," says Arsenio. "They see him once a year, and he's fifty feet tall. With me, they think they know me. The way they come up to me, you'd think that they *slept* with me every night."

He leans back in his chair and laughs. Two hours ago, Arsenio finished taping that night's show, and later, he's due at a recording studio to work on the Chunky A record. For now, though, he's unwinding in a fashionable Thai restaurant on L.A.'s Melrose Avenue—and sure enough, all through his soft-shelled-crab appetizer and duck entree, there has been a steady stream of admirers and autograph hounds. 8:26 PM: "Are you Arsenio Hall? I like your show. . . ." 8:39: "Charles Evers is my daddy and Medgar Evers is my uncle, and you're fabulous. . . ." 8:43: "I hate doing this, but I'm a big fan. Could I just get your autograph?" 8:49: "Can I have your autograph? Can you get us seats to your show?" 9:03: "I never talk to anybody like this, but I just think that you should continue what you do. . . ."

To all appearances, Arsenio is enjoying the attention. (Otherwise, of course, he would hardly have chosen to meet at a restaurant guaranteed to attract the kind of folks who watch his show.) He's unfailingly gracious, scribbling page-long notes along with his autograph, constantly reassuring fans that they're not disturbing him and repeating one line again and again: "Thanks for watching the show."

"I know a lotta people in this town, and I've seen a lotta them just go crazy," he says quietly, between interruptions. "You can get too much into how many houses and how many cars and how many girls. And you can start thinking, Hey, this is happening, let's do some coke and get my dick sucked in the Jacuzzi. . . . It's real important not to get too into being Hollywood and too far away from what you were when you made it."

Of course, he knows it's silly to pretend he isn't a guy from Hollywood—or, at least, a guy from Cleveland who has achieved his goals in Hollywood. "It's kinda weird," he says. "For a guy who's always telling kids, 'Be the best that you can be, strive to be number one,' my goal this year was to be number *two*. And I'm glad to be number two, 'cause I'm number two to the baddest to ever do it. Ain't nothing wrong with being Magic Johnson, when you see Michael Jordan play."

So he achieved this year's goal. What next?

He hesitates. "It's weird, but I'm afraid to tell you. I read in this book how people sometimes keep their goals in their heads, so if they fail, the pain's lessened. But it said that you should stand up and take a risk and say it. So, to be totally honest with you, I want a Grammy and a gold record

for Chunky. And I want a People's Choice award as a talk-show host. I don't want an Emmy, I don't want an Oscar. I want a People's Choice award. I don't know if they have a category for it, but I want the people to say, 'He's the baddest motherfucker on late night.'"

In the meantime, of course, he wouldn't mind more respect and less criticism. As he finishes his dinner, Arsenio begins talking about his latest controversy, a public feud with Spike Lee. It started when Spike appeared on the show and Arsenio accused him of unjustly criticizing other black entertainers. A few days later, Lee made bristling comments to reporters about Arsenio. Arsenio's reply was succinct: "The next time my name comes out of his mouth, I'm whipping his ass." It was, Arsenio volunteers, "the wrong way to handle it."

Still, he keeps returning to Lee's criticism. "He accused Eddie. He said any man who makes a billion dollars should demand more black participation at Paramount. And I said, 'Standing on the outside doing *She's Gotta Have It*, you don't understand the big leagues. If Eddie went in and told [Paramount chairman] Frank Mancuso to do something, he'd tell Eddie to fuck off.' I've seen Eddie go in and demand things, and they've said, 'Fuck off.'"

"What I'm saying is, it takes time to get things. And you can't demand them: You have to slowly show the need, show that it makes money. 'Cause the bottom line is, there's not as much racism in this town over 'You're white and I'm black' as there is over 'Show me green.' Trust me: The biggest racists in this town will give you anything you want if you show them a profit."

From another table, a group of diners catch Arsenio's eye and yell across the patio that they love his show. "Thanks for watching," he yells back, beaming. And then Arsenio Hall—embattled celebrity that he may be—sits back in his chair and thinks about how he has shown that a hip black host can find a late-night talk-show audience and, yeah, make a lot of green for the money men. And for a few minutes, he doesn't seem so battle-scarred after all.

"I was told by black people, 'Hey, I watch you and I love you, man, but lemme tell you, white man ain't gonna give it up to you,'" he says with a satisfied nod. "But America, *white* America, is watching me. It's like a scary dream, that people are choosing this black kid from Cleveland"—suddenly, the grin becomes a little slier and sharper—"over the legendary host of *Wheel of Fortune*."

Just as suddenly, he gets serious again. "You know," he says, "I'm big in *Mobile, Alabama*. My friends say, 'Yo, man, they wouldn't even let us ride the fucking buses.' But times have changed, and I'm on the bus now. Man, I'm *driving* the motherfucker."



A GOOD NIGHT

(continued from page 142)

Then add a big shallot that has been minced, about a half pound of fresh *shiitake*-mushroom caps sliced in half, some salt and a grind of cracked pepper. Cover the pan, lower the heat and cook ten minutes. Turn the chops over in the pan. Add a half cup of white wine and continue cooking about eight minutes. Remove the chops, one to each of the warmed dinner plates. To the skillet, add one fourth cup of whipping cream and a teaspoon of cognac. Stirring, bring almost to a boil. Pour the sauce over the chops and serve.

Not too tough, huh? And it's something you made for *her*. (While you're cooking, your date can be doing some last-minute trimming of the Christmas tree.)

Wine for this course? A red Bordeaux such as Château Ausone would be lovely, as would the less expensive Château d'Angludet. But an American red rings truer here. You should look for something that rolls around your mouth in velvet waves. Something the French call *charpeau*, or "fleshy." My recommendations include:

- 1985 Opus One (Robert Mondavi and Mouton-Rothschild joint venture)
- 1986 Stag's Leap Wine Cellars Cabernet Sauvignon
- 1986 Caymus Cabernet Sauvignon Napa Cuvée
- 1984 Beaulieu Vineyards Private Reserve Cabernet Sauvignon

A Christmas Eve dessert can only be *bûche de Noël*, a traditional, sinfully rich chocolate Christmas cake that's rolled like a log. It would take days to make, so you should buy one at your neighborhood bakery. Serve it with an aged tawny port such as the Taylor Fladgate 20-year-old tawny.

After the *bûche*, after the port, it's time to sit in front of the fire, shoes off, and talk. If the conversation moves along with the lengthening shadows of the mellowing fire, it may eventually (if she's the Christmas-cookie type) be time for cognac and traditional holiday cookies from an Italian, German or Viennese bakery. Make sure it's a cognac that's supersmooth or you'll have a *sleeping* beauty on your hands.

And so to bed.

Postscript: Waking up on Christmas morning together is inevitably a high. And breakfast belongs in bed. Version one: toasted brioche (because you intentionally bought more than you needed for the caviar), cherry preserves and coffee or, if it's snowing, hot chocolate.

Version two includes toasted brioche, leftover caviar and a Christmas-morning cocktail. Eggnog Alize. Simply pour eggnog into goblets and add a dash of Alize, a French passion-fruit-and-cognac-based liqueur, then top with a sprinkle of nutmeg. This approach requires you to stay in bed awhile. Santa Claus has arrived. The presents under the Christmas tree can wait.



"So, if the polar iccap *does* start to melt, I say let's float the hell out of here and get something going in Florida!"

