

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1989 • \$4.00



GIRLS OF THE BIG EAST

**A CHILLING
INTERVIEW WITH
THE IRISH
REPUBLICAN ARMY**

**SEX IN THE
EIGHTIES?
AN EYE-OPENING
REPORT FROM
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PLAYBILL

FOR 35 YEARS, the crew of the starship *Playboy* has gone where no man has gone before, taking frequent strolls along the sexual frontier, checking out sex clubs, topless/bottomless bars, couch dancing, S/M clubs, massage parlors, discos, wet-T-shirt contests. Call it the quest for energy. Sadly, over the past few years, the frontier has been a little less traveled.

Steve Chapple and **David Talbot**, two free-lance writers based in San Francisco, were not influenced by all those headlines that announced the end of lust. Crisscrossing the country, they interviewed hundreds of Americans and discovered that the death of the sexual revolution had been greatly exaggerated. Their conclusion: "One of the biggest untold stories was the reinvention of sex. Across the country, back-yard tinkerers in the tool shops of Eros played with ways of combining sexual liberation and sexual hygiene, male drive and female sense and sensibility." We read the manuscript of *Burning Desires: Sex in America* and couldn't wait for its publication by Doubleday this June. We will present four excerpts over the next few months. Part One is a tour of some wilder forms of safe sex—from a telephone tease to a non-insertive orgy, called The World's First Jack-and-Jill-Off Party, in San Francisco.

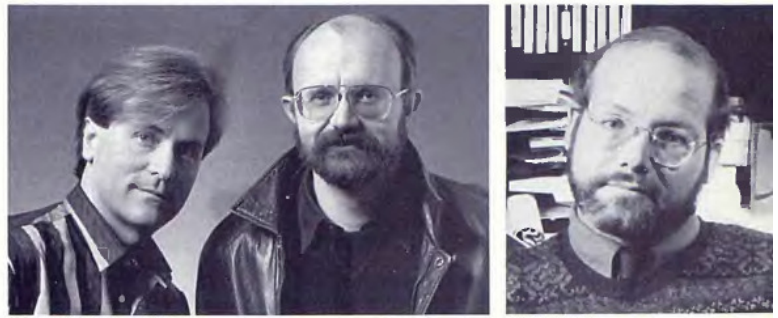
Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen**, a.k.a. the Playboy Advisor, who usually covers the sex beat for the magazine, decided this month to write about the other staple of American culture—violence. *Why the Movies Don't Work for Me* compares Hollywood heroics with real-life conflict. Our two interviews also focus on conflict. **Morgan Strong** interviewed two leaders of the Irish Republican Army's political branch—and a soldier from its outlawed military wing, an act that could have landed Strong in jail if British authorities had caught on. Strong is used to tension—his last interview for *Playboy* was with P.L.O. leader Yasir Arafat. **Paul Engleman** was never at personal risk—except for the occasional rowdy fan—when he set out to interview **Mario Lemieux**, the new king of the rink, the man who may be better than Wayne Gretzky. From the world of slashing and spearing to the elbows and knees of the N.B.A.: **Peter Knobler** profiles **Karl Malone**—the power forward who leads the Utah Jazz—in *The Mailman Cometh*. Malone went from being the new kid on the block to being one of the league's movers and shakers in a few seasons. Artist **Gary Kelley** caught the spirit of Malone.

Poker is not usually considered a game of violence, but that depends on the stakes. In *House of Cards* (from a novel to be published by Knopf), a young gambler takes on an old master for the very right to play poker. **Conall Ryan's** fantastic tale is a classic showdown.

Does music soothe the savage breast? Perhaps. If the results of this year's music poll—in *Playboy Music 1989*—are anything to go by, there's a lot of soothing going on, and a lot of old-timers doing the soothing. **Blair Drawson** supplied the visuals for *Invasion of the Peter Pan Rockers*.

Brock Yates has often written for *Playboy*. He is also one of the organizers of the One Lap of America race, the author of a forthcoming biography of Enzo Ferrari and a columnist for *Car and Driver*. We asked him to profile the Callaway Corvette and he obliged with *Fire in the Belly*. If you can't take a stroll along the sexual frontier or play pro sports, a spin in a fast car is the next best thing. Yates, however, thinks that hell on earth is driving a 200-mph car in the tight little island known as Connecticut.

This being spring, you need a break. We have three. *Girls of the Big East* basketball conference will warm your blood. Our roving photographers have captured collegians' annual spring migration to Florida in *Beach Blast*. Wondering what to wear? Check out Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne's** *Spring Fever* fashion forecast. While you're at it, show your girlfriend **Marilyn Cole's** swimsuit collection in *Wet Mischief*. Then turn to *Class Act*—our Kent State Playmate **Jennifer Jackson**. Pass the sun block. And remember: The only sexual frontier that counts is the one in your mind.



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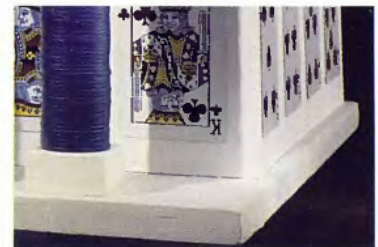
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Big East

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Dueling Gamblers

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Class Act

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Summer Fashion

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COVER STORY

Take a fast break and indulge in some double dribbling with dazzling Erika Eleniak, a 35th Anniversary Playmate find. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the cover, which was produced by Associate Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan. Erika's stylist was Lee Ann Perry; her hair was styled by John Victor and her make-up by Pat Tomlinson. The nifty basketball jacket came from Chicago Knitting Mills. Erika surely has the Magic touch.



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*Source: National Highway Traffic Safety Administration estimate of teenage alcohol-related automobile deaths.

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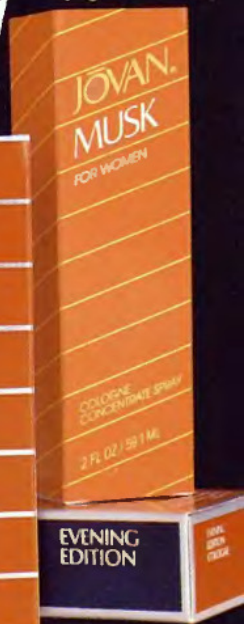


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EYE-OPENING ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

I've just turned 35, too, and I'd like to think that I'm as funny, stimulating, witty and together as you are at 35. We've both just reached our prime!

May the next 35 years find you in the vanguard of photography, great writing, interesting opinion, solid information and fun—and may they find me enjoying it all! Congratulations!

Diane S. Lapsley
Flanders, New Jersey

You may call it a men's magazine, but I bet *Playboy* is enjoyed by an equal number of females of all ages. I think lots of men receive subscriptions for *Playboy* from their wives, so that the wives will have it around.

I heard that Christie Hefner says she grew up with *Playboy*. I think we should display it in our homes, where everyone, including our young people, can see it. Mine is right beside *McCall's* and *Cosmopolitan*.

I see nothing wrong with nudity, though I think near nudity is much more provocative. I think you have really done a job on this 35th Anniversary Issue. It's fabulous. My 85-year-old neighbor wants me to hurry and finish it so she can borrow it.

Alberta Pruitt
Vincennes, Indiana

You aren't too far off the beam about your 35th Anniversary Issue's being the best. You also aren't too far off saying everyone would doubtless find something missing. Unfortunately, your omission is a rather glaring one. You don't mention the one source of the Seventies' pinup revival, the active, healthy girl next door: the athletic but approachable Farrah Fawcett.

Ric Victor
Aurora, Colorado

We like to think that Farrah was responsi-

ble for the poster boom, not the pinup revival; your favorite magazine here had something to do with that. Farrah's posters are the kind of art you hang on the wall if you're still living with your parents. While we appreciate Farrah's looks and acting skill, and were pleased to feature her on our cover in December 1978, her sexuality was a little cool for our hot-blooded romp down memory lane.

Your 35th Anniversary Issue of *Playboy* has rendered my copy of the first and original *Playboy* no longer a collectible. Whether you realize it or not, you have pulled the rug from under the collectors. I probably could not even recoup the 50 cents I paid for the first *Playboy*.

Harry Blinder
Tamarac, Florida

Don't worry, be happy: Your investment is still safe. Last time we checked with a rare-book-and-magazine dealer, a first-issue copy of Playboy in mint condition was worth as much as \$2000. The way we look at it, now you have two collectibles.

In the midst of an exceptionally busy Christmas season, I found a few moments to crack open your January issue. My wandering eye happened to rest upon the grinning Jesus that illustrated Harvey Cox's piece *For Christ's Sake*. I was immediately struck by his clear-eyed vision of how Christianity and the Christmas holiday itself have been taken over by grouchy ascetics and other religious sourpusses. Joy to the world, indeed! From now on, Cox's essay will be part of my Christmas tradition, just to remind me of what is truly important this time of year.

E. Patrick Donovan
Boston, Massachusetts

35TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE HUNT

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best Anniversary Playmate ever. I knew she was my ideal when I saw the picture of her on page 178, eating a plate of pasta in the bathroom. One of my eccentricities is that I love to sit in the bathtub and eat a big bowl of spaghetti. I don't have to worry about dribbling the sauce on my shirt. Give me two plates of pasta, two glasses of champagne, one Fawna and one bathtub and I'll never ask for any more out of life.

Roderick Allen
Madison, Wisconsin

As a 24-year-old man, I've always felt a little silly standing in video-game parlors surrounded by teenagers, but now I don't feel so bad. I have, indeed, seen Fawna MacLaren's initials, E.A.M., on a Pac-Mania machine's hall-of-fame board in Westwood and must admit that I've yet to top her score. But I'm getting closer. My hope is that one day she'll show up (*she* knows where) and battle it out with me, joy stick to joy stick, to defend her record. If anybody asks me what a grown man is doing spending so much time in a videocade, I can just tell him, "I'm waiting for *Playboy's* Thirty-fifth Anniversary Playmate."

Derek Breck
Westwood, California

Regarding your 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt: If you don't make both Elizabeth Giordano and Tawnni Cable Playmates in the near future, you're blind. I think Elizabeth should have been your 35th Anniversary Playmate, but that's just one man's opinion.

Peter Thompson
Englewood, Colorado

After 35 years, don't you think we've offered multitudinous evidence that our eyesight's 20/20? As far as your suggestions go, keep your eyes on standby alert.

DE NIRO

It is clear to me, after reading Lawrence Grobel's *Playboy Interview* with Robert De Niro (January), why De Niro is such a great actor. He'd probably rather be *anybody* other than himself. He was obviously in agony during the interview because the attention was focused on himself. The only time he loosened up was when he was talking about his characters. I've always thought he was a great actor, and still do, only now I feel sorry for the poor bastard. It seems as if he's waiting until the end of his life to finally be himself. Somebody ought to tell him that by then, it will be too late.

Jan Grissom
New York, New York

When De Niro says that actors are basically shy, he's certainly speaking for himself. I've never read an interview with any actor that was, for the interviewer and the

interviewee, such a torturous process. It's hard to tell whether De Niro is afraid of hurting other people's feelings or afraid of hurting his own feelings by sharing his opinions, but one thing's for sure: the man's afraid of *something*. Still, thanks to Lawrence Grobel's persistence, De Niro managed to give a fairly decent interview despite himself. Hats off to Grobel, for whom the interview was obviously like trying to swim through two miles of peanut butter.

Sam Eldridge
Hibbing, Minnesota

CRACK

The article on crack (*Playboy*, December), by Jimmy Breslin, is vivid, well written and sad. I guess what is even more tragic is the intransigency of the Government and society toward a change in the situation. For, while it is impossible to stop people from taking drugs for one reason or another, the side effects on society that Breslin's article mentions—cop and innocent-bystander killings—are certainly preventable. Indeed, all the social pathologies associated with the drug trade are induced by legislation and are thus able to be changed.

Unfortunately, Charles Rangel's committee's hearings in the House last September on the legalization option were an absolute farce. I thought Jesse Jackson might have been able to recognize that our current drug policy is an excellent mechanism for keeping his people under heel, but with his advocating more of the same policy—perhaps a chain-link fence around our country's borders—the thought process appears to be impaired. Of course, as Breslin's article points out, current policy does provide black youths with high-profile role models: They just happen to be outside the law.

It would be nice if Breslin's article had some positive effect, but it is unlikely. Until there is a radical, fundamental change, current policy only seems to make Saint Paul's words appear quite accurate: The letter of the law kills, but the spirit of the law gives life.

Joseph Reeley
Ft. Pierce, Florida

AN ELECTION HELD HOSTAGE

I offer my unconditional approval of the article *An Election Held Hostage* (*Playboy*, October) and my gratitude to *Playboy* for being the only mainstream publication with the courage to provide the story the attention it merits.

The sale of arms to Iran and other shady conduct by NSC patriots such as Oliver North are given clear precedent by the revelations in Abbie Hoffman and Jonathan Silvers' article: privateers such as William

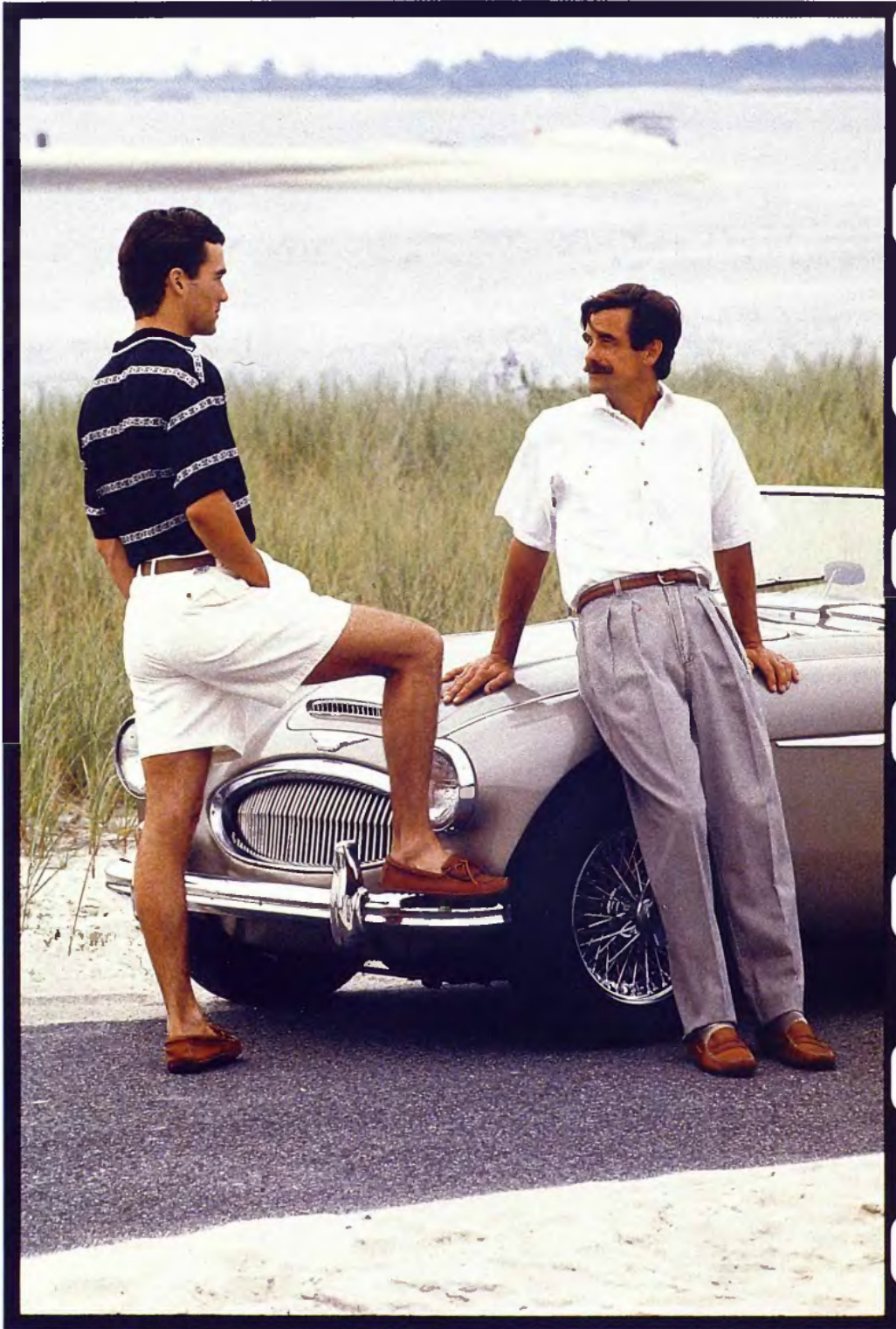
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OFFER EXPIRES 2/28/89

Casey, boning up for his CIA machinations, wheeling and dealing American lives with the free-enterprising spirit of his Wall Street days; profiteers such as Richard Secord, grieving for his lost military-arms contracts with the shah, groveling to hit pay dirt with the despots of the new regime.

Whatever secrets Fawn Hall concealed in her bloomers were probably embroidered with the same pantywaist ideology that sent a gift Bible to a Moslem state and held hostage our nation's press corps with the Stars and Stripes blindfold of patriotic drivel that the President is always right and whoever opposes him must be a leftist.

In the final analysis, it is a constitutional issue—will a free and fair press encourage the extension of democracy's entitlements equally throughout our nation, or will the powers of wealth and privilege discourage the citizenry's pursuit of entitlements and restrict its access to accurate information? For, in the end, it is information that enlightens a people's vote, and a vote enunciates a people's interest in maintaining a democracy.

Thank you, *Playboy*, for your free-spirited contribution to the body politic.

Michael J. Maiullo
Plainfield, New Jersey

FINNISHING SCHOOL

Playboy is usually edited very carefully, a rare treat in the sloppy world of publishing. However, you slipped up twice recently: The name of your December 1988 Playmate is Kata Kärkkäinen, not Kärkäinen. There are no circumflexes (ˆ) in Finnish, but lots of umlauts (¨). Apparently, you have no Finns on your staff to correct Kata's affected handwriting of the umlauts.

Also, in *Playboy After Hours* in the September 1988 issue, you claim that *Oberhase* translates as "command rabbit." Wrong. *Ober-* is a common prefix meaning "chief, head, senior, superior"; thus, *Oberhase* means "head rabbit" or "rabbit-in-chief." Actually, *Hase* means "hare," not "rabbit" (which is *Kaninchen* in German); thus, you could alliteratively call your boss, Hugh Hefner, Head Hare.

Reinhold Aman, President
Maledicta
The International Research
Center for Verbal Aggression
Waukesha, Wisconsin

We're always glad to hear from a careful reader who looks beyond a Playmate's more obvious attributes. However, our Finnish-language authority tells us that either the circumflex or the umlaut is acceptable. As for "command rabbit" vs. "rabbit-in-chief," don't you think you're splitting hares?



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Road & Track, Nov. 1988



Model 976

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radar, now increasing in use throughout the U.S. and Canada. And VECTOR 3 also effectively reduces false alerts from non-police sources without any loss of sensitivity to police radar.

Laboratory Tests*

Model	Sensitivity, dBm/cm ²	
	X-band	K-band
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Audiovox RX-4	104.1	93.9
Cincinnati Microwave		
Escort	112.9	106.8
Cincinnati Microwave		
Passport	114.1	107.8
Cobra Trapshooter		
RD-3170	113.4	110.8
Fultron 15-0900		
Snooper D-4000	109.4	108.8
Kraco KR-16	102.7	104.7
Mascot PH222	101.5	94.6
Maxon RD-25	109.3	106.8
Radio Shack Micronta		
Road Patrol XK	107.6	106.0
Uniden RD9XL	113.1	108.8
Whistler Spectrum 2	115.6	110.4
Average unit	110.1	106.3

Source: Road & Track, Nov. 1988

*Conducted by Advanced Product Evaluation Laboratory, Inc.

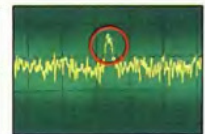
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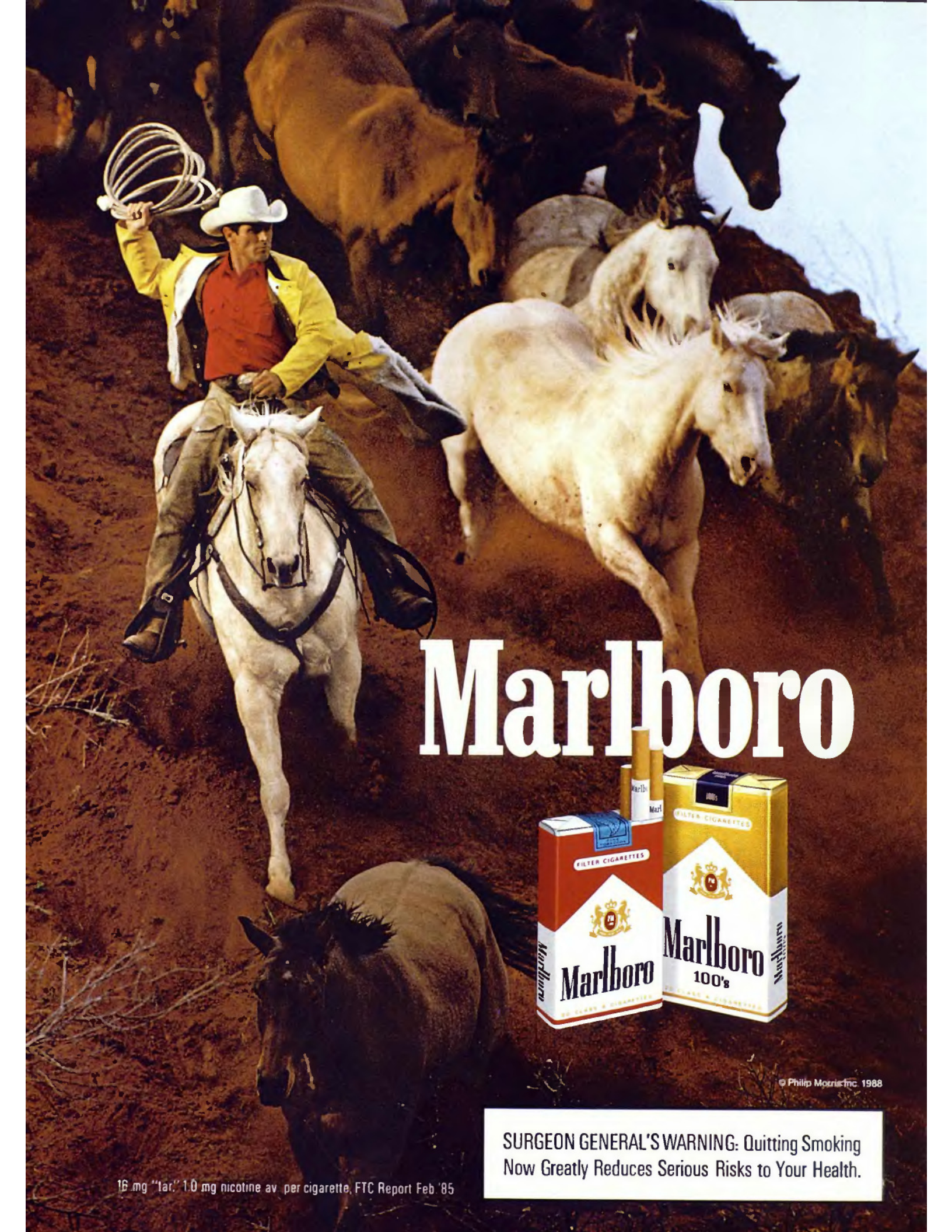


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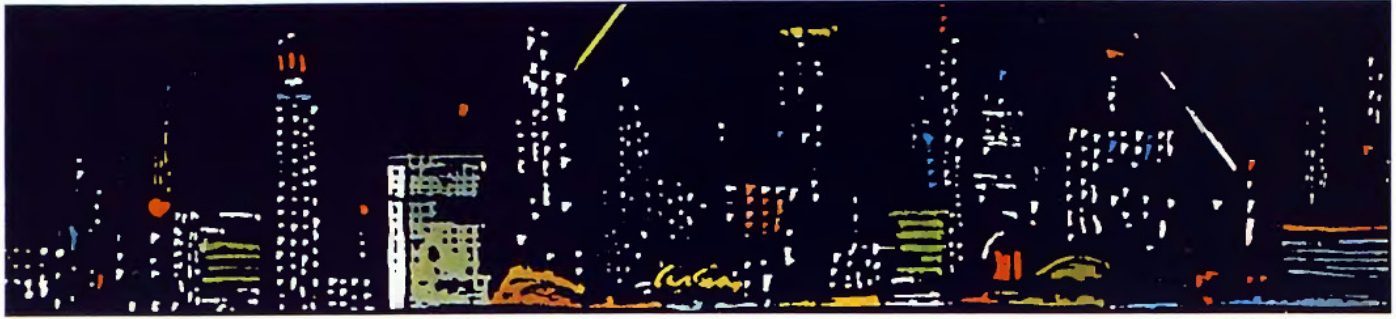


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16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



PAPA'S GOT A BRAND-NEW HOME

The Grammy awards, the recording industry's version of the Oscars, have just been presented on live TV. Perhaps that's the time to reflect on the sorry circumstances of one music-industry kingpin, namely, the Godfather of Soul, James Brown. The keeper of the Famous Flames is in jail. Brown is serving a six-year term for failing to stop for police during a car chase in which he nearly ran down two officers. Clearly, Brown needs help, but it is his grave misfortune, so far, that his most vocal defender has been the Reverend Al Sharpton, recently celebrated as mouthpiece for alleged rape victim Tawana Brawley. "They wouldn't have treated Elvis this way," Sharpton has asserted.

Indeed, Elvis' fate strikes us as a bit more severe, but, despite Sharpton, Brown deserves some compassion. Aren't we supposed to be a kinder, gentler nation? And isn't this the era in which even fallen Misses America Bess Myerson and Vanessa Williams have been vindicated (Myerson in court and Williams on the record charts)? Why not give old James a chance? Just don't give him a driver's license.

DIGITAL DOCTOR

Electronic games have come a long way since Pong. Computer simulations have put us in an airplane cockpit, in a submarine conning tower, in command of the battlefields of history, on starships in deep space—and now in the operating room, performing an appendectomy. In The Software Toolworks' Life & Death computer-simulated-surgery game, we get to play doctor. To begin, an on-screen buxom nurse directs us to medical school, then to a patient's room, where we check his chart and palpate his abdomen. When we place the cursor on a sensitive spot, the computer speaker howls in pain and a balloon caption spells out VIKES! OOOOG! or YOW! After we order an X ray, our diagnosis indicates a need for surgery.

In the operating room, the nervous new surgeon encounters the entire modern miracle of medical engineering: scalpels, I.V. setups, E.K.G.s, clamps, bleeders,

anesthesia, blood-pressure-monitoring devices, and so forth. The game begins in earnest when, under the pressure of a timer, the new surgeon must choose not only the right surgical equipment but also the right procedures. So far, we've figured out how to open a drawer, extract a syringe of antibiotics and inject it. We've also learned the preliminaries of cutting with a scalpel, clamping and cauterizing bleeders and holding an incision open with retractors—all before the patient expires or is unceremoniously yanked out of the operating room by a sarcastic chief of surgery, who sends us to remedial class. We have yet to get to the appendix, remove it and close up the patient. When that's completed, we can move on to the advanced program—repairing an aneurysm in the aorta. We hope our mother is proud.

THE JUKEBOX LET ME DOWN

Everyone knows that dudes who go to country-music bars are hard-workin', two-fisted drinkers. But do you know why? According to a study by anthropologist James M. Schaefer, the songs played on the jukebox in a country bar—particularly the slow, twangy tearjerkers—can drive peo-

ple to drink. "It's the whole tone of the songs," says Schaefer, a Ph.D. who heads the University of Minnesota's program for drug- and alcohol-abuse prevention. "They're painful, sad stories. The lyrics are rich in symbolism."

Schaefer, who came to that conclusion by doing field research in three bars in Missoula, Montana, presented his findings at a meeting of the American Anthropological Association. He says that the songs played on a bar's jukebox, or what he calls "the mood-selection device," are a key factor in how much people drink.

"Slow songs go with fast drinking," he notes.

Schaefer and project head Richard Sykes, Ph.D., are now analyzing data from a study of 65 bars selected at random in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. One preliminary finding: Half the patrons in a bar on a given night were observed to be either slightly or seriously intoxicated.

Amazing.

MAN-EATERS

Our favorite spring movie title: *Piranha Women and the Avocado Jungle of Death*. It stars B-movie perennial Adrienne Barbeau as the author/anthropologist who becomes the leader of a tribe of feminists who are so militant that they eat their men. No, this is not a film version of Andrea Dworkin's biography.

GOOD BOY GOES BAD

Recently, we were allowed to taunt Andrew White, the strawberry blond who bravely portrays the high school rebel Vance Checker in CBS' light-heavyweight series *TV 101*. "So, what's new in high school?" we asked the 23-year-old Chicago actor.

"You don't say 'gross' anymore," he answered with the smug confidence of one who knows his stuff, adding that hand-rolled cigarettes, the legal kind, are a hot trend.

How does he know? White went back to his old high school to prepare for his TV role. Actually, as a real student at Los Angeles' John Marshall High School, he had been considerably more prudent with



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Most of life's minor irritations are, to be sure, caused by people under 30, but most of the real damage to the world has been done by people who are older. . . . If life ended at 30, there would be no more Dr. Ruths, no more aging rock stars, no more graduation speakers of the most compulsory and tiresome kind and no more nostalgia booms that couldn't be dismissively put down."
—Cullen Murphy in *The Atlantic*.



FACT OF THE MONTH

The average comic-book reader is about 20 years old and spends a little more than ten dollars a week on comics.

TAXING TIMES

Number of individuals who received refunds from Federal taxes withheld in 1987: 75,000,000.

Amount of money the Internal Revenue Service refunded to those people: 66.4 billion dollars.

Average amount per 1987 tax refund: \$890.

Number of taxpayers who have yet to cash their 1987 tax refunds: 80,000.

Total value of those uncashed refund checks: \$47,000,000.

Percentage of 1988 Federal revenue that is expected from individual income taxes, 43.3; from Social Security, 36.5; from corporate taxes, 11.6; from excise taxes, 3.9; from other taxes, 4.7.

WRITING IT OFF

Percentage of American households that make charitable donations each year: 70.

Average amount of total donations per household: \$790.

Percentage of American adults who volunteer time to charitable causes each year: 45.

Average number of hours volunteered per week: 4.7.

Average donation to religious groups per household, \$715; to educational institutions, \$293; to international groups, \$281; to artistic, cultural or humanities organizations, \$260.

Average percentage of income annually donated by a household earning less than \$10,000, 2.8; by a household earning more than \$100,000, 2.1.

Approximate percentage of charitable contributions that come from households earning less than \$30,000: 50.

JUVENILE CHARGES

Average weekly allowance of a 12th grader, \$12.61; of an 8th grader, \$6.90; of a first grader, \$3.36.

SO MANY M&M'S, SO LITTLE TIME

The number of red M&M candies produced every day: more than 20,000,000; of other colors: 80,000,000.

In a typical bag, percentage of plain M&M's that are brown, 30; that are red, 20; that are yellow, 20; that are orange, green or tan, 10 each.

Percentage of peanut M&M's that are brown, 30; that are red, yellow or green, 20 each; that are orange, ten. There are no tan peanut M&M's.

TAKING OFF

Average number of paid holidays per year given a worker in New York, 13; in Hong Kong, 7.6; in Amsterdam, 34.7.

Average number of hours per year that a person from New York works, 1900; a person from Hong Kong, 2600; a person from Amsterdam, 1700.

drugs and booze than Vance Checker is. This time around, he hung out with the stoners, hoping to learn how to be bad.

By the time the high school internship had ended, White had nailed down a fairly believable portrayal of Vance for TV watchers. His new-found stoner friends were more skeptical. "They thought I was a narc," he admitted, attributing their suspicions to his erratic attendance and overly keen interest in the stoner clique. Tough audience, we'd say.

SPOTLIGHT



Foxy Roxy.

Roxanne Pulitzer starred in *Prize Pulitzer*, our June 1985 pictorial send-up of her notorious divorce from Palm Beach millionaire Herbert Pulitzer, Jr. Since then, Roxanne's lively sense of humor has been maintained by sky-high sales of her memoir, *The Prize Pulitzer* (Villard), which has just come out in paperback from Ballantine Books. NBC plans to air the TV-movie version soon. Meanwhile, Pulitzer is completing her first novel.

We talked with Roxanne recently and couldn't help asking a few provocative questions: Did she ever get a chance to meet O. J. Simpson, about whom she was fantasizing when she first made love to Herbert Pulitzer? Does she ever have a yen for cocaine, a major ingredient in her marriage and social life before her divorce? Does she sleep with a trumpet any more?

"I did meet O. J. Simpson at a dinner party and he'd read the part in my book about him. We laughed and laughed about that. He said he was very sorry he couldn't take care of my fantasy: He was married.

"As for cocaine, I don't have anything to do with it anymore. In fact, I don't even know anyone who does. To tell you the truth, I think our divorce trial singlehandedly cleaned up Palm Beach. The whole attitude toward the drug has changed. Back in 1978 and 1979, these rich Palm Beach people thought it was harmless. Now they know differently, so it's out. Free sex is also out. In fact, dating has almost disappeared. The most popular trend in Palm Beach these days is to have a monogamous, drug-free relationship.

"As for the trumpet," confided Roxanne, "I've moved on to the woodwind section."

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DISCS, DISCS, DISCS.



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- R.E.M.—Eponymous** (I.R.S.) 374777
- Elton John—Reg Strikes Back** (MCA) 370536
- Bobby Brown—Don't Be Cruel** (MCA) 372045
- Jane's Addiction** (Warner Bros.) 375741
- 'Til Tuesday—Everything's Different Now** (Epic) 375659
- Karyn White** (Warner Bros.) 375394
- New Edition—Heart Break** (MCA) 370882
- .38 Special—Rock & Roll Strategy** (A&M) 375139
- Levert—Just Coolin'** (Atlantic) 375105
- Spyro Gyra—Rites of Summer** (MCA) 370767
- Tracy Chapman** (Elektra) 369892
- Slouxsie And The Banshees—Peepshow** (Geffen) 374868
- Edie Brickell & New Bohemians—Shooting Rubberbands At The Stars** (Geffen) 374835
- UB40 (A&M)** 372730
- Michael Brecker—Don't Try This At Home** (MCA/Impulse) 374769
- Canadian Brass—The Mozart Album** (CBS Master) 374561
- Pat Benatar—Wide Awake In Dreamland** (Chrysalis) 370528
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- Beethoven—Symphony No. 9** (Norrington, The London Classical Players) (Angel) 365619
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MONTY PYTHON alumnus Terry Gilliam's mad and marvelous comedy *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* (Columbia) features a pseudonymous star turn by a performer listed only as Ray D. Tutto. Well, folks, that's Robin Williams—playing the King of the Moon, a frequently disembodied floating head who has "tides to regulate" and no spare time for "flatulence and orgasms." Williams is fall-down funny in this cornucopious farce based on the vintage classic about a rollicking old soldier of fortune who spins tall tales. Gilliam, himself becoming a brilliant movie fantasist as far out as Fellini, calls *Munchausen* the conclusion of a trilogy that began with *Time Bandits* and *Brazil*, all concerned with "dreamers caught in an age of reason." Here, England's John Neville hams gloriously in the title role. He first shows up in a nameless 18th Century European city under siege by the Turks. After angrily denouncing a dramatized performance of the Munchausen saga by a tatty theatrical troupe, the wily octogenarian takes the stage to recap the "truth" about his misadventures in a movie within the movie. You follow? Don't worry. Just let yourself go in Gilliam's gifted hands. *Munchausen* is joined on his flights of fancy by a delightful, skeptical ten-year-old (Sarah Polley). They fly to the moon in a balloon made of ladies' knickers, get swallowed by a sea monster, visit the insanely lusty god Vulcan (Oliver Reed) and his bride, Venus (Uma Thurman, a Botticelli beauty if ever there were one). At intervals, Eric Idle, Valentina Cortese and Jonathan Pryce fade in and out of the magic-lantern show conjured by Italian cinematographer Giuseppe Rotunno, whose credits include a slew of Fellini classics. Wondrous is the word for *Munchausen*, a one-of-a-kind movie that slightly jaded children might recommend to incurable innocents of all ages. ★★★

Time travelers turn up again in *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* (Orion), co-starring Alex Winter as Bill and Keanu Reeves as Ted. They're a pair of California kids so busy dreaming about becoming rock stars that they're failing history at school. George Carlin plays a genie from the future who helps them pass by being zapped backward in time via a magical phone booth. They return with Socrates from ancient Greece, with Freud from Vienna, with Napoleon from Waterloo and with Joan of Arc (led thinks she's Noah's wife) from France, to name a few. Everyone goes to a local shopping mall and gets arrested, but the boys' history teacher (Bernie Casey) is properly impressed. This is high-concept youth comedy, and certainly an original idea, but it's carried out by the



Polley, Neville in super *Munchausen*.

A five-star salute for *Munchausen*; Milius does his *macho* thing.

writers and director Stephen Herek with insufficient style and broad, blunted juvenile humor. ★★

Projecting a star map on a computer, lawman Kevin Kline figures out a vicious serial killer's future moves in *The January Man* (MGM/UA). If you believe that, then you may go along with Kline's recruiting of Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio (identified as the daughter of the mayor of New York, Rod Steiger) to don a plastic collar and offer herself as bait for the psychopathic strangler. Sure. Susan Sarandon, trapped in a thankless role, Danny Aiello and Harvey Keitel are also at loggerheads with logic in this comedy-mystery muddle directed by Pat O'Connor (*Cal*) from a screenplay by John Patrick Shanley. Last year, *Moonstruck* won Oscars for Shanley's script and Cher's performance. In *January Man*, the stars strike out. ★½

Class consciousness in contemporary England looks good for laughs in writer-director Mike Leigh's *High Hopes* (Skouras). Too bad for Prime Minister Maggie Thatcher that many of the laughs are at her expense, one reason *Hopes* scored a major hit at the 1988 New York Film Festival. Leigh's protagonists are a left-leaning blue-collar London couple, Cyril and Shirley—played with a total sense of truth by Philip Davis and Ruth Sheen—who just about get by in a wretched little Kings Cross walk-up. Through their eyes, however, we see a lot: Cyril's old mum doddering

into senility; Mum's Yuppity young neighbor couple being hilariously obnoxious; and Cyril's married sister drinking to forget the life she shares with her loutish husband in nightmarish *nouveau riche* luxury. Leigh occasionally uses a battering-ram where a satirical barb might do better, but the excesses of his comedy are outweighed by compassion, sincerity and unsparing wit. ★★★

The special pleasures of *Farewell to the King* (Orion), written and somewhat freely adapted by John Milius from Pierre Schoendoerffer's 1970 novel, spring from that realm of pure *macho* fantasy where Milius loves to do or die. He does exceptionally well here, helped by the fact that handsome high-adventure epics made on location in breath-taking faraway places aren't as common as they were in the heyday of, say, John Huston and David Lean. Filmed in Borneo, *Farewell* stars Nick Nolte as an American GI (he's a Brit in the book), a shipwrecked deserter who becomes the bronzed, blond ruler of a head-hunting tribe during the final years of World War Two. His kingship in the jungle with a loyal native bride is civilized man's classic dream of freedom and fulfillment. The dream begins to end with the arrival of a young British officer (Nigel Havers) paving the way for General MacArthur's invasion forces. Although Nolte dominates the exotic tale with virile intensity, Havers is excellent as an impressionable Anglo who marvels that he's actually out there in the bush spotting his first enemy Jap: "My God . . . he's pissing in the river, just like one of us!" MacArthur signs a worthless treaty with King Learoyd (Nolte) and his tribesmen, assuring them that their way of life will be preserved after the Japanese are driven out. There's the crux of the plot, as well as the cue for violence that brings *Farewell* to an exhilarating if not altogether credible finish. But for Milius, credibility is seldom the name of the game. ★★★

No matter how it tries—and it tries hard—a fine company of performers can't pump any real sense of life into *See You in the Morning* (Warner). Jeff Bridges plays a Manhattan psychiatrist adjusting to marriage with his second wife (Alice Krige), who is still bruised by the fact that her first husband (David Dukes) committed suicide. They each have two children, with Drew Barrymore (now a comely teenager) as the most troublesome. The shrink also has to deal with his ambitious ex, a top model played by Farrah Fawcett as if she were promoting a new shampoo. The consistent shallowness of it all can be traced straight to the screenplay by writer-producer-director Alan J. Pakula, who has helped stars collect Oscars in such films as *Kluge*,

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Sophie's Choice and *All the President's Men*. With *Morning*, supposedly a very personal



Hackman, Dafoe: An Oscar for *Burning*?