"The nongrownup's retirement strategy is based on the assumption that he will die at 55 in a boat accident."

because recently, I came into possession of some unexpected money, and I decided, by God, that I was going to buy a new sofa. I was very determined about this. I took some measurements. I even started looking at sofas in furniture stores. So you can imagine my surprise when what I in fact brought home was a Gibson Les Paul electric guitar and an amplifier loud enough to bring down enemy aircraft. This was when I realized that, in terms of becoming a grownup, I was heading in the wrong direction.

This is also true of people even older than I am. Ed, for example. Ed is, technically, a 48-year-old automobile mechanic. He has everything a mechanic should have: a building surrounded by broken cars, a uniform covered with stains containing enough petrochemicals to meet the energy needs of Utah for a year, a sign stating that if you try to pay with a personal check, he will kill you with a wrench, etc. But what Ed actually does with his time, as opposed to working on cars, is set off fireworks. This is the truth. You go into his shop and all you can see is this dense cloud of smoke, and suddenly, a rocket will go whizzing past your ear, or maybe a little fireworks tank will come scuttling toward your feet, sparking and shooting. In the background, through the smoke, you can hear Ed cackling.

You are thinking, But surely, he doesn't set off fireworks *all* the time. True. He spends a lot of time ordering them over the phone. Lately, he has even started *making* them. It has become difficult to get him to even talk about, say, your brakes. So he is not the ideal mechanic if your criterion is whether your car actually gets fixed. But that's a very grown-up criterion. I think Ed's a great mechanic.

Perhaps you're wondering where you stand in regard to growing up. Perhaps you have seen subtle signs of maturity in yourself, such as you no longer own a working Pez dispenser, and you wonder, Does this mean I'm a grownup now? Well, I've been doing a lot of serious thinking about this issue (not really, of course; I've been playing Nintendo), and I've come up with some ways to decide where you stand. One of the most important, of course, is

WHAT YOU DO WHEN *TWIST AND SHOUT*.
BY THE ISELY BROTHERS, COMES ON THE
CAR RADIO

If you're not a grownup yet, you turn the radio all the way up and sing and dance in your seat and gradually increase your speed so that when they reach the part that

goes, "Ah, ah, ah, ah, *ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh*. Well, shake it up, *baby*, now . . ." you're going—even if you're in a driveway—a minimum of 60 miles per hour faster than the highest speed you ever attained in driver-education class.

If you're a grownup, you never hear *Twist and Shout*, because you're tuned to one of those easy-listening stations that are always playing *Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree*, by the Dental Office Singers. Or, worse, you're listening to talk radio and finding out what average Americans think about issues (they think, Am I on? I *am*?! Let me go turn my radio down!). Or, worst of all, if you have reached a level of maturity verging on brain death, you're listening to somebody talk about what happened on the stock market, and whether trading was active.

Which leads us to another important area:

HOW YOU DEAL WITH FINANCIAL MATTERS

Grownups know where all their insurance policies are, what their cash values are and exactly what they've insured. Nongrownups have a cardboard box somewhere containing various formal-looking documents that could be insurance policies but also could have something to do with bowling. There is no way to tell except to look at them, which nongrownups do not do.

Grownups reconcile their checking accounts and maintain minimum balances to avoid service charges. Nongrownups like automatic-banking tellers, because they can use them to find out if they have any money.

Grownups have Individual Retirement Accounts and long-term plans for financial security. The nongrownup's retirement strategy is based on the assumption that he will die at the age of 55 in a motorboat accident.

Speaking of money, we need to discuss

BEHAVIOR IN THE WORKPLACE

Grownups have mapped out career paths for themselves and know who is on the fast track and who is not. Nongrownups keep elaborate charts showing who is leading in the ongoing lunchtime Frisbee tournament.

Grownups have certificates on their office walls stating that they have successfully completed training programs in:

Administrative Motivation for Managers,

Managing and Administering Motiva-

Motivating Administratively in Regard to Management,

Admonishing and Masturbating Administrators.

And so on. Grownups are always writing memoranda about what they have received and what they are enclosing, as in: "I have received your memorandum of the 14th and am enclosing a copy of my memorandum of the . . ." Nongrownups, as a precautionary measure, throw all incoming correspondence away unopened unless it looks like it might be a check or it comes from an active participant in the ongoing lunchtime Frisbee tournament. Grownups refer to the vice-president for marketing as "Mr. Bivensworth." Nongrownups refer to him as "the asshole."

Which brings us to

SOCIAL BEHAVIOR

When grownups meet you at semiformal parties, they look you square in the eye and shake your hand firmly and remember your name. Nongrownups don't meet you at all, because they're in the host's bedroom watching the Celtics-76ers game and spilling beer on the bedspread in response to important dunks.

Speaking of alcohol consumption, grownups know their limits. Nongrownups know where there's a liquor store open.

Which often leads to

SEX

Grownups view it as part of a deeper relationship that involves commitment, concern, honesty and sharing. Nongrownups view it exactly the same way until maybe ten seconds after it's over, at which time they start to wonder if the Celtics-76ers game is still on.

SOME EXAMPLES OF FAMOUS GROWNUPS AND NONGROWNUPS

GROWNUPS

The Supreme Court
Mrs. Dan Quayle
Doodlesbury
England

NONGROWNUPS

The House of Representatives
Mr. Dan Quayle
Calvin and Hobbes
Italy

Of course, this is meant to give you only general, cursory guidelines for deciding whether you're a grownup. To really *know* where you stand, you have to conduct a thorough self-examination of your values, your philosophy of life—your conceptualization of what the world is, where it's going and what it all means. My guess is, you'd rather shoot some baskets.



"We lighten our pack down to that which we cannot do without—free speech/the right to keep and bear arms."

name of its preservation."

Well, then. We are not too far removed from the viciousness that follows curtailing freedom of the press; e.g., the Red scare of the Fifties and its attempts at rebirth. Neither are we too far removed from the terror that can visit itself on a disarmed populace: the Czechs of Prague Spring, the Jews of Europe under the Third Reich.

Is this, then, a possible point of similarity between these organizations: the dedication to a nonreducible, noninterpretative reading of an aspect of American law?

Yes. And, further, both defend their particular amendment and hold to it as the epitome of the definition of a free individual. (1) A free individual is one possessed of the unalterable right to assert or protect his or her individuality (which is to say, his or her integrity) by means of free speech. (2) A free individual is one who is possessed of the unassailable right to protect and support his or her individuality (integrity) by force of arms.

A good case could be made (historically) for either or both of these assertions, and, in fact, in a more reflective, less troubled time, we might simply refer to the Constitution's first two amendments and say: Yes, what a good idea.

And we would see that unbridled freedom of expression *is*, in fact, a good idea when *your* authors are barred, when the writers expressing *your* views are imprisoned; and that the right to keep and bear arms is a rather good idea when the police/army is imprisoning/torturing/persecuting *your* people, that it can and *does happen here* (whatever "it" is, and wherever "here" is). It can and does and *will most probably* happen here, and that is what the A.C.L.U. and the N.R.A. are concerned about. And they are sufficiently concerned that they are ready to abide abuses and censure and, indeed, the ridicule of their opponents.

The debate itself is good, and the purpose of law is to allow people of differing and heated feelings to settle their disputes fairly and amicably—if not always without compromise.

The retreat to fundamentalist positions is, of course, natural in times of great social upheaval and uncertainty—unsure of our future, of our place, of the integrity of the institutions we have created to protect us, we retrench behind that which we feel to be the most powerful and protective of our prerogatives: *We lighten our pack down to that which we cannot do without—free speech/the right to keep and bear arms.*

Now, what about abortion?

Like most fundamentalist arguments, it is symbolic. (This is, perhaps, the nature of

most arguments of any persuasion: As in the more formal legal proceeding, each side elects what it feels is a representative issue or assertion, feeling, "If I can sustain this [finally arbitrary] position, I will be content that I have vanquished my opponent and am entitled to the prize.")

Can one say that abortion, the most heated of debates, is, in fact, an arbitrary and jurisprudential fiction, a mutually chosen battleground for the trial by ordeal of two opposing cultures?

The right says that life begins with fertilization, and it fights under the banner of Right-to-Life. Is this a banner of convenience? I would ask this question: *Is the leadership of the Right-to-Life movement*

speaking for itself and on behalf of its constituents, embracing, in effect, the Eastern doctrine of ahimsa; i.e., absolute nonviolence toward all living things? Is this movement equally prepared to oppose capital punishment *absolutely as vehemently* as it opposes abortion on demand? Is it equally prepared to espouse complete submissive pacifism and unilateral disarmament? If not, then the argument of the sanctity of life's beginning at the moment of conception falters, and the movement limits its protection to "that life which we, the movement, choose to specify."

The Right-to-Life movement, so-called, in the manner of the Catholic Church of the Inquisition, relaxes its protection of the sacred individual at birth; and, arguably, the movement masses *not* behind the right of the embryo to be born but behind the right of the movement to compel an unwilling pregnant mother to have a baby. And Right-to-Life is a flag of convenience.

What of the other side? Well, I find



myself *with* the other side on this issue. I have been a young man myself, and have been with young women, and I am the father of two daughters, and political leanings to me are not the point. In this issue, the point, to me, is intellectual honesty, and, in my soul, I cannot say that I can support the notion that my daughters should be compelled by law to give birth to unwanted children. I have seen that abortion can be, in many ways and in many degrees, traumatic, and as to whether or not it is finally "wrong," it depends on the standards that you apply and the faith that you have; but, if it were my daughters, I would and will support their decision not to bear unwanted children, and I would not suffer them to be treated like outlaws for so deciding, and I would not vote to force them to flee the state or the country for adequate medical care should they so decide.

That is what I find in my heart, and that is how I have to vote, and it's no more complex than that.

Are there people who feel differently? Yes. Am I appalled by the violence of some of those in the opposition to this view? Yes. I am. The bombing of abortion clinics, in my view, is despicable in the extreme: It is, I feel, shameful behavior to prosecute a dispute through violence, and it is behavior that is particularly reprehensible in a group that calls itself Right-to-Life. It is also behavior that I endorsed when, in the Sixties, it was practiced by and for the supposed furtherance of the views of the anti-war movement—*itself* fighting, one might say, under the banner of Right-to-Life.

And so what is the issue that moves one to traduce the very tenets one is supposedly trying to defend? What is the issue behind the vehemence of abortion debates?

The issue of this small war for which Choice and Life are the names of the flags is this: *We are the good people. There are only so many good people in the world, and they are found on our side. Lacking the convenience of racial or geographic distinctions to separate the good from the bad people, we will employ the irrefutable litmus test of an issue: "How do you stand on abortion?"*

(Now, do I feel that the above is, in this instance, truer of the right than of the left? Yes, I do; I'm sorry, but I do, as, being human, I do tend to ascribe just a *tad* more humanity to the people with whom I agree. [See above.] I also think that in the Sixties, the above was truer of the left.)

Why can there be only a limited number of good people?

Because we are frightened. Abortion on demand and criminalization of abortion, N.R.A. and A.C.L.U. see real visions of social anarchy, and that is why they each hold to their weapons. The right and the left see anarchy around the corner, too; and the decision of the Supreme Court is both craven and effective: By weakening but not destroying the freedoms of *Roe vs. Wade*, it effectively recognizes that prerogative, but not abortion, is the issue, and says to both sides: *You* fight it out; you people on the left know that the rich and the mobile and the aware will always be able to have abortions, and that with the ever-growing feminist consciousness in this country (think back to 1973), fewer and fewer women will feel constrained to abide by local laws that they feel intolerable and which they can evade through travel; you people on the right know that human nature is not going to change, that people will fornicate and that women will have unwanted pregnancies and that they will terminate them *as they see fit* (as they always have) but that, at least, Government endorsement of practices you find morally abhorrent has been somewhat curtailed. The Court, in effect, ruled: "Take your fight out into the alley."

The end of all the show will be decided by time. The liberal Presidents got to pack the Court with Justices who would unalterably ruin the fabric of American life for quite a number of years; we are now in the era of the prerogative of the conservative Presidents to pack the Court with Justices who will unalterably ruin the fabric of American life.

Am I being too evenhanded? Possibly. Yes, it is not *my* ox being gored at this precise moment. And no one has yet tried to throw me in jail for the things I have written, or tried to kill me because of my race—though instances of each are happening to others every day, and have happened to others of my profession and race within my lifetime.

How will the abortion debate be settled? It will not be settled. It will pass. It is the Dreyfus affair of this century: a theater of the confusion of the times.



An Evening with Santa

"I'm at the age where I have more money to spend and more time to spend it. And although one night a year is ideal working conditions, it was getting harder and harder to come back from Cozumel to suit up. Also, 'Peaches' Claus has a tanned figure you can't leave for a moment. So . . . who needs running around on a cold night? Now I do a few comedy clubs for a lark. . . . You know what a comedy club is? . . . It's a one-night stand for gags that don't make it."

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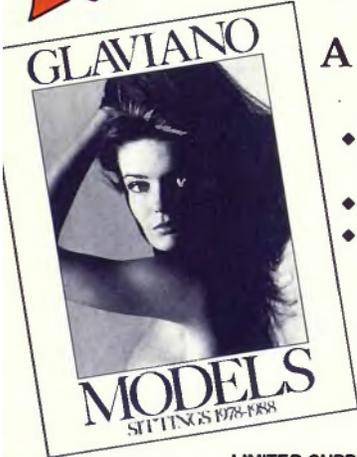
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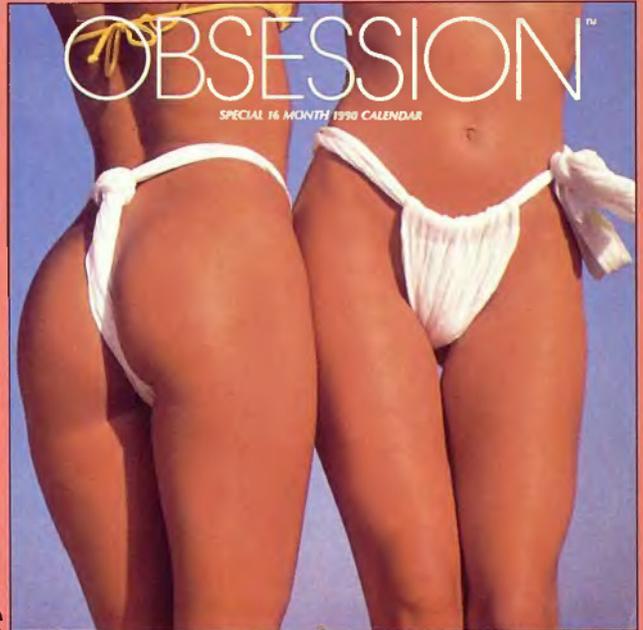
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Why You Can't (continued from page 88)

grown-up years doesn't mean they can't be fun. Sure, there'll be mortgages and savings accounts and even wills, but you don't need those unless you've reached a certain station in life, do you? It's a station at which substance is more important than style.