BRUCE'S BETS

With Oscar nominees not announced as we go to press, I'm sticking my neck out to predict some winners. Sorry, no prizes for out-guessing me.

BEST PICTURE: *Mississippi Burning*. Liberal favorite if business is good, with *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* a strong dark horse.

BEST DIRECTOR: Alan Parker, but only if *Mississippi* wins.

BEST ACTRESS: Meryl Streep (*A Cry in the Dark*) or Sigourney Weaver (*Gorillas in the Mist*).

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS: Frances McDormand for *Mississippi Burning*.

BEST ACTOR: Gene Hackman for *Mississippi Burning*, but Tom Hanks may be a *Big* surprise.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: Alec Guinness for *Little Dorrit*.

MY TEN BEST PICS OF 1988 (in alphabetical order)

The Accidental Tourist: An offbeat romantic triumph.

Big: Tom Hanks outdoes them all as a boy in a man's body.

A Cry in the Dark: Meryl Streep as a wrongly convicted murderess.

Dangerous Liaisons: Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer and John Malkovich up to evil mating games.

A Fish Called Wanda: Caper comedies don't often get this good.

Midnight Run: A buddy film to remember, with De Niro and Grodin.

Mississippi Burning: A message drama with heat and heart.

Rain Man: Barry Levinson's prize-worthy, poignant sibling tale starring Hoffman and Cruise.

Tucker: The Man and His Dream: Coppola directs Jeff Bridges in a memorable bio.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being: Still the year's sexiest.

story, he seems to have wandered a long way from the winner's circle. ♪

Home from England's war in the Falklands, the black hero of *For Queen and Country* (Atlantic) finds neither peace nor honor among his old friends in London. Writer-director Martin Stellman's first feature film has the gritty urgency of street theater, with resonant echoes of Vietnam in its portrait of British soldiers returning to racism, indifference and poverty in not-so-merry new England. But *Queen and Country*'s strongest asset is Denzel Washington, an alumnus of TV's *St. Elsewhere* as well as an Oscar nominee for his portrayal of a slain South African leader in 1987's *Cry Freedom*. In this earnest but generally depressing social drama, Washington shows signs of emerging as the Sidney Poitier of the future. ♪

Washington surfaces again in the title role of *The Mighty Quinn* (MGM/UA), playing the chief of police on a lively Caribbean island where everyone seems preoccupied with rum, relaxation and music. Quinn has a murder case on his hands, and the top suspect is his best boyhood pal, a famous local hustler named Maubee (Robert Townsend of *Hollywood Shuffle*, breezily proving that his previous success was no fluke). Washington also acquits himself well in this quirky, colorful showcase film, but he's still due for a movie that really gives full rein to his talent. ♪

The most interesting aspect of *Heathers* (New World) is a peculiar performance by Christian Slater, either a Jack Nicholson impersonator or an impressionable young actor who has been brainwashed by watching every movie Nicholson ever made. He's pure Jack, with a less electric killer grin. There's some killing, though: one of three Ohio high school girls named Heather (hence the title) and a couple of leering hunks who have said nasty things about a girl named Veronica (Winona Ryder). ♪

Like one of those cornball three-hankie "women's pictures" that Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland used to make—together, on occasion—*Beaches* (Touchstone) is born to be wallowed in by sentimental slobs while being sniffed at by critics. Go for it, anyway, all ye fans of Bette Midler and/or Barbara Hershey. As lifelong chums who go through hell, husbands, lovers, ups and downs and dread diseases, two unstoppable actresses transform the screenplay's slick fiction into first-rate pop entertainment, with Mayim Bialik in an amazing performance as a precocious young Bette. Director Garry Marshall holds nothing back that might inhibit this odd-couple saga about a rowdy singing star and her friend the California socialite. Shall we join the ladies? They're some fun. ♪½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- The Accidental Tourist* (Reviewed 3/89) New York Film Critics' top choice. ♪♪♪♪
- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* (See review) Over the moon with Gilliam. ♪♪♪♪
- Beaches* (See review) Sudsy soap in your eye, but Bette and Barbara save it. ♪♪½
- Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* (See review) Schoolboy time bandits. ♪
- The Boost* (Listed only) How to succeed in business until the coke wears off. ♪
- A Cry in the Dark* (2/89) Never fear when Meryl is here, winning as ever. ♪♪♪
- Dangerous Liaisons* (3/89) Sex games in 18th Century France, with Close and Malkovich as top-seeded players. ♪♪
- Dirty Rotten Scoundrels* (2/89) Caine, Martin make mischief on the Riviera. ♪♪
- The Dressmaker* (3/89) English women making war, not love, on menfolk. ♪
- Farewell to the King* (See review) Nolte goes native in a big way. ♪
- For Queen and Country* (See review) Pay heed to Denzel Washington, a comer. ♪
- Haunted Summer* (3/89) A couple of poets whooping it up at a vacation villa. ♪½
- Heathers* (See review) Poor picking. ♪
- High Hopes* (See review) Thatcher fans and Anglophiles, stay home. ♪
- The January Man* (See review) Seems to be an off month for suspense drama. ♪½
- The Mighty Quinn* (See review) More of Denzel, in a much lighter vein. ♪
- Mississippi Burning* (2/89) Hot. ♪♪
- My Stepmother Is an Alien* (2/89) One-note sex farce, but Basinger and Aykroyd handle it with appealing zest. ♪½
- The Naked Gun* (2/89) Not bad, but not *Airplane!*, either. ♪
- Pelle the Conqueror* (3/89) Von Sydow and loads of Scandinavian angst. ♪½
- Rain Man* (3/89) One of 1988's very best, with Tom and Dustin. ♪♪
- See You in the Morning* (See review) Second marriage almost on the rocks. ♪
- Talk Radio* (1/89) Director Oliver Stone with author/star Eric Bogosian, airing social notes from the heart of Dallas. ♪
- 36 Fillette* (3/89) French nymphet does a number on eager middle-aged roué. ♪
- Torch Song Trilogy* (2/89) Touching but stagey version of Fierstein's play about a drag queen and his friends. ♪
- Twins* (3/89) Schwarzenegger's the tall one, paired with DeVito in a soft-headed megahit about long-lost brothers. ♪
- We Think the World of You* (2/89) Male English lovers differ about a dog. ♪½
- Working Girl* (2/89) Melanie does Wall Street, abetted by Harrison Ford and Sigourney Weaver. ♪

Outstanding

Don't miss Worth a look
Good show Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



Dr. Ruth Westheimer talks a lot about fantasies, so we decided to give her one: She's snowed in for the weekend with just her husband and the VCR. What videos would she watch until the plows

arrived? "I'd want one Shirley Temple film, *Gone with the Wind* and *Tootsie*—I love Dustin Hoffman! I'd also rent a few sexy films, like *Last Tango in Paris*," she adds with her trademark giggle. "And *Dirty Dancing* was very sexy, but it wasn't explicit. That's good. Often, explicit scenes arouse anxiety in the audience, because people think if they don't have an orgasm the way it's shown on screen, there may be something wrong with them. Then again," she says, "I tell couples to rent X-rated movies to make their sex lives more varied, more interesting, more fun!" Thanks, Doc. Here's to snowy nights.

—LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Only Two Can Play: One of Peter Sellers' lesser efforts produces big giggles, with Sellers as a Welsh librarian trying to improve his shelf life under the covers with

an influential councilor's wife (Mai Zetterling, who makes sexual harassment all but irresistible).

Orphans: Stellar swagger by Albert Finney as a gangster kidnaped by two weird brothers (Kevin Anderson, Matthew Modine) who clearly need some career counseling. All three are showstoppers in this engaging, odd black comedy.

High Tide: Australia's top actress, Judy Davis (as feisty as our own Bette), plays a stranded singer who turns to stripping while she sorts out past, present and future.

Patti Rocks: Because of its *macho* language, this gutsy and lusty independent sleeper was unfairly shunned. The tough talkers are two perennially juvenile M.C.s who learn about life and love from a pregnant, high-spirited girl named Patti.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Can't Sleep? Count Our Sheep: As if the video fireplace, the video sunset and the video fish tank weren't enough, now there's a vid cure for insomnia: a 60-minute tape of sheep jumping a fence, set to Brahms (Creative Consultants International).

Sports Illustrated's 25th Anniversary Swimsuit Video: Good news, sports fans: Those of you who check out *S.I.*'s annual bikini brigade now get to see the ladies *move*. Selling for \$20, the 55-minute video

includes behind-the-scenes peeks at past swimsuit shoots and two fast-paced music vids starring the 1989 models (HBO).



COUCH-POTATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Get ready for baseball viewing with *The 500 Home Run Club*, a tribute to the 14 big leaguers who smacked more than 500 career H.R.s, co-hosted by club member Mickey Mantle (Cabin Fever).

COUCH-TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Eight bare-bottomed, Chippendale-style men play kitchen helpers to *The Gong Show's* Jaye P. Morgan in *Cooking with Beefcake Too!*, a how-to-cook video for the hungriest of Eighties ladies (Magnum).



THE HARDWARE CORNER

The Works: How super can Super-VHS get? Mitsubishi's HS-U80 S-VHS VCR (\$2100) has insert edit, fine edit, jog wheel, variable-speed visible search, variable slow motion and frame advance, picture in picture and a digital feature that will display as many as 100 split screens at a time—just in case you want to watch everything at once.

Tuned In: Now you can turn your camcorder into a full-fledged VCR. G.E.'s ICVA900 tuner/adaptor (\$130) will give your previously tape-only unit the ability to receive off-air signals from 155 channels, including 99 cable outlets. It even offers digital keyboard/scan tuning.

VIDEO MOOD METER

a guide to how we really choose what to watch

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO LAUGH	Best recent double bill: Big (Tom Hanks grows up fast; cutest bit: nibbling on the minicorn) and A Fish Called Wanda (Curtis, Cleese and Kline ham it up; sickest bit: nibbling on the fish); also April foolish: Wise Guys (De Vito and Piscopo os inept Mob gofers).
WANT TO SWEAT	Die Hard (terrorists take over building, Bruce Willis takes on terrorists—guess who wins); The Thin Blue Line (re-enactment of controversial cop-slaying case in 1976 Dallas; compelling); Marathon Man (Dustin Hoffman runs from Laurence Olivier; the killer scene: the tooth drilling).
WANT TO SCORE	Sultry sports: Bull Durham (major sex in the minor leagues; Sorondon steals home); All the Right Moves (Tom Cruise as high school football hunk; watch for Leo Thompson doffing her marching-band uniform); Playboy's Playmate Play-offs (our own inimitable Olympics).
WANT TO SCREAM	Monkey Shines (talk about a monkey on your back! George Romero goes ope); Eyes of Laura Mars (Dunaway as chic photographer who unwittingly sees into the mind of a psychopathic killer); Sister Sister (Jennifer Jason Leigh's boddest dreams come true down in the boyous).

SHORT TAKES

Best Oh-Get-a-Job Video: *Make a Puppet—Make a Friend*; **Yuppie Video of the Year:** *Space Law: Real Property Rights in Outer Space*; **Best Think-We'll-Pass Video:** *In the Land of the Owl Turds*; **Favorite Sporting Life Video Titles:** *Bowhunting in Zululand*, *Bowhunting Pronghorn Antelope*, *Hunting Bugling Elk with Jim Zumbo*, *Hunting Trophy Hogs*, *Hunting Big Muleys* and—what the hell—*Handgun Reloading*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *The Art of Turkey Calling*.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

IN A SPRING unusually crowded with excellent books, John Irving's latest novel, *A Prayer for Owen Meany* (Morrow), leaps off the pages with an imaginative passion that is startling; it demands to be read first. The title character is an extremely short person with a strange, emphatic falsetto voice—"a permanent scream," expressed by Irving by putting all of his dialog in capitals—who believes himself to be an instrument of God's will in the most literal sense. From the time that he kills his best friend's mother with a foul ball in a little-league game to the moment of his amazing foreordained death, Owen Meany lives with a sense of purpose that is touching, comical and—depending on your point of view—either a bit crazy or miraculous.

At heart, this novel is a philosophical exploration of predestination, but it features an armadillo, a decapitated statue of Mary Magdalene, tirades about Vietnam, hilarious discussions of religion, adolescent sexual escapades and even a production of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. This is John Irving at full throttle: a riveting narrative, a cast of richly developed characters, clanging symbolism, nostalgic sentiment, outrageous contrivance, moral indignation, human contradictions and a story as com-



Irving's passionate *Prayer*.

John Irving at full
throttle; memoirs
from Updike and Dunne.

plex and unbelievable as life itself. Here is one helluva joyous, provocative read!

Curiously, two remarkable collections of

memoirs, independently conceived, form a matched set of mirror-image meditations. John Updike, an "honorary Unitarian" from Pennsylvania, and John Gregory Dunne, an Irish Catholic from Connecticut, contemplate their very dissimilar lives as writers in *Self-Consciousness* (Knopf) and *Harp* (Simon & Schuster).

No stranger to the confessional form, Dunne deliberately takes the blunt, dramatic attack: "I am a harp, that is my history. Irish and Catholic, from steerage to suburbia in three generations. . . . I call myself a harp because I like the sound of the word—it is short, sharp and abusive." His descriptions of his adventures with whores in Frankfurt, his brother's suicide, his angioplasty, moving to New York, a visit to Israel, his screenwriting in Hollywood, his niece's murder—all reflect his admitted weakness for the grotesque. He writes with a rough candor (including the wish that John Sweeney, his niece's murderer, be buggered in prison and infected with AIDS) that shocks and disarms. Reading *Harp* is like watching an autopsy: You are sometimes sickened, horrified and repulsed, but you can't tear your eyes away.

Updike persuades by gentler means. His memoirs are, by turns, lyrical and elegiac; eloquent studies in the inner life. Most of the ostensible subject matter of

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Self-Consciousness, by comparison with that of *Harp*, is mundane: Updike's handwriting, his ancestors, his asthma and psoriasis, his home town and his boyhood, stuttering, dentistry and cartoons. He also deals with more substantial issues, such as "not being a dove" on the Vietnam war and his fear of death. Yet in all these reflections, Updike is not so interested in his own opinions and observations as he is in the universal resonance of his life: "an attempt to treat this life, this massive datum which happens to be mine, as a specimen life, representative in its odd uniqueness of all the oddly unique lives in the world. A mode of impersonal egoism was my aim." He succeeds admirably, quietly, in stimulating the reader to examine his or her own life, too.

Movie moguls do not spend much time on introspection, or so I gather from A. Scott Berg's superb biography of one of the greatest, *Goldwyn* (Knopf). The legendary producer, whose career was parallel with the development of motion pictures, began making movies in 1913 after seeing Broncho Billy at a nickelodeon and ended his 94-year struggle "to be somebody" in 1974 after creating one of the largest empires in Hollywood, the Samuel Goldwyn Company. Goldwyn's stars—including Mabel Normand, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, David Niven, Danny Kaye and Merle Oberon—and his hundreds of movies—such as *Stella Dallas*,

Wuthering Heights and *The Best Years of Our Lives*—are the glitzy part of this story. But Berg has dug deeper for uncanny insights into family relationships, creative intuitions—which became known as "the Goldwyn touch"—and his lifelong ambivalence about his Polish-Jewish heritage. He gives us a complex portrait of both a man and an era. There has never before been a Hollywood biography as profound as this.

If you thought that you knew something about the Vietnam war, I challenge you to read Harry Maurer's *Strange Ground* (Henry Holt), "Americans in Vietnam, 1945–1975, an Oral History." This book reveals a multifaceted crazy quilt of a war I never imagined existed. It is a fascinating, Studs Terkel-style collection of interviews with 68 people involved with Vietnam in various ways. Much of it consists of terribly depressing, heartbreaking stories of wounds and death and torture, confessions by people whose lives have been scarred forever. Some tales concern the strangely matter-of-fact strategies people used to stay alive during a terrible ordeal. A few survivors even had "fun" of various sorts. With a sympathetic ear and a nonjudgmental eye, Maurer has given us a remarkable humanistic vision of a terribly confused time.

Finally, from the impressive constellation of new literary works emerging early this year, five stand out: *The Next New World* (Crown), by Bob Shacochis; *Tours of the Black Clock* (Poseidon), by Steve Erickson;

The Cage Keeper and Other Stories (E. P. Dutton), by Andre Dubus III; *This Boy's Life* (Atlantic Monthly), by Tobias Wolff; and *The Watch* (Norton), by Rick Bass. American Book Award winner Shacochis expands his domain beyond the Caribbean in this dynamite collection of short stories. Erickson's novel is an audacious and erotically bizarre story about a man who creates custom pornography for Adolf Hitler. Dubus has established himself as an American heir to Chekhov, and this new collection of short stories proves it. PEN/Faulkner Award winner Wolff has produced a gem of offbeat autobiography in this fascinating tale of his wild family. The stories of Bass, by comparison, are simple, unembellished scenes from country people's lives, invigorating as clean mountain air.

BOOK BAG

Great Expressions (Morrow), by Marvin Vanoni: A vita of the origin of English-language phrases and words, it's Berlitz for the banal. Or feast on *Foreignisms* (Stonesong), by Tad Tuleja: Tuleja's offering bridges the big pond for a *soi-disant* litany of phrases rooted in Europe.

A Doctor's Guide to Men's Private Parts (Crown), by James Gilbaugh, Jr., M.D.: More than you ever wanted to know about Rusty Pipes (hematospermia), Fire Below (acute prostatitis) or Pain Near the Ass (chronic prostatitis). Ouch!

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(This month, our critics note recordings from the past year that may have been ignored but deserve your attention.)

DAVE MARSH

MORE THAN just the owner of the greatest white pop voice in the past 30 years, Roy Orbison was a supreme artist of rock and roll. As a record maker and songwriter, he ranked with Elvis, Little Richard, Ray Charles, the Beatles, Otis Redding, the Stones. Orbison proved he belonged in this company with *Ooby Dooby*, his first record, and with *Only the Lonely*, *Crying*, *In Dreams* and the dozen unforgettable Sixties hits collected on *For the Lonely: A Roy Orbison Anthology, 1956-1965* (Rhino). He proved it again with his role in the *Traveling Wilburys*. And now he has proved it from beyond the grave. On *Mystery Girl* (Virgin), Orbison reclaims his title to the greatest voice in white rock and roll. For sure, no 50-year-old in rock history ever sang so beautifully, with so much purpose and emotional engulfment. But neither have very many 20- or 30-year-olds.

Orbison's way of describing archetypal psychological predicaments ought to have been the envy of more analytically oriented singer/songwriters such as Paul Simon and James Taylor—and certainly was the inspiration for all of Bruce Springsteen's songs of restless, troubled hearts. You can hear this almost Jungian phenomenon on *For the Lonely*, where he finds real happiness denied to him over and over again by his own willfulness. And the story picks up—as if there'd never been a break—on *Mystery Girl*, *The Only One* and *In the Real World*. "In the real world we must say real goodbye/No matter if the love will live, will never die," he sings. So, goodbye, Roy. And thanks for the music. Old and new, it's gonna be sticking around.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Eric Ambel's guitar expertise ranges from country to hard rock to pop metal, and it all shows on *Roscoe's Gang* (Enigma), his first album away from his normal slot in the Del-Lords. This record is most of all fun but a little sloppy around the edges—Ambel's voice has some of that Neil Young quaver-till-you-hit-the-right-pitch quality. The best thing here is the cool song selection. Obscure gem or original, Ambel can pick 'em. Hope some TV-sitcom producer hears *Power Lounger Theme*, some C&W radio programmer hears *Next to Last Waltz* or *Loose Talk* and some rock-radio programmer hears *Wanna Be Your Friend*. In the meantime, you can hear them all.

Flipper was one of the best American punk bands, playing a slow, dissonant grind calculated to annoy thrash audi-



"A supreme artist of rock and roll."

Our music crew
plays catch-up,
plus Roy's farewell.

ences, or any other audience, for that matter. Its sound perfectly reflected the talents of Bruce Loser and the late Will Shatter, who could as easily provoke crowds to rage and violence as to laughter. If you had a button, they didn't so much push it as drip sarcasm on it until you shorted out. *Sex Bomb Baby!* (Subterranean) is a compilation of singles and obscure cuts that is a must for anyone interested in the history of punk. *The Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly*, a nursery rhyme given Marquis de Sade treatment, must be heard to be believed. On Flipper's double live album, *Public Flipper Limited, Live 1980-85* (Subterranean), Shatter and Loser go after audiences to great effect. It's brutal, hilarious, and their eco-disaster vision of the future is certainly accurate.

VIC GARBARINI

In our collective wisdom, your trusty *Playboy* Pooh-Bahs initially missed the major-label debut of the best pure rock-and-roll band of the Eighties, Guns n' Roses. Actually, *Appetite for Destruction* (Geffen) made little critical or commercial impact at first but steadily rose to the top of the charts. In an age when hard rock generally means Led Zep clones or corporate pretty boys, G&R is a band with its own genuine voice. Fueled by a troubled vocalist who sings and acts like a tormented angel and a guitarist named Slash whose searing yet melodic lines really say something, G&R

has digested and blended Aerosmith riffs, punk/metal defiance and Stonesian attitude. The band is candid about its substance-abuse problems without glorifying or wallowing in them. In short, G&R is for real, incredibly refreshing and, at times, quite moving. Let's hope its personnel can hold it together into the Nineties.

Some others that got away: Van Morrison and the Chieftains' *Irish Heartbeat* (PolyGram) is a natural pairing of the king of Celtic soul and Ireland's best instrumentalists. Morrison drops his R&B affectations and goes back to his roots before the Chieftains' warm, resonant framework. A heartfelt, magical record.

The re-formed Little Feat defied conventional wisdom and produced a comeback album without the late Lowell George on *Let It Roll* (Warner) that, though a bit slick, retains the funky exuberance and songwriting skills of the original aggregation.

On *Still Live* (ECM), the tumbling genius

GUEST SHOT



BEFORE *Guns n' Roses*, *Poison* or *Cinderella* came Ratt, clanking its heavy metal on the charts. Lead singer Stephen Pearcy took time out from relentlessly plugging Ratt's sixth LP, "Reach for the Sky," to comment on the third album by another pioneering band, the Bangles.

"We live in L.A., and so do they—when we go to events and stuff, the Bangles are always there. They're nice girls. *Everything* isn't the kind of album I'd throw on the turntable every day—it's a little too laid-back. But the music is genuinely good and lots of fun. *In Your Room* is the strongest cut—it's got the most kick. Susanna Hoffs is probably talking about my room. The Bangles have come a long way, yet their punk roots are still showing. They have that psychedelic Sixties take-some-acid kind of feel. It's cool how their success has made it easier for other all-girl groups on the L.A. club scene. And, hey, I'm no sexist, but there is something sexy about the Bangles. If I were single and I'd had too many beers, I wouldn't complain, man."

of Keith Jarrett benefits from the structure provided by a selection of concert standards and from the exquisitely refined backing provided by Jack DeJohnette and Gary Peacock.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

It would be silly to complain about the continued and possibly permanent failure of African music to sell to Americans the way it does to Europeans. Europe is closer to Africa and home to more Africans—as opposed to African-Americans, who have their own music to listen to and to divert white Americans with. But that doesn't mean Americans aren't missing something. And not since *The Indestructible Beat of Soweto* have I found proof as convincing as *Africa Connection Vol. 1: Zaire Choc!* (French Celluloid, cassette/CD, distributed by Musicrama, 718-389-7818).

A variant of Congolese *soukous*, the funk-inflected Afro-Cuban fusion that has dominated Afropop since the early Seventies, *choc's* common pool of musicians and recording techniques lends itself to anthologization. *Heartbeat Soukous* is like a quality disco compilation: generic, maybe, but plenty hot. *Zaire Choc!*, assembled by the biggest and sharpest manufacturer-distributor of a music whose studio center is Paris rather than Kinshasa, is more individuated without any sacrifice of flow, mixing contrasting vocal hooks, quicksilver guitar figures and negotiable rhythm changes like a great dance-floor deejay working the crowd for an hourlong peak.

NELSON GEORGE

These are rich times in rap music, which, despite its many detractors, is the most vital branch of black popular music. Still, some very worthy music seems to have slipped through the cracks.

One underrated rap release is Boogie Down Productions' *By All Means Necessary* (Jive/RCA), a hard-hitting, often political attack on all manner of man's inhumanity to man. B.D.P. leader KRS-One speaks from experience. He spent most of his teens as a homeless person on New York streets and his angry passion is understandable. Scott La Rock, the social worker who helped KRS-One straighten out his life and later cofounded B.D.P., was murdered outside a Bronx housing project.

On the songs *My Philosophy* and *Stop the Violence*, KRS-One barrages listeners with critiques of drug pushers, government corruption, sucker m.c.s and other evildoers. The music is minimalist, aggressive and allusive: *Reggae* rubs up against hip-hop beats, which bump into R&B rhythms.



FAST TRACKS

R	O C K M E T E R				
	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
George Michael <i>Faith</i>	7	5	9	4	6
<i>Dirty Dancing</i> (sound track)	1	7	4	6	7
Def Leppard <i>Hysteria</i>	2	7	6	7	8
INXS <i>Kick</i>	5	6	8	7	8
Michael Jackson <i>Bad</i>	7	7	7	5	7

(April's selections are the top-selling pop LPs of 1988.)

SWEAT AND TEARS DEPARTMENT: We don't know how you feel, but *Elvis* mania seems to be taking a turn toward obsession. Georgia artist *Joni Mabe* has a Traveling Elvis Museum devoted to such artifacts as one of the King's toenails and a container of his sweat. You'll probably want to skip it when it comes to your town.

REELING AND ROCKING: *Al Jarreau* is singing on the sound track of the new *Spike Lee* movie, *Do the Right Thing*, and in *Blake Edwards' Skin Deep*. . . . *Rosie Schuster*, former *Saturday Night Live* writer, is putting the finishing touches on her movie script about New York City's Brill Building, where many rock-and-roll songwriters had their offices in the Fifties and Sixties. It's called *Silver and Goldfarb*. . . . A movie will be made from the wonderful old *Rod Stewart* song *Maggie May*, about a teenaged boy-older woman romance. Expect lots of Stewart music, old and new, in the film. . . . *Michael Des Barres* has a role in the new *Clint Eastwood* movie, *Pink Cadillac*, to be released this summer. . . . Although the sound-track albums to *Rattle and Hum* and *Imagine: John Lennon* are doing well, the concert films aren't. Possible reasons include fans waiting for the home video and the abundance of live concerts on cable. The failure of superhot *U2* at the movie box office casts doubt on the future of concert films in the theaters. . . . *Madonna* has just made a five-picture deal with Columbia, the studio that will release *Bloodhounds of Broadway*, in which she has a cameo.

NEWSBREAKS: *Patti LaBelle* will star on Broadway in *Queenie Pie*, a *Duke Ellington* musical about an ambitious Harlem hairdresser in search of eternal youth during the roaring Twenties. . . . June 8, 1989, is the date, Radio City Music

Hall is the place for a superstars crusade against AIDS called *Rock and a Hard Place*. If you'll be in the East in June, you'll want tickets. . . . Another thing to check out in New York is The Archive of Contemporary Music (110 Chambers Street, New York 10007). It's a nonprofit music library and research center that collects, preserves and provides information on the world's popular music from 1950 to the present. The board of advisors includes *Jellybean Benitez*, *Nile Rodgers*, *Lou Reed*, *Paul Simon*, *Martin Scorsese* and *Jerry Wexler*. . . . Look for a change in sound on the next *Carly Simon* album. She wants to do some political songs and use instruments from various cultures. "I don't want to do a typical studio album," says Carly. . . . *Smokey Robinson* will be the subject of the fourth Motown special on Showtime. . . . *Joe Cocker* is working on a new album. . . . According to *Mike Rutherford*, *Genesis* is on hold until late 1990. The boys in the band—*Tony Banks*, *Phil Collins* and *Rutherford*—are all busy with other projects. . . . *John Fogerty* says, "My next record is going to sound not just a little but exactly like *Creedence Clearwater Revival*." . . . A new *Heart* album will be out late this spring. . . . *Bill Wyman* should be finished with the first half of his *Stones* book by now. It will cover the period up to 1969. Look for volume one in the fall; if everything goes right, it will coincide with the expected *Stones* tour. . . . *R.E.M.* is planning a major tour as a chance to see just how good it can be. Says ambivalent band member *Peter Dinklage*: "I'm not sure once we've done it, I'll want to do it again." . . . Finally, when *Fleetwood Mac* went back into the studio, its biggest problem was choosing from a wealth of new material. Everyone should have such worries.

—BARBARA NELLIS

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Thanks to checkbook journalism, I am in possession of a recruiting diary that was kept by Bubba Don Supples, an assistant football coach at Jesus and God University, and I am herewith going to publish some excerpts from it, because not only do they tell the whole story of the university's efforts to recruit Maxell Washington, the best running back in the country, they leave no doubt in my mind that college sports are getting cleaner.

I'll start with Bubba Don's first entry in March and then just skip around, hitting a few of the high spots.

March 1: Well, it's time to make the big push on Maxell Washington. This kid can turn our whole program around. It's like I said to coach Tooler: If we get Maxell Washington, you can dust off the trophy shelf—this fucker will put a six-pack of Heismans on it.

I mean, shit. He's 6'3", 237 pounds, runs the 40 in 4.2, and he's got more want-to than any kid I've seen since "Mule Dick" McClinton outrun his clap and took us to the Persimmon Bowl.

The kid will do anything you ask of him. If you say, "Maxell, I want you to jump into that puddle of slop right there," he'll jump. If you say, "Maxell, I want you to run over there to Egypt and knock down them pyramids," he'll do it.

Character is what I'm talking about. You can't teach it.

I think we got the inside track on Maxell. His brother, Dolby, played for us, and me and his daddy was teammates on the Packers. Treble Washington was a great cornerback.

Taking all of them to dinner tonight. Pizza Hut or Dairy Queen. Ain't much else to do here in Loweetha, Texas.

March 2: We got trouble. Maxell and Dolby and Treble come to the Pizza Hut in a new Porsche.

I said, "Maxell, where'd you get that car?"

He said, "I'm not at liberty to say."

I said, "Maxell, they's rules against that shit. Did you get it from Oklahoma? Notre Dame? Florida State? Who?"

He said, "I definitely didn't get it from Oklahoma or Notre Dame or Florida State."

"Did you get it from Texas A&M?"

He said, "I'm not at liberty to say."

Called coach Tooler. He said it wasn't no big problem. He would talk to Mr. Simpson about a Rolls-Royce.

March 7: By God, Mr. Simpson is a man of action—and the best contributor we



SCOUTING HANDBOOK

have. He give us our weight room and our Astroturf.

When Maxell wanted his Rolls-Royce to be bright blue instead of white, Mr. Simpson had it painted for him in three days.

March 10: Real good party on Mr. Simpson's yacht. Maxell had never seen an ocean before. He asked if it was the same ocean that boats sail on. I said as far as I knew, it was.

Maxell asked what it took to get a yacht like Mr. Simpson's. Mr. Simpson said it would take a national championship before Maxell's eligibility was up.

Treble Washington asked Mr. Simpson if he would throw in an airplane if Maxell won *two* national championships for us.

Mr. Simpson laughed and said, "Shit, if he wins two national championships, we'll rename the goddamn library after him!"

I love Mr. Simpson. There's no better friend of college football. "Stud Muffin" Simpson was a great player here.

March 14: I think Maxell is leaning toward us, but I'm a little worried after last night. He started asking about pussy.

Called coach Tooler. Coach said pussy was no problem.

March 19: Took Maxell on a tour of the Pi Nu sorority house today. That's where he'll live if he signs with us. I thought Maxell would be impressed, but he said he had visited Westwood and it looked to him like

we was a little light on blondes and tits.

March 22: Bound to happen. We've run into a package deal. Maxell's brother, Dolby, wants a job on our coaching staff, and Maxell's daddy, Treble, thinks he ought to be on the board of directors of one of Mr. Simpson's corporations at a salary that would match coach Tooler's.

They're all talking it over. I put in my two cents. I said it's a small price to pay for what we'll get in return.

March 25: Time to bring in our big gun. The chancellor. He's a good old boy who loves his football. Brought him in because Maxell wanted to talk about grades.

Chancellor guaranteed Maxell he would make passing grades.

Maxell said he didn't want to have to go to no classes to make his grades.

Chancellor asked Maxell if he would go to each class one time.

Maxell said that sounded real hard, especially during football season.

Chancellor asked Maxell if he could get to any classes in the spring.

"That's when I rest up my brain," Maxell said, frowning.

I thought the chancellor was gonna blow the deal, but he agreed to no classes.

March 28: I knew it would all come down to salary—and thank goodness Mr. Simpson is a smart businessman. Maxell asked for \$125,000 a year for four years.

Naturally, we don't have that in our athletic budget, so it was up to Mr. Simpson.

Mr. Simpson come up with the plan.

Pretty doggone astute, if you ask me.

Mr. Simpson said he would cough up that amount of money only if it was a donation he could write off on his taxes.

That's when he pointed out that Jesus and God University is affiliated with the Church of Ezekiel and Them, which is across the street from our campus.

Mr. Simpson said he would make the donation to the church, and the preachers could handle the payroll to Maxell and any others on our team who needed money.

This way, he said, the N.C.A.A. couldn't never find out nothing because a church don't have to open up its books to nobody.

Coach Tooler and the chancellor said they didn't hear this conversation—they didn't know nothing about it—but they said it sounded like a hell of an idea.

April 1: Today is the happiest day of my life. Maxell signed with us, and I'll tell you what—it's all over but the winning around this fuckin' place.



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DUAL NAM	•		•	•	•
DISPLAY	LCD	LED	LCD	LCD	LCD
STANDARD SIZE NI CAD BATTERY	•				
LEATHER CASE, RECHARGER, AUTO ADAPTER	STANDARD	EXTRA	EXTRA	EXTRA	EXTRA
LTD. WARRANTY PARTS & LABOR	•	•	•	•	•
15-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE	•				
PRICE*	\$695	\$1495	\$1495	\$1795	\$1499

*Prices based on survey conducted 12/22/88.

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*Price based on cellular service designated by STS. (In Missouri add \$39.79 sales tax. Upon activation of your telephone, you A contract for service will exist between you and the carrier once the carrier approves and activates your request for service.

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BY THE WAY, IT TASTES GREAT.

By ASA BABER

It happened one evening last November. I was sitting in the Grand Ballroom of the Chicago Hilton Hotel on Michigan Avenue, attending a dinner. The food was excellent, the company grand, and I even managed to be sociable, not always an easy task for me. But I was engaged in more than small talk. Something private and very powerful was taking place: Although he had died in 1960, my father's presence surrounded me there in that ballroom that evening. It was as if he were there in person.

The fact that I was sitting in the Chicago Hilton had a lot to do with it: Jim Baber, a small-town boy from Paris, Illinois, was an employee of that very hotel back in the Thirties. It was known as The Stevens then. My dad began work as a mailboy there when he was 20 years old, a college dropout whose father and mother had almost been ruined in the Great Depression. My dad worked very hard at The Stevens and eventually rose to the position of assistant manager. He met celebrities, calmed angry hotel guests, coordinated security. He also helped supervise banquets in the Grand Ballroom on occasion.

It was strange for me to be sitting there in a room that had been so familiar to my father. It was also enlightening. For the first time in my life, and through a process of ghostly osmosis, I was gaining a clearer understanding of who my father had been before I knew him.

That evening, I could envision him as a young man at his best—handsome, lively, dapper, full of fun, primed for risk and reward. I saw him as energetic and refreshed as he stood there under the stylish arch of the entryway, dressed in black tie and tails, hair slicked back, smoking his perpetual cigarette, the proximate image of Humphrey Bogart, a charming rogue of enormous potential whose laughter was so wired and vibrant that it made other people amused just by the sound of it. I saw him sneaking a glass of champagne, eyeing a beautiful woman in red, pouring some wine for a guest, charting the ebb and flow of the banquet hall.

In my mind's eye, I smiled at my father and toasted him. He smiled and raised his glass to me. I was thinking that it was an honor to have this eerie glimpse of him in his springtime. And I was saddened that he had not been able to hold on to that lively, happy side of himself in the years I spent with him. My father's days at The Stevens, I suddenly knew, were the last tru-



THE 10,000- POUND HAT

ly happy ones of his life, his final liberated season in the sun without the burdensome weight of family and children.

On that evening last November, I understood that once I was born, something deadly happened to Jim Baber: He became overwhelmed with his new responsibilities as father and breadwinner, and the prospect of supporting a family frightened him so much that he tried to rein in his happier and more audacious instincts. He attempted to sit on his massive energy and smother it, to suppress his grandest dreams. He tried to make himself into a harmless drudge.

It didn't work, of course. He became angry with his choices and, eventually, he imploded. Beautiful man that he was in his youth, he exiled himself into passive captivity—only to be crushed by the rage he felt at the weight of that decision.

And it was all symbolized in his hat.

Ah, yes, his hat. It was a battered fedora, cheaply made, brown, stained with house paint and cigarette burns, the front brim turned up, sweat marks on the band. Whenever my father came home from work (he left the hotel business in the late Thirties and went through several phases of employment), he would take off his suit, climb into his work clothes and put on his hat.

With a fatigued sigh, he would then turn to the unending domestic chores at hand.

Angry, trapped, resentful, my father sweat and slaved, but he also often punished me for the frustrations he felt. His work literally never stopped, and neither did his temper tantrums. He walked on the razor's edge of violence, and when he slipped, I bled.

In the earliest picture I have of the two of us together, my father is wearing his hat (and smoking a cigarette) as he stares at the camera. We are in a park somewhere in Illinois. He holds me by my hands as I, probably two years old, stand at his feet and squint toward the camera. Even in this early picture, my father's face is tired and he slouches. His hat weighs on him.

As I study that photo today, I want to rip his hat off his head. I want him to be unencumbered, to sail like an eagle, explore, take chances, live. I want him out from under the weight of that hat, no matter what the risks.

You cannot believe how much I still want today for my long-dead father. If I could control time, I would have him come back to me. I would give him a chance to live a more complete life, and I would try to show him how to do that. I would try to make him stop smoking. I would take him to the club for a workout. I would tell him that he had to allow his male energy a lot of room in which to flourish. I would tell him that even as a child, I knew that I wanted him to be true to himself, to set an example for me, to live vigorously and not passively, to love me and not resent me.

"Look, old man," I would say to him, "you are my father. I love you and I always will. I want you to be free and fulfilled. I want you to read and write and whistle and tinker and love and laugh. I am not here to weigh you down. I'm here for you to enjoy. Let's celebrate who we are. Let's party and roar and argue and wrestle and laugh. Let's be men together. That's all I ever wanted from you. We will romp with my two wonderful sons, your grandsons, young men you've never met. The four of us will have a ball. Come on, Dad, how about it?"

And sometime during his first evening back with us, after I have given him a good hug, I will snatch my father's hat from his head and toss it into the fireplace. As he and I and my sons watch it burn, we will sit, arm in arm, around the fire. Then, at our own pace, in our own seasons, we will tell jokes and stories and histories and lies. Forever, I hope.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a happily married 28-year-old female. I would like to start by saying I consider my marriage to be very satisfying and our sex life to be totally fulfilling. Recently, my husband and I met a couple in our neighborhood, and since then we have become very close. When I say close, I mean extremely close! We have a lot in common with them and really enjoy our time together. Our friendship started to take on a whole new meaning when we spent a weekend at the lake together. We thought that we were only participating in a harmless night of skinny-dipping, but it has led to a release of feelings that we have never experienced before. Other occasions arose for more skinny-dipping and everyone seemed eager to participate. Speaking from a woman's point of view, the water flowing over my naked breasts was in itself a sensuous experience. One night, we went on one of our midnight cruises in the boat and ended up nude. Becoming sexually aroused, we stopped at a small island and made love under the stars with our spouses. Another weekend, we decided to stay home together. After a beer or two, we ended up nude with each other's spouses. It started with innocent massages and led to a more sensuous expression of pleasure. This continued through the night with increasing desire. Since none of us felt a need to discontinue our weekends of ecstasy, we continued our nights with our new friends. After the first few nights together, each of us seemed not to think much about what was happening. But now we are probing our minds to find out why we are so comfortable with this new expression of togetherness. We would like to savor our new-found feelings and experiences with this couple. That is why I am asking for your help in analyzing this situation. What heartaches or pleasures lie in store for our exciting weekends together?—Mrs. L. M., Montgomery, Alabama.