Which brings us inexorably back to the fact that you can't dance. And by this time, you're probably wondering what credentials I have to find fault with your footwork. Here they are: *I dance like you do—but I think it's time to do something about it.*

Look, let's go through this thing together. Have you noticed what's happening out there? Dancing is making another one of its comebacks. They're dancing real dance steps to big-band music at the Rainbow Room. The latest wave of hot Latin rhythms calls for footwork as precise as a strike on Beirut. Even what we know as "fast" dancing has gotten programed ever since Patrick Swayze's choreographed seduction in *Dirty Dancing*.

The fact is, it's getting harder and harder to fake it, to get out on the dance floor in front of an increasingly competent crowd and shuffle and shake until the bad moment passes. And do you know *why* it's getting harder for us to fake it? It has nothing to do with the dances, really. It has everything to do with us and where we are in our lives.

Twelve years ago, when dancing made its last big media splash with John Travolta dishing out disco in *Saturday Night Fever*, you and I were just kids. This time, the revived emphasis on dancing has hit us—our whole generation—at a time when more people are calling on us for our knowledge, our judgment. They're *expecting* things from us. We keep this up and one day we'll all be rich consultants.

And yet it's probably our dancing inability that has spawned the entire couch-potato trend.

It's easy to see how it happened. If you're like me, you grew up in the posttouch era, after the big bands had all but faded from the earth like lumbering dinosaurs, taking their cozy, romantic music with them into the fathering ooze. Somewhere out there is a fossil that looks just like a trumpet with a mute.

Our parents still danced cheek to cheek to songs that are revealingly called standards; but for the next 30-something years, our generation wandered foot-loose through a dancescape of frivolous, pre-packaged *dances du jour* and do-your-own-thing free forms. Style was everything, and style is fleeting.

Chubby Checker, a man with a joke for a name, gave us *The Twist* in August 1960, and suddenly, we were smack dab in the age of the junk dance. We mastered the twist without much trouble, but six months later, Chubby Checker was back with *Pony Time*. We had hardly mounted that one when he hit us with *Let's Twist Again*. Then came the Dovells doing *Bristol Stomp*, Dee Dee Sharp proclaiming *Mashed Potato Time*, the Orlons stalking *The Wah-Watusi* and Little Eva tracking *The Loco-Motion*. I'm guessing that Dick Clark was somehow behind all this: Dance had become television by the mid-Sixties, and you *know* how fast TV consumes ideas.

Besides the dances launched as hit records, we had the hully gully, the swim, the monkey, the hitchhiker, the Freddie and the fly. A couple of other dances—the frug and the jerk—carried us on to the end of the decade, into the Seventies, which in turn gave us the spectacle of Travolta preaching in disco, that Esperanto of body language. Disco took us into the Eighties and then died, but its ghost has occasionally risen to stalk movie theaters and glitzy night spots, giving birth to various flash dances in the pan.

It is undeniably a history of style over substance, and only rarely do the two mingle in our minds. The one moment I carry with me from that time is of the night a seriously built girl named Sharon taught me to do a dance called the UT, which stood for University of Tennessee, where the dance had apparently originated. It was a sexy bump and grind, the kind of generic nondance that our generation has passed off as a social skill, and that night, it was done to the lazy beat of a song whose words went, "Heeey, heeeyee, baby, I wanna know-ho-ho if you'll be my girl." During that lesson, my brain was imprinted with two lasting images, one of style and one of substance. Style: If you bend slightly from the waist while you're fast dancing and put your hands, palms open, on your thighs several inches above your knees, it looks cool. Substance: Sharon's red, red sweater.

I can still do the twist, the hully gully and the UT, but who cares? I want to grow up. I want you to grow up, too. I want us to take dancing lessons.

Don't get me wrong: I'm not saying we need to learn to jump off stages and flip partners over our heads like Patrick Swayze, or wear top hats and dance across pianos and tables like Fred Astaire. But in our darkest couch-potato moments, when we're lying back on our spreading laurels, we have to admit the existence of that one great communal character flaw, that generational gap that gets wider and more awkward to bridge as the years go by: We don't even know how to fox-trot!

The fox trot is the most basic of the basics. It's what dance illiterates like you and me conjure up in our heads when somebody asks us to define the words slow dancing. Unfortunately, it's not what we do when they ask us to show them.

Our generation skipped the basics—the fox trot, the waltz, the *rumba*. There are others that could be thrown into that timeless category—the cha-cha, the tango, the variations on swing such as the lindy hop and the jitterbug, two fast-dance classics that heated up many a jukebox Saturday night. Those are the dances that spanned the years between big band and rock and roll and then died when you and I committed the loco-motion.

We had us some times, all right, but we were long on flash and short on dance. After *Dirty Dancing* hit the theaters, "Dirty Dancing" classes popped up in cities around the country, and I'd be willing to bet that quite a few of our generation thought they could pop in and pick up a couple of quick moves as though this were just another hully gully. But Swayze's trendy footwork was based on the mambo, a classic Latin scorcher, and many dance instructors will tell you that you shouldn't even *think* about it unless you have a layer of other Latin steps—the *rumba*, say—in your social arsenal. And if you want to learn the shag, that laid-back beach ball from the movie of the same name, you're going to have to know a thing or two about the jitterbug and the lindy hop.

Face it, buddy—real dancing is a grown-up sport. Oh, sure, there are still dances for people with our level of skills. Spike Lee invented a dance called da butt for his flick *School Daze*. Spike says his dance is named for a part of the anatomy, but I think it's also named for people who fall for his joke.

There will always be fads, and they will always be fun to play with, if not to build an adulthood on. You can imagine the junk dances of the next generation: The red suspender. The polo pony. The BMW. The Boesky scramble. I say let the kids find their own way back in their own good time.

For you and me, the time is now.



ANSWERS

to quiz on page 106

1. C. You'll thank yourself later. So will your kid. 2. B. 3. A. Triumphs are hard to come by. The last one you had was that green Bonneville in college. 4. B. Yep. That's the law. 5. A, B, C, D. 6. C, A, B, D. 7. D. 8. C. 9. A. Partial credit for D, depending on the choices. 10. B. 11. Go figure. This is dinner-party conversation. 12. B. Two steps back for A or C. 13. D. It makes them nervous. Or impossible. 14. A. 15. B. 16. A. Yawn. 17. C. The others can take you to court. 18. D. Because then you get it back. 19. D. 20. A. Second only to long-term life insurance.

Give yourself five points for each correct answer.

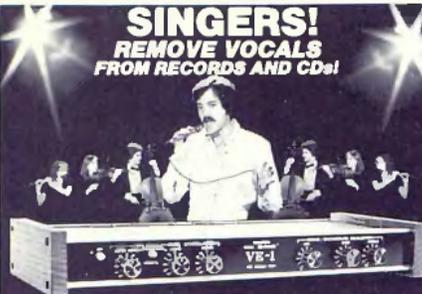
0–20 points: Prepubescent

25–55 points: Adolescent

60–80 points: Early man

85–100 points: True manhood

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PATTI D'ARBANVILLE
(continued from page 139)
Francis gave her the recipe; it's excellent. You use pork neck bones and sausage, hot sausage, and lots of garlic, fresh tomatoes, and you cook it for, like, three days. And then fresh pasta that you make yourself with a little machine. Spaghetti, please. Keep it simple. And green salad: radicchio. No tomatoes, because of the sauce. Scallions, three kinds of lettuce, garlic. Roasted green peppers in olive oil and some wine, if you want. And a big loaf of Italian bread.

10.
PLAYBOY: What kind of gift from a guy makes you immediately suspicious of his intentions?

D'ARBANVILLE: Oh, God. It depends, really, on whether or not you like the guy. The same gift can have a different effect. The oddest gift I ever got was from a guy I stood up once. He had been to the house and had brought me a St. Michael's candle. And a bottle of wine. Well, first of all, I don't drink. And second, it was just too intrusive. It was like he thought he had figured me out. It was too intimate right away. Also a little cocky. Or wimpy, depending on how you look at it.

11.
PLAYBOY: What's a better teacher of commitment—career or relationship?

D'ARBANVILLE: Career. God, how horrible to say that, but it's true. I'm so much more committed to my career than I've ever been to any relationship outside of that with my son. [Pauses] Actually, he's number one. I would leave everything tomorrow if I had to for him. So maybe the best answer is children. They are the source of the unconditional love that is hard to find in a man-woman relationship.

12.
PLAYBOY: Your parents never married. When did you most wish that they had officially tied the knot?

D'ARBANVILLE: [Laughs] Well, the thing is, I never knew they *weren't* married until I was twenty-one years old. I'd just come back home from Europe. It was a holiday, a hideous Christmas—that's the only holiday I hate—and my mother told me she had gotten a divorce. I was stunned. I said, "Gee, thanks for telling me beforehand, Mom," and I stormed out of the house. She ran after me and we had a dramatic scene on the street corner. To make me feel better, she said, "Actually, we were *never* married!" [Smiles] I said, "Why didn't you tell me *that*? It's so much more interesting than 'We got a fucking divorce.' Take a walk."

13.
PLAYBOY: You've been part of many scenes: modeling, Warhol's, acting, music, drugs. Which would you rather have sat out?
D'ARBANVILLE: I wish that I had sat out my



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second marriage. He was abusive. I was just looking backward. He had been my first boyfriend. I was obsessed with him from the time I was thirteen years old. I found him in Florida thirteen years later and I married him two months after that. But, actually, I was in love with this nineteen-year-old boy that I remembered. He was not the same guy. I appeared one day where he was working and said, "Yo, this is it. Yo, I'm ready." Thirteen years later. I was fulfilling some adolescent dream I had about the love of my life and it turned out badly, though, in retrospect, it was probably good that I got that out of my system. Except that I could have done without the black eye.

14.

PLAYBOY: You were mentioned in the *Warhol Diaries*. Did he get it right?

DARBANVILLE: Yeah. He said that I was the

cream of the crop but that I didn't know how to dress. [Points to her cutoff jeans and T-shirt] I still don't.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's the title of your autobiography?

DARBANVILLE: *Only Saints Can Sleep with Scorpions*. When I was a year old, my family moved to Miami. We were very poor and my mother didn't have a crib, so she put me on the floor in a closet, and when she woke up in the morning, I was covered with scorpions. But none of them had touched me. She said only saints can sleep with scorpions.

16.

PLAYBOY: Take us on a tour of your tattoos.

DARBANVILLE: I have them on my left shoulder, my thigh, my spine, my right ankle, my left hip and my right butt cheek. The

one on my right ankle is a rose piercing a heart with blood dripping down, and that's the first one I got. It denotes an emotional state. [Smiles] On the left hip is a heart being pierced by a dagger, with blood dripping. Another heartache. I got the black rose on my spine and the little heart on my cheek in 1986. I got the Bengal tiger on my thigh because of a dream. I had a power dream about a tiger and afterward, it seemed important to have that on my body. I woke up with tattoo fever.

17.

PLAYBOY: How much like a shampoo or soap commercial is your bathing routine?

DARBANVILLE: [Laughs] Zest. Yeah, I use *all* the soap. I lather myself profusely. I don't take showers. I take baths. I just like the way the warm water feels caressing my body. Some people say, "You're bathing in your own filth." I don't care. Baths take more time. They're more relaxing. If I have to take a shower, it's because either there is no tub—in which case I change the hotel room—or I'm in a real big hurry. I can talk at length about some baths I've had. One time, I sat in the bathtub for seven hours and read the whole of *Mila 18*, by Leon Uris, in between turning on the hot and cold water. I use my feet or hands, depending on what part of the book I am into at that particular point. I also like candles, but only when I'm alone. Otherwise, you run the risk of catching on fire.

18.

PLAYBOY: How do you put a screen lover at ease?

DARBANVILLE: No one has ever seemed nervous to me. [Laughs] The only time I felt a bit nervous was when I did *Real Genius*. I had to make it with a fifteen-year-old boy. To calm things down, we laughed a lot and talked about Nintendo games—I've got a six-year-old, remember? It worked. But how often do you have a fifteen-year-old boy in a love scene? That happens only in real life.

19.

PLAYBOY: What should someone your age know about life?

DARBANVILLE: To stop repeating patterns that are bad for you. I'm self-destructive. I had to recognize when that was imminent, when I started to lack self-esteem. I saw a chain of events. I'd do something bad, feel shitty and want to hurt myself more for doing it. Self-worth is probably going to be the theme of the Nineties.

20.

PLAYBOY: Last summer, the Rob Lowe tape caused quite a stir. Is there a tape of anyone you'd like to get as a gift?

DARBANVILLE: Maybe Dolph Lundgren's.



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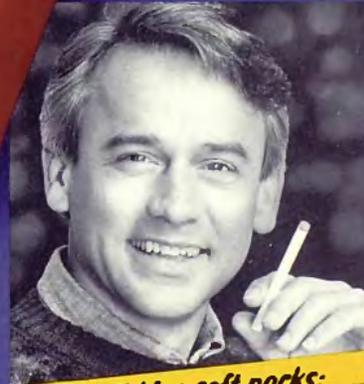


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ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

FEAR OF TYING

You've removed your tux from the cleaner's bag, unwrapped your crisply pressed and starched shirt and located the studs, which, of course, have scooted under the bed. Then you spot that narrow band of silk—the bow tie—and it strikes: Your brow furrows, nervous sweat springs up and your fingers fidget and tremble. You're

the latest victim of the fear of tying. To conquer it, all you need is a little patience, a few minutes of practice and the instructions on this page. The rewards are handsome. Being able to tie a bow tie is not something every Tom, Dick and Harry can do nowadays, so by tying your own, you set yourself stylishly apart from the cravatted crowd. Be a man; tie one on.