If something works, don't fix it. Right now, you are making memories that will keep you warm in your old age. As for heartaches and pleasures, several studies of sexual groupings such as yours have found that eventually the need for one-on-one intimacy reasserts itself (through jealousy or feelings of being left out). Couples who are flexible enough to handle the experiment survive.

For years, my buddies and I have gone on ski vacations together. We're trying to plan a spring blast and are looking for novel suggestions. Any ideas?—P. J., Detroit, Michigan.

Have you considered a ski train? You can board Amtrak in Chicago, party all the way to Denver without running off icy roads and disembark right at Winter Park, one of Colorado's best resorts. After a couple of days, you can get back on, party through the Rockies



for a day and disembark in Salt Lake City for a few days of powder at Alta and Snowbird. If you have any legs left after that, you can get back on, cross the Nevada desert to Reno and sample some of Lake Tahoe's finest skiing. Train fare can run as little as \$199 round trip, with sleeper accommodations costing extra (for example, a deluxe sleeper with shower runs about \$400 from Chicago to Salt Lake). The ski trains have become parties on wheels—every weekend, some 600 skiers jump onto the train in Denver for the two-hour commute to Winter Park. You can do the trip in reverse as well. There are also ski trains that run into New England and up the West Coast to the Pacific Northwest. For details, call 1-800-USA-RAIL.

My lover doesn't understand why I like to watch erotic movies. She complains that they don't leave anything to the imagination. I counter with the simple argument of expediency: I find movies more exciting than books or daydreams. Am I abnormal?—D. E., Washington, D.C.

Two Australian psychologists recently studied male sexual arousal. They presented 24 men with the same sequence of events (a man and a woman undressing each other, mutual fondling, mutual masturbation, cunnilingus, mutual oral sex, fellatio, intercourse in several positions and intercourse terminating in ejaculation) in five formats. On different days, some watched a film, some watched slides taken during the filming, some listened to a recording of a young woman reading a description of the events, some read the story themselves and others were asked to imagine the events. The results? Guys were most turned on by the film and least turned on by the fantasy. Reading, listening and watching slides all scored in the middle. Interestingly,

all of the groups showed the same pattern of arousal: They became quickly aroused by the scene of mutual fondling, then peaked during the scene of fellatio or mutual oral sex. Their arousal tapered off slightly during the scenes of intercourse. It would be fine if we left something to the imagination, but it seems that the imagination can't always cut it.

Not long ago, I read that David Letterman had been stopped in Connecticut and fined for speeding and using a radar detector. The article stated that the state police had used a radar-detector detector to determine that Letterman had been using such a device. First of all, how can a radar detector be monitored when it is a passive device that only receives signals and does no transmitting? Does this detection device really exist or are the police just playing with our heads? Please let us know the whole story. I am sure there are many people like me with excellent driving records who need to know. We are not reckless or careless drivers, we just have to quicken the pace a little to get our jobs done.—J. W., Chicago, Illinois.

We spoke with Janice Lee, founder of RADAR (Radio Association Defending Airwave Rights, Inc.). A feisty lady who thinks that our current speed laws are a form of selective road tax, she has fought legislation seeking to outlaw detectors and has taken on the insurance companies that try to cancel policies for drivers who own them. She says that radar-detector detectors are a mind game: What the patrolman is really doing is writing a ticket for "application of brake lights." The speed vigilantes blip an area with radar, see who puts on his brakes and go after him, assuming that he has a detector. They may catch you the old-fashioned way—by tailing you until your speed rises, then getting a better reading. Lee publishes "Radar Reporter," a monthly newsletter available for \$15 per year. (Write to 4949 South 25A, Tipp City, Ohio 45371, or call 513-667-5472.) The newsletter keeps subscribers up to date on notorious speed traps and highway-patrol departments that embark on punitive campaigns, as well as supplies strategies for fighting tickets. One special warning: Be alert to transition areas—sections of highway where the 65-mile-per-hour limit drops to 55 for no apparent reason, except the collection of revenue. Among the gems in "Radar Reporter," we learned that people who own radar detectors are safer drivers—averaging 233,933 miles between accidents, compared with 174,554 for nonowners—and that they are more likely to use seat belts. We've never liked the 55-mph limit and will not rest until we are allowed to drive highways at the speeds for which they were designed—70 mph.

I discovered a great way to masturbate and have often wondered if any other

females use the same technique. What I do is turn the water on in the tub to a comfortable temperature. Then I sit down in a reclining position, with my feet resting on the sides, and let the stream crash down and massage my clitoris. Depending on the water pressure, you may have to adjust the flow to a speed that feels good. I've been doing this for years now. I learned about multiple orgasms long before my first sexual encounter because I had experienced them under the tap. It's the best way (short of the real thing) to feel marvelous, and it leaves you clean.—Miss M. K., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Thanks for the tip. Now let's hope last summer's drought doesn't repeat itself.

What's this about vodka's being tasteless? Recently, I tasted ice-cold Stolichnaya straight up, and it seemed to have a touch of sweetness. Is that because imported vodkas are made from potatoes?—R. M., Chicago, Illinois.

Congratulations on your perceptive palate! However, Stolichnaya's character results from distillation and filtering processes, not from potatoes. The fact is that Stolichnaya, like most vodkas, is made from grain (though there are two or three European vodkas available in the U.S. that claim potatoes as their source). European vodkas come off the still at slightly lower proofs than those made here, which means that they retain some flavor elements. Also, they're frequently modified with a trace of sugar or another flavor enhancer, or with a little glycerin for smoothness.

In contrast, U.S. regulations require that domestic vodkas be "neutral spirits so distilled or so treated . . . as to be without distinctive character, aroma, taste or color." "Distinctive" is the operative word because no vodka is totally tasteless, since all possess the aroma and taste of ethanol (alcohol).

I came across a book review in the local paper on a new account of the life of the Duchess of Windsor. According to the biographer, Wallis Simpson lived in China, where she "learned such exotic party tricks as lesbianism and Fang Chung, an Eastern sexual practice that purportedly can arouse even a corpse." Needless to say, since the review appeared in a family newspaper, any interesting details were omitted. What, pray tell, is Fang Chung?—D. E., Detroit, Michigan.

Isn't that the dish you serve with dim sum? No? We found the following description in Charles Higham's "The Duchess of Windsor": "According to witnesses of the Chinese dossier, Wallis was taught 'perverse practices' in these houses of prostitution. The practices can only mean lesbian displays and the art of Fang Chung. This skill, practiced for centuries, involved relaxation of the male partner through a prolonged and carefully modulated massage of the nipples, stomach, thighs and, after a deliberately protracted de-

lay, the genitals. The exponent of Fang Chung was taught the nerve centers of the body so that the brushing movement of the fingers had the effect of arousing even the most moribund of men. Fang Chung was especially helpful in cases of premature ejaculation. By the application of a firm, specific touch between the urethra and the anus, climax could be delayed. Massages delayed intromission as long as possible to remove the fear of failure in intercourse that afflicted men suffering from dysfunction." It's not surprising that your newspaper left this out.

Help. I am a young man who is slowly losing his hair. Already, I have a bald spot the size of a quarter. I have heard of a po-

tion that can stop hair loss. What do you know about it?—A. K., Chicago, Illinois.

Minoxidil, the much-publicized cure for baldness, has been available by prescription under the trademark Rogaine since last August. The only problem with the stuff is that it promises more than it delivers for most of the men who use it. Enough tests have been conducted to show that it works best as a hair saver—it slows down the loss for some men. If you are over 35 and have gone without hair for a while, forget minoxidil. According to Men's Health, "Minoxidil works best on men younger than 30 whose hair loss is not extensive and has started only recently, preferably within the last five years. Even among these prime candidates, only a third

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can expect good results (at least a doubling in hair density), while about 40 percent can expect fair results (hair thickness doubled and bald spot will shrink but not disappear). The others will experience virtually no change, though they may experience a retarding of hair loss." The good news in your case is that it works best on bald spots measuring two inches or less in diameter. Here are some of the drawbacks: Once you start using the stuff, you have to use it forever. At the current rate of \$700 a year, that adds up to \$21,000 over the next 30 years just to keep a few hairs on your head. While this is cheaper than the care and feeding of a toupee (30 years of cleaning, replacing and styling can add up to \$85,200) and somewhat safer than surgical

procedures (a hair lift can involve four operations and cost \$15,000), it makes you question the cost of vanity. The way we look at it, if you banked that money, you could buy a Porsche and a condo on retirement. You wouldn't have hair, but—fuck it—you would be having fun.

Are there any condoms made for guys who are larger than normal?—R. K., Dallas, Texas.

Drs. Katherine Forrest and David Mayer recently presented an update on condoms to the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex. They report that the average American condom is shorter than the penises of eight to 14 percent of the males in the country. If a con-

dom fits too snugly, it may break. If it's too loose, it may come off or leak. One size does not fit all. Hugger condoms provide a tight fit, while another brand, Maxx, is targeted for the well-endowed male.

Women like to wear black because it makes them appear slimmer, I've been told. My experience tells me that it sometimes works. Are there any similar tricks for disguising an out-of-control beer gut?—J. Z., Westwood, New Jersey.

Black, like other dark colors, does give the illusion of a slimmer figure. Try to stay away from bright colors and bold patterns—there's nothing worse than a Hawaiian-print shirt on an overweight man. Accentuate vertical lines with striped shirts and chalk-striped or herringbone suits. Avoid bulky fabrics and don't wear your clothes too tight—that only draws attention to your weight. You might try wearing pleated pants, which add vertical lines and a little extra fabric for more comfort. A few sit-ups wouldn't hurt, either.

My wife and I have been trying to get pregnant for several months, with no success. We've tried some of the chemical fertility-predictor kits—they certainly make for unromantic mornings. Do you have any suggestions?—R. W., Reno, Nevada.

First, relax. According to experts, 80 to 90 percent of women who are trying to conceive will be successful within one year—especially if they are having sex in the back seats of cars at drive-ins or while listening to a heavy-metal group. We've heard some complaints about the mess and bother of modern chemistry kits. If you want to focus your sex life on days of peak fertility, you should look into the Bioself 110—a hand-held thermometer with a built-in microprocessor. A woman's temperature will rise slightly after ovulation, thus indicating the beginning of her brief period of fertility. The unit takes a basal-body-temperature reading in about two minutes, compares it with a sophisticated program and then flashes a red or green light to indicate the degree of fertility. Studies have shown this to be more than 90 percent accurate in predicting fertility. The Bioself 110 is available for \$135 from Fertil-A-Chron Incorporated, 19 Jefryn Boulevard West, Deer Park, New York 11729 (1-800-642-6110). Chill some champagne and wait for the green light.

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How can you tell the difference between love and lust?

Oh, God, that's easy! Lust is just a quick thing that comes to mind. It's like a drug. You don't care what he's really like or even if you have anything in common. You just want him. It can be wonderful in the moment, but you can get hurt or hurt him. Love is very reality-bound and down to earth. It's a nice feeling if things are going well. Love is a commitment and the feelings grow over time. Lust is maxed out right from the start. I don't know if the two go together, but if there isn't lust with love, there is passion, for sure.



Eloise Broady

ELOISE BROADY
APRIL 1988

It's not always easy to tell the difference. Lots of times, you don't even know until it ends. I dated a guy a couple of years ago. I thought we were so in love. I look back now . . . well, it's hard to tell what it was. Love starts out as lust, but you have to be able and willing to stick it out together and grow and still keep lust in the relationship. Lust is the feeling of newness and you've got to keep that excitement from disintegrating. You can't get so comfortable that you lose that electricity.



Terri Lynn Doss

TERRI LYNN DOSS
JULY 1988

Lust doesn't quit. I can tell when someone really wants me. He's just persistent. He doesn't give up and I can see it. Love is more subtle; it can be hidden. There is a guy who keeps calling me, and even though I keep saying, "Look, I can't," he just doesn't hear me. That's lust clogging his ears! Love starts out with a lot of lust, too, and you've got to keep it alive. If lust goes, love is going to have a really hard time surviving. I have been in situations where lust has continued to power a relationship that was winding down. You know, the I-can't-stand-him-during-the-day-but-everything's-fine-at-night syndrome.



Laura Richmond

LAURA RICHMOND
SEPTEMBER 1988

Sometimes that's pretty tricky. For me, a healthy relationship is lustful. It turns into love when I enjoy touching him, even without the sexual follow-through. When I enjoy just being with him, sleeping with him, touching him, smelling him and developing the mental side of our relationship, that is love. I don't know why it's so hard to find the path between love and lust. You do need the friction, the spark of lust to initiate love. It can take a very short time to fall in love or it can take a very, very long time.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

This one is hard for me to answer, because I don't think I've ever been in lust. I have always had serious boyfriends. In the beginning, it's an infatuation. I guess that could be lust. You just want him so much and you do whatever you can to get him. Love is a commitment and you don't feel alone. Maybe lust is when you're hot for someone and you don't know why. After you fall in love, you do know why you're so hot for him.



Kari Kennell

KARI KENNEL
FEBRUARY 1988

That's easy. Love is very intense. It is something you put everything into, that you are always working on and that you want to survive. Lust feels wild. It's infatuation. You are in the moment. It's the opposite of love. It's like you've just gone crazy. You can lust after someone you love, but it comes and goes. I was in lust with the guy I was in love with, but not twenty-four hours a day. When the lust was strongest, it had a lot to do with how he was acting.



Pia Reyes

PIA REYES
NOVEMBER 1988

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ONE FOR THE ROAD

Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD) was founded by a woman whose daughter was killed by a drunk driver. It is now the foremost anti-drunk-driver organization in the country and has performed one public service that should earn it a towering monument: It has dismantled the image of the drunk as a comical figure, as in the cross-eyed cartoon character wearing top hat and tux, hanging on to a lamppost and a whiskey bottle outside a night club at three A.M., singing "How dry I am!" Now a drunk is usually a fool, and often a fool with problems, who is a peril to himself and others when behind the wheel of a car. The kind of drunkenness once considered laughable has become less socially acceptable, and the country is the better for it.

The trouble is, MADD has joined motherhood itself as an institution above examination or criticism. The same is true for Alliance Against Intoxicated Motorists (AAIM), Students Against Driving Drunk (SADD) and others. To suggest that their approach may start doing more harm than good is to preach heresy.

The point at which the Mothers and the others go off the road is in their assumption that blood-alcohol content (B.A.C.) and accident rates are directly proportional—the lower a driver's B.A.C., the lower his risk of accident. They'd deny it's as neat as that, but, having tasted success in reforming national attitudes, laws and law-enforcement practices, they yearn to do more. And at present, more means tightening even further the legal definition of drunk by reducing the .10 or .12 percent B.A.C. rule in most states to .08 or even .05.

This is typical reformer step-in-the-right-direction thinking. Professional driving instructor William P. Sundin is as anti-drunk driving as a person can be, yet he's afraid that unreasonably lowering the blood-alcohol limit will eventually make D.U.I. such a commonplace offense that it will succumb to the inflation principle. License suspensions will lose their stigma and will signify only zealous law enforcement. Sundin and others also point out that police and court resources are finite, and to

deal with increasing numbers of moderate drinkers as though they were deadly chronic drunks only means less treatment where it counts.

This is not to dispute the seriousness of the drunk-driver problem. It may be the country's most tragic in terms of innocent lives lost due to the negligence or the stupidity of others; but

nervousness that otherwise hampers performance. This effect is too fleeting and unpredictable to justify drinking—except in the mind of a problem drinker—so ignoring it is understandable. I mention it only to challenge the notion that alcohol in moderate quantities affects all people the same way.

For that matter, the ability of most people to drive and drink is evident in the very statistics put out to dramatize the problem. If it's true, as is said, that on any given weekend night, ten to 39 percent of all drivers are driving impaired—an attention-getting item that translates into many thousands in any large city—those drivers must have attended drunk-driving school, or the stiff would be stacked up like timber.

The point is this, and it's not getting through the propaganda: The moderate drinker is *not*, by definition, a drunkard, who has been defined as a person who, when he drinks, always drinks too much. And confusing the two takes the heat off a major source of alcohol-related accidents—the problem drinker, the chronic alcoholic who may have a string of D.U.I.s, an arrest record for other offenses associated with drinking and a flock of personal problems.

One study calls such people (who often have B.A.C.s of .20 or higher) "problem-drinker drivers." These are the "double drunks" who are "frequently found in crashes between midnight and six A.M." The authors of the study add that "these 'hard-core' drinking drivers may not be affected by alcohol campaigns," because the idea of *not* drinking and driving doesn't occur to them. All of their resources are devoted to avoiding getting caught.

Another study finds that even jail sentences for first offenders will have little effect on the alcoholic. They "will scare the unfortunate social drinker who got caught in the net, but the problem drinker who goes to jail for 30 days will be drunk on the 31st."

My fear is that the zealots can't or won't make distinctions between safe and unsafe drinkers and will defeat their own purpose. They will derive so much (concluded on page 48)



movements usually become crusades at the expense of intellectual honesty. Certainly, alcohol impairs driving ability, as we sometimes see demonstrated on television by liquored-up test subjects who fail the Breathalyzer test and then go plowing through pylons in a parking lot. What's not publicized are studies showing that some people perform *better* after a drink—a little alcohol apparently dispels an ambient

DRUG LEGALIZATION

In the article "Want to Take Risks? It Should Be Your Choice" (*The Playboy Forum*, January), Loren Siegel writes that the long-term side effects of marijuana are unknown. That is not true. Marijuana is a known carcinogen.

Joe Zeloof
Edison, New Jersey

According to the National Cancer Institute, there is no conclusive evidence that marijuana is a carcinogen.

I'm a Government employee. My job is a technical one and requires years of training. I'm sure that there are no more than 24 people who have the ability and the training to do my job. Does anyone really believe that the military is going to allow our defense system to be compromised because its highly trained employees smoke a little dope and fail a urinalysis? No. What will happen is that the Government will use the urinalysis to weed out employees they want to fire for other reasons.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Brilliant article! America needs to focus on *helping* its people—not hanging them.

Ron Wintrick
Pacific, Missouri

I wish that every public official would take U.S. Representative Pete Stark's drug test (*The Playboy Forum*, November). At least there is one person in our Government who actually uses his brain in a rational quest for solutions.

Cindy Wingo
Pasadena, Texas

The war on drugs is the most ominous feature of our political landscape. Turning the U.S. into a police state has not solved the drug problem; as we all know, it has *created* most of it. And it has taught Americans that government has a right to oversee the most intimate, personal aspects of our lives. The war on drugs is a systematic assault on human rights.

Glen Allport
San Diego, California



FOR THE RECORD

THE HIGH COST OF MOTHERHOOD

"[A] woman is free to make the basic decision whether to bear an unwanted child. Elaborate argument is hardly necessary to demonstrate that childbirth may deprive a woman of her preferred lifestyle and force upon her a radically different and undesired future. For example, [women who are not allowed to have abortions] are required to endure the discomforts of pregnancy; to incur the pain, higher mortality rate and aftereffects of childbirth; to abandon educational plans; to sustain loss of income; to forgo the satisfactions of careers; to tax further mental and physical health in providing child care; and, in some cases, to bear the lifelong stigma of unwed motherhood, a badge that may haunt, if not deter, later legitimate family relationships."

—Justice William O. Douglas, in his concurring opinion in *Roe vs. Wade*, 1973

CHILD PORNOGRAPHY

I am alarmed at the Government's response to Lawrence A. Stanley's article in the September *Forum* ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, January). It's evident that the guardians of the public morals will go to any length to justify their self-righteous crusades.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

The hysteria over child pornography is being used to deny sex education in the schools, to remove "offensive" books from schools, to intimidate bookstores

that sell adult material, to harass neighborhood video-rental stores, to deny homosexuals the right to adopt, to outlaw the personal possession of "obscene" material on Federal property, to attack dial-a-porn and to make *Playboy* magazine unavailable at our local 7-Eleven. Under the guise of protecting children, bureaucrats are getting fat by diverting funds away from the programs that will help children. In the process, they are destroying Americans' civil liberties. This is the McCarthyism of the Eighties.

Marc Schuyten
Corona, California

I was shocked by the way the U.S. Government is acting to solve the child-pornography problem (*The Playboy Forum*, September). By my estimate, a scant .0002 percent of the world population buys child pornography. Is it really worth the thousands of dollars spent to catch a few Peeping Toms? I always regarded the U.S. as one of the most progressive nations in the world. My wish has always been to travel to your country; but if some of your Government agents continue to misuse the laws, the United States will slip back into the Middle Ages, and I'm not interested in traveling back in time.

Manou Billa
Ettelbruck, Luxembourg

The FBI and members of the Alabama Obscenity Task Force have been hitting Mobile video stores with a list of X-rated movies and going through the records to see who has rented the tapes. I'm sure that they want to publish the names of the people to embarrass them. Where will it end?

Norman Grider
Montgomery, Alabama

Based on the reports by Lawrence A. Stanley and Frank Kuznik in the September *Forum*, "the police may try to do more than embarrass the people who have rented the X-rated films. No doubt, those names will be placed on the list of people whom the Feds try to entrap."

R E S P O N S E

EQUAL PROTECTION

One Saturday, an anti-abortion church group picketed an abortion center and blocked the doors. The police didn't disturb them until they became violent and threatened to physically abuse the people entering the clinic.

The next day, members of a pro-choice group peacefully picketed in front of the church. They were threatened with arrest.

I'm old enough to remember backstreet abortions. I hope our law-enforcement officers, our judicial system and our politicians do not return us to those times.

Paul Lantz
Lauderdale-by-the-Sea, Florida

PROCONDOM ADS

Concerned Women for America is trying to raise money to thwart Planned

Parenthood's efforts to get the three major networks to air condom commercials. The group sent out a mailing requesting \$20. It wishes to fund anticondom ads. Can I legally send out a mailing requesting money to fund procondom ads?

E. Dunn
Detroit, Michigan

Yes, you can, but a more effective way to spend your time and money would be to contribute to Planned Parenthood.

DIAL-A-PORN

Are there really that many Americans whose constitutional rights are being violated by a ban on dial-a-porn (*The Playboy Forum*, December)? Isn't it really a question of how much money the dial-a-porn companies make from curious children?

Lesley D. Christiansen
Flint, Michigan

Dial-a-porn does make lots of money—some of it from children's phone calls. But, as our article says, there are ways to keep dial-a-porn away from children without violating anyone's constitutional rights.

BAN THE ABC'S

If the anti-obscenity people have their way, the entire alphabet will be banned because it contains letters that can spell obscene words.

David Rogers
Utica, Michigan

HER BIG LIE

Judith A. Reisman's conclusions about *Playboy* are obviously derived from her own ideology—not from scientific research (*The Playboy Forum*, October).

Michael Sachs
Joppatowne, Maryland

We agree. See our commentary, "Peer

N.R.A.: Color Them Red-faced

To polish its image a little, the National Rifle Association put out a coloring book, *My Gun Safety Book*, warning children who find an unattended gun to get away fast and report it to a responsible adult. Since there are firearms in half the households in the country and plenty more on the street, I didn't see how anyone could fault the basic message, even if it came from the N.R.A. But in antigun circles, the response was outrage. In Chicago, for instance, the Illinois Council Against Handgun Violence said it was "deeply distressed by the N.R.A.'s cynical effort to encourage the use of handguns. Supplying the coloring book to school children is as effective as supplying clean needles to drug addicts. We must go cold turkey on guns." A Chicago Police Department official, who apparently liked the drug imagery, agreed that "it's sickening to inject this type of garbage into the minds of our youngsters."

Even given their hostility to the N.R.A., I couldn't see antigun people condoning firearm accidents involving children just to make the pro-gun people look bad. Nor could I see the N.R.A.'s wanting to arm preschoolers for the sake of expanding its constituency. So I obtained a copy of *My Gun Safety Book*, and now I see where the N.R.A., in a wonderfully naive effort to look responsible, blew it. Here beginneth the lesson.

By portraying a firearm as dangerous but commonplace, the N.R.A. came up with a gun-safety scenario that is every antigun person's nightmare: a handgun in the home.

Get the picture: Two of the most respectable-looking middle-class white kids (named Dick and Jane, no less) to ever inhabit a

children's book see a revolver lying on a coffee table. Dick says, "Stop, Jane. Don't touch the gun."

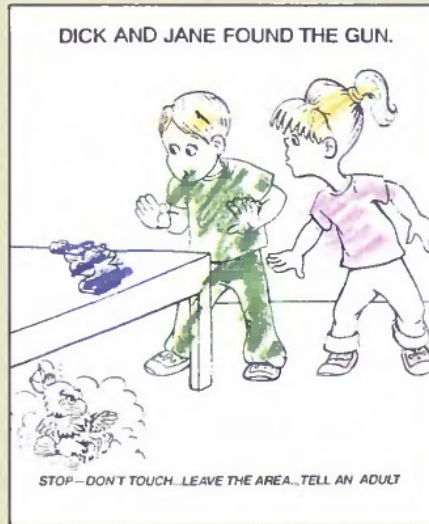
With expressions of concern, they run to find Mom and report their discovery. So far, so good. But now, instead of locking the kids in a bedroom and calling the police—"Hurry! Some madman has broken into our house and left a gun on the table!"—Mom just beams and says, "I am proud of you for telling me so I could put it away."

Put it away? You mean it belongs in the house?

That may seem reasonable in Kenesaw, Georgia, where gun ownership is required by city ordinance. But in a place such as Chicago, where guns are synonymous with street crime, domestic violence and irresponsibility, and where antigun sentiment is strong, that scenario seems depraved. Perhaps the idea would work if Dick and Jane were to find a gun that some armed robber or street-gang member had dropped in an alley, then run to report it to Officer Friendly, who would treat the thing like a rattlesnake. But for people who cannot imagine themselves personally owning a weapon, and for a press that largely supports them, such a depiction is about as persuasive as a coloring book from a National Addicts Association counseling parents to keep their syringes in a safe place.

So what we have here, in the words of Cool Hand Luke, just before he takes a bullet in the neck, is "a failure to communicate." But don't feel too bad, N.R.A. Think of the trouble the A.C.L.U. would have with a coloring book in which Dick and Jane's mom opposed the death penalty for a mass murderer.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER



READER RESPONSE (continued)

Review," in this month's "Forum."

ONE SMALL VICTORY

In January, Appalachian State University became the first state university in North Carolina to install condom machines in dormitory rest rooms. Bible Belt opinion is against even mentioning the word condom, but the chancellor had to do something in the age of AIDS. Just in time. Last year, almost ten percent of the women students had pregnancy tests.

Nan Chase
Boone, North Carolina

PORN-MOVIE PUT-ON

I've seen a number of X-rated videos and it's clear that the largest proportion of bimbos portrayed are men. How wooden, coarse, inhibited, subservient, miserably insensitive and just plain unsexy they seem. What lousy scripts and musical scores. It's all such an obvious put-on. Examining those videos convinces me that people like Chris Cooper and Coalition Against Pornography in Kansas City are completely off the wall (*The Playboy Forum*, November and December). The basis of their complaint against X-rated videos must be that they resent people's making films about their sex lives!

John Shaplin
Burlington, Vermont

SECULAR ALCOHOLIC

Bill Hewitt says that Alcoholics Anonymous "is every bit as secular as S.O.S. [Secular Organizations for Sobriety]" (*The Playboy Forum*, December). It's not. The following is a quote from A.A. material: "We hope you are convinced that God can remove whatever self-will has blocked you off from Him. If you think you are an atheist, an agnostic, a skeptic, or have any other form of intellectual pride which keeps you from accepting what is in this book, I feel sorry for you." S.O.S. is a secular alternative to A.A.

Jim Christopher, Founder
S.O.S. Clearinghouse
Box 15781
North Hollywood, California 91615-5781

H.R. 1213

The *Forum* article on House Bill 1213 (November) was responsible for getting me off my ass to write to my U.S. Senator, urging him to vote against anti-pornography bills. I advise other readers to do the same.

Scott R. Brezinski
Stevens Point, Wisconsin

ONE FOR THE ROAD

(continued from page 45)

satisfaction from the applause they get from hammering the little B.A.C. number ever lower that they'll remain content to hassle drinking drivers *as such* instead of targeting *unsafe* drivers—the chronic alcoholics and accident-prone who go out every night and kill people.

It hasn't yet shown up in any studies of which I'm aware, and maybe it won't if it's perceived to challenge present dogma, but I'll bet that one consequence of Draconian penalties for even light drinkers will be an increasing number of drivers "leaving the scene," especially in minor tangles, where even the fault-free driver doesn't know if the evening's three beers will send him straight to the slammer.

The present punishment strategy may terrorize moderate drinkers, load the courts, make lawyers rich and generally screw people around. But without education (for which MADD and its friends can be sincerely thanked)

backed up by effective alcohol-treatment and driving-improvement programs, we will reach a point of diminishing returns. Using numbers from a variety of sources, *USA Today* columnist Patrick Cox concluded that as many as two thirds of alcohol-related accidents are caused by only five percent of drivers, who combine "acute problems of substance abuse with a blatant disregard for human life."

When Illinois passed a new tough drunk-driver law in 1985, license suspensions and revocations leaped from 13,000 to nearly 47,000 and have stayed around that number since. Highway fatalities actually went up slightly after the new law took effect. Cheaper gas has meant more driving, some claim. One may think that a three- or four-fold increase in license suspensions would have achieved more. It didn't, because this approach to the drinking-driver problem doesn't solve the drunken-driver problem; the two are not the same. —WILLIAM J. HELMER

AN ILL WIND BLOWS MONEY

Last summer, the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon waged holy war against the distributors of *The Last Temptation of Christ*. Sending forth his troops to petition, boycott and picket Universal Pictures and local movie theaters, Wildmon provided the kind of publicity money can't buy—and the movie became an instant box-office hit. Not surprisingly, Wildmon's *A.F.A. Journal* claimed that "CHRISTIAN ACTIVISM WINS RESOUNDING VICTORY WITH LAST TEMPTATION EFFORTS." However, the real victory for the fundamentalist group was the fact that, as a result of the uproar, Wildmon collected an estimated \$1,125,000 in donations. That feat earned the reverend the "Panhandler of the Year" award from a Massachusetts research group called The Freedom Writer, which monitors the activities of the "fund-raising-mentalists," as it refers to the religious right.

The Freedom Writer newsletter notes that *The Last Temptation* also afforded Wildmon an opportunity to stir up a little anti-Semitism, which is always goad for a few bucks. He declared the movie to be a "blasphemous" attack on Christianity by "non-Christians" and denounced the movie industry as being "heavily influenced by Jewish people" and "overtly hostile to the Christian faith."

When you can get that much mileage out of one movie and the movie itself also benefits from the controversy, we may yet see the day when fundamentalists start secretly financing pornography—both to make money from ticket sales and to meet their fund-raising goals.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DRIPS

ALBANY, OREGON—The city's water customers are getting pumped as well as billed. Included with every water bill is a form asking for information on suspected



drug activity, license numbers of suspicious cars and locations of suspicious activity. There are also questions such as: "Have you seen apparent drug transactions or drug paraphernalia at or near the vicinity of the residence?" Although the first questionnaires produced no new leads, they did elicit several complaints from water customers, who compared city officials to Nazis.

CERTIFIABLY BAD TASTE

LOS ANGELES—The mental-health community is not amused by a novelty item called Certifiably Nuts, a doll-like sack of Georgia peanuts wrapped in a tiny strait jacket. The item comes with commitment papers and patient history; pull its string and it giggles hysterically. A representative of the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill calls the toy "one of the most . . . stigma-producing items that I have ever seen." The manufacturer says, "We never intended to belittle people who are seriously mentally disabled."

HONORABLE DISCARD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Police are bound more by honor than by law to preserve evidence that may exonerate a defendant.

The Supreme Court made this ruling in an Arizona sexual-molestation case in which the police did not preserve evidence that may have proved the defendant's innocence. According to the Court, the defendant must show that the evidence was not preserved as a result of bad faith—not mere negligence—in order for his conviction to be overturned.

CIA PAYS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Department of Justice has agreed to award a total of \$750,000 to nine people who were unknowingly subjected to CIA-funded brainwashing experiments in the early Fifties. The research, performed on the patients when they sought psychiatric treatment, included using intensive electric shock, sensory deprivation, hallucinogenic drugs, barbiturate-induced sleep and continuous exposure to taped messages. Patients were left confused, dazed, incontinent and panic-stricken.

INSCRUTABLE CHINESE

PEKING—It's understandable that Chinese citizens and visitors to China are obliged to obey Chinese law. What's not understandable is that some of the laws are secret. Now, thanks to a more enlightened system of justice, all new laws will be published and publicly distributed.

FINAL SOLUTION

HAVANA—Cuba has established the most Draconian anti-AIDS program yet. A team of U.S. health officials who visited the island reports that Castro has mandated universal AIDS testing for all citizens more than 13 years of age and that anyone who tests positive for the virus is confined to a walled sanitarium for life.

FREE-NEEDLE FIASCO

NEW YORK—New York City's controversial free-needle program went into effect over strong opposition from prosecutors, police, clergymen, school officials and black and Hispanic politicians. The only group that didn't seem to be concerned about the program were the city's drug addicts—only two showed up to pick up a needle on the first day, only eight by the end of the first week.

COSTLY CONNECTION

TACOMA, WASHINGTON—When a woman sought spiritual advice and marital counseling from her Pentecostal pastor, he used the doctrine of "spiritual connection"—that is, seeking God through a bond with a member of the opposite sex other than one's spouse—to seduce her. Her 19-year-old marriage faltered, she broke off the affair—and the pastor banished her from the church. The woman sued him and won a jury verdict. The jury initially awarded her \$200,000, then reduced it to \$130,000 by holding that she was 35 percent at fault. It awarded her ex-husband \$20,000, then reduced it to \$17,000 after finding him 15 percent at fault. Meanwhile, the pastor has served the woman and her ex-husband with a malicious-prosecution lawsuit.

POO-POO OCCURS

ORLANDO—A new Florida law permits anyone who is offended by a bumper sticker to complain to a police officer, who may then use his own judgment in filing obscenity charges. The first person arrested under this law was sporting a bumper



sticker that proclaimed, SHIT HAPPENS! The second person arrested had a bumper sticker declaring, RUSSIA SUCKS. And a woman reports that she was pulled over by a highway-patrol officer for displaying a bumper sticker that read, HUMPTY DUMPTY DIDN'T FALL. HE WAS PUSHED.

PEER REVIEW

in which judith reisman's research is dissected by real researchers

Last October, in "The Big Lie: Reisman Revisited," we reported the strange case of Judith A. Reisman, Ph.D. Despite the fact that Reisman does not have a bachelor's degree (it was waived in lieu of her "professional experience" as a songwriter for *Captain Kangaroo*) and that her doctoral dissertation was an analysis of mail sent to a local television commentator, she managed to obtain a \$743,371 Government grant to study what she terms "images of children" in cartoons and photographs published in *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler*. Her aim was to prove that magazines such as the one you now hold in your hands are dangerously obsessed with underage females and intentionally promote the sexual abuse of children.

Reisman's final report, titled "Executive Summary: Images of Children, Crime and Violence in *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* Magazines," was so inept in execution and absurd in its conclusions—or, to use one of her favorite hyperbolic phrases, "totally and completely invalid"—that it was immediately shelved by the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention of the United States Department of Justice, the Government agency that had sponsored it. Reisman was an embarrassment not only because of the contents of her report but also because of the manner in which the grant money was spent (for example, she claims to have used \$11,000 for paper and pencils).

Reisman herself was initially loath to claim authorship of the report, which, among other easily refutable sillinesses, makes the claim that some *Playboy* photographs that seem to depict a single adult model are, in fact, composed of computer-graphic composites of the body parts of several females, including parts of female children.

All of this may simply be thought to provide impetus for some slow, sad shakes of the head, or even a few grim chuckles. However, Reisman, who has been described by a spokesperson for The Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction as "a very persistent lady," has expressed the hope that her analysis of sexual research will

"throw the entire structure of sexology out the window," and "turn everything on its heels in terms of what is being taught today, what is accepted, in terms not only of sexology but of psychology and all the various fields that touch upon and use this kind of data."

"She's propagating a new witch-hunt mentality, where the child molester has replaced the witch as the ultimate heretic. . . . Reisman's statements are spooky; meticulous in their way but often unprincipled and possibly crazy."

For a person who has described our Editor-in-Chief as being "every bit as dangerous as Hitler," Reisman, in her "Executive Summary," suggests her own megalomaniacal agenda. We therefore consider it our duty to make good on the promise made to our readers in "The Big Lie"; that is, to engage in further research on the Reisman question.

We headed to San Francisco, where the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex was holding its annual conference, and gave Reisman's report to several prominent scientists, researchers and clinicians. We asked them to examine the document and comment.

Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of the first two Kinsey reports, summed up what turned out to be the consensus of all the professionals who read Reisman's study when he stated that Reisman "ap-

pears to be in ill health."

Dr. Loretta Haroian, cochairperson of the plenary session on Child and Adolescent Sexuality at the 1984 World Congress of Sexology, author of the only two English-language psychology-textbook chapters on childhood sexology and pathology, one of a handful of world-recognized experts in the field of childhood sexuality and a mother of two, was somewhat more elaborate in her criticism:

"This is not science, it's vigilantism; paranoid, pseudoscientific hyperbole with a thinly veiled hidden agenda. This kind of thing doesn't help children at all. My impression from reading this is that Reisman herself has never reared any children and simply doesn't know very much about them. While she's clearly not stupid, she does seem to be ignorant. She has no understanding of the parameters of pediatric sexology. Her study demonstrates gross negligence and, while she seems to have spent a lot of time collecting data, her conclusions, based on the data, are completely unwarranted. The experts Reisman cites are, in fact, not experts at all but simply people who have chosen to adopt the same misinformed, Disneyland conception of childhood that she has. These people are little more than censors hiding behind Christ and children. Frankly, one gets the impression that Reisman thinks that if the world is going to be safe for women and children, men are going to have to cut off their cocks."

Dr. James D. Weinrich, a psychobiologist whose book *Sexual Landscapes* explains some of the long-standing mysteries of sexual experience and whose research was given the Hugo Beigel Award in 1987 for the best work published in *The Journal of Sex Research*, says, "Reisman utilizes some actual scientific principles and techniques, accurate citations and so on, but then turns around and goes off into her own lunacy. Her report reminds me of some of the manuscripts I get from people who haven't been educated at the graduate level. While these people may start with interesting ideas, they don't understand those ideas at a professional level and their methods and conclusions are gener-

ally off the wall. Certainly Reisman's are. She's propagating a new witch-hunt mentality, where the child molester has replaced the witch as the ultimate heretic; it's the charge you can't defend yourself against. Reisman's statements are spooky; meticulous in their way but often unprincipled and possibly crazy."

Paul Okami, a researcher who has analyzed current research on child sexual abuse, found Reisman's belief that our April 1976 cover photo of Kristine De Bell is a computerized collage of underage body parts to be particularly bizarre.

"In the first place," he notes, "we have more than ample evidence to document the fact that all but a very few grown men greatly prefer sexually mature females to sexually immature females—both as partners and as subjects of erotica and pornography. Reisman must be aware of this—it's not only science, it's common sense. *Playboy* is in business to make money. Why on earth would the magazine squander so much time and money perpetrating this kind of fraud—even if such a thing could be done successfully, which I personally doubt—to present its readers with a child's legs when its readers want to see a woman's legs? And what

would compel a person to make such a fantastic and illogical charge when it could be so easily disproved?"

What *did* compel Reisman to make such charges?

Perhaps Dr. Weinrich has the answer. In *Sexual Landscapes*, he suggests that heterosexuals may erroneously believe that most homosexual men are attracted to young boys because heterosexuals themselves are more likely than homosexuals to feel a small attraction to minors. Could this sort of projection be Reisman's problem? Could it be that she—not *Playboy* or its readers—is in some way obsessed with underage girls?

According to Weinrich, "Somehow, Reisman's gotten it into her head that most men are more attracted to immature females than they are to grown women. From this pathological premise, she concludes that if men appear to be attracted to a photograph of an adult woman, then it couldn't really be a photograph of an adult woman at all. Hence the computer-graphics charge and the tape-measure fixation."

The "tape-measure fixation" to which Weinrich refers is Reisman's claim that "I carry a measuring tape around with me

and I measure the bust, waist and hips of every woman who will cooperate."

The purpose of this investigation? She's trying to prove that only a child can possess the waistlines that Playmates have and she wants to demonstrate that women are taught to "hate themselves" for falling short of the *Playboy* ideal.

In fact, Reisman has less respect for the average woman's faculties of discrimination and perspective than *Playboy* does and, oddly enough, she doesn't suggest that most men "hate themselves" for falling short of Sylvester Stallone's physique.

Does *Playboy* really encourage pedophilic sexual desires in the male population? Do photographs of adult models cuddling Teddy bears or cartoons depicting satirical erotic versions of fairy tales or pointed jokes about child molesters arouse sexual fantasies of children or, worse, cause adults to molest children?

There is no evidence that links, in a causal chain, the viewing of sexual material—even child pornography—with the subsequent sexual abuse of children.

Weinrich says, "In many animal species, gestures used by infants to request feeding are also used by adult members

Judith A. REISMAN, Ph.D. taking a wonderful mind-opening walk through the Louvre



to elicit mating or caring behavior. When we baby-talk to our loved ones, or when women are portrayed as exhibiting childlike qualities, it is shorthand for eliciting affectionate responses. Children aren't being impersonated here; rather, the language of childhood is being evoked. Reisman overinterprets this as pedophilic because, for some reason, she's obsessed with pedophilia."

Dr. Haroian observes, "There is nothing perverted in having fantasies about childlike women. While feminists may not like the fact that some men enjoy feeling protective of women's vulnerability, it doesn't mean these men are attracted to children or that they even possess the potential for such an attraction. It's completely unrelated."

We found these comments enlightening and we decided to do some research of our own. In anthropological and sexological literature, we discovered an interesting fact: While various societies define female sexual attractiveness in quite different ways, the single most universal criterion is *youth*, with attractiveness peaking somewhere in mid-teens in many cultures and somewhat later (between 18 and 24 years) in the

United States.

The artifacts of childhood that appear in *Playboy* photo spreads and cartoons create a caricature of youth, emphasizing the youthful attractiveness of the young *adult* female. In Reisman's "Executive Summary," she asks the reader to place his finger over the breasts of a female in one of our car-

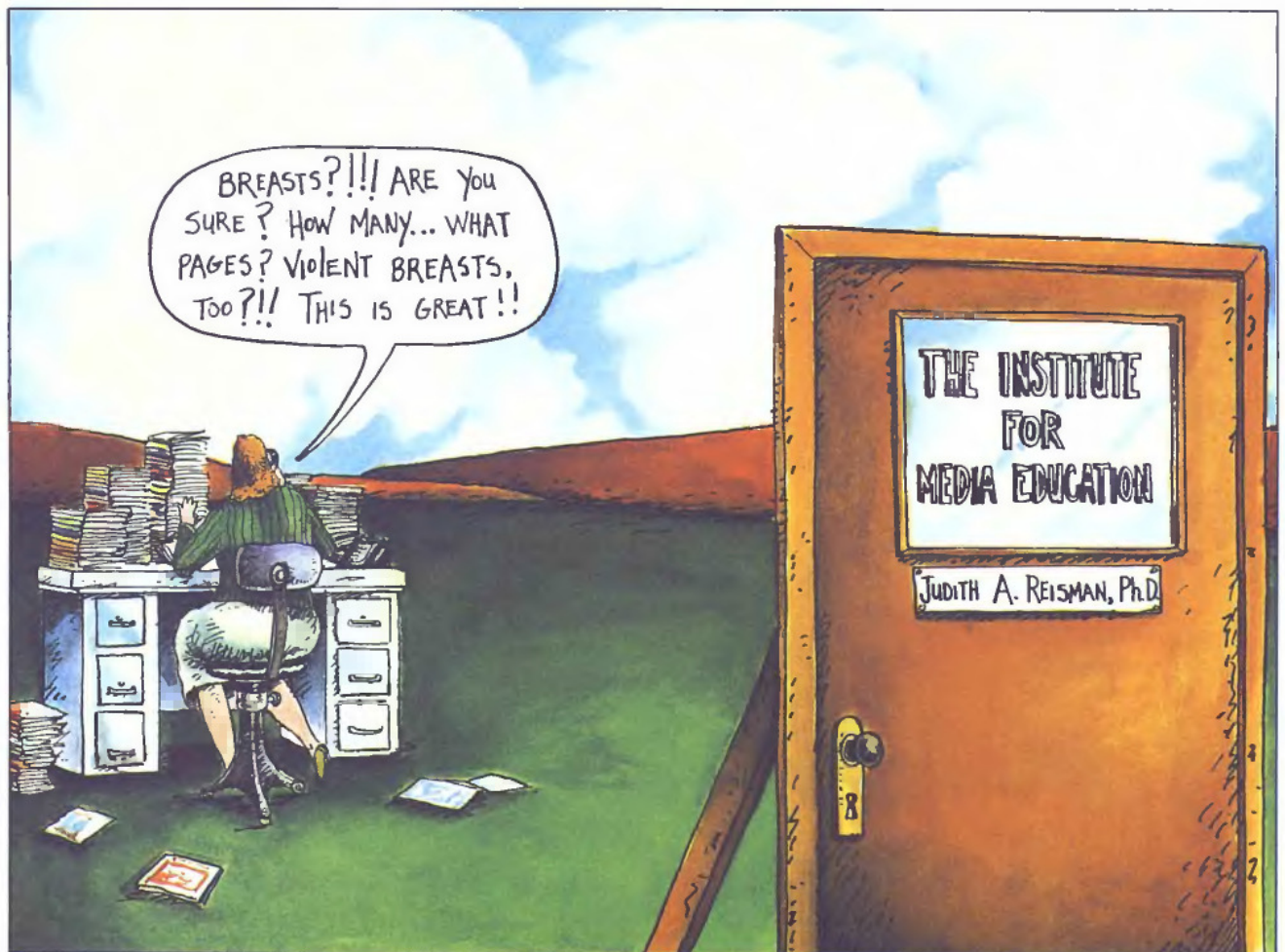
"Reisman has diverted Federal funds and public attention away from the real causes of child abuse and is trying to start a panic based on unfounded allegations and irresponsible research."

toons and look at her features to "determine the holistic age information provided." We suggest that Reisman place her finger over the *face* and look at the *breasts* to get the necessary "holistic age information." An adult woman may tie bows in her hair and wear a petulant expression, but a child does not have fully developed breasts or hips. As for Teddy bears, if Reisman

would visit any college dorm in the United States, she'd find nearly as many Teddy bears as textbooks.

We *have* pictured women in fantasy poses with youthful props, but this is just one of many fantasy situations in which we've placed our models—and not even one that we frequently use. We've posed our ladies as everything from football players to motorcycle cops, and, as far as we know, reported rapes of motorcycle cops and football players have not increased as a result.

We even tried to have a sense of humor about Reisman and her absurd report, but, unfortunately, she's causing too much damage—to children—for us to laugh her off. Child abuse is a problem and it demands effective remedies. Reisman has diverted Federal funds and public attention away from the real causes of child abuse and is trying to start a panic based on unfounded allegations and irresponsible research. The kind of hysteria-mongering promoted by her cannot appeal to our sense of the absurd, for it has taken on a distinctly dangerous cast. On our part, we are happy to demonstrate that Reisman, the would-be empress, is wearing no clothes.





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THE I.R.A.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

a candid conversation about tragedy and terrorism in northern Ireland with an anonymous soldier of the i.r.a. and two leaders of the cause

Belfast: When we think of the embattled Catholic ghettos, the images that come to mind are of gritty streets strewn with burned-out cars, walls scribbled with graffiti that proclaim I.R.A. FOREVER and BRIT'S GO HOME. Now and then, we see pictures of some wretched street kid hurling rocks and homemade grenades at the armored cars of British soldiers. We also see pictures of young British soldiers on patrol, looking by turns terrified and ominous.

Then there are perhaps the most tragic visions: the innocent victims, the random casualties of the war. Children on their way home from school, or mailmen, or housewives, or passers-by unfortunate enough to have met a stray bullet or walked past a parked car at the wrong time. And, always, the funeral rites: the armed and hooded Irish Republican Army men ritually burying their dead; the uniformed British soldiers shipping off another coffin to England.

The Irish, with weary cynicism, refer to the 800 years of conflict with England simply as "the troubles." England, for reasons as obscure as the rules of cricket, has reserved for that small island a special tenacity and savagery. In no other place in the once-glorious British Empire have the inhabitants been subjugated for so long, or so fiercely. Nor, of

course, has there been any other place where the populace has been in such continuous rebellion against "the Crown." The American Revolution against England came 600 years after the Irish began their rebellion against the English.

The I.R.A., formed in 1919, is only the latest of a series of paramilitary groups spawned during the centuries of Irish rebellion. It was from the start the clandestine military arm of the Sinn Fein ("shin fane") party, whose agenda then was the same as it is now: to end British occupation and reunify Ireland.

It was not until 1921 that the I.R.A. finally prevailed over the English troops to establish the Irish Free State in the southern portion of the island. And it was not until 1948 that the Irish Republic was completely free of English domination—or at least as free as its proximity to Britain across the Irish Sea would allow.

What England has steadfastly refused to allow is the joining of the six northern counties of Ireland—with British majorities—and the Irish Republic. Historically the most rebellious, those counties were populated by Scottish and English Protestants in the 16th Century. Today, that area is considered by the British government to be an integral part of Great Britain, and a majority of its inhabi-

tants consider themselves British.

The latest phase of this war began in the early Sixties, when the I.R.A. launched a series of border raids against British military installations. Then, in the late Sixties, there was a brief era in which a civil rights movement, fashioned after the nonviolent approach of Martin Luther King, Jr., struggled to take hold. It ended dismally on January 30, 1972, when the British army fired into a crowd of several thousand protesters, killing 13. The events of Bloody Sunday, as it is remembered in Northern Ireland, ended any hopes for peaceful negotiation. By the Seventies, the war was back—and violent.

A series of deadly I.R.A. counteroffensive bombings occurred throughout Ireland and England. One of the most devastating to English morale was the assassination in 1979 of Earl Mountbatten, last viceroy of India and revered British hero, as well as Queen Elizabeth's uncle. He and three others were killed by a bomb planted aboard his yacht by the I.R.A. Then, in December of 1983, during the height of the Christmas-shopping period, the I.R.A. set off a bomb at Harrod's department store in London's Knightsbridge district, killing six. Finally, in 1984, a bomb blast at the Grand Hotel in Brighton nearly succeeded in killing Prime



MORRISON: "The British government denies it's war, but they use all the imperatives of war: troops, armored cars, helicopters. They're a huge nation. They've been bullying us for centuries, and we've stood up to them."



I.R.A. PROVO: "Criminals? Criminals are in it for gain! What have I gained? How have we profited? Why would we experience the physical and mental torment? The best any of us can hope for is torture and death."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIN NANGLE

ADAMS: "U.S. foreign policy supports the British. It's as simple as that. Great Britain has become a junior partner to U.S. imperialism. Britain is just another American aircraft carrier, like Honduras."

Minister Margaret Thatcher and most of her cabinet. It was Thatcher, of course, who refused to consider the demands of I.R.A. member Bobby Sands and others who went on a hunger strike in Belfast's Long Kesh prison; ten of them, including Sands, starved themselves to death. Recently, the I.R.A. has mounted attacks against British military installations, resulting in the deaths of several British soldiers.

Not surprisingly, there have been reprisals. The Protestant equivalent of the I.R.A.—the Ulster Defense Association—has engaged in car bombings and assassinations of Catholics in their neighborhoods. The list of victims, while not as long as the I.R.A.'s, is, nonetheless, horrifying. Allegedly, the British army and the Ulster police have also struck back, killing a number of suspected I.R.A. members. Last spring, three unarmed I.R.A. "volunteers" were killed in Gibraltar by an elite British commando unit on the grounds that a car bomb was being readied by the I.R.A.

To get a fix on this seemingly intractable war, Playboy sent Morgan Strong to Belfast to interview some of the principals of the conflict. Strong, whose interview with Yasir Arafat appeared in Playboy's September 1988 issue, had the proper background to conduct a dangerous and, if need be, secret interview. His report:

"The Aer Lingus flight to Dublin was filled with American-Irish tourists going back to the fabled old sod of their parents or grandparents. They seemed intent only on a good, sentimental time. Irish-eyes-are-smiling tunes were apparently the only choice on the in-flight headsets. There was no talk of politics, no talk of death or vengeance.

"As I approached the border, large yellow signs began about a mile from it, advising drivers that a caution area was coming up and not to stop the car under any circumstances. Heavily armed British soldiers lined the road, restlessly pacing the row of cars stopped at the border.

"As I crossed the border, I entered a large structure, and there were soldiers on each side of the car. A soldier stopped each car, questioned the driver and politely requested identification. There were barriers and ramps everywhere. As I exited, I got the sense of having passed through a decompression chamber.

"Belfast is only sixty or so miles from the border, and along the way, I was stopped at three more check points, this time by members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary carrying shotguns and automatic weapons.

"The sign before the city of Belfast has an arrow pointing toward the Falls section, but it is all but obscured by graffiti proclaiming it provo country—the name taken by I.R.A. soldiers. The hotel I stayed at in downtown Belfast was a virtual fortress, ringed by a ten-foot-high steel fence. Cars were stopped and searched before being allowed in the hotel parking lot.

"The next morning, I set off for the Falls to meet Danny Morrison and Gerry Adams. The two subjects of our interview who can be identified, Morrison, thirty-five, and Adams,

forty, are leaders of Sinn Fein, the legal political party closely associated with the illegal I.R.A. Both men have been active opponents of British rule since their teens. Both survived repeated attempts at assassination and both served years in Long Kesh prison.

"They also hold public office as elected members of the Ulster Parliament—akin to an American state senator or representative. In addition, Adams now represents his largely Catholic constituency in the British Parliament at Westminster—akin to being a U.S. Senator or Representative—though he refuses to take his seat there. Both are spokesmen for Sinn Fein.

"Morrison is an effusive sort, given to sudden flights of irony as he describes the situation in Belfast. He is only in his thirties, but the years in Belfast and in prison have taken their toll. His hair is completely gray and his face lined.

"Adams, on the other hand, is quietly analytical. His voice rarely rises above the barely audible. Unlike Morrison, he will pause and take a puff from his pipe before responding. He hardly projects the expected haunted air of a man who received four bullet wounds just a short time ago.

"As to my conversations with the I.R.A.

*"What right has Britain
to be here?"*

*What right has she to
kill people? None at all!"*

provo who appears on the preceding page in ski mask, I cannot report where we met; indeed, I do not know the location. But I can say that if we had been discovered by British troops, I might have been writing this in Long Kesh prison. Under British law, it can be illegal to interview a member of the I.R.A.

"One last note: We tried to get a representative of the British government to participate in this interview, but all requests were declined. The secretary of state for Northern Ireland, Tom King, first accepted, then refused, on the grounds that he was too busy."

PLAYBOY: Both of you hold public offices recognized by the British government: Mr. Morrison, as a leader of Sinn Fein—often referred to as the legal political wing of the illegal I.R.A.—and Mr. Adams, as an elected member of Parliament from Northern Ireland. But you're still subject to arrest, aren't you?

MORRISON: Yes. I get arrested regularly on the flimsiest of excuses. Last year, I was stopped at the border, arrested and taken into a British army barracks. They put me in a cell and took my shoes and socks, my tie, watch and all. Then they brought in the British army brass to have a good look and a laugh.

They also tried to kill me and my wife on Christmas Eve 1987. We were walking down the street and a guy pulled a gun and tried to kill us. He missed; he fired three or four times. I took off. I'm a good sprinter and he couldn't hit me.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Adams, you weren't so lucky. You were shot and nearly killed.

ADAMS: Let me comment on the association of the I.R.A. and Sinn Fein. There is no organic association. We are both engaged in the same struggle, of course. As for the shooting, I always thought that was a setup.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ADAMS: The men who did the shooting were members of the Ulster Defense Association [U.D.A., the Protestant counterpart to the I.R.A.]. But I was leaving the Belfast court, where I had been called to answer a very flimsy charge, later dismissed. You're relatively safe in such areas in the Irish community, but to go to downtown Belfast for me is dangerous. My appearance in court had been well advertised by the police. I think it was too much of a coincidence that the people who shot me were just passing by.

MORRISON: There's a lot of collaboration between the police and the [Protestant pro-British] loyalist hit teams. For instance, I can't park my car outside my house, because they'll know that I'm at home. So I have to move it about, try to hide it somewhere. I put it up the street or on the next street. Some time ago, the police visited five houses my car had been parked in front of. They'll interrogate the people. "Where did he go, the man who parked the car?" they asked a five-year-old child. The police pass on this information to the loyalists, and they'll look to kill me.

PLAYBOY: Does either of you know how many I.R.A. provos [soldiers] there are? We've heard as few as two hundred.

MORRISON: I don't know how many people are in the I.R.A. But I do know the Brits have been jailing two hundred a year for the past nineteen years and the number of volunteers hasn't gone down.

PLAYBOY: There's a constant two hundred, you mean?

MORRISON: Then you know? Somebody's been telling you lies [laughs].

PLAYBOY: Have the British been effective?

MORRISON: [Heatedly] What right has Britain to be here? What right has she to kill people? None at all! And the reason the I.R.A. exists is because people are frustrated. There is an efficacy about the I.R.A. That is, it's going to bring about a political change. The British government is saying, "We'll never give in to the I.R.A." But the facts are that a number of the reforms that have taken place are the result of reaction to the I.R.A.

It's a trade-off trying to buy off the insurgents, but it hasn't worked, because people are intelligent and they have aspirations to be free of Britain. And the fact

is, the British are down in the gutter in Ireland. It's a dirty war, and their brutal methods have been more exposed than ever. They have no solution, except for repression and the use of force, and murder. And we're not prepared to hold with that.

PLAYBOY: You use the terms republican and loyalist, not Catholic and Protestant, as we generally hear them. Is this a religious conflict?

MORRISON: No, it's a political conflict. It's a mistake to consider it a religious conflict. I use political terms rather than Catholic and Protestant because some Catholics may have loyalist aspirations and want to remain a part of England, and some Protestants may have republican ambitions to join the Irish Free State.

It suits the British to say it's a religious squabble. They can claim they're keeping two warring religious communities apart. It also suits the police to claim that when one of their supporters is killed, it's genocide. But we've had police killed who were members of the Catholic faith. The I.R.A. and Sinn Fein are secular organizations.

ADAMS: There is no truth at all to the struggle's being religious. It's not over whether one worships a god in a certain way. It's a colonial struggle: There is a government from a neighboring power that claims jurisdiction and sovereignty over another. There are some people who in return for their loyalty are given privilege. We have no interest in a Protestant Ireland or a Catholic Ireland, just one Ireland.

PLAYBOY: Are there any Protestants in Sinn Fein or the I.R.A.?

MORRISON: Not many, but there are a few. There are people in this office [Sinn Fein headquarters] who are Protestant. They can't go home again, but they're here.

PLAYBOY: How does the Catholic Church regard the conflict?

MORRISON: The Catholic Church is opposed to Sinn Fein and the I.R.A. The Pope condemned the I.R.A. when he came to Ireland.

ADAMS: The Catholic bishop of this diocese told the people that it would be a mortal sin if they voted for Sinn Fein.

PLAYBOY: What effect has that had within the community?

MORRISON: None. The people take their politics from home and their religion from Rome.

PLAYBOY: This war has been fought for eight hundred years. After all this time, why do you think the British haven't just said, "Enough!"?

MORRISON: You see, the British, for all their allegedly enlightened views, will never admit to racism or chauvinism or jingoism. They pretend to be the mother of parliaments, they pretend they are really missionaries, and anything they ever did was for the good of mankind. But it was in their own interests that they forcefully colonized half the world. The white man's burden was the excuse they used in Victorian times. But in reality, the Brits are racist, especially toward the Irish.

We want to live in peace; we want to get on with our lives. We want the same joys and comforts as other people. We don't want to be shot by the Brits or go to jail. We want to know that our children won't be harmed. That's the worst fear—that my children are going to get hurt.

PLAYBOY: Are your homes targets?

MORRISON: Everybody's home gets raided. That's taken for granted. There was a British army fort about four hundred yards from here. One night, the loyalists broke into a nearby home to kill a man. The man wasn't there, but his sixteen-year-old son was sitting on the sofa. They just aimed the gun at him, and it misfired; three times it misfired. Then they ran out. He was totally innocent. But the thing is,

they felt such confidence that they wouldn't be arrested, they could break into a home only yards away from a British fort. And the British troops are here to protect us!

PLAYBOY: There are charges that Sinn Fein is Marxist-Leninist. What is the political philosophy of Sinn Fein?

ADAMS: Sinn Fein is not Marxist. Sinn Fein stands for the right of the Irish people to govern themselves. We want democracy. We believe there needs to be a redistribution of Irish wealth. We believe that the one third of our people who are living in poverty has to be reversed. We believe that a system of socialism in Ireland should be tailored to meet Irish needs. A system of equality, of justice, should be established.

MORRISON: Sinn Fein would like the whole

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of Ireland united in a democratic-socialist republic. Now, having been to the States, I know immediately what people think when they hear "socialist." Even Irish-Americans demand some explanation. I explain it this way: If you'd grown up in the environment that we've grown up in, you would probably be expressing a similar point of view. And if I had grown up in Boston or the Bronx, I would hold to your views. Sinn Fein supports a democratic national government supported by all of the people of Ireland. We will agitate for socialism and try to make our case. If we don't win, we'll live with the outcome.

PLAYBOY: And what would the well-armed I.R.A. do then?

MORRISON: The armed struggle is morally justifiable only while Ireland is partitioned by the British. Once the artificial division is removed, armed resistance is finished.

PLAYBOY: Since the Republic of Ireland also is Catholic and also fought the British, why isn't it more supportive of you? Instead, there is friction between you.

MORRISON: Yes; but that's understandable. Because of the border, there is a difference in the development between the north and the south—between our economies, for instance—which can cause friction.

ADAMS: The people of Ireland support us, but the economy of the south is in terrible shape. It's in bad shape because it suits a small clique aligned with British economic interests. The Irish import potatoes and cabbage. As an island, we have no maritime fleet!

Sometimes, when you hear the term United Ireland, it conjures up just an amalgamation of the six counties of Ulster and the twenty-six counties of Ireland. But that's not our view of it. There would be a new Ireland, a new society, a new constitution. The only real friction that exists is with people who are now loyalists. But there is no friction between the north and the south, there's no debate there.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you being unrealistic about unification? There are dramatic political and social differences between you. For instance, in Ireland, divorce and abortion are forbidden. It's a puritanical society. Since you and your supporters have lived under British rule—which at least in these regards is more liberal—how could you expect the two peoples to unify?

ADAMS: Well, the *ethos* in Ireland is actually more liberal, though the laws are more puritanical. But the *ethos* in the north is *much* more puritanical, though the laws are more liberal.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

ADAMS: Northern Ireland is affected by partition in a much more visible way. Just walk out into the street there and you can see all the military, the troops on patrol. But in the south, partition is manifest in other ways. There you have conservative governments, one after the other, and a Catholic hierarchical *ethos*. All of that would change. What the south needs is a

good injection of northern radicalism!

PLAYBOY: Isn't that precisely what they're trying to avoid? Isn't that why they see you as radicals rather than compatriots?

ADAMS: Well, look here: On the issue of abortion, most of the Irish people north and south oppose it as a method of birth control. And despite the appalling results of the divorce referendum held in the south, you can see changes beginning. Because divorce is a basic civil right. The values the Irish have are not Irish values; they are *Victorian* values, imported by the British. Historically—I mean before the invasions—there was the right to divorce. In fact, women had the right to divorce; women were equal. And there was no feudal system, there was common ownership.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, there is no ground swell for unification in Ireland itself.

MORRISON: Despite apprehensions, most of the people in the south *do* support reunification. It's part of the constitution of the Irish Republic, and the major political parties support the idea of Irish reunification—with consent of the majority of the people in the north.

It is true that many people in the south have understandable fears. Sinn Fein is banned from TV in the south. We can't make our case. And they haven't seen a British soldier in sixty years. So they find it difficult to understand why a young person in Belfast would lift a gun to kill a British soldier.

[Playboy's interviewer met separately with a provo of the I.R.A. on two occasions at a clandestine location in Northern Ireland. The provo's identity was never revealed. Some of the biographical data was altered to protect his identity.]

PLAYBOY: You are a provo, an active soldier of the I.R.A. What made you join the I.R.A. in the first place?

I.R.A. PROVO: I've been involved in the struggle from a very early age, when I was twelve or thirteen. I won't be so naïve as to say I was politically aware at that age, but I did know exactly what I was doing. My involvement in the republican movement was sort of a gut reaction to what was happening around me. To a degree, it was doing what my friends were doing, joining the youth movement of the republicans.

PLAYBOY: It was a rebellion, then?

I.R.A. PROVO: It was a little bit of excitement, adventure. Youthful rebellion, I suppose, is against either the home or the school. Mine was against the state. Once I did get involved, I became more aware. I looked up to the older people in the I.R.A.

PLAYBOY: Was it hero worship?

I.R.A. PROVO: Well, they would talk to me about politics I didn't understand fully. But I knew, in my heart, that what I was doing was right. What I saw in the streets—the British army and the police had no right to be here. They said they were here to protect us. But what I saw was that they were not here for us.

I had members of my own family end up in prison. I had an older brother who was

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constantly harassed by the British army. He received a number of heavy beatings in the barracks. He ended up being sentenced to a term in prison for being in the I.R.A. That made me want to join, made me want to resist British rule.

PLAYBOY: You knew you weren't joining the boy scouts; but did you know how harsh the I.R.A. life would turn out to be?

I.R.A. PROVO: When I found myself in prison, I wasn't too pleased about it. I was just seventeen; it was something I had hoped never to experience. When I was in prison, I was with hundreds of people who were there for the same reason I was. I then began to develop politically.

PLAYBOY: Still, you were among some hard cases. Could you really develop freely?

I.R.A. PROVO: I spent, really, most of my adult life in prison. By the time I was released, I was convinced that what I was doing was right. I had no regrets then and I have none now. I don't regret going to prison. In fact, in some ways, I'm glad I was in prison. Prison, from my experience, brings out the best in people. Of course, it also brings out the worst.

PLAYBOY: How does it make you feel today to be taking someone's life, whether that of a British soldier or of a Protestant who opposes the I.R.A.?

I.R.A. PROVO: I have now been involved for a number of years with the I.R.A., involved operationally. I've been trained in the use of weapons and explosives—mortars used

in Belfast within the past couple of days. I've been in sniper attacks that have taken on British patrols and in operations with the use of booby-trap mines. I've been in operations involving the assassination of police, the U.D.A. and members of the British army in and out of uniform.

I mean, I've had exposure to *all* the urban operations in which the I.R.A. engages in an urban environment. And I can say, for myself and for others involved in operations that resulted in the death of enemy, we have never felt good about it. We know it's something we have to do. Soldiers have to take life—usually shooting someone three hundred yards away. But here it's close-up. Nobody feels joy in taking life. It's something that we have to live with.

PLAYBOY: What about the civilians who suffer?

I.R.A. PROVO: I'm not immune to the suffering we've caused. As members of the republican movement, we're all aware that our actions have led to death on the enemy side. But I've seen death on my side. I've seen the wives and mothers and sons and daughters and brothers of comrades on my side who have given their lives. It's something I have to live with.

PLAYBOY: Let's get to the I.R.A. itself: There are stories that it's funded by extortion, racketeering, gunrunning and drug sales. What do you say?

I.R.A. PROVO: [*Heatedly*] Let's look at my personal situation. I was arrested not long

after I left high school. I haven't worked since; I have no trade or qualifications. I have no income, but—

PLAYBOY: Can't you collect unemployment from the government?

I.R.A. PROVO: Yes, but to collect, I would have to go at the same time every week to sign for the check. That ties me down to where my movements can be observed. They will know where I'll be on a specific date at a specific time. That, for an active volunteer, is not wise.

PLAYBOY: Then how do you live without an income?

I.R.A. PROVO: I rely on my family—my wife, parents, brothers and sisters. They are the people who feed and clothe me. I stay in different houses, rarely the same house two nights in a row. Sympathetic people provide me with a bed. And the I.R.A. gives me help. They're not going to let me starve or go without a decent pair of shoes. If I were a racketeer, I'd have a nice house, a car, nice clothes, instead of being constantly on the run.

PLAYBOY: You've been on the run for a long time. What does it do to you not to have had any of the material pleasures in life?

I.R.A. PROVO: I have no desire for those things—the cars and all that. But I'd love to have a house to be with my wife and children, to have a job and earn a wage and provide for my family. There is *nothing* worse for me than to know that I can't help them. When I do see my children, it



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breaks my heart. I know I can't be with them for long. Christmas is approaching: I'd love to be with them for Christmas, watch them on Christmas morning when they get up to see what's under the Christmas tree. To be with them on their birthdays. To take my wife out for dinner, to spend some time with her. I can't do those things with my family. It places them under immense pressure. I think they suffer more than I do.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

I.R.A. PROVO: I can get about these areas. I can avoid the police and the British army. There are plenty of people who will let me slip through their house, over their walls. But they *know* where my family is. I have a record and I'm targeted.

PLAYBOY: Targeted, literally?

I.R.A. PROVO: I was stopped recently by an armored car. I was surrounded by five of them. They had rifles and side arms and they slapped me around. Then they said they were going to kill me, that they were going to put one in the back of my head. But that's a fact of life here; that can happen to me any time.

PLAYBOY: You say you were first arrested as a teenager and wound up spending seven years in prison. What was the charge?

I.R.A. PROVO: I was found in possession of explosives and arrested under the Emergency Provisions Act. I was caught red-handed, so they weren't interested in establishing guilt. They wanted to find out

where I had gotten the explosives and what they were going to be used for.

PLAYBOY: Were you interrogated at length?

I.R.A. PROVO: No. If I had been arrested after placing the explosives, I would have had a rough time. They would have had to establish proof that I had placed them. As it was, there was no question.

PLAYBOY: Then getting caught red-handed was to your advantage?

I.R.A. PROVO: Yeah. I would have had a more physical sort of interrogation than I actually had. [Smiles] But the interrogation lasted for only three days. Then I was charged and sent to Crumlin Road prison.

PLAYBOY: What were the prison conditions?

I.R.A. PROVO: The cells were originally designed for two. But there were three in each cell; in some cases, four. It was grossly overcrowded. We had no toilets in the cell, just a pot, and we were allowed to empty it twice a day. We got out of the cells once a week for showers.

PLAYBOY: You were charged and sent to the infamous H block. Were you ever formally tried or sentenced by a court?

I.R.A. PROVO: I was there for almost a year before I went to court.

PLAYBOY: Since you were caught red-handed, we assume you didn't mount much of a defense.

I.R.A. PROVO: I took *no* part in the proceedings. I refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the court. I wasn't even represented by a barrister. There was no jury. There

was only a judge. I was found guilty and sentenced to six years.

PLAYBOY: You served the entire sentence. Weren't you eligible for parole?

I.R.A. PROVO: No, because I had taken part in the well-known blanket protest.

PLAYBOY: What was that?

I.R.A. PROVO: When I arrived at Long Kesh, my clothes were taken from me and I refused to wear prison uniform. I was put in a cell with another prisoner. We were both naked; all we had were two beds and three blankets each. We *wore* the blankets.

PLAYBOY: How did the authorities react?

I.R.A. PROVO: They began to clamp down on what privileges we had. They began to harass us.

PLAYBOY: How?

I.R.A. PROVO: When we went down to empty the contents of our pots, for instance, we'd wear towels around our waists, and the warders, the screws, would force prisoners to remove their towels and they'd search them. I mean, we were completely naked. If you resisted, you were slapped about. Then they refused to allow us to empty the contents of the pots.

We refused then to leave our cells altogether, because of the harassment. They started to use more severe punishments. If you refused an order from a warder, you ended up in the punishment block for a minimum of three days and a maximum of thirty. You were put on the number-one

(continued on page 144)

in a four-part series, the authors do the job *someone* had to do: a cross-country exploration of how america reinvented pleasure in the age of sexual terror



By STEVE CHAPPLE and DAVID TALBOT

BURNING DESIRES

SEX IN AMERICA

Part One

THE WORLD'S FIRST SAFE-SEX ORGY



As the Eighties began, America was caught up in the most exuberant sexual carnival of modern times. But while the decade was still young, the country was swept by a wave of sexual terror. The resulting cultural collision between lust and contagion, hell-fire and saturnalia produced a strange and wondrous era. It was a time of safe-sex porn queens and misbehaving preachers, of jack-off clubs and recovering "sex addicts," of phone-sex sirens and condom-delivery men. It was a time of fatal attractions, of desires you could burn for.

By mid-decade, the media, once so eager to sell the sexual revo-

lution, were now announcing its demise. But the biggest untold story was of the reinvention of sex. Back-yard tinkers in the tool shops of Eros played with ways of combining sexual liberation and sexual hygiene—fueled by the grand human drive for life and pleasure.

We, your authors, undertook this bawdy chronicle to provide a definitive account of the state of desire in America today. "Burning Desires" is based on hundreds of interviews from coast to coast. We hope to tell the larger story of sexual behavior and sexual politics of our time.

IT'S ANOTHER quiet evening at home for your co-author. I'm watching a woman named Janet Taylor make love with a 25-year-old stranger named Randy on my living-room couch. Randy, who says he lives in Fort Worth, Texas, is nervous and inexperienced, but Taylor is rolling her hips and moaning as though she's never had it so good.

"Why don't you put your hand under my butt?" she coaxes.

"It's so nice and hard," says Randy sweetly.

"Yeah, I work out a lot. Now, why don't you start rubbing my thighs and licking me?"

"It smells good," says Randy, sighing, his senses fully alive to the moment.

"Oh, yeah, keep licking me, Randy, oh, yeah, oh, yeah, awwwww. I don't know what you're doing, but don't stop."

"You're going to make me come big tonight." Randy's excitement is palpable—he has not had sex with anyone for more than three months, the young man confessed earlier to Taylor.

"You better believe it, I'm going to make you come *real* good," she says in a voice thick with lust.

This is Taylor's fifth man tonight, and she's still going strong. She is sprawled on my couch, her long dark hair strewn over the cushions and her pink-velour dress wiggled up her thighs. As she breathes huskily into Randy's ear, she shoots me a fetching smile.

"Do you really like this, too?" asks Randy touchingly. He may not be a sophisticated lover, but he is a considerate one.

"Of course I do. OK, now I'm going to sit on you, Randy. I'm going to ease my cunt down real slow on your dick, then I'm going to pull up again. Because I don't want you to come just yet. I'm going to put you through the fucking ropes." Taylor is the salacious tutor, teaching her young pupil the ways of Eros.

"OK, I'm going to sit on you good now, oh, yeah, I'm going to tighten my cunt right around you. You feel that? I got my cunt clamping down tight."

"Ohhh," moans Randy. His breathing grows louder and louder.

"You're real close, aren't you?"

"I'm real close," says Randy, sighing.

"Well, now I've got my hand on your balls, honey. And when you start to come, I'm going to squeeze them real gently. Do you feel that, Randy? I'm squeezing your balls. I'm not hurting you, am I? Now I'm digging in my high heels and I'm just eating up that fucking hard dick of yours . . . yeah . . . yeah . . ."

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" Randy explodes with months of bottled-up longing. His breath is wrenched from him like sobs.

"That's it, baby, shoot it inside me, shoot it all the way inside me. . . ."

"Oh, oh. . . ." It takes a minute for Randy to come back. When he does, he's even sweeter. "That was good. . . ."

"Thank you, Randy."

"I need it in real life now. . . ."

Taylor's eyes fill suddenly with motherly sadness. She often must make this emotional transition from cock mistress to comforter.

"Well, OK, how do you find it in real life?"

"I don't know."

"Well, goddamn, if you can call me up and ask for it, you can figure out how to get it. There are lots of women just as horny as me. You just go up and start talking to them real nice and slow. Lookit, honey, when you're hungry and needing it, any woman can tell. Now, look, you have a wonderful evening."

"All right. Well, thank you for talking with me. I appreciate it. Goodbye."

And Randy hangs up.

Phone sex is the safest sex of all. Partners exchange nothing but sighs and whispers, and even those are relayed by satellite.

In today's forbidding viral and social climate, it is perhaps the only realm of complete sexual freedom. Men and women engage in flights of sexual fantasy that, if acted out in "real life," in Randy's words, could ravage their bodies with disease or subject them to hard stretches of prison time. The women who work the nation's phone-sex lines have heard it all.

"You learn a lot about America's fantasy life on this job," says Taylor, who works for three national phone-sex services. She's reclining on my couch, her bare legs gathered underneath her, waiting for the next call. She is an attractive 42-year-old woman with the high cheekbones of a former model. "It seems that the number-one fantasy of the American male is to be sexually dominated. Guys are brought up to always be in

charge, but what they really want is a strong woman. 'Goddamn it, get your fly down and give it to me!'" She laughs at the leather-strap sound of her voice.

"We're half-baked actors—you have to use your voice in just the right ways. You try to create a hypnotic trance. You get them on the edge, keep them on the edge, building, building, then push them at just the right moment."

Aural sex is in some ways a labor of love for Taylor. Sometimes she will draw her lovers into her performances. "My lover may start licking me in the middle of a call and I'll tell the guy what she's doing. Or a couple of male friends of mine will be over at my place and we all play roles. Those callers get more than their money's worth," she says with a mischievous smile.

We have turned the lights down low in my living room to create a more intimate mood for Taylor's phone performances. A certain tension has crept into the room. I'm sitting cross-legged on the floor, studiously taking notes. We're both avoiding looking too long into each other's eyes as we



talk. The jarring ring of the phone comes as a relief.

In pornography, the newest wrinkle is "fem porn"—hard-core erotica created by women that breaks most of the boundaries of male pornography. The wild theorist of fem porn is San Francisco's Susie Bright, 31 years old, tall and strongly built. Bright's mien easily switches from shy and polite to sexy and animated. Her glasses are thick and old-fashioned. Her hair hangs to her softly rounded shoulders or is tucked away in a bun.

Bright believes that the future of fem porn is in the next generation.

"Hold on, kids!" she is shouting to a roomful of goggle-eyed Stanford University freshmen. "I think you're all old enough to handle this." Then Bright, amateur porn starlet for a day and reviewer of X-rated films, rolls the montage. First it's *Body Heat* to warm up the students with Hollywood atmospheric. Then a loving moment from *Three Daughters*, the sensuous classic of feminized erotica, to beguile them. And then, suddenly, there's sloe-eyed, bleached-blonde Jesie St. James attacking Richard Pacheco's curvaceous ass with her *shiksa* lizard tongue in a hard-core hoot from the male-porn past.

"The kids have a conniption!" says Bright. "Macho football players are gagging, 'cause Jesie's the aggressor, running the fuck. Sorority gals can't believe where she's going to put her mouth. Half the room is wheezing and shouting and the other half is yelling, 'Shut up, will you?' After my show, these kids can't stop talking. They're not hung up on the old criticisms. 'Is this degrading to women?' is a cliché by now. The debatable question these days is 'Was it sexy or was it stupid?' Women and men both."

This evening, Bright is sitting on the bed in her apartment. In front of the bed, the VCR is stacked with titles such as *Smoker* and *Legends of Porn*. She pushes those thick glasses up onto her brown bun and rubs her eyes with





her palms. She can't stop laughing.

Perhaps the only time the public Bright, who has a college road-show workshop called *Safe Sex for Sex Maniacs*, has ever been embarrassed was when the Dark Bros.' atrocity *Black Bun Busters* somehow got jammed in her VCR. "How was I ever going to face the repairman?"

The staid world of radical lesbianism was shocked when Bright and Debi Sundahl, a stripper, published the first issue of *On Our Backs*, especially when the magazine quickly became the best-selling lesbian journal in the country. "Most other lesbian publications are written by thought police," Bright maintains. "There's such an awful whining aesthetic to them. When it comes to pictures and love, they all go for that soft, defensive sea-shell sort of eroticism. We were fed up with gossamer-winged romance when we started *On Our Backs*. We like lusty, fierce, horny women! Hard feminine sensations! Unquenchable romance!"