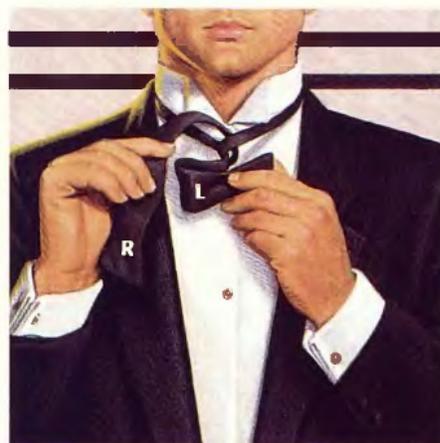
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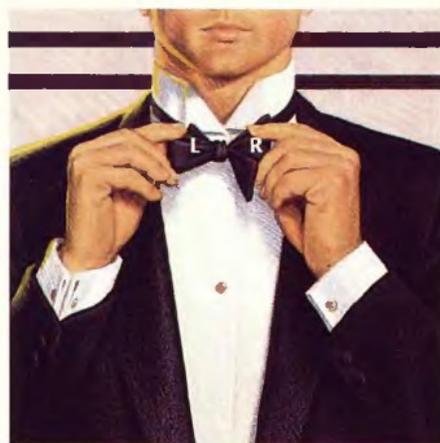
3



4



5



6



7

The drawings on this page show what you'll see if you stand in front of a mirror, tie in hand. In the instructions, left and right refer to what you'll see in the mirror, as well. 1. Arrange the tie around your neck with the right end (R) an inch and a half longer than the left end (L). 2. Loop the right end over the left end one time and pull it snug against your neck. 3. Fold the left end in half to make the front bow of the tie. Note how the crimp of the tie lines up with the center of your neck. 4. Bring the right loop of the tie over the

folded left loop and pull it snug. 5. This is the toughie. Behind the front loop is a hole created by the knot you tied in step four. Find it. Now, using your thumb as a battering-ram, push the top of the right side through. Keep pushing the fabric to the right through the hole to form the back loop. 6. Now your tie is tied, but it looks like hell. Pull and adjust the right and left loops simultaneously until you tighten the center knot and even the four ends you have created. 7. Go out and impress women. They love a guy with manual dexterity.

A Little off the Bottom

What does a fine-looking woman wear under her jeans? We asked actress KRISTINE NASALSKI if she'd show us. It's your good luck that she said yes. It's hard to believe that this sunny face appeared in the feature film *Trilogies of Terror*, but it did, along with the rest of Kristine. We like this shot better for our private *Grapevine* bulletin board. Don't you?



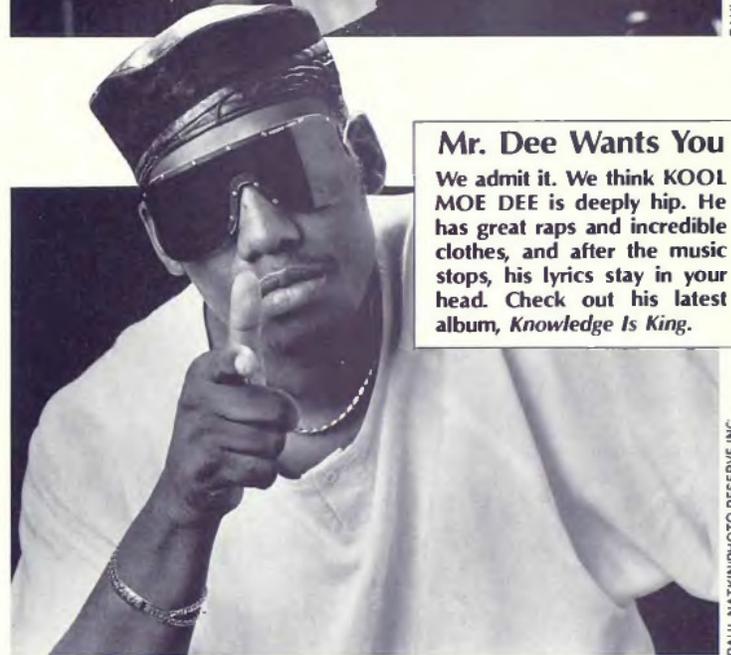
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Hot Stuff

KARYN WHITE's debut album of the same name has gone platinum and she's in the studio working on a follow-up LP due out in late winter. With Grammy and American Music Award nominations under her belt, Karyn's on a roll.

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Mr. Dee Wants You

We admit it. We think KOOL MOE DEE is deeply hip. He has great raps and incredible clothes, and after the music stops, his lyrics stay in your head. Check out his latest album, *Knowledge Is King*.

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Out on His Own

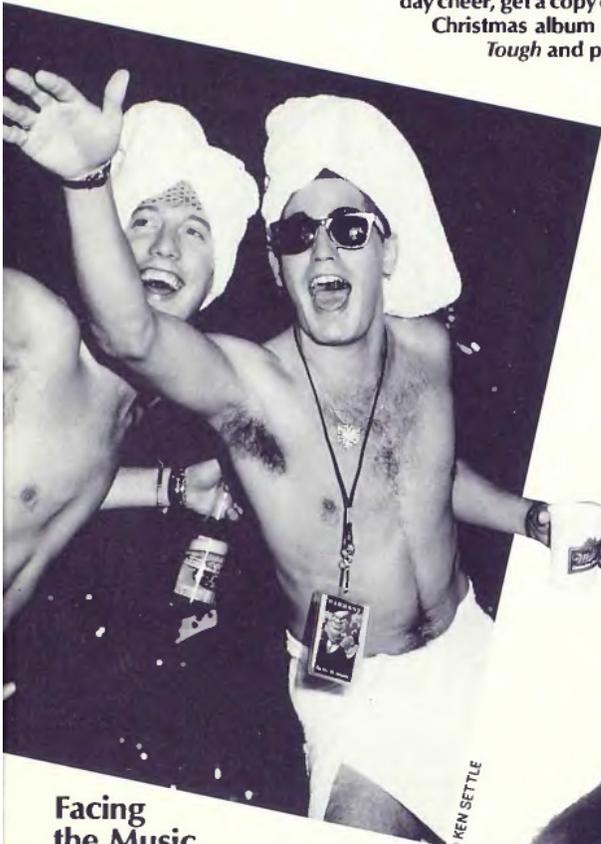
Do you recognize former Hanoi Rocks front man MICHAEL MONROE? His solo album, *Not Fakin' It*, has had a strong start. Monroe says, "If I were a kid, this is the kind of music I'd listen to." Go, kids!

Block Party

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK will be taking a bite out of the Big Apple, appearing at Madison Square Garden and in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. For more holiday cheer, get a copy of the Kids' Christmas album or *Hangin' Tough* and party hardy.



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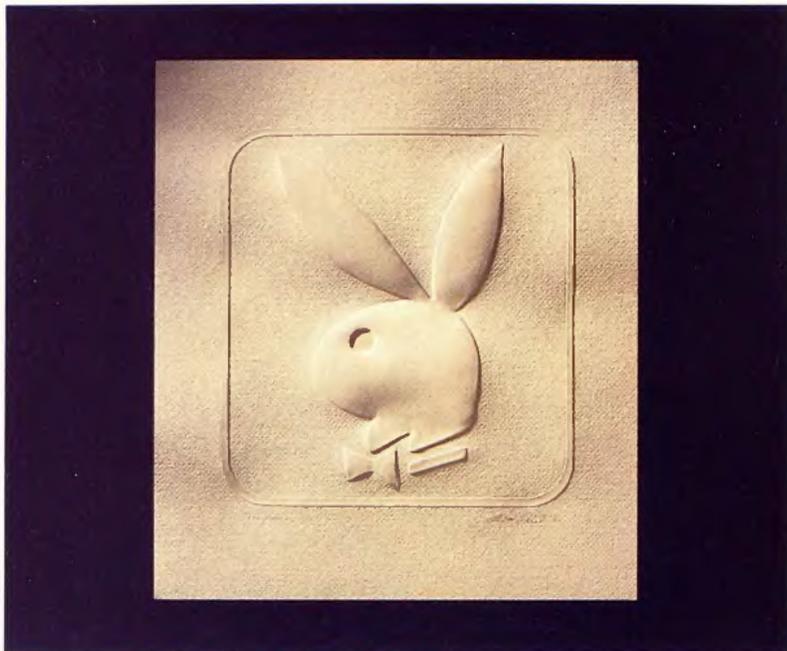
Facing the Music

We never said rock and roll was pretty. We did say that sometimes it was pretty weird. Here's exhibit A: On the left, singer JANI LANE, on the right, bassist JERRY DIXON, both of the band Warrant. See, for your hot pop-metal band, fooling around is more than a sport, it's a necessity.

Baby, Look at Her Now

Remember little DANIELLE BRISEBOIS? She played Archie's niece on *Archie Bunker's Place*. You've seen her more recently on *Knots Landing* as William Devane's daughter. She co-starred with Angie Dickinson in *Big Bad Mama II*. Never mind all this niece and daughter stuff; she's a woman now.





THE RABBIT IS ITS OWN REWARD

All you collectors of limited-edition graphics will be happy to learn that Art Paul, the first Art Director of *Playboy* and the creator of our Rabbit Head symbol, has taken his original design and embossed it on 20" x 18" heavy text paper that's signed and numbered in a limited edition of 125. (The embossing gives the Rabbit a three-dimensional image.) To order: Call *Playboy* at 800-345-6066 and ask for catalog number AP275. The price: \$210.



IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE

Ecuador's Amazon jungle doesn't give up its secrets easily, but we've discovered one and it's worth the search. Two Americans, Eric and Maggie Schwartz, have opened La Selva, an exotic, mysterious and wonderfully remote hotel that's the Holy Grail for anyone seeking the ultimate jungle experience. At La Selva, you stay in individual thatched huts (with plumbing), dine on fabulous food and embark on whatever jungle experience you choose, from bird watching (more than 500 varieties are in the area) to catered camping trips. Package rates are \$650 for seven days and six nights, including a night each way in Quito (Ecuadoriana Airlines' air fare extra). For more information, contact La Selva at 6 de Diciembre 2816 y James Orton, Quito, Ecuador. Or (from the U.S.) call 011-593-2-550-995.

KNOCK 'EM DEAD

If you like bleak winter nights and cheating widows out of their pensions, then you'll want to affix a solid-brass door knocker resembling Jacob Marley's ghost in *A Christmas Carol* to your front door. Measuring 7 3/4" x 6", the knocker was created by artist Gloria Shrader, who wants everyone to know that she, personally, doesn't believe in ghosts. Order it from GRS Brass Works, 3055 Poppy Way, Louisville, Kentucky 40206, for \$89.95, postpaid. Bah, humbug!



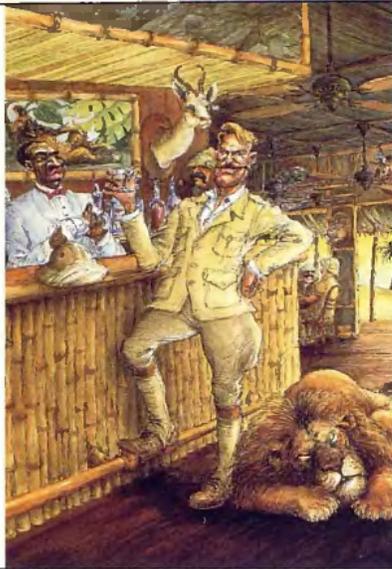
TURNING OFF RADIO THIEVES

As many an urban car owner has discovered, those NO RADIO signs don't work, since thieves tend not to take your word for it. Enter RadioGard, a device conceived by Gerald Levinson after his third radio was ripped off. The black box, which fits over your radio, comes with dangling, multicolored wires so it looks as if your stereo has already been stolen. Twelve dollars sent to RadioGard Systems, 3408 Manhattan Avenue, Manhattan Beach, California 90266 (or call 800-622-0067), is cheaper than a new radio.



AFRICA CALLING

Back in 1909, Teddy Roosevelt spent ten months in Africa sporting a beltless bush jacket. Now Stanley & Stanley, 250 West 54th Street, Suite 800, New York 10019, has created the White Hunter jacket, a reproduction of the one T.R. wore, featuring bellows pockets and a Norfolk-style back. The price: \$169, postpaid, in sizes small through extra-large. And if you're looking for something to wear under the jacket, S & S makes a Western classic, the Sunday-rodeo shirt, of white two-ply Egyptian cotton broadcloth for \$68.



NOT-SO-BASIC TRAINING

Even if you're not obsessed with toy trains the way the three collectors (including the famous Disney animator Ward Kimball) featured in the video tape *Great Toy Train Layouts of America* are, you'll be inspired to get out the old Lionel after seeing the setups Tom McComas and James Tuohy adapted from their book of the same name. All for just \$32, postpaid (in VHS or Beta), sent to TM Video, P.O. Box 279, New Buffalo, Michigan 49117.



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In this season of conspicuous consumption, what better object to own than that symbol of ultimate consumerism, the shopping cart? Only this shopping cart, which is called the Dreamkeeper, is a miniature (12" x 10" x 8") reproduction in chrome. Use it on your dresser or desk to hold all the stuff of your life that's forever scattered about: keys, wallets, pens, combs, etc. (A handy plastic insert is available for small stuff.) All for \$140 from Dreamkeeper, 4279 Tujunga Avenue, Studio City, California 91604. Or phone 800-866-2278 to get rolling quick.



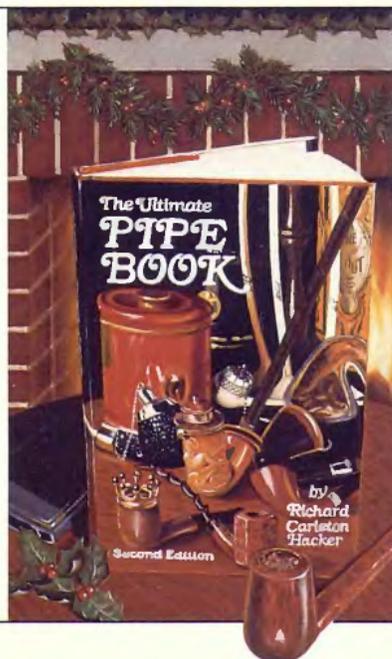
FOR SHOWING, NOT BLOWING

Cary Grant's elegant appearance wasn't just in his double-breasted suits but in the folds of his pocket handkerchiefs as well. This important element of dressing is addressed in the booklet *Fashion Folds for Men & Women*, by Richard Fierstein, which is available for \$5.95 from Pro Con Communications, 213 Valley Street, Suite 266, South Orange, New Jersey 07079. Our Marlene Dietrich model looks nifty, but you know it's not her pointed hanky we're checking out.