Bright believes that "fundamentalist feminists" such as Andrea Dworkin, author of *Intercourse* and *Ice and Fire*, are only "flimflaming heterosexuals." Young lesbians such as herself, she says, have left the Dworkins behind.

Bright's criticism is slyly earnest. "Andrea is a pornographer—and a great one. She just doesn't know it. I can't tell you how many women I know who masturbate to the dirty parts of her novel. Andrea Dworkin is the Marquis de Sade of our times, though she reaches different conclusions and has no sense of satire. I'm afraid it's the old cliché: The more repressed a woman is, the more you know she wants to do the spanking.

"Feminists understand sexism," she adds, "but they don't know shit about sex."

The younger generation will be different. At Yale, she points out, there is an erotic magazine with the delightful title *Stench*. At Brown, two undergraduate women have published another one-shot magazine *Positions*. It is thoughtful and ardent and it contains pictures of both men and women.

"It's so funny when you think about it," says Bright. "Porn was definitely the last old-boys' club in America, an all-male business if ever there was one. Then a bunch of dykes and sweet, horny feminist porn stars cracked it. Affirmative action had nothing to do with it, honey."

It may have taken 2000 years for women to form the feminist movement, but after only a decade or so, the men's movement has reached critical mass.

These are confused times for many American men. Sometimes it seems as if many New Men are in retreat from sex, from emotional engagement with women—off on a narcissistic journey of self-discovery.

If there were one place you would expect to find New Men, still hot and ready to trot, it would be Marin County, home of hot-tub hedonism. With this in mind, we sit in one night at a meeting of The Men of Marin. The topic this evening is "Is Sex Necessary?" And the answer seems to be "Well, not really; it's too much of a hassle." As always, Marin may be on the cutting edge.

More than any other group, The Men of Marin are ordinary guys, essentially California's blue-collar workers: a car-

penter, a bookkeeper, a computer operator, a pharmacist, a dogcatcher (graveyard shift).

We go around the circle.

The bookkeeper, who somewhat boldly describes himself as "a sloppy fucker who used to like to eat out regularly," explains that he has not made love with anybody for six months. "I've checked out of the sexual rat-race," he says. "I'd rather get together with friends and talk about computers."

The pharmacist starts to talk about orgasm but becomes more aroused as he explains how, in a few days, he is planning to climb mountains in Nepal.

The carpenter, who led the discussion, says that, despite a growing number of sexual opportunities in his life, he often prefers to loll about in bed alone.

The dogcatcher shyly wonders how many times a week is "normal."

But one intense man originally from Montana says that sex sets him apart from his worries, from life itself sometimes. It puts him in a slow, playful trance that is as far as he can get from dying, and he has seen too many friends, and his brother and his father, die around him.

**"It may have taken
2000 years for women to
form the feminist
movement, but after only
a decade or so, the
men's movement has
reached critical mass."**

On an earlier night, around a roaring fire at a New Age men's retreat in the woods of Northern California, we meet "Big John," as we shall call him. From a circle of 16 men sitting in the lotus position on the dark carpet, he steps forward and clutches his "power object" to his heart. A power object, as used in men's-movement ceremonies such as this one, is something that symbolizes one's inner strength. Several of the men here at this retreat have chosen crystals as their power objects. A group cofacilitator has brought a small wooden statue of Lao-tzu, the Chinese philosopher. Big John is an Oakland cop. His power symbol is a bit more literal: a .380-caliber automatic pistol.

Big John stands taller than 6'5". His stomach thumps out of his gray T-shirt like a keg of beer. His thinning hair is wild, and his eyes are wilder still, above three days of stubble and a broken nose. Two nights earlier, he told the group that the woman he loved had left him for another woman. He has not been able to make love in the three years since. Last night, stepping out of another kind of circle, Big John tossed a slip of yellow notebook paper into a roaring campfire. On it was written the worst judgment he held against himself and the worst judgment he thought women held against him: "I will do anything, anything at all, whatsoever, you name it, for love," he had written, "and you," meaning women, "only judge me by the clothes I wear." The little piece of paper burst into flame like an insect. Afterward, as the wood burned into ashes, we all sang the campfire songs of our generation, from *(Can't Get No) Satisfaction* and *Louie, Louie* to *Amazing Grace*.

Big John turns and faces the rest of us, who are sitting cross-legged before him. The cofacilitator strikes together a small set of brass cymbals behind Big John's head. The men raise both palms and salute him with a burst of male energy. Pistol across his chest, Big John stares into the eyes of each man, one after the other. The room is so silent you can hear the wind rustling through the manzanita bushes outside. Big

(continued on page 78)



*"This is entirely my creation. It's my idea, my layout
and my ass."*



BEACH BLAST

welcome to the hottest, loudest, wildest,

rowdiest, sexiest party in the nation:

spring break in daytona beach

QUESTION: What rips into Florida every year at this time, spends six weeks tearing through a small oceanside town and keeps right on trucking until it finally blows itself out? If you're guessing Hurricane Hannah, guess again. In reality, the tempest is comprised of 400,000 college students who descend on Daytona Beach, Florida, for their annual rite of spring. Their mission is a simple one: to party nonstop. Last year, *Playboy* risked putting itself at the center of the storm and walked away with the kind of scrapbook you don't leave out on the coffee table. So pull up a stretch of sand, rub on plenty of suntan oil and turn the page. Welcome to spring break!



When it comes to generating heat, the Daytona sun can't compete with fiery Velvet Ray (left), an Orlando native and eternal bikini-contest champ. Above, another typical spring-break event: the belly-flop competition.



Daytono spring breakers are more than happy to strut their stuff for *Ployboy's* photographers. At left, 1000 vacationing students show their appreciation by bringing everyone's favorite Bunny to the beach—forming perhaps the largest logo ever created by human bodies. (Well, how about it, Guinness? Isn't this a hore bigger than anything else you've seen on the sand?) *Ployboy* cameras continue to click oway steadily, capturing, among other things, wet-T-shirt and bikini contests (above and right).

But for some folks, there's no time to play: Lifeguards (opposite, below) have their hands full. All along the beach, students give sports the old college try—some engaging in healthy pickup games of rugby (below), others simply engaging in healthy pickups (bottom). But the most popular Daytona sport, for spectators and porticipants alike, is suntanning (below left).









And just what type of lady descends on Daytona for its annual blowout? Meet Juliet Smith (opposite, above left), a Tampa sun goddess who dreams of someday hanging up her beach towel to bathe in the lights of the TV studio. Even if Juliet's dreams come true, don't expect to see her on the A.M. broadcast: She can't stand early-morning woke-ups. To Juliet's right

is Lauro Mondoske, a graphics designer from Highland Falls, New York. A lover of dark tones and worm smiles, Lauro already has her future mapped out: "Make a million, buy a Ferrari, write a book, cause a scandal and retire in Hawaii." Speaking of driven people, if you're looking for a first-class ride, talk to Sherrie Ann Rose (opposite, below), a University of South Florida student who owns a limousine service. Originally from Connecticut, Sherrie has wormed to her new Florida digs—especially its "hot rods and hot bods." And are there bods in Daytona? Take a look at the beach shots on this page.





Unlike schoolwork on campus, which has its up and down cycles, partying is an around-the-clock job in Doytono, as you can see, moving clockwise around the page from bottom left. Beach boys are always ready to lend o helping pitcher at wet-T-shirt contests, while other guys stop at nothing—i.e., a high-noon moon—to compete for the attention. Whether it's an impromptu game of beach volleyball (at which the players always upstage the plays), a let-loose night on the town or a quiet moment in the beach shower, the nation's vacationing students always love every bit of it. "It was the most exciting time of my life," says Michigan's Bonnie Takasy (opposite)—who has entered, and won, countless Best Legs, Best Buns ond Best Bikini contests. "All those people and all that fun—I'll be back next spring."





BURNING DESIRES (continued from page 68)

"It's not like I've slept with the entire Congress, but Republicans are better tippers."

John is crying. He does not blink as the tears roll slowly out his eyes and down his unshaven face, because he is sad and happy and proud at the same time.

American men. Still hungering for deliverance.

Sexual desire became pathology in the Eighties. Suddenly, groups appeared all over the country for people who felt miserable about their physical and emotional cravings. Their urges were incompatible with their family life, or with the conservative temper of the times, or with the new viral reality. And yet they could not seem to control their lust through will power alone. So, to fortify their resolve, they flocked to a growing number of self-control fellowships that used the 12-step recovery method of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Some groups set stricter criteria for recovery than others. Members of Sexaholics Anonymous, a Los Angeles-based organization with some 300 chapters in the U.S., Canada and Germany, are asked to forswear all sex, except that with their spouses. "Other groups feel that this is too hard a requirement," the group founder, a man known as Roy K., tells us. "They redraw the boundaries to include masturbation and homosexual relationships. But in the long run, that's nonproductive. About half our members are single, so they're totally abstinent. But we don't feel abnormal or deprived.

"Freedom from sex can be completely normal," says Roy K. "Our goal is to stop lusting, to stop the internal pathology that fuels the addiction. It's so hard to stop lusting, for gay men to stop staring at men's crotches and hairy chests, for heterosexual men to stop drinking in the bodies of women with their eyes. They have created their own idols whom they can't live without.

"I myself have been free from the tyranny of lust since January 1976, but I'm tempted every day. I take no credit for my recovery. In our gutter illness, our depraved, perverted sickness, we've discovered a loving God Who apparently can do for us what we can't do for ourselves. Once you open that door, it's a marvelous odyssey into love, life and family."

None of the other fellowships are as Augustinian in their ambitions as Roy K.'s group. But they all hold up monogamous relationships, free of such stimuli as pornography, flirtations and frequent

masturbation, as the ideal. Their memberships are made up of men and women who feel deep shame about falling short of this goal. Sex addicts' meetings draw together a colorful and diverse cast of horny priests, Peeping Toms, gay cruisers, lovelorn women, party girls, ladies' men, erotica collectors, fetishists and onanists.

They are in terrible distress and they feel compelled to confess it all: "I looked down the front of a woman's dress when we were making sandwiches for the hungry at the church mission. . . ." "I tried to pick up another patient in line at the V.D. clinic. . . ." "I got hard looking at the other men's naked bodies in the gym shower. . . ." "I slept with my boyfriend's best friend when he was out of town. . . ." "I cupped the breast of a teenage girl after everybody passed out at a drunken party. . . ." All is forgiven; no one is without sin at these gatherings. Sexual sobriety is seen as a lifelong struggle.

In the past, these men and women were driven from one sexual intrigue to another. Like Saint Augustine, the patron saint of the sexually addicted, their obsession continues, but in confessional form. Meetings of sex addicts are sometimes orgies of remembrance. In recalling the exquisite details of their shame, these men and women not only enjoy these experiences a second time but also titillate others with them. These bizarre rituals of public self-exposure are a kind of group sex of the Eighties.

Despite the media glare of the decade, which caught politicians with their pants down and caterwauling preachers where they shouldn't be caterwauling, sex was business as usual in the imperial capital of Washington.

We would talk with vice cops and psychiatrists, even pay a visit to Nancy Reagan's hairdresser and stop by the panda cage at the National Zoo, where Ling Ling was welcoming the visiting Hsing Hsing, with unfortunate results. In our researches, we began on the ground floor, not with the high and mighty but with those who service them. The sex business had been deregulated during the Reagan years, we discovered, just like the airlines. Rather than houses, there were now escort services and freelancers.

"I have a Congressman I do regularly. I call him Miss Dirty," says Mia, whose eyes are green and whose skin is smooth

and dark. Mia is 22. Her father is a colonel. "The Congressman likes to put on women's stockings, then have me humiliate him. He says his family treated him like dirt, that he needs it. He laughs a lot, even when I whip him. I whip. He laughs. The one thing he asks is that I don't leave bruises. He has a pretty weird sense of humor. With him, I do what I call safe humiliation." She giggles.

"The only way that politicians are different, as far as I can tell, is that they worry about performance. They always try to please me. I say, 'No, no, I'm here to please you. . . .' They're all men. That's the bottom line."

Mia was a cheerleader who sang in a Gospel youth choir and taught kindergarten at a religious summer camp where she says Jerry Falwell once autographed her Bible. She still wears two small gold crosses around her neck. "They set off my nails."

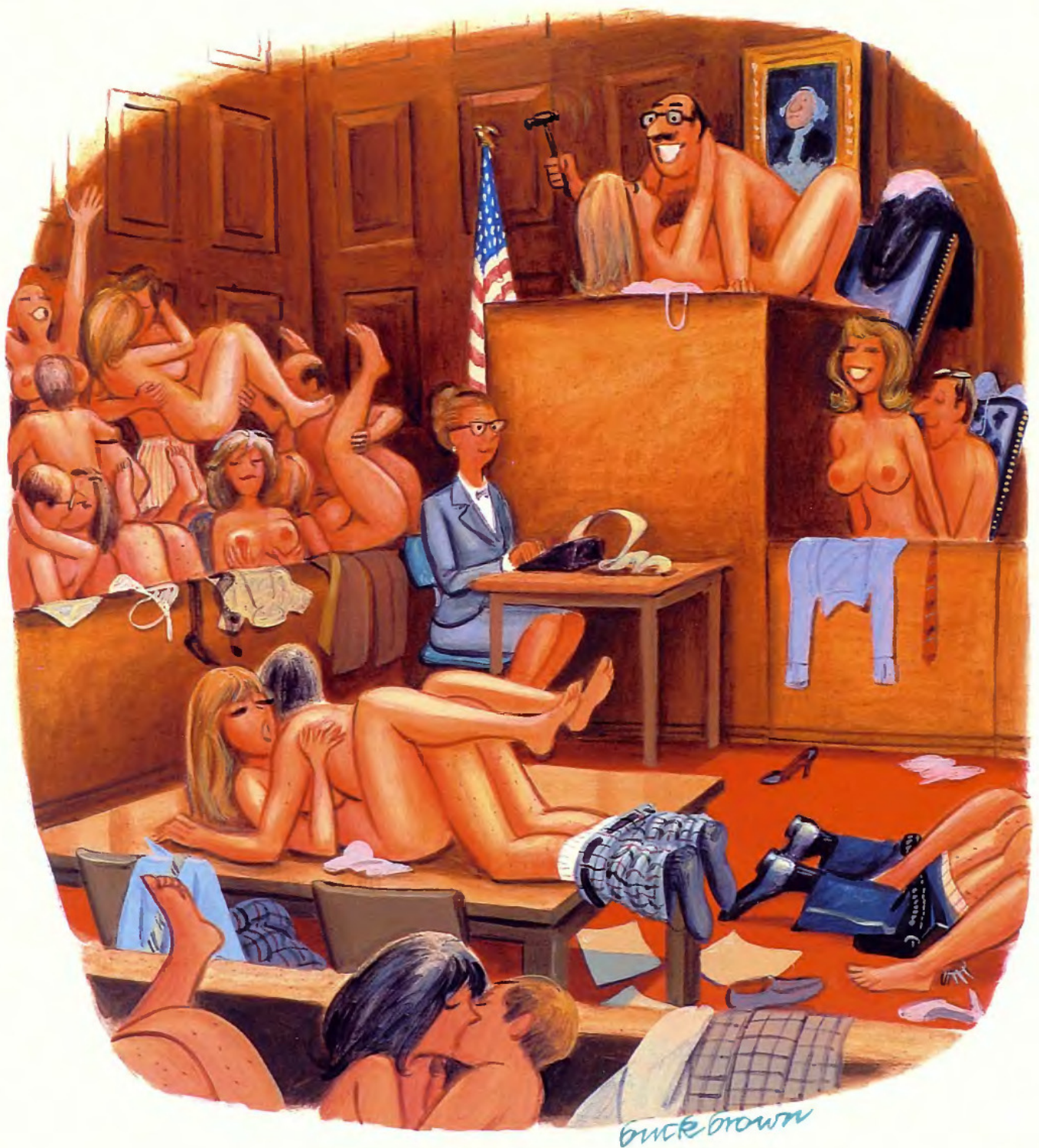
"It's not like I've slept with the entire Congress, but in my opinion, Republicans are better tippers. My friends and I are worried that the Democrats will take over after Reagan," she says before the November elections. "Oh, God, you know, first AIDS, then the Democrats!"

Phone sex, computer sex, latex sex, "noninsertive" sex—the country's most pioneering spirits were busily redesigning Eros in the Eighties. The point was to free the imagination. "Your brain is your biggest sex organ" became a popular slogan among this sexual vanguard. The most imaginative safe-sex invention we came across was undoubtedly The World's First Jack-and-Jill-Off Party, held, of course, in San Francisco in November 1987.

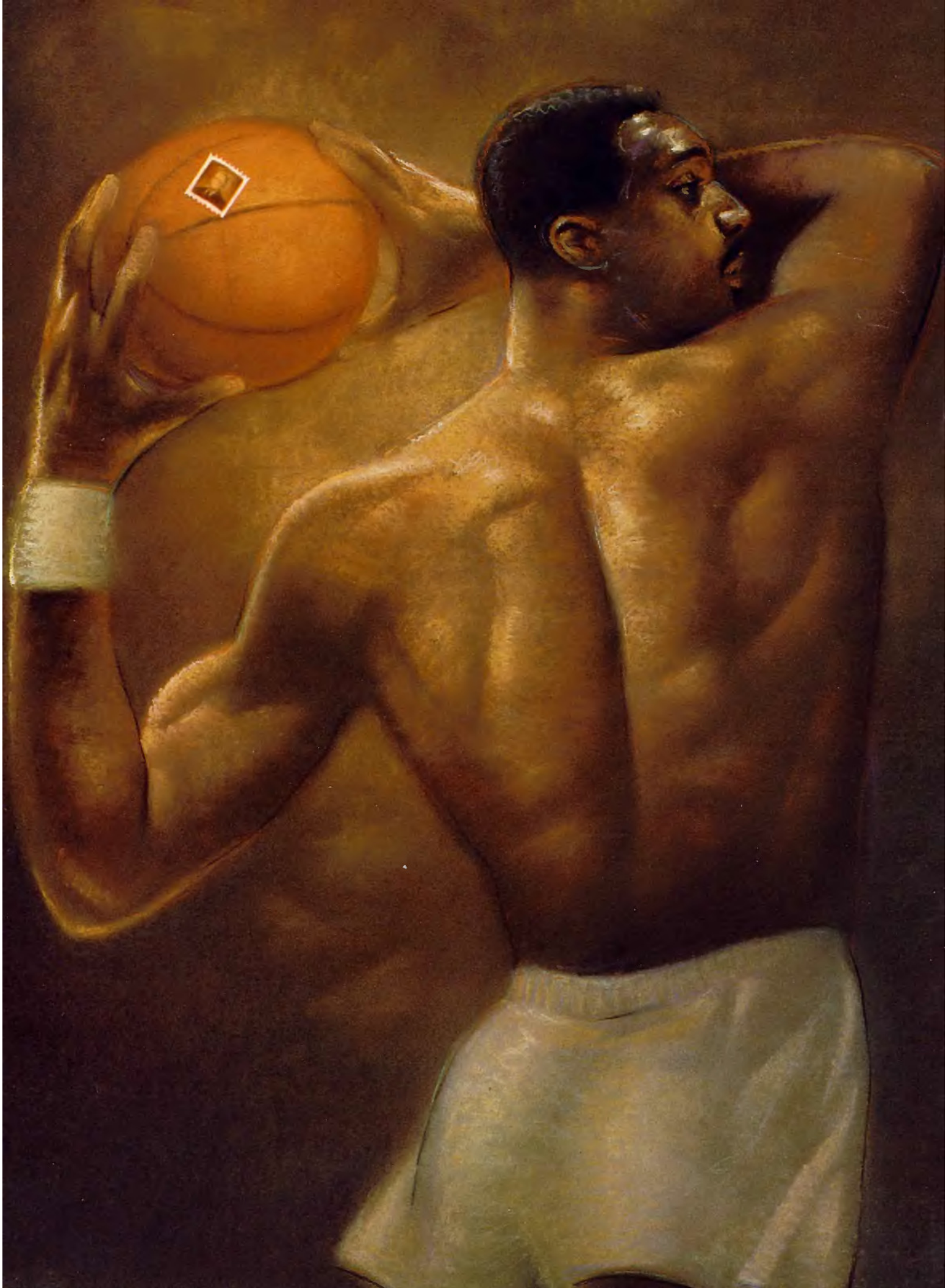
Even by San Francisco standards, it's a strange and wondrous party. Men and women are lining up outside a cozy refurbished warehouse in the South of Market district, a neighborhood where machine shops, artists' studios and leather bars are giving way to *radicchio*-salad restaurants. Once inside the door, the party guests undergo an immediate transformation: Capes, jackets, skirts, pants—even some panties and underpants—are shed and whisked away by a young black clothes-check man in circus-red bikini briefs who obviously relishes his job. "You should leave your shoes on," he says with a knowing wink, and so we cluster around one another in the softly lighted room, in our high heels and Reeboks, and make awkwardly polite conversation.

It's hard not to stare. There is something about the curve of a thigh or the slope of a breast or the funny, impudent droop of a cock that demands attention. But, of course, feasting one's eyes is the whole point of this exotic evening. There are undraped bodies to satisfy everyone's

(continued on page 160)



"Let the record show the judge says, 'One more outburst like this and I'll clear the courtroom!'"



THE MAILMAN COMETH

karl malone delivers speed, points and
power in one awesome package

personality **By Peter Knobler**

N B.A. DRAFT DAY, 1985. Big guys have waited their whole lives for this. At the same time they were learning to put the ball on the floor, during those endless hang-time moments when they were pretending they were Bird or Magic or Dr. J, they were also working on their draft-day cools. That's right: Go up on stage, shake the commissioner's hand, check out your highlights on the video, sit down with Rick Barry, let him tell the world. "I'm a first-round draft choice," they say. "I'm *about* something here."

Patrick Ewing had the look. No question where or when he was going. "The New York Knickerbockers select, from Georgetown University. . . ." Wayman Tisdale knew his place: Indiana. Benoit Benjamin sauntered to the stage; he had it covered. Xavier McDaniel, Jon Koncak, Joe Kleine, Chris Mullin—they all cruised to the podium.

Karl Malone expected to go next. He

had dropped out of school a year early to take this shot at the pros, but only the most intense hoops *aficionados* knew who he was: "The Mailman" (because he delivers), a devotee's top ten. When the Mavericks had told Malone he'd be their first choice, he had moved to Dallas. But the Mavs passed on him.

"When they said, 'Dallas selects, from the University of Washington, Detlef Schrempf, I'm like. . .'" Malone looks bewildered. It's three years later and the event still hasn't fully taken hold. "I got scared, sitting there thinking, Am I going to be a big fluke?"

All his life, people had been telling Malone he wasn't any kind of good enough, and he'd had to fight not to believe it himself. Big as he was, he had always thought of himself as small: small-town troublemaker, small-college all-American; a very little guy in the grand design. He knew he could play ball. He just didn't know the world.

Number 11 passed him by. Twelve. Lucky 13. Finally.

"As the thirteenth pick of the first round . . ." said commissioner David Stern, pausing every few words for feedback control and emphasis, "the Utah Jazz select . . . from Louisiana Tech . . . Karl Malone."

He stood up, walked to the stage, shook hands with Stern, sat down to be interviewed by Rick Barry and cried, live, on national television. He couldn't stop himself. He didn't try.

•
"Karl Malone."

Los Angeles Lakers coach Pat Riley looks pained—like, Do I have to talk about this? Malone and the Utah Jazz nearly ran his Lakers out of last year's play-offs. He sighs. "Best power forward in the game." Bar none? "Right now, I think." And improving? Riley laughs. "I hope he doesn't get any better. I don't think there's ever been anybody chiseled

like Karl Malone, who can do what he does. He's going to get twenty-five and ten every night." In fact, last season, his third in the league, Malone averaged 27.7 points and 12 rebounds per game, the only man in the top five in both N.B.A. categories.

Says Riley: "He's got us."

James Worthy, the M.V.P. of last year's N.B.A. finals, has often had to deal with Malone: "Every play, every rebound, you are going to have to go harder than you would go against anybody else in the league. He's probably the most dominant player at his position. His strength is just phenomenal. Speed. Quickness. Every play you have to play him your hardest."

Karl Malone is 6'9", 256 pounds. He's a bodybuilder, he's drop-dead handsome, he looks like a god. Combine the power of Darryl Dawkins, the ferocity of Maurice Lucas, the solidity and grinding determination of N.B.A. work horse Gus Johnson, the indomitable will of Larry Bird; add to that the speed of Dominique Wilkins and the flashing enthusiasm of the young Magic Johnson and you have a close approximation of Malone. He'll beat you off the boards, beat you down the court, just beat you. The guy is a hard-court paradox, both an N.B.A. throwback and the wave of the future.

"Yeah," says New York Knicks coach Rick Pitino, "it's kind of scary. I don't like thinking about it."

Malone speaks with a Southern smile to his voice; it's filled with wonder. He's a storyteller, the kind of guy who will remember scenes by reliving them in front of you. He's out there having a good time and he doesn't mind for a minute if you want to tag along.

"When I was growing up," he says, laughing, "I loved to live on the edge. I loved to see how far I could push a person—to the limit—before he either exploded or went crazy. Like I was a scientist. My attitude was to push you until either your hair fell out or your eyes came out of your head."

His game is very much the same way. He is always testing opponents, bouncing them around under the boards, blowing by them on the break. But instead of an abused hatred, his victims generally leave with a warm respect.

Malone didn't just breeze into the league and take over. In fact, he didn't know much about where he was going. The Jazz had arranged for him to be interviewed by coach Frank Layden on a live telephone hookup piped in to a hungry crowd of Salt Lake City fans at the Salt Palace. Malone, aiming to please, said he was looking forward to playing in the "town of Utah." "Son," said Layden, "it's a state."

Malone arrived at the Utah Jazz training camp with the usual rookie agenda:

Get that car, that house, that money. He did all of that. However, in what may well be a first in the history of ballplayers and their bonuses, he also paid off his college loan and bought his sister a car. His honor was at stake and he had to satisfy it. Then he thought about basketball.

"I said, 'Kid in a candy store, you got that now. OK, now what do you really want? Do you want to be an OK basketball player? Or do you want to be a great one?' I wanted to be a great one."

"At the rookie orientation, they said, 'Rookies, one of the best things you can do is get with a veteran, let him show you the ropes.' Everybody was scared as hell of Adrian Dantley. The first day of camp, he was looking at me and I was looking at him. We didn't have a confrontation, but maybe I fouled him a little hard."

Still, even the notably dour Dantley couldn't resist this country kid. Malone got his attention and the veteran taught him the game.

"He would pick out a referee," Malone recalls, "say, Earl Strom. He'd say, 'He'll let you play as long as you want to, but don't start yakking at him; he'll either call a foul on you or throw you out the game.' Jake O'Donnell: 'This guy is running everything. Be an ass, he'll be one.' Hey, athletes have egos, referees do, too."

Dantley also gave him the book on the forwards and the centers he would be matched up against. "He'd say, 'You have to run the floor harder, because a lot of power forwards don't run well. So you have to get out and run, look for the guard, kick it to him.'"

But Malone wasn't what you'd call a serious student of the game. He was out there living a dream. No demands, no responsibilities, nothing to worry about. Nobody expected the Jazz to win anything, and they didn't. He was in the perfect situation: pure potential, with all the time in the world to live up to it.

"I would be the first to admit that I didn't take anything serious my rookie year," Malone says. "I was just happy to be playing." For all his fun and games, he averaged 14.9 points and 8.9 rebounds and made the N.B.A. All-Rookie team.

Before his second season, a new world opened up for him. The Jazz traded Dantley to the Pistons for Kelly Tripucka.

"Dantley was poison," says coach Layden, who retired as the Jazz coach earlier this season. "We had to get him away from Karl. He was telling Karl he shouldn't go all out all the time, stuff like that. That's the reason for the trade."

Remembering Dantley's exit, Malone sounds like a kid. He's a little lost, right back there as it's happening. "I'm saying to myself, 'What in the hell are the Jazz doing? Who do they think is gonna score? Who's gonna lead this team now?'"

"Coach Layden called me and said, 'Uh, Karl, we got rid of Adrian.'"

"Yeah?"

"You know what that means?"

"Nope."

"You've got to play that much harder."

"I said, 'I am playing hard!'"

"You have to *want* that other rebound, you have to *want* to score that last point. You have to pick your game up a level."

Malone didn't think of himself as any kind of savior. Small-town, small-college guy, at first he didn't respond to the large load placed on him. When he suggested to coach Layden that there were other players on the Jazz who might lend a hand, Layden snapped, "Karl, can you do it or not? If not, we'll get somebody else to do it." That threat became Malone's challenge.

What he did was begin pushing it, as he did when he was a kid.

The N.B.A. has at least two sets of rules: an unwritten code for the superstars and the rulebook for the rest of the players. Malone decided to muscle his way past the rulebook.

"I might hit a guy harder coming across the lane, for no reason. Stick the elbow out and bump him to let him know that I'm there. He'd say, 'Why'd you do that?' 'Oh, just for the hell of it.'"

He became a scientist of the N.B.A.

"I felt the referees out more and more. Now I know, when the ball is shot, if they're gonna let me push the guy in the back to get the rebound. I know if I'm gonna be able to grab a guy by his jersey when the referee is not looking and then get out on the break quick. I know I'm gonna be able to step on a guy's feet when he's trying to jump; I know the referee is not looking at players' feet. The guy hasn't jumped, but they don't know why. Or if I was getting ready to shoot, I would act like I was shooting, but I would really be trying to hit my man in the face with my elbow. Not dirty, but just seeing what I could get away with."

Once he learned that there were no limits, he became dangerous. His second year, he averaged 21.7 points and 10.4 rebounds a game.

At the end of the season, coach Layden called him in again. He said, "That was a great job. Now, over the summer, I want you to work on running the floor more. I want you to work on your outside shot. I want you to work on coming inside more. I want you to work on your free throws."

Malone laughed. "Is that it?" he asked.

That summer and fall, he set a new standard for pre-season conditioning. Fit to begin with, the guy became cut, muscular, developed. "He was the prototype forward," says the Jazz's all-star guard John Stockton. "Like they were saying about Lawrence Taylor at linebacker; he was the shape of things to come. His ability to score inside and outside is pretty well noted, but there's also his ability to

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SPRING FEVER

hot new styles for the warm-weather season

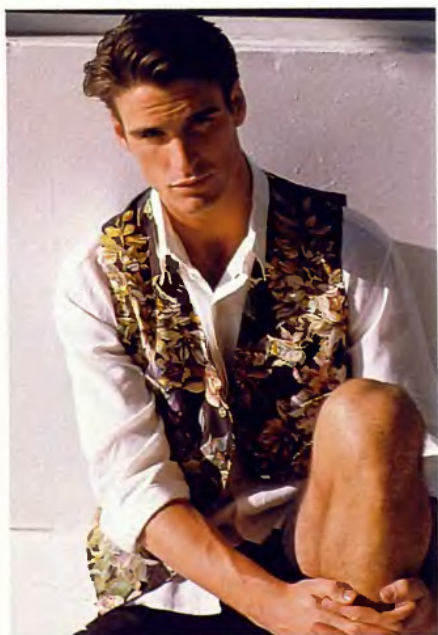
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE



WITH BALMY WEATHER just around the corner and with it the itch to look sharp, we've taken this year's spring-and-summer fashion forecast and separated the clothes into three distinct looks: tailored, easygoing dressy and casual. It should make your wardrobe selection a lot simpler. Remember that tailored clothes are a significant investment, so you'll want to make your choices carefully. The smart money this season will be on double-breasted jackets with wide peaked lapels and soft, sloping shoulders and multipleated trousers that drape. Dress shirts will echo this casual mood with soft, straight collars. Neckwear will remain wide, three and three fourths inches being the maximum. (At left: A wool six-button suit with double-pleated trousers, about \$1250, worn with a striped cotton shirt, about \$130, and silk crepe de Chine tie, about \$75, all by Ermenegildo Zegna.) When it comes to easygoing dressy—that relaxed but stylish fashion zone between tailored and casual—the two stalwart choices remain blazers and sports jackets. This year, both double-breasted styles and the traditional single-breasted three button are the favorites. They often look best when combined with a tieless shirt and khaki trousers. (Worn

with a pair of walk shorts and a polo shirt, they become a shorts suit, as seen at right, which includes a three-button linen blazer, \$355, pleated plaid linen shorts, \$100, both by Andrew Fezza; and a cotton knit polo shirt, from Basco by Lance Karesh, \$52. Sunglasses, by L. A. Eyeworks, \$125.) For the casual

look, there'll be plenty of vested interest in vests this year. What could be more casual than a sleeveless jacket? (Below left: A cotton floral-print vest with antique-style buttons, \$125, triple-pleated cotton walk shorts, \$100, both by Paul Smith; and a linen sport shirt, by Kermit Smith for Krunch, \$180.) Other choices include loose-fitting, tropical-print camp shirts and lightweight, brightly colored jackets. Follow our advice, guys, and you'll be making all hits and no misses all season long.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB FRAME



Opposite: Wool/linen four-to-one-button double-breasted suit with double-pleated pants, from Studio 000.1 by Ferre, \$750; dress shirt, by Cerruti 1881, \$105; silk Jacquard-ground tie, by Bill Blass, \$28; gold-tone watch, by Tourneau, \$295. Right: Wool/silk six-to-one-button double-breasted suit with double-pleated pants, \$930, striped cotton dress shirt, \$85, and madder silk tie, \$60, all by Hugo Boss; hand-stitched alligator shoes, by Andreagetta for Jandreani, \$495.





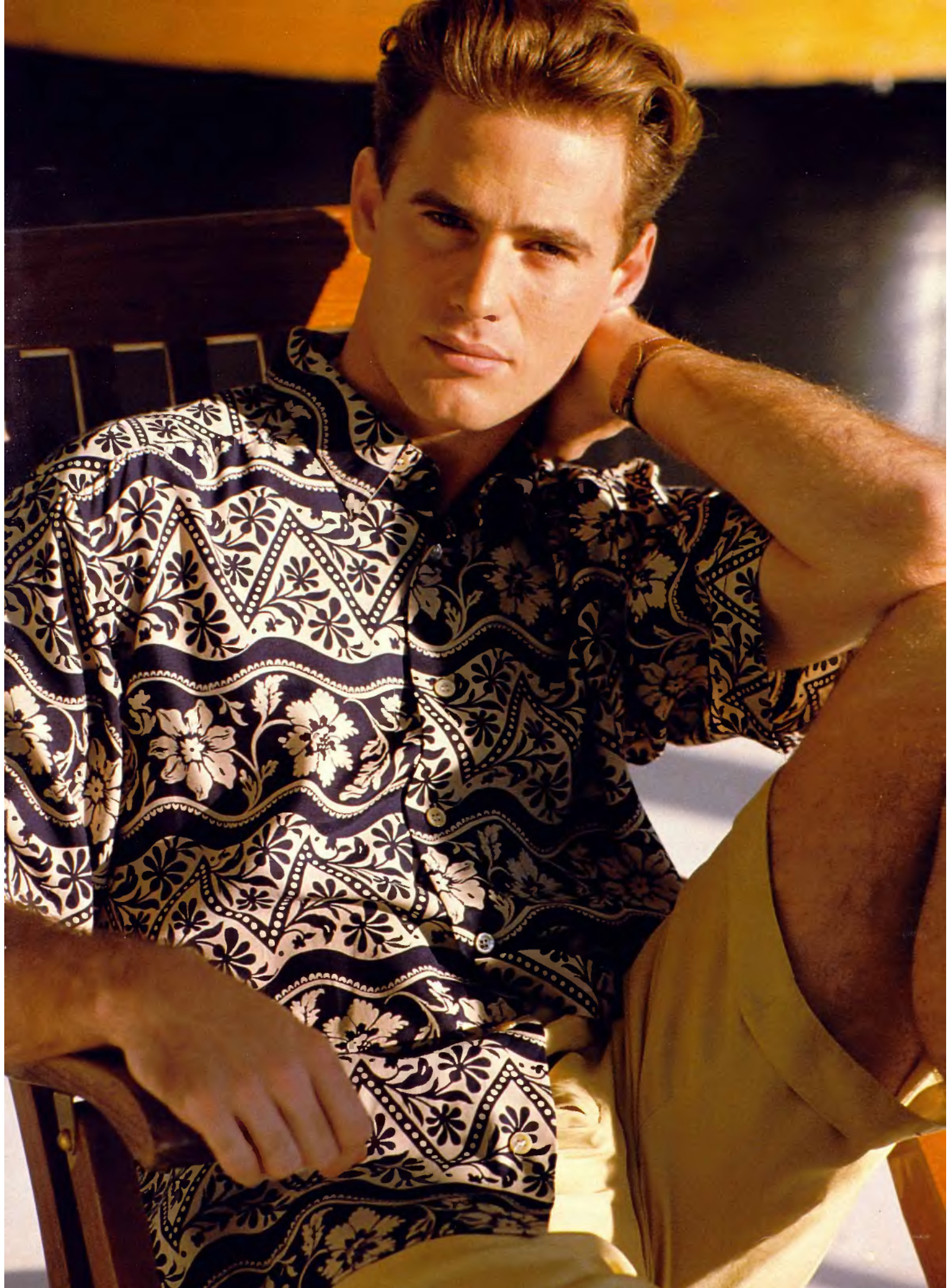
Left: Jacket, \$750, and trousers, \$220, both by Verri; vest, by Paul Smith, \$135; shirt, by Andrew Fezza, \$145; tie, by Hugo Boss, about \$60. Below: Jacket, \$310, and trousers, \$125, both by Mondo. Cotton sport shirt, by Yamato, \$125; sunglasses, by Cutler & Gross, London, \$90; Swiss chronograph, by Tourneau, \$750.



Clockwise from top right: Striped cotton dress shirt, \$80, silk tie with geometric motif, \$47.50, both by Alexander Julian. Thin-striped cotton dress shirt with flapped breast pocket, \$125, silk Jacquard tie, \$55, both by Lazo. Cotton Jacquard dress shirt with covered button placket front, by Cecilia Metheny, \$130; with cotton three-button houndstooth vest, by Ronaldus Shamask, \$250. Silk Jacquard retro tie, by Daniel Craig, \$60. Striped cotton dress shirt, by Bill Robinson, \$65. Ancient-madder-silk tie, by Savoy, \$35. Five-button cotton tapestry-front vest, by Andrew Fezza, \$195. Striped cotton dress shirt, by Bill Robinson, \$60. Woven silk tie, by Alexander Julian, \$47.50.



Left: Hooded parka with zipper front and flapped bellows pockets, by Calvin Klein Sport for Men, \$130; worn over cotton knit mock-turtleneck sweater with raglan sleeves, \$72, and double-pleated cotton chino pants, \$70, both from Basco by Lance Karesh; leather silver-tipped Indian beaded belt, by Al Beres, \$150. **Right:** Short-sleeved floral-print shirt, \$180, worn with washed-silk pleated camel Bermuda shorts, \$280, both by Byblos; watch, by Tourneau, \$250.



karl malone (continued from page 82)

"He drops to one knee and pumps—in, out—as if he were ripping someone's heart out with one hand."

run the floor. On the fast break, I have watched a hundred times where he gets a rebound, outlets it to me and then beats me down to the other end of the court to get an open lay-up. Over the course of the game, he'll wear you down."

The fans voted Malone starting forward on the West squad at the N.B.A. All-Star Game. People used to discuss him with curiosity; now they talk about him with awe. Knicks coach Pitino says, "If you look at the power forwards in the past—the bangers—they never ran like Malone can run. If you can get him in early foul trouble, you won't see the same Malone. But if you don't, you'll have a long night."

Malone has redefined the power-forward position. There doesn't seem to be anyone who can play with him. "The way I play now," he says, "and the confidence I get with each game . . . one guy will not stop me." So what does it take? "Two or three guys, like they did all last year. That's a build-up to my ego when they do that; I have their respect. But when they do that, somebody's open on my team. I hate double teaming sometimes—because, hey, man, I want to score, too."

Malone does love to score. "When I'm down in the hole and I see one guy on me, I lick my chops. I get excited. Sometimes I get too excited. When I look up and see just one guy, I get happy!"

Malone was a happy kid—wild but happy—growing up in the northwest corner of Louisiana in a little town called Mount Sinai: "Population two hundred fifty, three hundred counting the chickens, hogs and everything else." His father abandoned the family when Malone was very young and his mother, Shirley, raised her eight children by working three jobs. She married Ed Turner when Malone was young. Years later, Malone's father contracted cancer. He asked his ex-wife to take care of him, and she did.

Malone grew up wild. "Me and my brother Terry were going through that stage that my momma called 'mannish,'" he says. He's having a good time recalling those days. "We were the neighborhood busters."

If anything went wrong anywhere near the Malones' place, everybody knew who had done it. Who was that shooting out the neighbors' windows with a BB gun? Must have been those Malone boys. Your cows on the move, your dogs in a howl? Karl Malone was out there chasing them.

Hear your hogs hollering? It was Karl and Terry out there riding them as if they were horses.

"If we didn't get a whupping," says Malone, laughing, "we just couldn't sleep at night. From when I was twelve till I was seventeen, if we went a day and a half without getting a whupping, something was wrong with us. I never did drugs or drank, but I was just mannish as hell. My mom used to tell me, 'Boy, I brought you into this world, I can take you out.' You don't believe me? Ask my mom!"

"I was working at the sawmill," says Shirley Turner. "A gin belt—what the lumber runs down on—tore up. I had a little ol' knife and just cut me a good strap out of it and brought it home. 'Mr. Know-It-All,' that was the name of it."

"You know," Malone says, laughing, "I didn't get enough whuppings. If I had gotten more, I probably would have changed sooner than I did."

Basketball came easily to Malone. His high school team won the state championship three years in a row. But as the leader of the guys in the back row, he was laughing, chewing gum, blowing bubbles, cheeking down on the whoopie cushion. He kept on pushing it.

"I wanted to know what kind of grades it would take before they would stop letting me play basketball."

He found out. In order to be eligible to play college ball, a student must have a 2.0 grade-point average. Bright as Malone was, he'd never studied; he had a 1.99. Many major colleges could have fixed that, but Malone's mom wanted him to go to Louisiana Tech, just 40 miles down the road, and Tech fixed nothing.

"I was confused," he says. "They told me, 'Karl Malone, you're a basketball player, but you can't play for a year.' It's like you're an inventor and you can't invent for a year."

Apparently, not everybody in Mount Sinai forgave Malone for his years of being the town tormentor. "They'd say, 'I told you he wasn't going to do good, I told you he was going to be a drug addict, I told you he wasn't going to have no money.' That's what drives me: I don't want to prove those people right. I want to make them look like asses for the rest of my life.

"I had let my family down, I had let Karl Malone down. So I was at the point where I said, 'Karl, are you going to be a loser the rest of your life or are you going to do something positive with yourself?"

You can either go to college or sit at home and be what everybody expects you to be, which is nothing."

Malone decided to go to college, and he made his sacrifices. He got a bank loan to pay his tuition. His freshman basketball team won the intramural program, but he never went to a varsity game. He went to class, and by his sophomore year, his grades were good enough to make him eligible to play.

Louisiana Tech went 19–9, 26–7 and 29–3 in the three years Malone played varsity ball. In his first year, Tech was unknown. In his second year, the team received an N.C.A.A. bid and beat Fresno State in the first round before losing to Houston. In his third year, it was nationally ranked and beat Pittsburgh and Ohio State before falling to Oklahoma in the regional semifinals.

National magazines started coming around. He picked up his nickname from a sportswriter who fought his way through rough weather to watch Malone's brilliant performance in the conference championship. Neither rain nor snow nor sleet nor hail nor double teaming stopped "The Mailman" that night.

Malone is a major celebrity in Utah. People take him to heart. Mormons in white patent-leather shoes line up for autographs after Jazz games, and he will stand there and sign them until every mom, dad and kid has been accommodated.

"I feed off the fans," he says. "When I'm playing, whatever I do is entertainment. If I give somebody a high five and point at him, that's for the fans. If they spend seventy-five or a hundred dollars to sit on the floor, I better do something to them—knock the popcorn out of their hands or knock over their beer; I better let them know I'm trying."

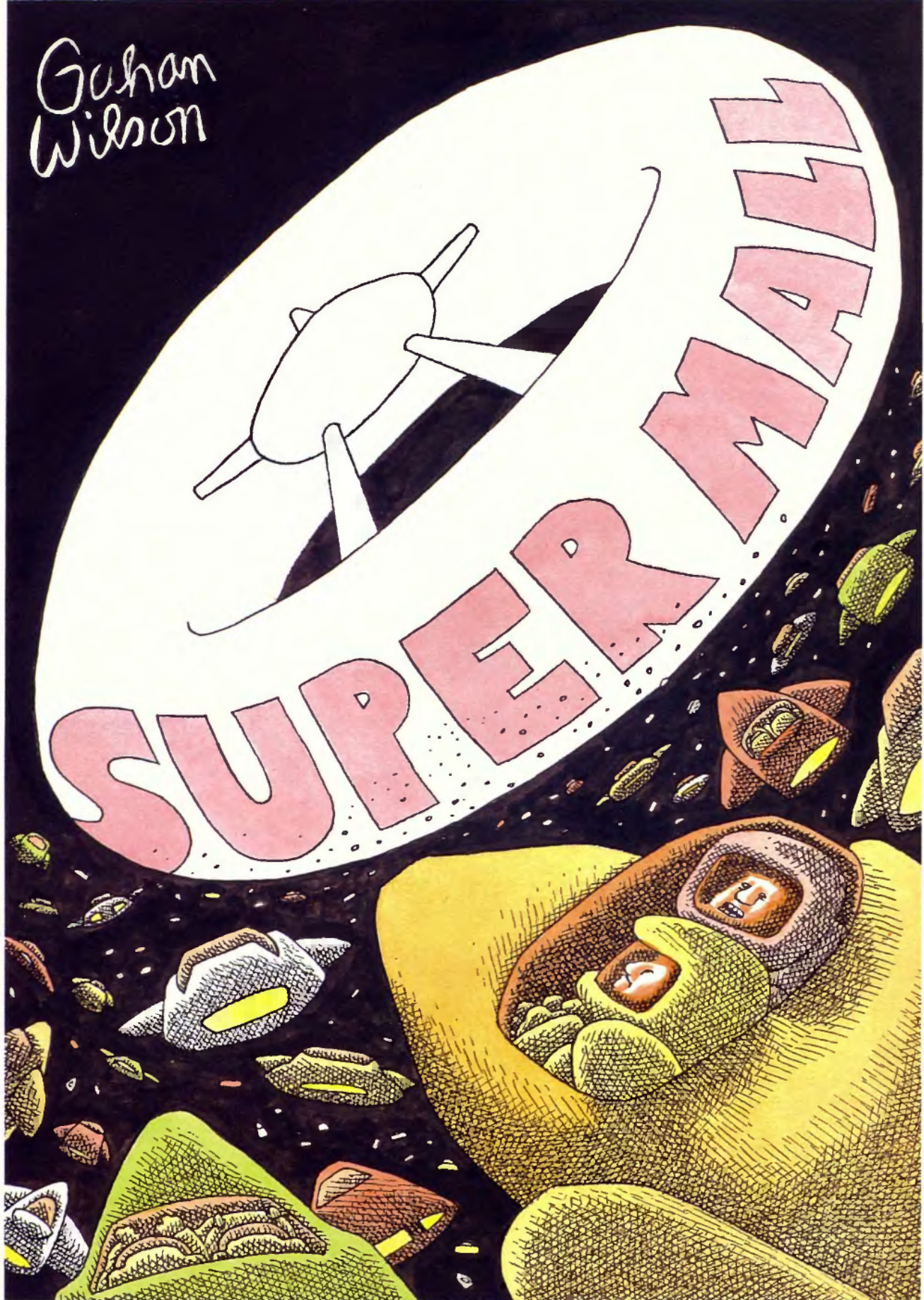
Malone takes basketball personally. He talks to his mother before every game, sometimes from his room, sometimes from the phone at courtside. "I tell him how many points I want," she says, "how many rebounds, how many assists. He'll say, 'OK, you got 'em!' And he always gets more than I ask him for."

With a promise to Mom on the line, he puts true feeling into his playing, the kind of shining inspiration that jumps out spontaneously in power moves and high fives. His triumphant gestures begin as happy outbursts and become beloved symbols, almost like religious rites.

"I try to put in a little something extra each year," he says. Last year, he took to shaking two fingers each time he scored. He also developed a powerful right-arm pump. He comes screaming down the court on the break, jams the ball through the hoop, then drops to one knee and

(continued on page 168)

Graham
Wilson



"It's obviously what this whole space thing was about from the first!"

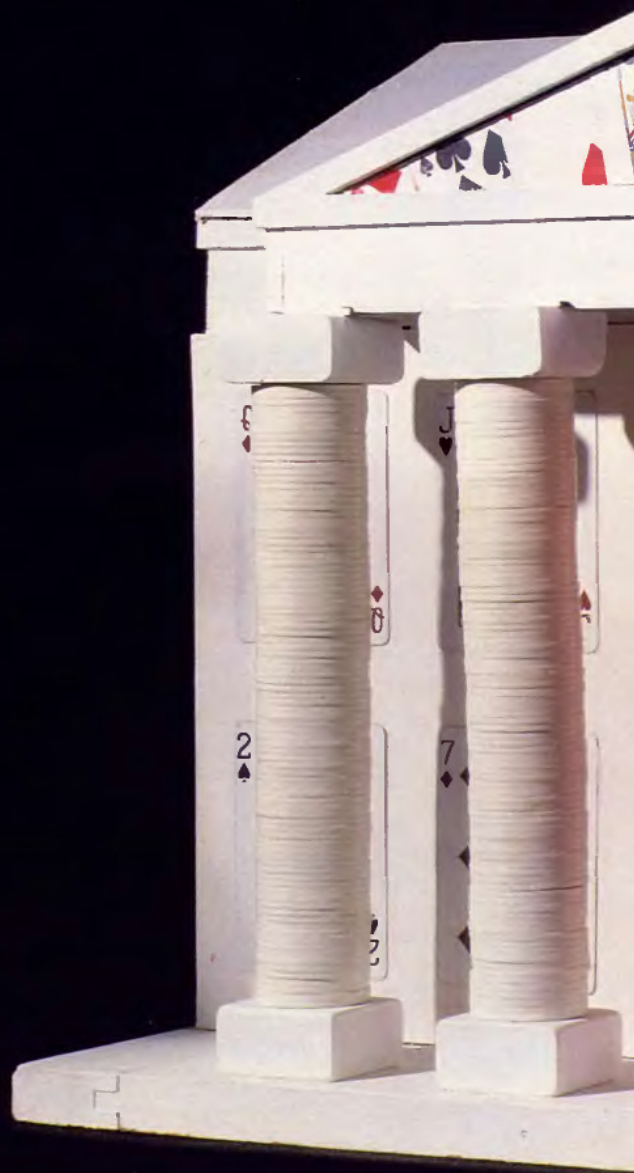
HOUSE of CARDS

fiction By CONALL RYAN When Martin Oakes got the word that Smooth Jake Warner had finally agreed to play poker, he tried to sleep, but he couldn't, so he got into the car and drove all night to Virginia.

Smooth Jake was a legend. Ace Roldan, one of the men Martin Oakes had beaten, called Smooth Jake "the meanest, roughest, hardest-bitten card-playing snake east of Vegas," and Roldan had seen enough gambling pits to be reliable about identifying the reptiles that managed to crawl out of them.

Smooth Jake's face and hands were as red and dry as Arizona clay, and it was said about him that he could work his eyelids like Venetian blinds. Some even went so far as to say that his concentration made it possible for him to see his opponent's cards. It wasn't clear whether he accomplished this by looking through the backs of the cards or by actually peering into the opponent's mind, but the result was the same.

Smooth Jake lived in Middleburg on an estate called The Little Boltens that was anything but; the front door was exactly 1.4 miles from the front gate. He employed a full-time staff of 13. The youngest employee *(continued on page 118)*



"IT'S NOT SO MUCH WHAT I CAN WIN," SAID SMOOTH JAKE, "AS WHAT YOU CAN LOSE"



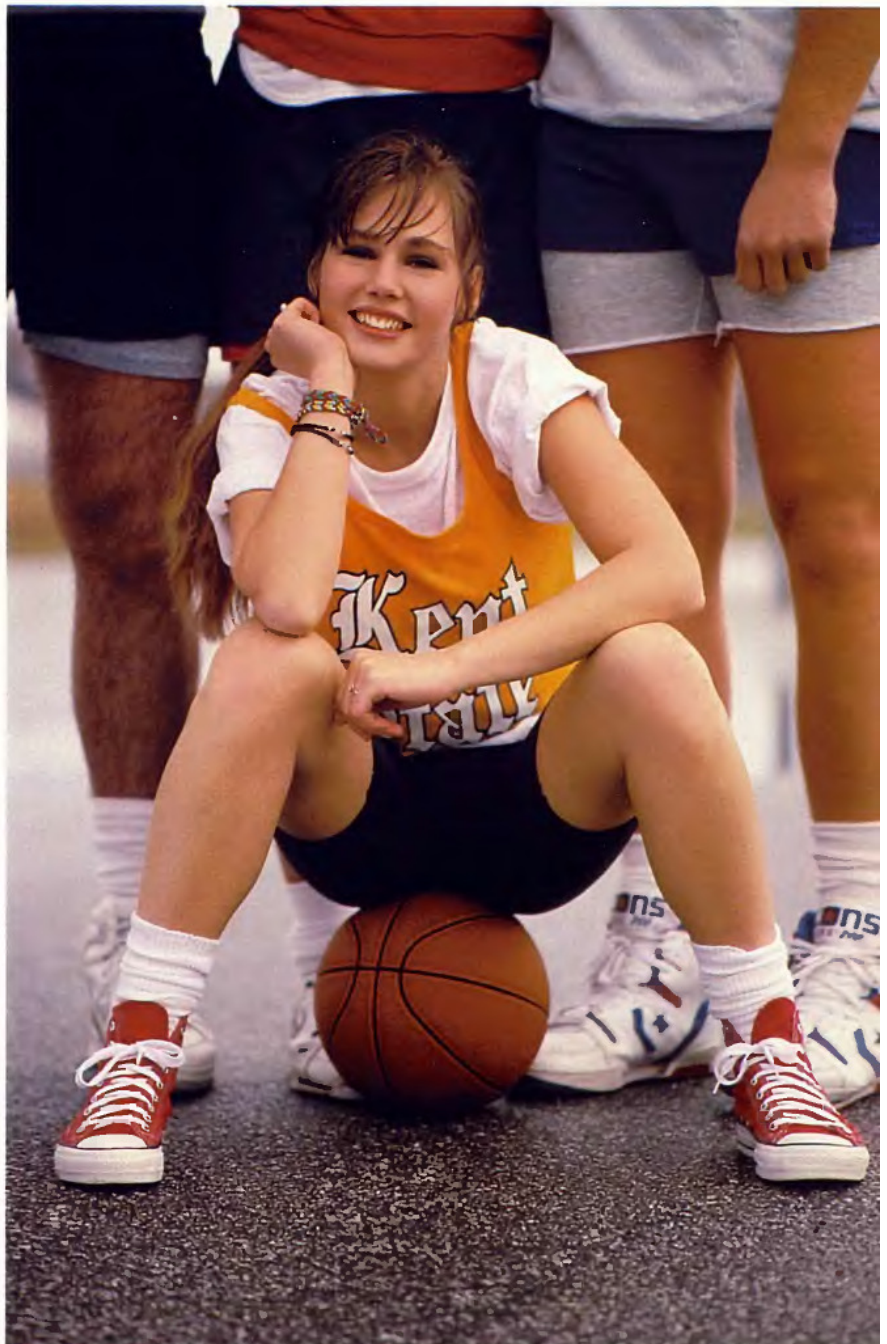


kent state
playmate jennifer lyn jackson
gets a's from us

CLASS ACT

THE FIVE GUYS who followed Jennifer Lyn Jackson out of a crowded elevator at Chicago's Drake Hotel on a recent wintry evening looked, well, kind of stunned. And very happy. As if the elevator doors had magically opened onto some exotic tropical beach scene instead of onto a big-city hotel lobby. You could see the heads turn as she walked through the crowd, a dazzling flash of beauty on an otherwise chilly night. People must have been asking themselves: Who *is* that lady? Well, we could have unmasked her for them. We found her in the Great 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt and she's our choice as April's Playmate. Jennifer's a double-major student (finance and business management) at Ohio's Kent State University, and she sees a master's degree and a Ferrari in her future. Her family and closest friends call her J. And she has a pet ferret whose name is Shmeebee. *(text concluded on page 100)*

A self-confessed workaholic whose homework sometimes keeps her at the books until two or three A.M., Jennifer says she loves the occasional crazy college party or a game of basketball with the guys at Kent State U.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

"When I say I'm from Kent State, everybody says, 'Oh, that's where the students were shot.' Well, I'd like to help change that image and promote a positive one. This is a wonderful place to go to school."



A true Buckeye State product, Jennifer was born in Cleveland, attended high school at North Olmsted and goes home to her folks in that suburb for major holidays.





Face it: There are people who don't know diddley about the right way to wear a shirt and tie. And then there's Jennifer.





Jennifer is taking off the spring 1989 semester to earn some extra money to help pay off her student loan—an effort aided considerably by her \$15,000 Playmate fee—before returning to school in the fall. “I’ve got a lot of work ahead of me, so I hope that when I go back, I’ll have a whole new outlook,” she says. On the home front, meanwhile, life should be far from dull. Her mom’s a belly dancer, her kid brother’s a drummer in a rock-and-roll band and one of her regular dates is an ex-dancer from Chippendale’s. Yet some people out there say life in the Midwest is nothing but one long yawn. Well, excuse us, but what do *they* know? As for J, she hopes her maximum exposure on our pages will lead to new horizons in the modeling world. And who knows—maybe that Ferrari.



MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Barbara

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jennifer Jackson
BUST: 38 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: 3-21-69 BIRTHPLACE: Cleveland, OH.

AMBITIONS: to follow the golden road of success to the top + BE HAPPY ☺?

TURN-ONS: soft skin, lobster, the color PURPLE, hairy chests and gentle kisses.

TURN-OFFS: conceited people, male chauvinists and guys with fat beer bellies who belch in your face - YUK!

MUSIC I JAM TO: Van Halen and Pink Floyd

RECURRING NIGHTMARE: Waking up bald?

MY STRENGTHS ARE: my sense of humor, my brains, my perseverance and my closeness to my family + friends.

MR. RIGHT WILL BE: Tall, with thick hair (that I can run my fingers through), smart, sensitive and SEXY!



Senior Prom Time at N.O. HIGH, age 17

FINALLY, I'M OUTA HERE! age 19

MY FRIEND STU'S FITNESS MAG, age 19



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An attorney was working late in his office one night when the Devil suddenly appeared and offered him a deal. Beginning immediately, Satan said, the lawyer could win all of his cases, make twice as much money, work half as much, be loved by his partners, be worshiped by the office staff, be attended to by a beautiful nymphomaniacal secretary and be assured of living to a happy, healthy, virile old age.

"All I want in exchange," the Devil said, "is your soul and the souls of your wife, children, friends, ancestors and descendants."

The lawyer considered the offer. "So," he asked suspiciously, "what's the catch?"



Gossip columnists hint that Robin Givens may file an adoption petition for custody of Athina Onassis.

"Sir, may I see your license?" the policeman said. "You went through a stop sign."

"Yes," the driver admitted, "but I slowed down."

"But you still went through it."

"Yes, but I looked both ways and nothing was coming."

"But you didn't come to a complete stop."

"What the hell is the difference?"

"Get out of the car, sir."

The man got out and stood by the side of the car. The policeman began to hit him on the head with his night stick. "Now, sir," he said, "do you want me to slow down or stop?"

What do you call a JAP's nipple? The tip of the iceberg.

When his girlfriend would not see the wisdom of his bullheaded arguments, the young man heatedly decided to terminate their relationship. As his anger turned to despair, he aimlessly walked the streets, finally wandering into a church. "Oh, God," he muttered, "why did You have to make women so beautiful?"

"So that you would be attracted to them," a deep voice replied.

The startled fellow looked up, then asked, "But why did You make them so dumb?"

"So that they would be attracted to you."

A distraught man made an appointment with a psychiatrist. "I was out of town on business," he told the doctor, "and wired my wife that I was going home on Wednesday. When I got back, I went home immediately," he continued, breaking into

tears, "and found her in the arms of another man. Why, oh, why?"

The psychiatrist considered the problem gravely for a moment, then shrugged. "Maybe she didn't get your telegram."

Graffito spotted above the coin slot of a university condom-dispensing machine: FOR REFUND, INSERT BABY HERE.

Barely 20 minutes after teeing off, a woman came into the clubhouse, grimacing in pain.

"What happened?" the club pro asked.

"I got stung by a bee," she replied.

"Where?"

"Between the first and second holes."

"Hmm," the pro murmured. "Sounds like your stance was a little too wide."

How many Harvard students does it take to screw in a light bulb? One. He holds the bulb and the universe revolves around him.



A well-known N.E.L. quarterback went into a local bar and soon set his sights on a striking young woman. He boasted of his passing statistics, his running ability and his superb physical condition. Finally persuading her to go back to his hotel room, he crowed, "You, young lady, are about to see what two hundred and fifteen pounds of dynamite looks like."

In the room, he got her a drink, then excused himself. "When I come back, honey, you're gonna see two hundred and fifteen pounds of dynamite."

As he emerged from the bathroom stark naked, the woman jumped to her feet and ran out the door, screaming hysterically. A security guard heard the commotion and came running. "What's the matter, miss?" he asked.

"Back in room six twenty-five," she gasped, "there's two hundred and fifteen pounds of dynamite with a two-inch fuse!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I think the American Medical Association would be interested in how I can cure a headache for you by doing the dishes."

FIRE IN THE BELLY

article By Brock Yates REEVES CALLAWAY is not your basic auto mogul. Were he to somehow appear in the corporate board rooms of, say, General Motors or Chrysler, real moguls such as Roger Smith or Lee Iacocca would have him thrown into the street. After all, would they want a 41-year-old former art major from Amherst College who builds 200-miles-per-hour hot-rod Corvettes telling them how to manufacture more ambulatory blister packs for the proletariat? Callaway is an elitist. And there is no room for elitism in the egalitarian world of big-bucks auto marketing. Volume is a word Callaway reserves for his stereo. Automobiles are to be built one by one, with a jeweler's devotion to detail, and then driven at speeds that would make your mother faint. Consider this: *(continued on page 158)*

Looking for a set of wheels that will take you from 0 to 60 in less than five seconds and top out about 200 mph? Climb aboard the Callaway Corvette—if you dare. Pictured is Callaway's prototype screamer, the Sledgehammer. Callaways go for about \$60,000.



**the callaway
corvette—
america's
ultimate ticket
to ride**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

INVASION

of the Peter Pan Rockers

they came from rock limbo to rule the charts

It was the year of aging gracefully. Sure, U2, INXS and R.E.M. kept us in XTC. Prince, we ♥ U. Midnight Oil boiled; Tracy Chapman and Guns n' Roses—gentle Miss Jekyll and Messrs. Hyde—made superstar. But everywhere you looked, there were ghosts of concerts past. The Top 40 virtually creaked with forever-young rockers who had topped 40. Elvis,

who would have been 53, wowed the faithful with his “11th anniversary” comeback. Mick, 45, cut his second solo, *Primitive*

Cool. Keith, 45, cut his first, *Talk Is Cheap*. God, 44—now known to a new generation as “Clapton, the guy in the beer ads”—

resurged clean and sober, a rockin', tee-totalin' demigod. Elton John, 42 but still standin', cleared his surgically repaired throat and sold out his *Reg Strikes Back* tour. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, cumulative age 181—those harmonizers from another age—



Mid-lifers George Harrison, Jeff Lynne, Tom Petty, Bob Dylan and Roy Orbison reinvented themselves as the Traveling Wilburys—Lefty, Lucky, Otis, Charlie T., Jr., and Nelson. Orbison died soon after the release of the *Traveling Wilburys, Volume One*.

staged their own harmonic convergence, crooning four-part nostalgia on their first album since Nixon, 76, was elected.



Dr. King



The mid-lifers returned to center stage older, wiser and a bit more conservative—with fire in their eyes and fiber in their diets. **Aerosmith**, after years of sex, drugs and metal, swore

off activity number two and rode one and three straight back to the top, touring with understudies Guns n' Roses, the Aerosmith (of the Seventies) for the Nineties—if that makes any sense. And perennial teen vamp **Cher**, 42, teamed with **Jon Bon Jovi**, 27, for an LP. **Beach Boy Brian Wilson**, 46, ended a decadelong bender, turned to health food and



Rock of the living dead: Elvis earned one gold, four platinum and two double-platinum LPs in June. He missed the awards ceremony but was reported to have popped up in several other venues.

antihallucinogens and made a critically acclaimed comeback. Why these long delays? Could these returns have anything to do with crass commerce—with the fact that these rockers' fans tend to be 40ish Yupsters with CD players, and that CDs have a tastier profit margin than the LPs and tapes **Metallica** fans buy?



No silk purse here: In a now-historic photograph, John Lennon bends the ear of a potential biographer.

The Peter Pan rockers are perfect front men for the age of Bush, an era that looks back on the wild-oats Sixties with a nostalgic smile and a Perrier. When the Bushies partied at the G.O.P. convention, Bush's campaign manager, **Lee Atwater**, 37, dusted off his guitar and sawed off some rocking oldies. Now that the White House is secured again for the Republicans, you know we have what **George Bush**, 64, would call "a mainstream thing" on our hands. *(concluded on page 166)*



Rx. redux: Aerosmith's Steven Tyler (top) kicked drugs and then kicked ass on a comeback tour with opening act Guns n' Roses. Lead Gunner Axl Rose (above) follows in Tyler's tracks—but he has gone only halfway on the kicking part.

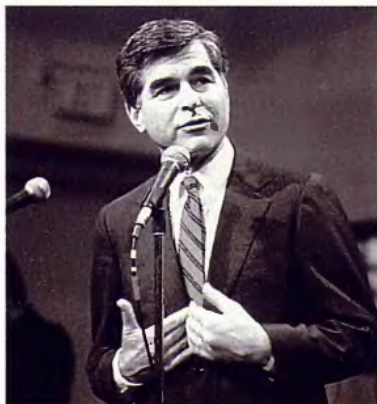


Rock-and-roll high school: Teeny-bopper Debbie Gibson had serious matters on her mind, such as high school graduation.

TOP-GROSSING LIVE ACTS OF 1988

1. Pink Floyd
2. Aerosmith
3. Def Leppard
4. Grateful Dead
5. Van Halen's Monsters of Rock

(source: Amusement Business magazine)



Peter Pan backfire: Aging rocker-crooner Neil Diamond (left) furnished Mike Dukakis (right) with *Coming to America*, the jingle whose words nobody quite knew. America went for newcomer Bobby McFerrin's simpler *Don't Worry, Be Happy*, co-opted, to Democrat McFerrin's dismay, as the anthem of the Bush press plane. Next time, Duke ought to try *I'm a Believer*, the 1966 tune Diamond penned for the Monkees.



Rastaman vibration: Bob Marley stayed dead and let his children come back for him as Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers. Above: sons Stephen and Ziggy.

Music '89

Some Facts, Some Figures

Prince's nude shot on *Lovesexy* hurt sales, say retailers. **Poison**, **Great White** and **Guns n' Roses** all altered cover art under pressure from retailers and record labels. But note: *Playboy* readers voted *Lovesexy* "Best Album Cover."

TEN FACTS

1. Bobby McFerrin's *Don't Worry, Be Happy* is the first number-one *a cappella* hit in pop history.
2. UB40's 1988 version of Neil Diamond's *Red, Red Wine* reached number one in *Billboard* 18 years after Diamond himself hit number one with *Cracklin' Rosie*, a song about, yes, red wine.
3. Just four years after Vanessa Williams surrendered her Miss America title, her single, *The Right Stuff*, debuted in *Billboard*'s Hot 100.
4. Setting a record for the most number-one hits from an LP, Michael Jackson scored five from *Bad*.
5. Setting a record for the most top-five singles from an LP, George Michael scored six from *Kissing Fool*.
6. Cheap Trick's chart-topping *Don't Be Cruel* is the first cover version of an Elvis tune to hit the top ten.
7. Compact-disc prices declined across the board.
8. CDs and cassettes accounted for 80 percent of the money spent on recordings in 1988.
9. Chrysalis Records president Mike Bone announced that if bald songstress Sinéad O'Connor's debut sold more than 50,000 copies, he'd let her shave his head. The record did; Bone was shorn.
10. The Peter Pan grand champion Chicago scored its 17th top-ten hit in 18 years with *Look Away*, which went to number one in December. Current album is *19*.



READERS' POLL RESULTS

Our readers choose the

TOP PERFORMERS

1. Male Vocalist—

Pop/Rock:

Steve Winwood

2. Female Vocalist—

Pop/Rock:

Tracy Chapman

3. Instrumentalist—

Pop/Rock:

Eric Clapton

4. Group—Pop/Rock:

INXS (Michael Hutchence)

5. Male Vocalist—

R&B:

Terence Trent D'Arby

6. Female Vocalist—

R&B:

Whitney Houston

7. Instrumentalist—

R&B:

Robert Cray

8. Group—R&B:

Earth, Wind & Fire (Maurice White)

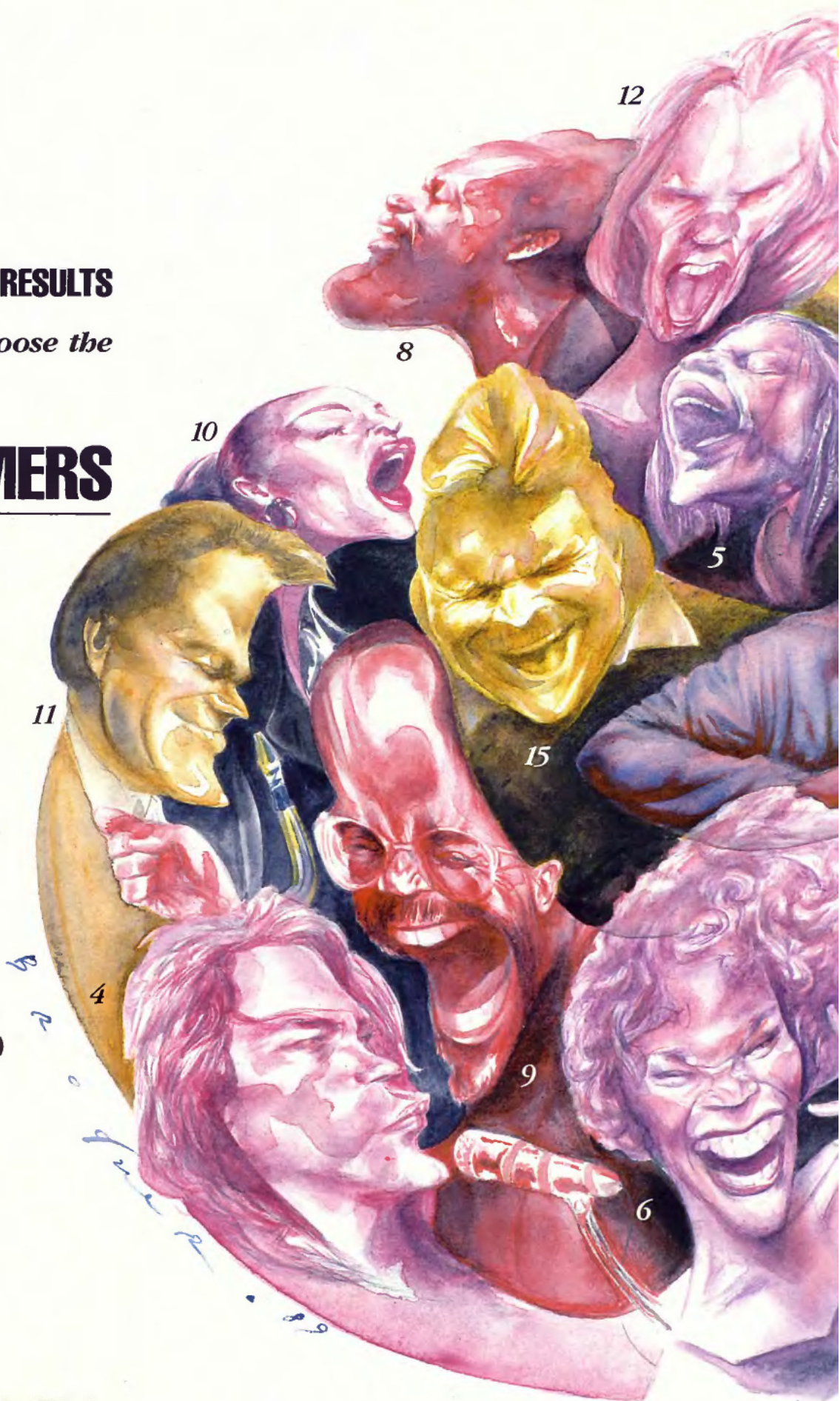




ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

9. *Male Vocalist—*
Jazz:
Bobby McFerrin
10. *Female Vocalist—*
Jazz:
Sade
11. *Instrumentalist—*
Jazz:
David Sanborn
12. *Group—Jazz:*
Sting
13. *Male Vocalist—*
Country:
Randy Travis
14. *Female Vocalist—*
Country:
The Judds
15. *Instrumentalist—*
Country:
Ricky Skaggs
16. *Group—Country:*
Alabama (Randy Owen)



READERS' POLL RESULTS

Our readers choose
THE BEST

Rock LP: *Kick!*/INXS
R&B LP: *Introducing the Hardline* According to Terence Trent D'Arby/Terence Trent D'Arby



Jazz LP: *Simple Pleasures*/Bobby McFerrin
Country LP: *Old 8 x 10*/Randy Travis
Movie Sound Track: *Cocktail*
New-Age LP: *Folksongs for a Nuclear Village*/Shadowfax
Album Cover: *Lovesexy*/Prince
Live Recording: *Rattle and Hum*/U2
Compact Disc: *Now and Zen!* Robert Plant
Rock Song: *Sweet Child O' Mine!* Guns n' Roses
R&B Song: *Wishing Well!* Terence Trent D'Arby
Jazz Composition: *Don't Worry, Be Happy*/Bobby McFerrin
Country Song: *Honky Tonk Moon*/Randy Travis
Song Without Words: *Surfing with the Alien*/Joe Satriani
Protest Song: *Talkin' Bout a Revolution*/Tracy Chapman

Teeny-Bopper: Debbie Gibson
New Artist: Tracy Chapman
Comeback Artist: Aerosmith
Rapper: D.J. Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince
Bald Performer: Phil Collins
Groupie: Pamela Des Barres
Live Act: U2
Musician in a Beer
Commercial: Eric Clapton
Music Video: *Mediate*/INXS
Format—LP, CD or Tape: CD



PLAYBOY'S CRITICS PICK THE TOP PERFORMERS

see our readers' choices on page 114.

	Robert Christgau	Vic Garbarini	Nelson George	Dave Marsh	Charles M. Young
POP/ROCK					
Male vocalist	Arto Lindsay	Neil Finn	Prince	Terence Trent D'Arby	Axl Rose
Female vocalist	Lucinda Williams	Marti Jones	Tracy Chapman	Tracy Chapman	Wendy James
Instrumentalist	Sonny Sharrock	Kenny Kirkland	Jeff Healey	The Edge	Slash
Group	Sonic Youth	U2	Midnight Oil	Traveling Wilburys	Guns n' Roses
R&B					
Male vocalist	Prince	Robert Gray	Luther Vandross	Luther Vandross	Prince
Female vocalist	The Real Roxanne	Aretha Franklin	Anita Baker	Aretha Franklin	Anita Baker
Instrumentalist	Terminator X	Robert Cray	Teddy Riley	Cut Creator	Prince
Group	EPMD	Prince	Public Enemy	Public Enemy	Cameo
JAZZ					
Male vocalist	Louis Armstrong	Bobby McFerrin	Ray Charles	no choice	Bobby McFerrin
Female vocalist	Billie Holiday	Anita Baker	Dianne Reeves	no choice	Roberta Flack
Instrumentalist	Ornette Coleman	Branford Marsalis	Branford Marsalis	no choice	Yanni
Group	Prime time	Keith Jarrett trio	Harrison/Blanchard	no choice	Ladysmith Black Mambazo
COUNTRY					
Male vocalist	Buck Owens	Willie Nelson	Merle Haggard	Steve Earle	Dwight Yoakam
Female vocalist	Rosanne Cash	Kennedy Rose	The Judds	Rosanne Cash	k. d. lang
Instrumentalist	no choice	Chieftains	Willie Nelson	Pete Anderson	Eric Ambel
Group	Dwight Yoakam Buck Owens	Highway 101	Alabama	The Judds	Elvis Hitler
HALL OF FAME	Charlie Parker	Keith Richards	Gladys Knight	Muddy Waters	Roy Orbison



HALL OF FAME

EDWARD VAN HALEN

That's "Eddie" to his fans. Van Halen's fast, clean guitar style, timing and sense of melody make him rock and roll's number-one utility man.

HOUSE of CARDS (continued from page 92)

"Well, Smooth Jake said, 'I'm damned if the man doesn't look like a poker player.'"

did nothing but cut grass.

Martin Oakes pulled into Middleburg before dawn and slept for three hours next to the *Washington Post* box at the end of Smooth Jake's driveway.

An enormous lawn mower appeared in the distance, chewing up grass and spitting its smell into the humid air. Martin Oakes lighted a cigarette. The Blue Ridge Mountains really did look blue. Mosquitoes hovered aimlessly around Martin Oakes's car. He swatted three of them flat on his arm before they got around to biting him. He had \$15,000 in a duffel bag in the trunk of the car.

At nine sharp, shirt wrinkled, hair combed, face dry-shaved, he steered his Torino up the path to the main house. Martin Oakes held the engine to Smooth Jake's ten-mile-per-hour speed limit. Half a mile up the path, the fourth floor of the house peeked out over the steep pitch of the lawn, then the third.

The house got wider as it got lower. Outside, there was a satellite dish; Smooth Jake monitored his stock quotes and sports bets in real time. Inside, according to what Martin Oakes had read, there were 33 rooms, five baths, two kitchens, a 70' x 25' dining hall, two elevators, a sauna, a library and a greenhouse. None of this particularly impressed Martin Oakes. What impressed him were the Doric columns that dominated the front of the house and proved that Middleburg was a place to play poker, after all. There were six of them, in alternating latex colors: two white, two red and two blue. Six giant stacks of poker chips. Architecturally speaking, Scarlett O'Hara had moved in with Jimmy the Greek. Martin Oakes was so transfixed by the columns that he nearly flattened the birdbath at the bottom of Smooth Jake's oval driveway. When he pulled to a stop, he counted the horizontal lines across one of the columns. There were 25 chips in each stack. The kid on the lawn mower waved. There was grass to cut in every direction for as far as the eye could see. By the time the kid cut it all, it would be time for him to start cutting it again.

A woman came out of the house. She looked as if she worked on her exits as hard as she worked on her entrances and was always doing one or the other, Martin Oakes wasn't certain which now. Once she descended the stairs from the porch, she turned and made her way toward him. With ten feet to go, she held out her hand and said, "Mr. Oakes? I'm Meghan Warner. Welcome to The Little Boltons."

She said it as if he had won the trip. She had the height and grace of a model, but there was a vibrancy in her thick auburn hair and a focus in her eyes that Martin Oakes guessed couldn't be captured on film. "Jake's a little busy just now," she said, her voice projecting out across the lawn. "He asked me to come and meet you."

"It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Warner." She was an extremely attractive woman, but he couldn't stop staring at the columns.

"Like them?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "I've never seen anything like them."

She laughed and ran her hand through the air; if the columns were strings, she might have been strumming a chord. "Yes. Well. They've given half the town heart attacks."

"I can imagine."

Meghan Warner gestured toward the house. "Won't you come inside and have a drink?"

"If it's coffee," he said.

"It can be anything you want it to be," she said. "You take it black, don't you?" He nodded. "Like Jake," she said. She was either perceptive or well informed.

They went inside and she steered him through a side door in the kitchen and out onto a patio overlooking the pool. A brass frog spit water into the shallow end. The surface of the pool rippled with liquid clouds and the odd band of sunlight. The patio was shielded from the sky by a hydraulic tent top. Smooth Jake sat facing the pool with his back to his wife and Martin Oakes. He was wearing a pink polo shirt and Bermuda shorts and was rubbing some sort of lotion into his bare feet. His feet were propped on a glass table crowded with empty orange-juice glasses, a silver coffee pot and plates smeared with egg yolks, syrup and uneaten scraps of French toast. As they approached him, he turned and faced his wife. She introduced Martin Oakes with a sweep of her hand.