MORE DREAM PIPES

Other than to light up a good briar, pipe smokers have a reason to settle back in their favorite easy chair this winter. The second edition of *The Ultimate Pipe Book*, by Richard Carleton Hacker, has just been published in an updated version that includes more than 50 new photos and an expanded section on celebrity puffers. (Yes, Hef is in there, along with Kimberley.) The book can be found at better tobacconists or you can order it directly from the author at P.O. Box 634, Beverly Hills, California 90213, for \$23, postpaid. Now you're smokin'!



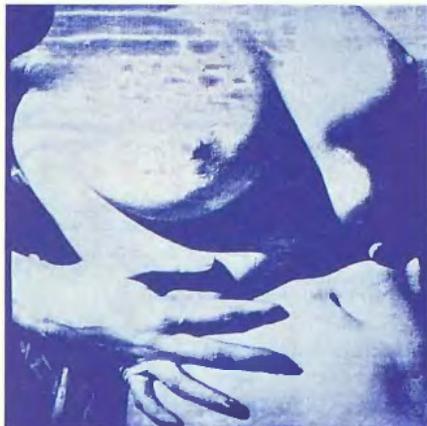
NEXT MONTH



SEVERANCE PAY



VINTAGE WESTERN



REMEMBERING WARHOL



PLAYMATE REVIEW

"SO GOES THE DECADE"—A TIP OF THE HAT TO THE WHOS AND THE WHATS THAT GOT US THROUGH THE EIGHTIES, PLUS EDUCATED GUESSES ABOUT THE NINETIES FROM THE LIKES OF **T. BOONE PICKENS**, **TIMOTHY LEARY** AND **AL NEUHARTH**; AND OUR **"NAME THE NINETIES CONTEST"**

"REMEMBERING WARHOL"—**ANDY'S** LONG ASSOCIATION WITH *PLAYBOY* IS REVIEWED BY THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO'S CURATOR OF 20TH-CENTURY PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, **CHARLES STUCKEY**

TOM CRUISE TALKS ABOUT HIS TROUBLED CHILDHOOD, DEFINES SUCCESS HOLLYWOOD STYLE AND EXPLAINS WHY HIS ROLE AS A PARAPLEGIC IN *BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY* IS SO IMPORTANT TO HIM IN A TIMELY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"MEMOIRS OF A HIT MAN, PART TWO"—OUR ANTI-HERO GOES INTO THE FEDS' WITNESS-PROTECTION PROGRAM AND REGRETS IT—BY **DONALD FRANKOS**

"PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"—AN EXHAUSTIVE SURVEY OF ALL 292 DIVISION-ONE

TEAMS, WITH THE HOOP SCORE ON WHO'LL DO WHAT TO WHOM THIS SEASON—BY **GARY COLE**

"SEVERANCE PAY"—SIZZLING SHOTS OF ACTRESS **JOAN (WISEGUY, SEE NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL) SEVERANCE**, WITH TEXT BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

"DEEP IN THIS LAND"—FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DECADES, A NEW STORY BY THE LATE MASTER OF WESTERN FICTION, **ERNEST HAYCOX**

"MIND CONTROL"—ELECTROMAGNETIC-FIELD WEAPONRY CAN MAKE YOU PUKE OR ZAP YOUR BRAIN. WELCOME TO THE TOP-SECRET, AND TERRIFYING, FUTURE—BY **LARRY COLLINS**

PLUS: PROFILES OF TWO MEN WHO DEFINED THE EIGHTIES, GOOD GUY **TED TURNER** (BY **JOSHUA HAMMER**) AND BAD GUY **MICHAEL MILKEN** (BY **MARK HOSENBALL**); **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW,"** A DELECTABLE BAKER'S DOZEN; SCIENCE FICTION BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**; AND **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH RAUNCHY COMEDIAN **ANDREW "DICE" CLAY**

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **EDDIE MURPHY**, **DONALD TRUMP** AND **STEPHEN HAWKING**; **"THE YEAR IN SEX"**; PICTORIALS ON **THE GIRLS OF CANADA** AND **THE BIRDS OF BRITAIN**; **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH ACTORS **DENNIS HOPPER** AND **JOHN (NIGHT COURT) LARROQUETTE**, AND MUCH MORE



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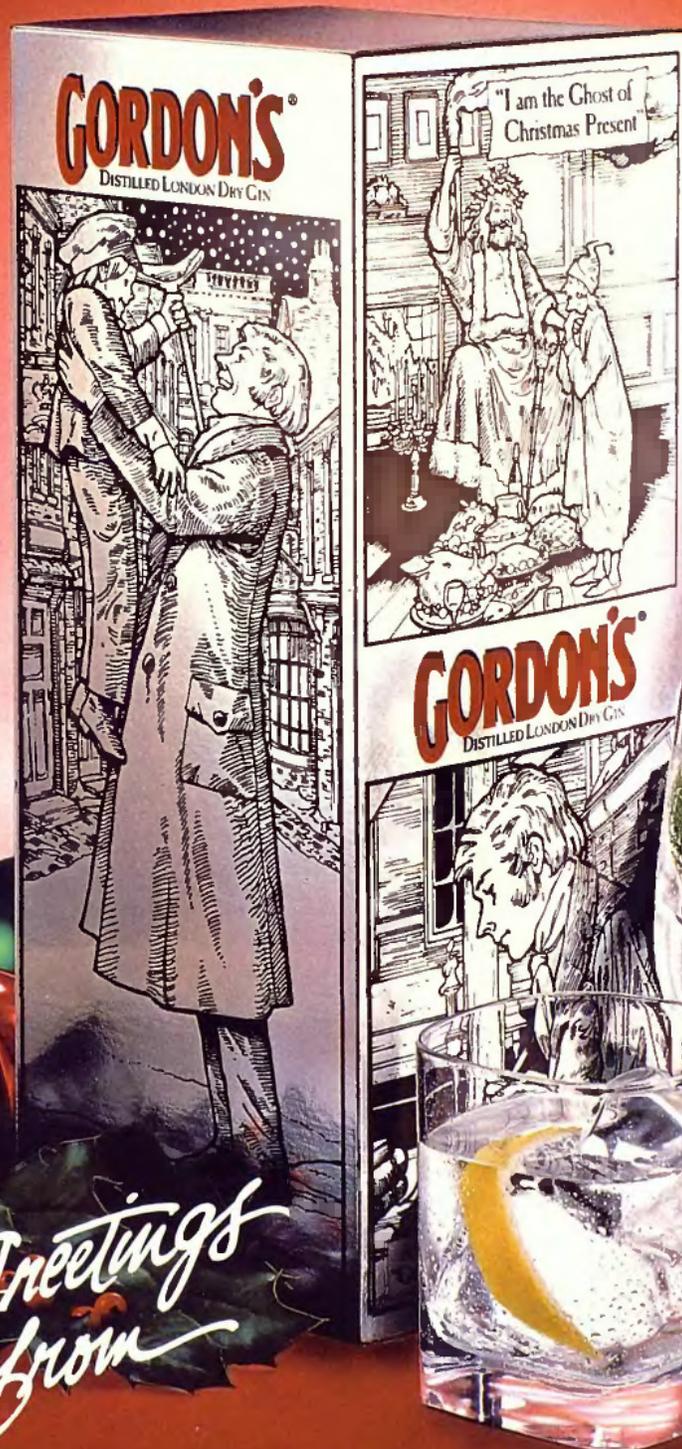
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