"Martin Oakes," she said, "Jake Warner."

"Well," Smooth Jake said, "I'm damned if the man doesn't look like a poker player."

Smooth Jake held out his hand. He was 63 years old, and Martin Oakes knew he'd been gambling seriously for 50 of them. He had black hair and a wide forehead, thin slats for eyes and a brow ridged with uneven deposits of cartilage. It was clear to Martin Oakes that the car-

tilage had built up beneath an accumulation of blows. What struck him as curious was that Smooth Jake's craggy brow somehow harmonized the rest of his face; experience had beaten him like a drum, but he seemed to have weathered the blows and come out the winner. His smile was wide, but his lips were thin; the corners of his mouth seemed to jut out directly from his cheekbones. The skin on his neck and arms and hands was as dry and snug as scales on a desert dweller.

"It's an honor to meet you, sir," Martin Oakes said, shaking Jake's grizzled hand.

"You know, it really wasn't necessary for you to sleep at the end of the driveway," Smooth Jake said. "We've got a spare room or two up here at the house."

No amount of moisturizer would saturate that skin, thought Martin Oakes. He might as well rub sweat into the Sahara.

"I pulled in late."

"Mr. Oakes, what's late for most people is morning for you and me."

Meghan Warner said, "If you don't mind, I think I'll show our guest to his room."

"I was hoping you would," Smooth Jake said, rubbing cream into his toes.

They climbed two flights of stairs and walked down a narrow hallway. She stopped and opened the door to a room with a huge four-poster bed, ornate lamps, a chest of drawers, a raised bathtub on cast-iron eagle's claws, a matching cast-iron sink and an antique desk and chair.

"This is where we put all of Jake's guests," Meghan Warner said pleasantly. "I do hope you enjoy your stay." She pointed out soap, towels and a small refrigerator and bar above the sink. The chest of drawers gave off a scent of lemon-verbena sachet. "If there's anything you need, just let us know."

"Has your husband mentioned when he wants to start our game?"

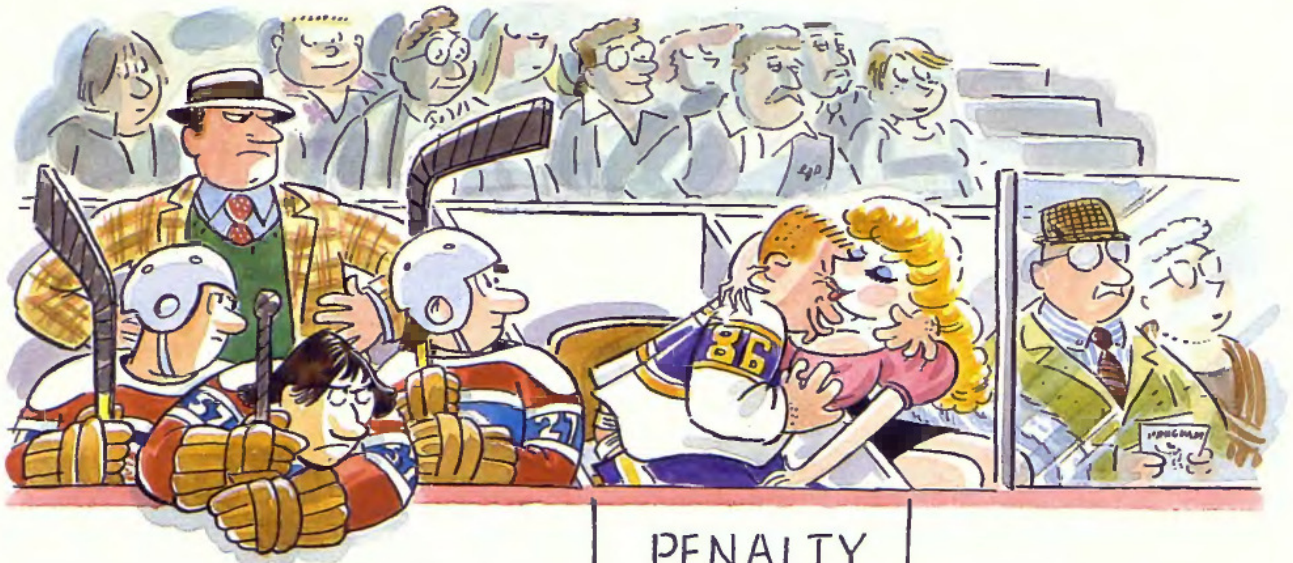
"How could he?" she asked, in the doorway now, braced for one of her exits. "He's not even sure if you'll play yet."

Martin Oakes took a bath and a nap. During the nap, he dreamed about lemon trees. When he woke up, he considered unpacking his clothes in the chest of drawers, knowing that if he did, he would have to wear the lemon scent for as long as he stayed at The Little Boltons. He decided he would dress out of his bag. He went out into the hallway and traced his steps back to the phone he had seen on the staircase landing. He picked up the phone.

"Yes, hello," a voice said brightly on the other end of the line before he could dial. "What'll it be?"

"I could use something to eat," Martin

(continued on page 126)



MARTY MURPHY

"Whoever she is, that little lady in section A, row one, is certainly taking some of the sting out of a five-minute penalty. . . ."

WET MISCHIEF

playmate marilyn cole's
minikinis dare the laws of
physics. look, ma, no straps!

THERE'S A NEW Cole on the swimwear fashion scene—no relation to the giant California concern. This Cole is a true Brit and one of *Playboy's* favorite ladies. Marilyn Cole has, indeed, come a long way since her teenage days in Portsmouth, when, she admits, she disliked wearing swimsuits: "I was afraid my legs were too thin." That was before she moved to London and landed jobs—first as a Bunny, then as public-relations director for the Playboy Club in Park Lane. Within months, Marilyn was Miss January 1972, and in June of 1973, she showed up in *Playboy* again—as Playmate of the Year. Marilyn now

lives in London with her husband, former *Playboy* executive Victor Lownes III, who recently sold his popular Stocks clubs in London and the Hertfordshire countryside. Her *Playboy* exposure long ago convinced her that there's nothing wrong with the way she looks in a swimsuit. But how did she make the leap from wearing them to marketing them? Let's hear the tale from Marilyn herself.

"Well, in the summer of 1986, I was in the Mediterranean on a friend's yacht—Sir David Brown's; he owned Aston Martin, you know, the cars. Anyway, he and his glamorous young wife, Paula, were cruising on their yacht and we stopped at St.-Tropez. When I'm in the south of France, I always buy swimwear, because it's usually more exciting, I find. So I went into one of those boutiques on the beach, the famous Tahiti Plage, and asked for a string, as I like a maximum tan. And the girl in the shop said, 'I don't have the string, but I do have this,' and she produced this wonderful contraption, the Minikini, which is held in place by a plastic spring. No straps! I saw the value in it

immediately, in the sense of getting the most fabulous tan without any marks. So I grabbed the thing, which was in a wonderful bright orange; I wanted one in every color. When I tried it on, I was immediately convinced that I should take the Minikini to England and give the girls at home a shot at buying this revolutionary new swimsuit. So, with the help of my friend Paula, Lady Brown, who lives in Monte Carlo, I tracked down the inventor, Jean-Jacques Van Hartesveldt, and persuaded him that, what with my *Playboy* image and all, I was the perfect person to develop the product. He agreed and I bought the company!"



We'd know her anywhere: Marilyn Cole, in her January 1972 gatefold pose (above left) and, today, modeling the Caribbean, one of her spring-loaded Minikinis (above right). Opposite, model Miriam Stemmerich in a thong style called the Brazilian, Marilyn in the one-piece Mediterranean, on the terrace of British circus tycoon Billy Smart's home in Marbella, Spain, H.Q. for *Playboy's* photo shoot.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN



Jet setters and sun worshipers from northerly climes flock to Spain's Costa del Sol, especially to Marbella, Torremolinos and Fuengirola, where, at right, Miriam sports the Colifornion Minikini. Bock at Smart's villa, Lone Brown (obove) models the Mexican and Miriam wears the Colombian for a watery tête-à-tête with an alligator.





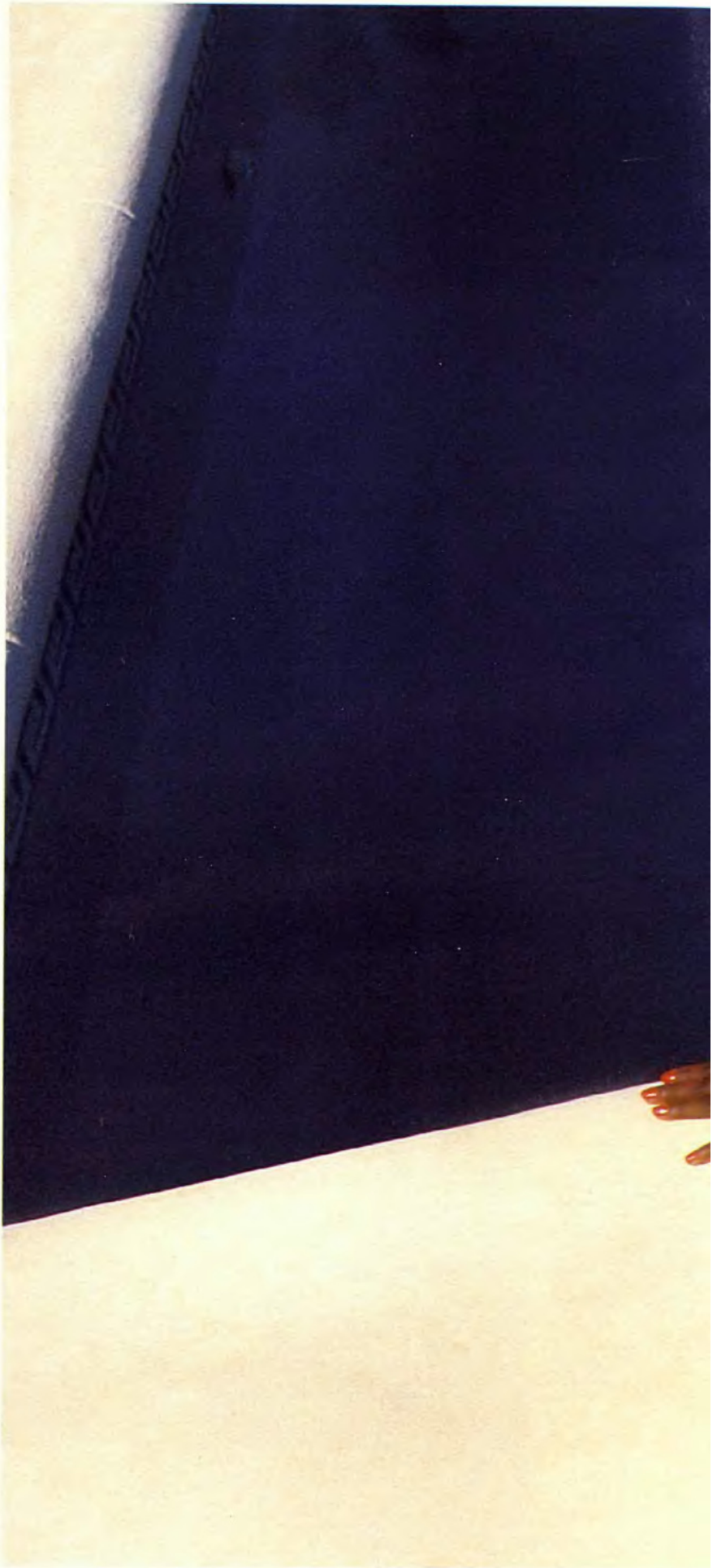
Miriam and Lane relax in thong styles at left; Lone works out in the silver Raman style below. At bottom, our threesome—Lone, Marilyn and Miriam—cavort on the playa. Even in once-conservative Spain, toplessness is commonplace on the beach; still, Londoners Lane and Marilyn and Hal-lander Miriam are worth gawking at.





Above, lone and Miriam take five in a Fuen-girola side street; at right, lone models a thong in silvered orange, one of several metallic and flourescent Minikini fabric colars.

Actually, *Playboy* readers got their first look at the Minikini in a *Year in Sex* photo of February 1987, noting its introduction as a simple thong suit by Van Hartesveldt at the Cannes Film Festival the previous summer. When Marilyn took over, she added new styles and fabrics and set up fashion shows to introduce them to Great Britain. "They've been selling well in all the best shops—Harrods and so forth," she reports. "I know American women will love them, too. Cher, who saw the item about the suit in *Playboy's Potpourri* last May, has already bought one! You see, the Minikini is very comfortable; it's like wearing a good bra; you don't feel it. And, no, it doesn't fall off! It's also a great thing to wear if you're lonely, because everybody stops and asks you about it." For information on the Minikini by Marilyn Cole, write to her at One West Halkin Street, London SW 1X 8JJ, England.





HOUSE of CARDS (continued from page 118)

"Smooth Jake let the blinds down on his eyes. 'If I win, you stop playing poker. Permanently.'"

Oakes said.

"See what we can do," the voice said, and rang off before he could ask the time.

Fifteen minutes later, there was a knock at his door. "Come on in," said Martin Oakes.

Smooth Jake opened the door and entered the room holding a tray. He was dressed in tennis whites, and his sneakers were streaked with clay dust. The dust matched the color of his skin. The tray held two bottles of Mexican beer, a pair of cut-glass tumblers and a plate with steak, baked potato and creamed peas. Martin Oakes let the steak's smell take hold of his stomach. "Go ahead," Smooth Jake said, "dig in." Martin Oakes pulled the tray over to the bed and started eating.

Smooth Jake shook his head. "I ran a credit check on you. As far as I can tell, you're free of debt."

"I brought the fifteen thousand."

"Good. I'll send someone around to get it, put it in the safe." Smooth Jake picked up the second bottle of beer from the tray and opened it.

Martin Oakes could hear the steady hum of the lawn mower in the distance. He chewed a mouthful of steak. "Why did you finally agree to play me, Mr. Warner?"

"Your name's been getting around."

"I've been trying to get a game with you for four years."

"Everyone has to pay their dues. You're no different." Smooth Jake sat down in the chair and propped his feet up on the desk. Some of the dust from his sneakers settled on the desk's blotter. Smooth Jake let the blinds down on his eyes. Martin Oakes wasn't sure if he was keeping light out or in. "You may have heard," Smooth Jake said, "that I no longer play for money."

"I've heard it. Since you told me to bring fifteen thousand dollars, I didn't believe."

"That's your incentive."

"What's yours?"

Smooth Jake let a hissing laugh escape from his inscrutable mouth. "When you reach the point I've reached, it's no longer so much a matter of what you stand to gain as what your opponent stands to lose."

"If you have some other stake in mind, why don't you state it explicitly?"

"I match your fifteen thousand. We play until one of us has the whole thirty. If I win, you stop playing poker."

"For how long?"

"Permanently."

Martin Oakes could feel the color start in his cheeks and concentrated on controlling his breathing. The beer didn't help. "I don't understand. Even if I said I would stop, what's to keep me from playing?"

"Your honor."

"I never said I was honorable."

Smooth Jake walked to the door.

"You're welcome to stay for dinner."

"I make my living playing poker."

"In my opinion, Mr. Oakes," Smooth Jake said, "nothing could be nobler. I'm afraid, however, I didn't make myself clear."

"I don't see how."

"Because," Smooth Jake said, "if I lose, I'm going to stop playing, too."

Martin Oakes swam a mile in the pool. When he finished the mile, he floated on his back, listening to the water slap against the pool gutters and watching the dusk spring out over the hills in the near distance. Twilight in summertime Virginia could be as benign as the humid afternoons were oppressive.

"I'm afraid we've been ignoring you," Meghan Warner said, appearing at the pool's edge. Martin Oakes hadn't heard her approach and didn't know from which direction she had come.

"I don't mind being alone," Martin Oakes said.

"If you say so," she said, looking back toward the house. "Jake wasn't sure if you would be staying for dinner."

"I guess it depends on what's for dinner."

She had on a light-blue dress and high heels. There was no wind, but she gathered the dress discreetly at her knees before climbing the three-step ladder to the diving board. "We will begin with cream-of-asparagus-and-morel soup." She began pacing back and forth on the diving board. "Then on to tonight's main course: baked redfish *en papillote*. Martha's Creole sauce is first rate." Her heels were at least three inches high. Martin Oakes hoped she wouldn't fall into the pool. She strode purposefully to the end of the diving board and began bouncing, still holding her dress with one hand. "Are you sure you want to be doing that?" he asked.

"This day has had a very high degree of difficulty," she said, landing neatly on the balls of her feet after each jump. Her arms moved in time to her jumping. Her

hand movements were balletic. "Think you can beat Jake?"

"I've been waiting four years to try."

"Well," she said, "at least stay for dinner." Without warning, she turned 180 degrees in the air, but instead of diving backward into the pool, she struck the board at an angle that sprang her back toward the ladder. Letting go of her dress, she caught the aluminum tubing on either side of it and climbed down. There was still no wind, but she had been holding on for so long that letting go seemed a bit immodest. "Are you going to play?" she asked.

"I haven't made up my mind yet." He floated on his back from one end of the pool to the other. She strolled along the side, billowing hair blending nicely with the purple sky. "Tell me," he said, "have you ever been in a beauty pageant?"

"I went from beauty pageants to soap operas to game shows," she said, looking up at the stars. "To Jake," she concluded. Martin Oakes went underwater again.

"Win any of the pageants?" he asked after he had surfaced.

"I was runner-up for Miss Butler County," she said. "I lost out to a girl who parallel-parked to the talent competition." Now it was his turn to look skeptical. "They held the pageant outdoors," she said. "It was part of that year's county fair. When they got through judging the steers, the Four-H riders, the pigs, the chili and the cheesecake, they judged the girls. The girl who won—I'll never forget her name: Mirna Dodge; have you ever heard of a beauty queen named Mirna Dodge?—old Mirna, who's probably toothless knitting a sweater someplace now and balancing a beer mug on her belly, drove a Fifty-six T-bird convertible. Drove it right onto the stage."

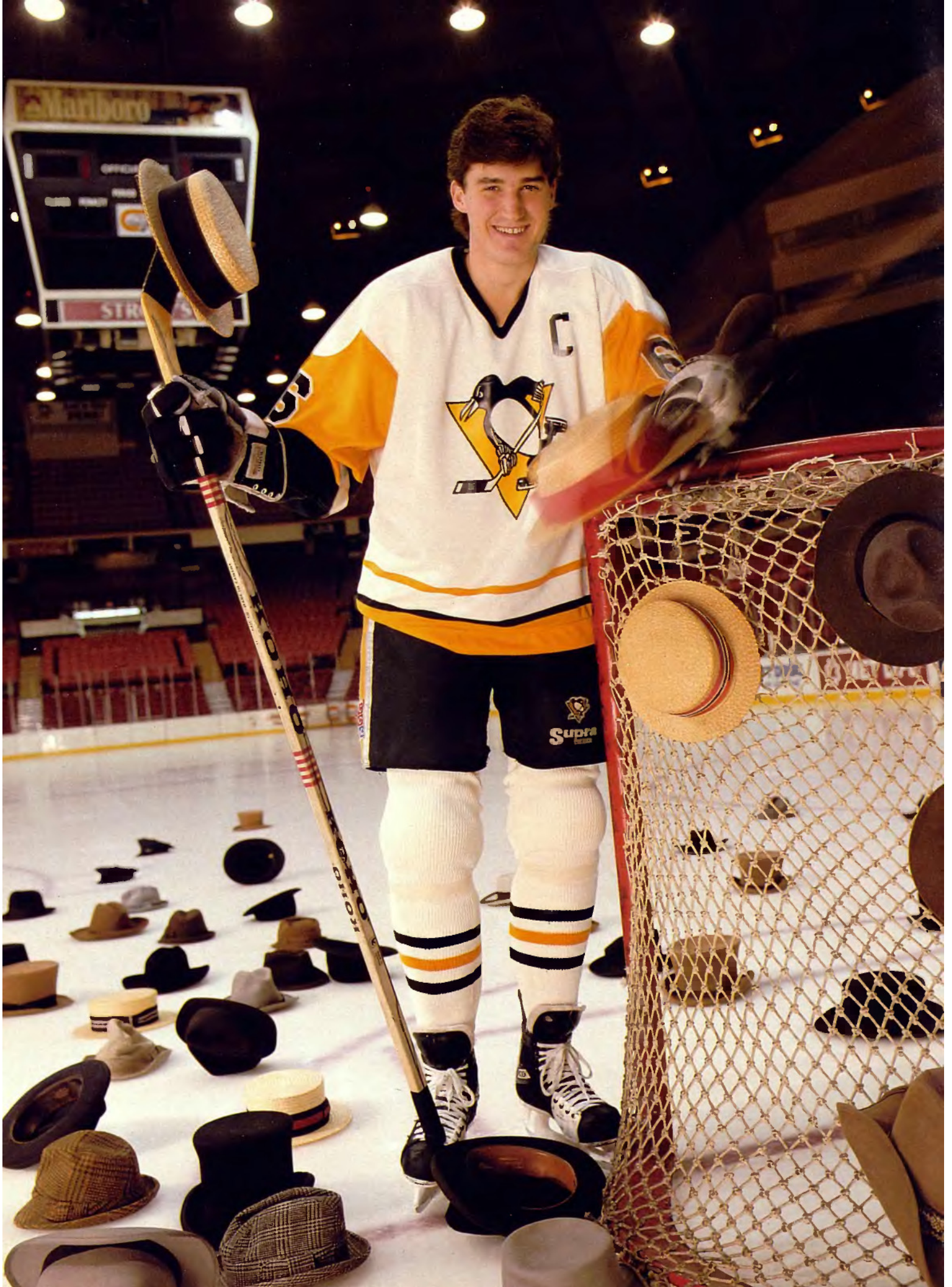
"Why are you telling me about one you lost?" he asked.

"Because that's the one I remember." She peered into the inky water. "First they wheeled the T-bird onto the stage. Mirna had popcorn-blond hair and a very pronounced chest and a thick red sash strangling her waist and, of course, about two jars of petroleum jelly in her mouth so the judges could see the sun bounce off her teeth as she backed up. It was like a magic act. One guy drove in from the left in a Packard. Another drove in from the right in a Buick Wildcat. For a moment, everyone thought the two cars were going to collide, but then they both stopped, leaving just enough room for the T-bird to squeeze in between. I was sure the stage was going to collapse under the weight of all those cars. The crowd was howling. Needless to say, I was suspicious about parallel parking being considered a talent, but the way Mirna breezed into that

(continued on page 153)



*"Thanks for a lovely evening, Eddie—like to come in for
a few minutes and talk dirty?"*



MARIO LEMIEUX

For the past eight years, Wayne Gretzky has dominated hockey as no other professional athlete has ever dominated a sport. But last season, after reigning as the N.H.L.'s scoring champion for seven straight seasons and M.V.P. for eight, the undisputed king of the rink lost both honors to Pittsburgh Penguins center Mario Lemieux.

It's no coincidence that Lemieux wears number 66, which is Gretzky's 99 turned upside down. Only 23 years old, Mario le Magnifique is turning the league upside down. One fourth of the way through this, his fifth N.H.L. season, Lemieux was on a pace to shatter the N.H.L.'s all-time single-season scoring record. Not surprisingly, the Penguins agreed to renegotiate his contract, which now approaches Gretzky's \$2,000,000-a-year salary.

In addition to his incredible skating and stick-handling skills, Lemieux has one asset that Gretzky wasn't blessed with—size. At 6'4", 210 pounds, Lemieux has strength and reach to match his speed and finesse. Picture Michael Jordan at seven feet tall. How good is Lemieux? So good that Calgary Flames coach Terry Crisp said, "I'd be willing to go to jail for six months to have him." And that would be a Canadian jail, eh.

Paul Engleman caught up with Lemieux at the City Club in Pittsburgh. "Steeltown is in the midst of an architectural renaissance," he reports. "But Mario has stolen center stage as the city's leading tourist attraction."

in french,
his surname
means "the
best." in
hockey, it
means the
same thing.
meet the man
who outgreets
gretzky

1. PLAYBOY: What do hockey players talk about when there's a fight between two other players and they're all holding on to one another's jerseys?

LEMIEUX: A lot of guys out there are good friends. You try to grab one of your friends so you don't have to fight. A lot of players in the N.H.L. don't want to fight. If you have a really good friend who grew up in your neighborhood or something like that, you might

talk about where you're going after the game. Especially if you're ahead five to one.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've been tripped, hooked, high-sticked, slashed and speared. Which do you prefer?

LEMIEUX: None of them. But slashing is sometimes part of the game. You have to take a slash once in a while to go around a player or to make a play. Spearing is very dangerous. It could put you out for the rest of the season or for the rest of your career. That's the one I don't like.

3.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between slashing and spearing?

LEMIEUX: Spearing is when you hit somebody with the end of your stick in, like, the stomach. Slashing is when you take a swing at somebody. For spearing, the difference is three more minutes in the penalty box.

4.

PLAYBOY: Opposing players are on record as marveling at your talents. Which players in the league are so exciting that they can bring you out of your seat?

LEMIEUX: Certainly Denis Savard. He's one of the best stick handlers in the league and he gives a good show, especially in Chicago when he gets the crowd going. He's the best entertainment around the league. And Gretzky is great to watch.

5.

PLAYBOY: You were only eighteen when you went into the N.H.L. four years ago. A lot of young players who grew up in small towns in Canada have trouble adjusting to life in big American cities. But you grew up in Montreal, so Pittsburgh was something of a step down, at least in size. What was your biggest adjustment?

LEMIEUX: Learning the language. When I came to Pittsburgh, I didn't speak any English. The first three or four months were pretty hard. It took probably two years before I was comfortable.

6.

PLAYBOY: We understand that one of the ways you learned English was by watching soap operas on TV. Strictly from an

educational point of view, which one would you recommend?

LEMIEUX: *One Life to Live*. [Laughs] I didn't know what was going on when I came to Pittsburgh, so I just flipped the channels and tried to find something interesting. On a soap opera, they talk real clear.

7.

PLAYBOY: Quite a few players and coaches have expressed their dissatisfaction with letting Soviets play in the N.H.L. What's your position on the subject?

LEMIEUX: It isn't fair to bring Russian players into our league. We have enough good hockey players in Canada and America. We don't need those people to come over here and take our jobs. They should keep the Russians where they are and keep playing matches like the Canada Cup to see who's best.

8.

PLAYBOY: Let's face it: You're playing a game in which guys are carrying around sticks. Some of them clearly have bad tempers. Are you ever afraid that one of them will end your career in an instant?

LEMIEUX: I never think about it. You can't go out there and worry about somebody's ending your career. For sure, it can happen. You know who these guys are and sometimes you have to be careful, but I never think about it.

9.

PLAYBOY: Every team you play against puts its best defensive center on the ice to cover you. Which players are the biggest pains in the ass?

LEMIEUX: That's tough. Ron Sutter is very good. Troy Murray is very good, also. Guy Carboneau of Montreal is probably the best of them all.

10.

PLAYBOY: Your team was clearly in the best division in hockey last season. For example, the Penguins and the Rangers had better records than six other teams that made the play-offs, but they were excluded. Is it finally time to realign hockey's much-maligned play-off system?

LEMIEUX: The current system isn't fair to the fans and certainly not to the players. There should be a way to change it. But I'd want to (concluded on page 165)



WHY THE MOVIES DON'T WORK FOR ME

how do you explain to your wife, who is a total chuck norris fan, that hollywood doesn't know anything about violence?

article By **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

THE OTHER NIGHT, my wife turned to me in bed and asked: "How does Chuck Norris Petersen sound?"

If and when we have a boy child, she wants to name him after the star of *Invasion U.S.A.*, *Code of Silence*, *Force of One*, *Good Guys Wear Black*, *Lone Wolf McQuade* and a fistful of other karate movies.

Better Chuck than Arnold, Sly, Clint or, God forbid, Bruce (*Die Hard*) Willis Petersen. When the glib opt for guns, you know you are beyond the trend.

Did I want to name a son after a Hollywood man of action? Did I want as a patron saint a hero who tended to solve etiquette problems with automatic weapons?

I turned to my wife and started to remember. It may be years before I tell her the names of my lovers. That night, I told her the history of my fights. Better than the faces of lovers I remember the faces, and the circumstances, of my occasional brushes with violence. What had I learned from real life, and what did I want to pass on to a child? In movies, violence has the concise, measured beauty of physics. It is no more serious than punctuation. In real life, violence is not so clean or contained, with consequences that crop up long after showtime.

My father taught me two things about violence: Never throw the first punch, and if the other guy starts something, do what you have to do to finish it. He also taught me his secret technique, the headlock he had used on a guy who later became an all-American wrestler. To this day, he can tell you every detail of the fight.

I had my share of grade school scuffles. No big deal; my father's headlock worked. The principal always made us shake hands afterward. During my senior year in college, I became acquainted with adult violence. I was walking to my room and saw two guys fighting. I knew them both and knew that whatever it was, it was wrong. I intervened. One was a Quaker student named Jeem, the other a 14-year-old black kid named Tony, a cousin of the head of the Black Student Union. Tony was stalking Jeem, who refused to fight back. I wrestled Tony to the ground and held him with my father's headlock until he

calmed down. I walked him off the property. Jeem told me he had found Tony breaking into my room. Tony had pulled a knife. Jeem had disarmed him.

That night, someone tapped my shoulder in the dining hall and said there were some people who wanted to see me outside. There were 20 blacks in a circle, carrying baseball bats but no gloves. The head of the Black Student Union had his arm around Tony. "Tony says you jumped him. We are here to ensure a fair fight."

I tried to tell him what had happened. This was a man with whom I had shared stages, fought larger battles.

"We are not interested in what you have to say. We believe the brother. You are playing by the rules of our neighborhood now."

Tony took a swing. I caught his arm, twisted it behind him and started to swing his head through the window of the car next to me. Your basic Broderick Crawford move that unreeled in adrenaline-soaked slow motion, 60 frames per second. At the last frame, I pulled his head up away from the glass, let his chest slam flat against the car.

"What do I have to do to end this? Hurt him?"

"That's between you and Tony."

I stepped back. Someone held me. Tony took a punch. I had a bloody nose. The softball team walked away to find Jeem.

Sometimes the movies show cool moves. I've had my share. What the movies don't show is the aftermath. The summer after I graduated, I hitched around the country, looking for a neighborhood whose rules I understood. It was the summer after half of America cheered the ending of *Easy Rider*.

I was on the side of a road in Oregon, hitchhiking north. A Pontiac GTO whistled past. It was filled with rednecks. They yelled something. I



flashed a finger, then watched as their brake lights flicked on. Stupid. I opened my pack and pulled out a jar of white gas that I kept for a small portable stove. I lighted a piece of paper. The car returned and skidded to a halt. As the good ol' boys started to pile out, I doused the hood of their car with gas. "Gas. Fire. Leave." They did. This is where the director would yell "Cut!" and everyone, villains included, would break for coffee. I ran into the woods and hid for three days.

Scissors. Paper. Rock.

Gas. Fire. Gun.

In the movies, the villain stands out. He strokes a white cat, or speaks with a German accent, or wears a diamond ring on his pinkie.

A few weeks after the encounter with the kids in the GTO, a cowboy in a white G.M.C. pickup truck with blue lettering tried to run me down. When I reached the next town, around midnight, I saw the truck parked in front of a bar. I emptied a jar of sugar into its tank and walked away. At the next corner, another white G.M.C. pickup truck with blue lettering cruised past, then a third. The notion that I had gotten the wrong guy stayed with me for the next 1000 miles and, to be honest, the next 20 years. Random revenge is indistinguishable from random violence.

That fall, an old girlfriend called to say she had been raped. I flew to California and listened to the story. She wanted me to look for the guy who had done it. She wanted to blow up the car in which the deed had been done, or drive it into the ocean. There had been a Confederate flag in the rear window. The guy had said he was a soldier from an Army post at the other end of California. He had given a name and had even had the audacity to ask for a date when it was over.

I found the car parked outside a barroom, just like in the movies, after half a day's search. I broke into it to check the registration. The owner's name was different from the one used by the rapist—he had used the name of the guy who had sold the car to him. I walked into the bar and tried to match my friend's description to the faces of the soldiers. Suddenly, he walked in front of me. I had a six-pack of beer on my shoulder. I saw myself swinging it into his face. I couldn't move because of my father's rule: Never throw the first punch. The soldier couldn't place me; he had no reason for animosity. What did I want? Money? A crowd gathered. I found myself talking, first to MPs, then to base officers. One took notes as my friend retold the story of the rape. What she wanted was to see that this would never happen again. The commander explained military law to her—that since the assault had happened on an Army base and involved a soldier, the rapist would be tried by a military court. The penalty for the offense was death, not therapy. She backed down.

At the end of the interview, I walked over and pulled the top sheet off the commander's legal pad. All he had written was: CLAIMS INTERCOURSE. No names. No details. It had been a sham of concern. I walked out, not sure where I wanted this to end. I felt the weight of the words justifiable homicide like a bandoleer across my chest.

We went back to my friend's home. The next day, a house guest arrived. The friend of a friend, he needed a place to crash. He had firearms. We went out into the country to practice. My rage did not dissipate itself on a few innocent beer cans. He offered to drive me to the Army base. We sat on a hill covered with tall brown grass. The Golden Gate Bridge was barely visible behind our shoulders. A road curved into the base below us. We waited for the car with the Confederate flag. The house guest handed me the gun and held on to a half-empty box of bullets. He briefly shook them. They made a noise I had heard before, in the balconies of moviehouses. Hard candy in a cardboard box. I came to my senses. I might be able to do violence, but not with an accomplice who was eager. We separated.

The house guest took his gun to San Diego, where he lent it to a friend of a friend for a dope deal. There was a misunderstanding and, shortly thereafter, a body. The house guest turned state's evidence, tying the gun to the friend of a friend.

I don't tell this story too often. If I think about it too much, it takes on the aura of unfinished business. In the movies, a man is known for what he does, seldom for what he chooses not to do.



When I was in ninth grade, I took a train into New York to see the Yankees play. I got off at the 125th Street station and took a stroll through Harlem. I couldn't get over how the shops had wire gratings over the windows. Under a theater marquee, two little kids younger than I was were having a fight, while winos shouted encouragement. The fight was a flurry of karate kicks and elbows as tangled as coat hangers. One of the kids pulled out a toy pistol and began to whip the other kid. The victim twisted free and scooped up a Coke bottle, one of the fluted-green-glass types. A serious weapon. He moved close to the corner of a brick building and tried to smash the bottle to get a brutal edge. The winos stood away from the wall. The bottle hit the brick. It didn't break. Chips of brick dust flew from the wall. The kid took another swing with the same result. The winos started to laugh. The kid stepped back and hurled the bottle against the marquee. Thin shards of white glass showered the pavement. Thin white glass and bouncing black letters. The kid took off through traffic, chased by the ticket seller.

Every time I think of violence, I see those letters bouncing off the sidewalk. They will not spell the name of my son.

GIRLS OF THE BIG EAST

WHOEVER SAID "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN" WAS OBVIOUSLY LOOKING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY

THEY DON'T HAVE the intellectual rep of, say, the Ivies; they don't project as *macho* an athletic image as the schools of the Big Ten. In fact, had they not been lumped together as an N.C.A.A. basketball conference—and a damn good one, at that—the nine colleges that make up the Big East would probably have nothing to do with one another. But they *do*, and to uncover their finest off-court assets, we asked Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey to pay a visit to this necklace of colleges draped along the Eastern Seaboard. It wasn't an easy project: Many of the schools are small and six of them are Roman Catholic institutions. Consequently, the usual protests were unusually heated. Most school papers refused to run our interview ads; we were picketed and booted out of hotels. But our two Davids returned victorious. Meet the Girls of the Big East.



The University of Pittsburgh's Pam Abbott (below) definitely lives up to the Big East image: A workaholic with an admitted independent streak, she's aiming for a double-headed career as a businesswoman and a model. Only time will tell how she'll fare on the former; as for the latter, we'd say she's off to a pretty good start. Now say hey to Leigh Ann Pratte (leaning out of a Pitt hallowed hall, above) and Villanova's Amy Olsen, Ann Marie Haggerty and Alexis Ciccone (opposite, from left). You'll see more of them later.







Here's Leigh Ann again (above), looking much more comfortable, thank you. Destined to become a top-notch corporate lawyer, she spends her spare time hitting the Pittsburgh shopping scene and arranging flowers. For Seton Hall's Cynthio Snead (right), there is no spare time. She unwinds from her marketing classes by brainstorming new sales strategies. Georgetown's Angelique Schuldenfrei's hands will be her livelihood. Angelique (below) plans to become a reconstructive surgeon.





Meet Providence's Kimberly Adamonis (above and left), a music lover who's going for her doctorate in psychology. Don't bank on Kim's turning out to be your run-of-the-mill therapist, though: She also reads tarot cards. Below, once again, is Amy Olsen, Villanova's prettiest computer whiz kid. Fellow eggheads, be advised: If you're out to win Amy's heart, remember—you've got to be both smart and funny.





Keeping in shape above are (from left) Dina Marks and Diana Lockett—two sports enthusiasts from Syracuse University. While Dina has a passion for all things New England, Diana's loyalties lie with her native Montreal. Providence's Elizabeth Burns (right) also likes to stay fit—in both mind and body. When she's not glued to a Nautilus machine, she's usually hanging out at the nearest art gallery. And here's Boston College's Vera Sobey (below), a native of Mike Dukakis' home town, Brookline, Massachusetts.





Having a positive attitude is the key to life, says Syracuse's Michele McLean (below and bottom). From Thailand comes Georgetown's Mim Parker (right, above and below), a globe-trotter who has sung at the Kennedy Center and danced on American Bandstand. Mim confessed to us she can't stand being told she looks like Morie Osmond; frankly, that thought never crossed our mind.





From the University of Connecticut is Nancy Hahn (right and below), the daughter of a retired Pratt & Whitney design analyst. Headed for a career in systems consulting, Nancy likes to spend a lot of her off-campus time in the water—swimming, scuba diving and “windsurfing for hours on end.”



The U of Pittsburgh's Bonnie Perrin (below, left and right) was born in Hanolulu and by the time she was 12, had traveled to 15 countries. That may explain her wide range of tastes: She listens to Mozart and Michael Jackson, enjoys Latin-American art and *The New York Times* and adores eating lobster in the Caribbean. And didn't we promise you another shot of Villanova's Ann Marie Haggerty? Here she is again (right). Worth the wait?





Syracuse's Thea Crane (below) is a member of the Newman Association—a nationwide campus Catholic organization—and also plans to be a missionary. So why would such a conventional lady rebuff the protesters who tried to keep *Playboy* off her campus? Probably because she has no patience for "phony people." From Seton Hall is Reneé Golla (above), a true-blue Jersey girl and a diehard hockey fan. When she's not studying, Reneé likes to pay visits to her various pen pals.





Gentlemen, be forewarned: Pittsburgh's Monique Mills (left and below) says she likes men who are "tall, intelligent and sensitive—but not too sensitive." Her chosen profession, by the way, comes as no surprise to us: physical therapy. Here's that encore shot of Villanova's future lawyer, Alexis Ciccone (right). When her nose isn't buried in case books, Alexis is usually reading Emily Dickinson—or watching her favorite "irreverent talk show," Morton Downey, Jr.



A sparkling addition to the Big East's Connecticut contingent is Vivione Grady (below), another native of Montreal. Bent on becoming an ad lody, Viv is also on the lookout for a tall, dork European mon.





Also from U Conn is Allison Decker (above), a poetry writer from Springfield, Massachusetts. If her picture here suddenly makes you feel better all over, don't be surprised: Allison plans to become a nurse. Meanwhile, Syracuse's Ann Wagner (below, left and right) is an environmentalist and writer who speaks three languages. She admits to one major peeve: "uncivilized, slovenly, skinny blonds with no manners."





When St. John's University employed a guard patrol to keep *Playboy* off its grounds, Irene Tarassuk (left) was baffled: Born in the Soviet Union, she was sure that sort of thing didn't happen over here. Still, we managed to capture the lady from Leningrad at her most intimate (below) and, whether or not Gorbys himself would approve, we think the shot is *glasnost* at its finest. Georgetown's Amondo Stevens (above) could also be called on out-of-towner; she was born in Rome. Care to guess what kind of guys appeal to her? You got it: "beautiful, coring Itolions." Finally, meet Kothy Wonar (opposite), a grad student from St. John's who's warking her way through school as a flight attendant.





"Every time I attend a funeral of one of my comrades, it strengthens my resolve."

diet—dry bread, two cups of black tea and a bowl of soup per day. They also had ways of stretching your punishment-block time indefinitely.

As the protests went on, the warders began collecting the contents of the potties once a day in a large barrel. They would then take the barrel full of excrement and urine to the last cell and empty the contents into it. That meant those last prisoners had a cell full of this. They had to live in it.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

I.R.A. PROVO: We started to empty the contents out the windows into the prison courtyard. So the warders began to clean the yards with high-pressure water hoses. They had protective rubber suits and gloves and they used to throw the excrement back into the cells. And turn the high-pressure hoses into the cells. We then refused to wash. We had been given a washing bowl of water a day. One for the two of us. But it wasn't enough for two. They removed our toothbrushes and tooth paste from us. So we just didn't wash any longer. Didn't brush our teeth, wash or comb our hair. Later, they took away our beds, too, so we slept on the floor—little heat, the broken windows letting in the rain, snow and cold and thousands of flies and maggots.

PLAYBOY: How long did that go on?

I.R.A. PROVO: From 1976 to 1981—until the beginning of the second hunger strike.

PLAYBOY: The hunger strike in which I.R.A. member Bobby Sands died?

I.R.A. PROVO: Yes. I joined the first hunger strike at the end. We began the second in March of 1981.

PLAYBOY: And more prisoners died. Were you successful in the second strike?

I.R.A. PROVO: Yes, and there were ten who died. But we won the right not to wear prison clothes. We could wear our own clothes and there were other concessions. But we won that right for all political prisoners, the Unionists [Protestant militants] as well. Although we are miles apart politically, we agree on the rights of political prisoners.

PLAYBOY: During your long stay in prison, how did your family survive?

I.R.A. PROVO: In many ways, I was better off than they were. I knew that no matter how bad the day was, at the end of it, I'd have a meal and a bed. But my family had to provide for me. They were in court when I was there and they were constantly being harassed by the police and the army. My home was raided numerous times while I was in prison because I was in prison.

PLAYBOY: Why would they raid your home? They knew where you were.

I.R.A. PROVO: My family was targeted as

one that had to be watched. But I was in prison with many people whose families didn't support what they were doing, but they stood by them and became targets for harassment because of that. It's one of the stupid things the British government does and can't see that it does. By themselves, they exposed the myth that they were the peace keepers. People saw for themselves that all they were interested in was putting people down, asserting their position in this country.

PLAYBOY: Have there been more recruits into the I.R.A. as a consequence?

I.R.A. PROVO: In many ways, there have been. Before I went to prison, when I heard someone else had been sent to prison, it strengthened my resolve. Every time I attend a funeral of one of my comrades who has been killed, it strengthens my resolve; I'm not going to let that person down! Seeing people sacrifice their lives for me and for our comrades and families—I wasn't going to forget that.

PLAYBOY: You described the I.R.A. and its goals as noble and sacrificing; many people see you as terrorists and criminals.

I.R.A. PROVO: Criminals! Criminals are in it for gain! What have I gained? How have we profited? Why would we experience the physical and mental torment we have for self-gain? I could have left the prison protest at any time, said, "I've had enough." I would have been allowed to leave. There were some who reached the breaking point. That's understandable. I was just lucky to survive. The best any of us can hope for is torture and death.

[The conversation with the provo picks up later; the interview now resumes with Morrison and Adams.]

PLAYBOY: You've talked about this as an Irish struggle. But there is no dramatic demonstration of support in the Republic of Ireland. Why?

MORRISON: Why? I think there is a soullessness about the twenty-six counties. They don't have the moral strength to say, "Hey, what you're doing to our brothers and sisters in the north is wrong, and we're going to step into the ring and take you on!" The government in Dublin, for its own pragmatic reasons, tends to ignore the north. They know the British are dug in here. And they know that if they were meaningfully to challenge the British, it would mean a big struggle.

The south is still dominated by the British; don't forget it wasn't until 1948 that they broke free. They are also dominated economically. The British could slap them with restrictions on trade and with other means. So they're not really free from the British. And they can't be free until they are sovereign. And that can't be

until there is unification.

PLAYBOY: Why does it seem impossible to solve this dispute the way other nations have—with elections, with negotiations?

MORRISON: The British said for years, "If Sinn Fein has support, test it at the polls." So in 1981, we put up for Parliament Bobby Sands, who was in prison on a hunger strike to protest conditions. He won, with more votes than Thatcher did in her constituency. The prisoners demanded that Thatcher talk to Bobby so their hunger strike could be ended. She simply ignored him. He died on the fifth of May. There was a by-election because of his death. We put up a member of Sinn Fein, Owen Carron, and he won by an even larger margin. Still, the British government refused to talk.

PLAYBOY: These were elected members of the British Parliament, but there was no contact with them from the government?

MORRISON: Yes, and a year later, there were assembly elections for Northern Ireland. I won in Ulster, as did four others. We were invited over to London to discuss peace by the chairperson of the Greater London Council—which has since been abolished by Thatcher—who said he wanted to see the British people and the Irish people get together. Gerry Adams and I were supposed to go. The night before, the police came to our office here, after closing hours, and they threw exclusion orders through the door, barring us from leaving the country.

PLAYBOY: We know this is serious to you, but the impression is that there's a level of sophomoric behavior and pettiness involved in all of this.

MORRISON: *[Smiles]* Oh, yes! Especially when it starts at the top. There is another political party in the north that made common cause with the Dublin government and went to the British to say that unless certain reforms were made, we—Sinn Fein—would get stronger. Together, they went to the British with a set of proposals for peace. Their first priority was a united Ireland; if they couldn't get that, they wanted a federation; and if not that, joint British-Irish rule in the north.

After ignoring the proposals for months, Thatcher, in a response that came to be known as her Lady Macbeth speech, announced, "United state, that's out! Federation, that's out! Joint sovereignty, that's out!" Her "out, out, out" remarks.

She humiliated the Irish government. And Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald, who had been very confident, was shattered. The aloof Thatcher had thrown them out. She was later convinced that Dublin had to be placated, so a treaty was signed with them in 1985. She promised Dublin there would be reforms in the north and got their cooperation. So Thatcher was able to say the British were in the north with the approval of Ireland.

Everything was supposed to get rosy. But, in fact, nothing has changed; there were no reforms. The troops are still in the



"What we need are free elections to redefine this crap."

north—the other day, the army took over a school in West Belfast and sent all the kids home, because they were carrying out house-to-house searches in the area. The harassment still continues. Unemployment is the same. The shoot-to-kill policy is on the rise. The British have ringed the border with security, those forts you see everywhere. They are building a Berlin Wall around Northern Ireland.

ADAMS: It's difficult to know what they're up to, but what one can say with certainty is that the British are pursuing the military option. If they persist, you're going to get pillboxes and armored emplacements.

PLAYBOY: A new level of warfare?

MORRISON: Yes; the British are essentially Ulsterizing the conflict—you remember when the U.S. Vietnamized the war, letting the local troops take the casualties while the larger force "withdrew"? Over the years, the British have reduced their troop commitments. The people who get killed now on the front line are mostly police and Ulster volunteers. And since there are fewer dead soldiers sent home, there's not so much of a kick-up in England.

PLAYBOY: But British soldiers continue to be killed.

MORRISON: Yes. The I.R.A. has concentrated its attacks on British forces as opposed to local forces. And they have killed a large number of soldiers in the north, in Britain and on the Continent. The British response has been to introduce new laws abrogating basic citizens' rights. They have

taken away a suspect's right of silence—the equivalent of your Fifth Amendment.

PLAYBOY: How do the new laws work?

MORRISON: If you are interrogated for suspicion of a crime and you refuse to answer, the judge can draw conclusions from that. They have also banned our discussing Sinn Fein on television. The I.R.A. cannot even be mentioned on television. And, of course, it is a criminal offense to interview a member of the I.R.A.

PLAYBOY: You mean a journalist, an American journalist, can be arrested for interviewing an active member of the I.R.A. and not reporting it to the British?

MORRISON: Oh, absolutely!

PLAYBOY: Stay tuned.

ADAMS: The silence law is blatant censorship. Obviously, this government is concerned that the British not hear about Ireland, but it's also concerned that all of the broadcasting media reflect the British government's view. When one of us republicans has something to say, even in our own country, we can be shown, but our words cannot be broadcast from our lips. . . . The expression "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad" applies.

MORRISON: [Heatedly] And people ask why we're at war! Why are the Irish fighting? Constant harassment, our homes being raided and destroyed, what we're struggling for being constantly maligned, the best of our young people in jail or in the grave! No jury courts, no civil rights!

PLAYBOY: Wasn't your struggle in the early years essentially peaceful—in some manner modeled after Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, nonviolent approach?

MORRISON: It was a peaceful struggle. We were beaten off our own streets in 1968 and 1969. We did not introduce the gun—not the republicans. The first shots fired on this road were fired by the police from armored cars; they shot dead nine-year-old Patrick Rooney, who was in his bedroom, through the wall of his home. The first British soldier shot dead was a Catholic, home on leave, who was defending his family when the police came down to burn them out; the police shot him dead. The first member of the police force shot dead was shot dead by the loyalists, in the Protestant section after the British government advocated a limited number of reforms for the Catholics.

ADAMS: Twenty years ago, we had a civil rights movement and a civil rights platform. We wanted the right to vote and an end to discrimination and freedom from random searches of homes and person. The British responded to the peaceful struggle by military force, the biggest military force to oppose a civilian population in western Europe since World War Two.

PLAYBOY: You call it war; the British call it civil disobedience.

MORRISON: The British government denies it's war, but they use all the imperatives of war: troops, armored cars, helicopters. They have tailored their legislation to attack us. The silence laws will have an effect on the British citizens as well. Free speech has ended in Britain. Five years from now, the British people will realize that—Jesus Christ!—we've lost all these liberties because of what our government is doing in Ireland. They're a huge nation compared with us. Fifty-five million people. They've been bullying us for centuries, and we've stood up to them.

PLAYBOY: But the British government is hardly letting up.

MORRISON: Hardly. After taking away the right to be heard in Britain, they have now removed the right of spontaneous protest: You now have to give seven days' notice for any political activity—a picket line, a protest march, a rally, a public meeting. All these things keep us on our knees. And now they're proposing identity cards.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MORRISON: The cards are supposed to stop you from giving a false name and address. [Laughs] I mean, there are lots of innocent reasons to give a false name—if you were moving about with another woman, for example. You don't have to be planting an I.R.A. bomb to want to use a false name.

ADAMS: The identity cards are like pass cards in South Africa. There are curious parallels between Ireland and South Africa. It's no surprise that South Africa's former prime minister, Mr. Vorster, cited the British laws in Ireland in defense of the apartheid laws in South Africa.

PLAYBOY: There may be certain similarities,



"When she said she was going to be less 'thing' oriented, I didn't realize she meant my thing."

but do you really mean to equate Britain with South Africa?

ADAMS: The methods of colonialism and repression there in many, many instances were perfected here by the British. The first use of plantations, which later led to the primary method of colonization by the British, was perfected here. I've said this conflict would be easier to understand if all the republicans were black and the loyalists white.

PLAYBOY: By plantations, do you mean settlements?

ADAMS: Yes, literally *planting* people in a country by force to take possession of land and property. In Ireland, they couldn't subdue the native Irish. So the established garrisons in the country were given the land and property of the dispossessed in return for loyalty. Later, we saw the same methods used throughout the British Empire: partition, economic apartheid and cultural colonialism.

PLAYBOY: What is cultural colonialism?

ADAMS: The idea that the native Irish culture should be replaced by the British. The Irish language was outlawed, and in the north, that is still true. People were hanged, tortured, deported for using the Irish language or professing Irish culture. In fact, the first slaves sent to America were Irish.

PLAYBOY: That's not something we remember from our schoolbooks. How was that?

ADAMS: The first slaves were servants from Ireland who were actually prisoners. There was originally a very close relationship between Afro-Americans and Irish-Americans. In contrast to some of the things happening today, the blacks and the Irish had the same status as slaves and were constantly involved in rebellion together against slavery.

PLAYBOY: Clear something else up for us. In the confusion of groups, religions and abbreviations, we note that you refer to your opponents, the loyalists—the Protestants—as a minority. But aren't the Catholics the minority in Ulster?

MORRISON: Yes, the loyalists are a majority in Northern Ireland, but only if you begin from the perspective of Northern Ireland, not the entire nation of Ireland. The six counties were arrived at by mathematics. The borders are not based on language, religion, rivers, valleys or mountains. The fact is, the British concluded that this area—Northern Ireland—was the largest it could hold securely. They did their homework. Catholics were gerrymandered so that the Protestants were always in a majority. Catholics were discriminated against and forced into available, affordable housing. There was high unemployment and little hope. And despite the fact that Catholics had larger families and made up one third of the population, they accounted for most of the immigration from Ireland every year. So Catholics cannot get a democratic majority here to vote for a united Ireland.

PLAYBOY: That division was proposed in



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the early 1900s. Didn't the Irish government in Dublin agree to it?

MORRISON: It was 1920. *Nobody* in Ireland voted for division. The British told the republicans of the day that if they did not accept the division, there would be an immediate and terrible war. And this was, of course, after years of bloody war by the I.R.A. against the British in Ireland, which finally forced the British out.

In this conflict, both the Irish and the British people are being held for ransom. If you look at public opinion for the past several years, the British people want to be out of Ireland. But their government refuses to act on that sentiment.

ADAMS: Every British opinion poll on the issue of Ireland says that the British should disengage. I have no doubt that the ordinary person in Britain doesn't want what is happening to happen here. But the issue has to develop international support.

PLAYBOY: It gets some support in the U.S., where a lot of your compatriots have immigrated.

MORRISON: Yes. [Smiles] Ironically, the chickens are coming home to roost, because those people who immigrated now support U.S. organizations such as NOR-AID, which help the cause. They remember why and their families remember why they were forced to leave.

PLAYBOY: Has U.S. support had any effect?

MORRISON: The British protest that Americans should not be allowed to support families in Ireland. The hypocrisy of the British! I know the British and the hypocrites they are. It's hard for people who do not know the situation to realize how violent, repressive and evil the British government can be.

PLAYBOY: You were imprisoned by the British, weren't you?

MORRISON: Yes, for two years.

PLAYBOY: What were you charged with?

MORRISON: Oh, you weren't charged. You were just arrested and taken to Long Kesh.

PLAYBOY: The authorities must have had something on you. You were never charged and tried?

MORRISON: No. The police surrounded a local dance hall. They fired bullets and gas into the hall and then came in and arrested about seventy people. They had an armored car outside the hall. And they said they had an informer inside. We were put under a spotlight, one by one, so the informer could identify us, and they took about fifteen of us to Castleray interrogation center. Then, of the fifteen, they reduced it to three and then two, just me and a friend. He has since been killed in an explosion. So we ended up going to Long Kesh for two years. I was arrested in 1972 and released in 1974.

PLAYBOY: Could they have held you indefinitely?

MORRISON: Yes. They didn't tell you. There was no court; some people were held for four and a half years. There were about two thousand people interned then under the same circumstances.

In one instance, people were taken away and tortured for ten or twelve days. Hoods were placed over their heads and they weren't allowed to sleep for the length of the interrogation. It became a famous case—the case of the hooded men. And they played white noise to them for the twelve days.

PLAYBOY: What is white noise?

MORRISON: A harsh screeching. They were placed up against a wall spread-eagle, and this screeching noise was played, and they were interrogated. Every time they fainted, they were resuscitated and put up against the wall again.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone die as a result?

MORRISON: Not immediately. They didn't die on the spot. But four or five died in later years as a result of nervous disorders.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Adams, it seems a prerequisite for members of the republican movement to have spent time in prison. You were in jail as well.

ADAMS: Yes, four and a half years in Long Kesh.

PLAYBOY: What was the charge?

ADAMS: My first period in jail, I wasn't charged at all, just interned. But there were a massive number of people in prison—I can't remember what the prison population was, exactly—during the period of internment. So it's probably true that everyone in Sinn Fein was in prison at one time or another.

PLAYBOY: Was it really possible for the British to imprison virtually anyone without charges or trial?

ADAMS: Yes, there is probably not a street, or perhaps even a family, in the Catholic areas that has not been affected, that didn't have a cousin or a niece, a mother or a father in prison. You've got to remember that it has been twenty years that the state of emergency has been in effect.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Morrison, you were released in 1974; then what?

MORRISON: I was released, but I could be reinterned at any time. About eight weeks after I was released, they came looking for me again. And I went on the run.

PLAYBOY: What sort of activities were you engaged in during that period?

MORRISON: [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: OK, you don't have to be specific.

MORRISON: I was on the run, it's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: You went underground.

MORRISON: Yeah. I moved from house to house. But in 1976, I became the editor of *The Republican News*, our weekly publication based in the north, published in Belfast. In 1978, they tried to close down the paper. I was arrested and charged with being a member of the I.R.A. It was just an excuse to close down the paper. In 1979, the charges were dropped.

PLAYBOY: After the paper was closed down, did you end up in jail again?

MORRISON: Not here. Though I've been in jail in America since then [laughs].

PLAYBOY: Why were you arrested in the United States?

MORRISON: I got into Canada under a pretext and tried to sneak over the border to the U.S. I was traveling with a fake passport. But I got caught with a comrade at Peace Bridge at Buffalo and arrested. Two others were arrested at Whirlpool Bridge in Niagara Falls. Still, we figured it was only a misdemeanor and we would just be sent back.

PLAYBOY: That's not what happened?

MORRISON: No, we were charged with a Federal offense and put into prison.

PLAYBOY: How long were you in jail?

MORRISON: Two or three weeks, then they set a trial date. We were then deported, but they held on to our passports. So in order to stand trial, we had to get a visa from the State Department to go back—to stand trial for not having a visa! [Laughs] Not only that, but when we got back for trial, it was postponed for six weeks. So we were allowed to tour the States for six weeks. We spoke at universities, public meetings, NOR-AID meetings.

PLAYBOY: What happened at your trial?

MORRISON: Two people who were arrested with me were acquitted—a girl who had driven the car and an Irish bloke. A friend and I were sentenced to a year's imprisonment. But we were placed on parole. And we were going to have to go see a parole officer—

PLAYBOY: Which meant you had to stay in the United States—

MORRISON: [Laughs] Yes! Which we'd been convicted of entering illegally! Well, we went to see the parole officer, and he was going to move to have us put back in jail. So we went to the judge, a very objective person. He had allowed us to take the stand in our defense, and we got good media coverage, because we talked about the hunger strike and the deaths of the hunger strikers, of Bobby Sands, the brutality of the British. The jury was in tears. One of them came up afterward and told me, "Our hearts are with you."

Anyway, the judge said we could leave the States with the proviso that we didn't come back. But I didn't have any money for a ticket. And the judge asked how I was going to get home.

PLAYBOY: Let's see: The State Department brought you over for trial and so—

MORRISON: [Laughs] Yeah, they had to buy the ticket to send us back. Still, I'm restricted from travel, and so is Gerry Adams. It's just another form of censorship, of stopping us from speaking out.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Adams, why has the State Department denied you a visa to travel to the United States?

ADAMS: The U.S. has a foreign policy that supports the British. It's as simple as that. Anything that doesn't support the British position they will do their best to subdue. It's in America's interest. Great Britain has become a junior partner to United States imperialism. Great Britain is just another American aircraft carrier, like Honduras.

PLAYBOY: But, specifically, why has a U.S. visa been refused?

ADAMS: I cannot speak in the United States because, apparently, it is not "in the interests of American foreign policy" and other grounds even more ludicrous. I am presumably a threat to the United States Government. [Laughs] It's important that people see what's happening here, or at least become conscious that we have had a military occupation here for twenty years. The American media come when there is something dramatic to cover. They don't see what's happening day to day.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Morrison, you charged that there is an official British-government policy—decided at the top—to hunt down and kill suspected I.R.A. members. Can you back up that statement?

MORRISON: In early November 1982, three republicans, I.R.A. volunteers, left a friend's house in the town of Lorden. They were driving on a quiet road outside the town when they were ambushed by the police and shot dead. It later emerged in an investigation of the incident that the police who killed the three had been trained as a British military counterterrorism unit. The three men were unarmed.

An inquest was held, and when the evidence was presented in court, a British investigator said he had learned of evidence withheld by the police. Finally, the British government formally charged the police with murder, but only after immense international pressures.

PLAYBOY: The government prosecuted the police, then. Doesn't that cast some doubt on your charge that the government condones murder?

MORRISON: Well, the police were all acquitted. In a related case, another I.R.A. volunteer was killed. When it came to trial, one of the police admitted that he had lied in his testimony. Then he quoted the Official Secrets Act, which effectively made him immune from prosecution for lying. What's more, it was revealed that he was acting directly on orders from the head of the police, who in turn was probably acting on orders from Thatcher. The whole fucking lot of them were involved!

PLAYBOY: To say they were "probably acting" on Thatcher's orders is no proof. Is there other evidence that she gave orders that I.R.A. members were to be killed?

MORRISON: There is the famous Gibraltar incident, in which three I.R.A. members were shot on the suspicion that they were about to set a car bomb on the rock. The British Special Air Service [S.A.S.] crew was dispatched to take care of them. They got their orders from a cabinet meeting in February 1988.

PLAYBOY: How do you know that?

MORRISON: A British intelligence officer testified at the inquest that Thatcher had been told that "something" was going to happen in Gibraltar. He said that MI-Five had picked it up, knew who was supposedly involved; it was then discussed at an inner-cabinet meeting with only Thatcher's key people. I know that because an intelligence officer revealed it. The S.A.S. were given a brief to execute the men.

PLAYBOY: Was there an I.R.A. car bomb?

MORRISON: No! There was none found in Gibraltar, and the people the S.A.S. killed were unarmed.

PLAYBOY: You said "none found in Gibraltar." Was there any car bomb at all?

MORRISON: Explosives were found three days later in Spain. But that's like killing three people in Belfast on a Thursday and finding explosives in Dublin the following Sunday to justify the killing.

PLAYBOY: What about another infamous incident—the I.R.A. killing of eleven civilians in 1987 at a ceremony honoring war dead?

MORRISON: On that occasion, the I.R.A. knew there would be a lot of children there. They had a thirty-pound bomb ready to go off, controlled by a radio device, to hit just British troops. Before the I.R.A. arrived, the bomb exploded. They didn't want that to happen. This has happened before. There is a constant war of electronic technology between the British and the I.R.A. In fact, the soldiers carry transmitters to impede electronic signals from I.R.A. radios that may trigger a bomb. So we believe that the British unintentionally triggered that bomb.

PLAYBOY: But the bomb was there, set by the I.R.A.

MORRISON: The explosion hurt us. Why would we want to do that? It makes no sense morally, militarily. On a personal basis, it was a terrible tragedy. We've experienced tragedy and bereavement ourselves, so we know how the people feel.

PLAYBOY: Let's be more direct. Is the I.R.A. a terrorist organization?

MORRISON: Well, it is seen as a terrorist group in the United States. I mean, *The New York Times'* policy is to refer to the I.R.A. as guerrillas. The fact is, there is a war going on. People get killed in wars. Everything the I.R.A. does gets put through a moral mill, scrutinized by journalists, by television. And the press handouts from the British embassies throughout the world concentrate on I.R.A. actions that go wrong. But the British exclude their own acts of violence.

PLAYBOY: And you believe the British are winning the propaganda war?

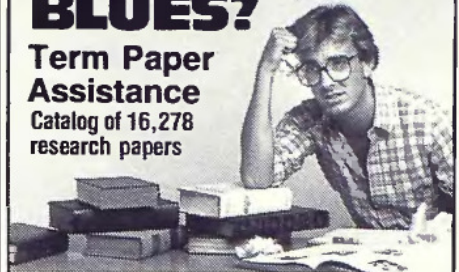
MORRISON: Yes; look at the resources the British have to influence public opinion. We're a small organization representing the dispossessed and poorest sections of the community. You must describe to your readers our office here—it's hardly plush. In fact, we're all shivering in this room because we have no damn heat in here!

PLAYBOY: Another charge: Is the money collected, primarily in the U.S., for widows and orphans ever used to buy weapons?

MORRISON: No. The money's accounted for. It goes to the widows and orphans and is carefully documented. And the exile community has been generous. We do ask our exiles for help, and what's wrong with that? But I'll go on record for *Playboy* and say this: We are *not* asking anybody in the United States to buy weapons for Ireland—or to ship them here. We're asking

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people to support our struggle morally and financially. Support the struggle until Britain leaves Ireland and the Irish people have a national democracy. That's all we're asking people to do.

PLAYBOY: But that leaves the question: Who arms the I.R.A.? There have been assertions that Qaddafi of Libya bankrolls both the I.R.A. and Sinn Fein.

ADAMS: That is just not true. Some time ago, there was an effort made to link various liberation movements—and various terrorist groups—with the republican movement. We have a natural affinity—I mean, I don't have any apologies for the fact that I believe the Palestinian people have a right to a homeland. And we're totally opposed to the U.S. policy in Central America. We support the Nicaraguans; any legitimate national-liberation struggle deserves support. But beyond the philosophical, there is no linkage.

PLAYBOY: And you, Mr. Morrison?

MORRISON: I am not in a position to state knowledgeably where the republicans are getting their weapons from. At the start of the armed struggle here in 1971, they had British rifles. No one said the British were supplying them. Then the I.R.A. had M-1 rifles, American rifles; the Americans didn't supply them. And now they have AK-47s, Russian rifles; the Russians aren't supplying them. There is a large interna-

tional market and the I.R.A., I guess, shops around, like anyone else.

PLAYBOY: The troubles in Northern Ireland are a conflict most people find confusing and confounding. Could each of you try to summarize what this struggle is about?

MORRISON: We're asking that the Irish people be allowed to have their own future. And to show that the British presence in the north is a malign one. Water separates Ireland and England, history separates us. But history has tragically connected us. And we have been inflicted with massive suffering for centuries by the British. The British government has to recognize the Irish people's right to self-determination. The United States enjoys it, Great Britain enjoys it; why not Ireland?

ADAMS: The British are denying us our rights as a nation. It will take time and they will leave only when they are forced to leave. We're their first colony, and their last. It's almost a psychological fixation by the British government. They didn't leave anywhere else easily.

MORRISON: And when it is politically costly for the British to remain in Ireland, they'll go. British public opinion wants them to get out. But the tragic thing is that it won't be triggered until a large number of British soldiers are killed, and that's what's going to happen. The British government has been predicting an I.R.A. offensive for some time. The I.R.A., it is claimed, has a

large amount of modern equipment, and if that's true, it hasn't even tapped its full resources. So you run into a bloody period when they're going to die and we're going to die. That can be avoided—if the British aren't too pigheaded and too racist to negotiate.

[The final part of the interview with the provo follows.]

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you hear yourself referred to as a terrorist?

I.R.A. PROVO: Terrorism—ah, well, was the bombing of German civilians during World War Two terrorism? When Margaret Thatcher and others talk about the I.R.A.'s killing men, women and children, do they forget about their own past? It's easy when you're in power to excuse this. In the Falklands, for instance, there are stories now coming out about the capture and torture of Argentinian soldiers by the British—British marines' cutting prisoners' throats! Is that acceptable just because it happened in an international conflict?

PLAYBOY: No, but isn't that just rationalizing your own terrorism?

I.R.A. PROVO: No, it's a central question. If you take a situation such as the bombing of Libya, for example, in which men, women and children were killed, is that an acceptable act of war or is it terrorism? States kill in the most horrific fashion; it just depends on what side of the fence your definition of terrorism is. But we don't have the chance to present our argument because of the media ban against us. And it's not just we who are banned but members of Sinn Fein—a legal political party.

PLAYBOY: Do you argue that if you were allowed a legal forum, you'd be understood and the war might end?

I.R.A. PROVO: The British government can say what it wants, what we are—because our answer will not come across. Terrorism is a convenient cloak.

PLAYBOY: But couldn't politics be a cloak for you—if your real aim were to settle grudges? Or to seek some personal gain?

I.R.A. PROVO: If we're as bad as that, why do we have the support of the community? I and the people I work with could not survive *without the help and support of the people of the community!* For me to move and operate in these areas, I need people who allow me to come into their homes. And they do that at the risk of their own lives.

Would they do that if they were intimidated? If they thought I was in this for personal gain? They do it because they support what we're doing. I can't drive down the street in a car that's going to be used in an operation; I'll be picked up immediately. So civilians who will take that risk drive the cars. They'll drive our arms and explosives to a certain point, drop them off. Then we'll take them, move into position and engage an army patrol. Then we'll withdraw, hide our weapons, and people give us places to dump them.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you even have your own MASH unit.

I.R.A. PROVO: Yes. If we're wounded, we



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can't go to hospital, because we'll be immediately arrested. We can treat minor wounds in a sort of mobile van. If we're badly wounded, it's up to the people "on the ground" to send us to hospital.

PLAYBOY: Does the I.R.A. ever discipline its members?

I.R.A. PROVO: The only time the I.R.A. will take action against its own members is when they transgress the rules, disobey orders or when they inform. It's a terrible step for the I.R.A. to decide to execute one of its own members. The I.R.A. has strict laws and a constitution. I know if I break one of those rules what the consequence is.

PLAYBOY: What is it?

I.R.A. PROVO: [Smiles] Execution. It's not a decision taken lightly. There is a whole process of investigation. The person accused has to have the allegations presented to him and he or she is given an opportunity to respond. You simply cannot accuse someone. You have to prove the charge, you have to provide evidence.

PLAYBOY: What's an example?

I.R.A. PROVO: Passing on information to British army intelligence. There is a rigid internal procedure, and the I.R.A. Council, which is the governing body, have the final say. And if they're not satisfied, they will refuse to proceed.

PLAYBOY: Interesting that you have all these rules and legal procedures, when it's such a brutal, chaotic war. Who is more brutal, the I.R.A. or its Protestant counterpart, the U.D.A.?

I.R.A. PROVO: When I was in prison, there were hundreds of U.D.A. members who were serving time for some of the most brutal murders ever committed. The U.D.A. and the Ulster Volunteer Forces were involved in butchering people. They tried to terrorize, instill fear in the nationalist population. They would kidnap people, take them somewhere, torture them. They would gouge out their eyes, cut their throats, cut off their genitals. Their victims were subject to the most horrific forms of murder. And they freely admitted to having committed them.

PLAYBOY: But they were arrested by the British, weren't they?

I.R.A. PROVO: The only reason they're in prison is that the methods were so terrible, they were an embarrassment. But the leader, Danny Murphy, was released.

PLAYBOY: Murphy, that's an Irish name.

I.R.A. PROVO: Yes, he was born a Catholic but married a Protestant and became a member of a loyalist organization.

PLAYBOY: How could he have been released from prison after committing murder?

I.R.A. PROVO: He served time for the attempted murder of two Catholic nurses. He was caught with the weapons used.

PLAYBOY: Nurses? Why try to kill two presumably innocent women?

I.R.A. PROVO: Because they were Catholic. He was released, and shortly thereafter, a man by the name of Joseph Donegan was taken from the Falls, in Belfast, and held for four days. He was brutally murdered,

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his throat was cut, all his teeth had been torn out, his face bashed beyond recognition, cigarette burns all over his body. Danny Murphy carried out that killing.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

I.R.A. PROVO: We knew. He was then targeted by the I.R.A. and was actually caught in the loyalist stronghold of Shankill. Now, Danny Murphy wasn't brutalized. He was shot dead. There's no nice way to kill a person, to take a life, whether it's done by a bomb or by a bullet or by clubbing someone to death or whatever. But the I.R.A. kept to its standards. There was no brutality. He was shot in the head. It was quick.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get a chance to ask yourself what you're doing as you go off on an "operation"?

I.R.A. PROVO: Well, if I stopped and thought during an operation, I might not go on. But first of all, I think of the danger to myself. I take the gun in my hand. There's a very good chance I'll get killed. If I'm killed, I know the consequences for my family: They'll have to live with it the rest of their lives. My children will be without a father. And the reverse is true: If I blow away a British soldier, the same applies to him. But, unfortunately, you can't think of it in those terms.

PLAYBOY: How do you think of it?

I.R.A. PROVO: Afterward, I think, I didn't want to do that—but it had to be done. You know, at times, it *does* wear you down. At times, you want to stop because it's too much. You have to say to your comrades, "I need to think, to get away from the shooting!" And you go to a friendly house and sit for a week and think.

I believe that if I continued to do what I'm doing and *didn't* have doubts, I'd have a problem. To stop every now and then and think, Now, where is this taking me? What have I achieved? But just to go on, no holds barred, saying, "I am right, I am right"—then it's a problem.

PLAYBOY: Does the danger of the operation itself have an effect on you?

I.R.A. PROVO: Sometimes, before an operation to engage the Brits, I get butterflies in my stomach. I feel sick, I don't want to eat or drink—all I want to do is get the run going. Do what I'm to do, get back. My nerves are racing, my adrenaline is going.

Once I get back to a safe place, I can sit back. I'll be shaking and have to calm myself. Have a cigarette, a cup of tea and talk with the people I've been with, analyze the operation, talk about it, what happened. None of us are supermen. If it were like the movies, it would be so nice.

PLAYBOY: There doesn't appear to be any end in sight. The British have simply become more rigid, enacted more laws to deal with the situation. And you—how long can you keep this up?

I.R.A. PROVO: I believe we're going to win. What the British government are doing is playing their last card. In 1981, Mrs. Thatcher said that the hunger strike was the I.R.A. playing *its* last card. But since 1981, the I.R.A. has gotten stronger and carried out operations that no one ever imagined they could: the Brighton bomb, for example.

PLAYBOY: That was the bomb that exploded

in the hotel in Brighton, nearly killing Thatcher?

I.R.A. PROVO: Yes. [*Smiles ruefully*] We came so close to our objective, which was to remove the British war cabinet. There have also been operations the I.R.A. has carried out on the Continent—not against the inhabitants of France or the Netherlands but against British forces stationed there.

The British government is now talking about legislation that will prevent republicans' standing for election. They are trying to introduce legislation that compels the public to take a nonviolent oath. If they don't take the oath, then they can't stand for election. They have already eroded a suspect's right of silence. The British government are now eating away at their own system of justice, at their basic rights.

They may try to introduce legislation that will outlaw Sinn Fein. They may reintroduce internment without trial. *That's* their last card. They're all acts of desperation. There's a wind of change in the loyalist community, members of the community who have become disenchanted with their own leadership. They now see that they've been led up a path that goes nowhere. The social and economic conditions that were endured by the Catholics for generations, the Protestants are now forced to endure. Unemployment, poor wages, poverty are now endemic to both communities.

PLAYBOY: You mean the British are abandoning the Protestant community?

I.R.A. PROVO: The Protestants are beginning to see that the British government no longer regards them as equals. They are beginning to see that the only interest the British government has here is economic and strategic. That they don't care about the population, only what can be gained for their own interests.

PLAYBOY: If what you fight for should ever come true—if Ireland is ever reunified—what would you expect to happen?

I.R.A. PROVO: We want to bring back the Irish culture. It's been taken from us, the foreign culture has been imposed on us. The culture now is a rat's nest. The native Irish culture had a different set of values, which said that everyone was entitled to a share of the wealth and production of the country. Everyone was entitled to be treated as equal regardless of religion, color, sex, whatever. And we believe in secularism; that church and state are separate.

PLAYBOY: That wouldn't be greeted with any enthusiasm in the south, where the Catholic Church is powerful.

I.R.A. PROVO: The Church has its place, but not in government. Ireland has a right to be governed by its people—not by any other entity or state. We look forward to a society where everyone has a role. It will be up to the people to decide. Once we put the guns away, they're put away for good.



"I'm afraid you have miscounted your blessings, Reverend."



HOUSE of CARDS

(continued from page 126)

tiny space, smiling like all joy to the world, well, she changed my mind. She zipped in and out four times without a hitch, and the judges could hardly wait to pin the crown on her head."

From the angle Martin Oakes was looking at Meghan Warner, the stars above her head formed a much more imposing crown.

At dinner, Meghan Warner picked at her redfish but took an active interest in the wine. The candles she had lighted left much of the huge dining room in darkness. The three of them sat at one end of the main table, Smooth Jake at its head, his wife and his guest on either side of him. Revolutionary War paintings decorated the walls. In one of the paintings, a regiment of English soldiers stacked their weapons in a pile while an equal number of triumphant but ill-clad Americans watched. The Americans all had enormous chests, the result, Martin Oakes thought, of holding their breath. The redcoats' weapons could have been poker chips.

"Do you realize," Meghan Warner said while uncorking a third bottle of *Sauvignon Blanc*, "that we are all in bare feet?"

"In bare feet?" Smooth Jake repeated, holding out his glass, scratching one of his feet with the other. "That's an interesting way of looking at it, Meg."

Smooth Jake wiped his mouth, a straight line with hidden corners. He turned to Martin Oakes. "Have you made your decision?"

Martin Oakes got up from the table. "I noticed that the paint on the columns out front is peeling," he said. "Especially the red."

"It's the humidity," Smooth Jake said. "Will you be going or staying, Martin?"

"Oh," Martin Oakes said, "I don't see how I can walk away from the perfect bet."

They walked side by side down the narrow hallway to the sparse, windowless room. An invisible servant had put two pitchers of ice water on the table. Already switched on, the track lights hung low over the table, catching the swirling ice at different angles. Martin Oakes watched the unpredictable patterns of light circle slowly round the tabletop. The fingers on Smooth Jake's dealing hand flexed slowly. Martin Oakes was aware of Smooth Jake's reputation as an unrivaled card mechanic, but he wasn't worried about which cards Smooth Jake would deal him. Smooth Jake would play it square. If the cards themselves were transparent to his probing mind, well, that could hardly be called cheating. The walls stretched just seven feet from floor to ceiling; a pale band of wainscoting seemed to divide the room in half. Air rose from an iron grate under the table, but the ceiling's proximity gave the

room the cramped feeling of a cell.

Martin Oakes stood across the table from Smooth Jake, waiting for a signal to sit down. He noted with gratitude that their simple, straight-backed chairs were identical.

"Please sit down," Smooth Jake said.

A soft, turning feeling crept into Martin Oakes's stomach; a tiny ball of fear, nervous and darting. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather just play for the money?" he asked.

"The money is insignificant," Smooth Jake replied. "One of us must be eliminated for it to be the perfect bet." They settled into their chairs. "I'm happy to wait for a few minutes if you would like the time to recover your breath." When Martin Oakes shook his head, Smooth Jake snapped the seal on a package of cards and offered his opponent the deck for inspection. "Playing for the right to play again," he said cordially. "I can't think of a purer motive, can you, Martin?"

Smooth Jake cut the high card and they began. The games were dealer's choice. "These days, the sharps insist on seven stud and seven hold 'em," Smooth Jake complained, "but a good player should be able to win any fair game. I know too many professional gamblers who have forgotten how to play a simple hand of five-card draw. Let's see if you remember. Jacks or better." He began dealing. "Openers?" Martin Oakes shook his head. Smooth Jake pushed \$50 into the middle of the table. Martin Oakes pushed a raise into the pot. He felt sharp.

"Call," Smooth Jake said.

"Tens and fours."

"Three sevens."

Martin Oakes held out the second deck. "Cut?"

They played well into the night. Smooth Jake barely paid attention to his cards, but by two o'clock, he was already up \$850. Martin Oakes spoke only when it was his turn to bet or call the next game. Sharp as he felt, the game refused to come into focus for him. Smooth Jake's hands were as difficult to judge as the ice shadows on the surface of the table. What did he have? How many cards had he drawn? Somehow, Smooth Jake managed to blur the betting intervals to the point where Martin Oakes didn't know who was following and who was leading. There was an almost hospitable pattern to the way Smooth Jake played—"This is where we put all of Jake's guests"—but as buoyant as Martin Oakes felt about the evening in general, he couldn't help noticing that the individual games were continuing to slip away from him. At three o'clock, Smooth Jake spread a jack-high straight on the table, gathered in the pot and said benignly, "If you don't mind, I'd like to retire for the evening after a few more hands."

"Certainly," Martin Oakes said. He estimated he was down about \$1300 and he wasn't sure why, or how, he'd lost it. He had studied Smooth Jake intently for more



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than five hours without gaining a glimmer into his true strategy. From the way Smooth Jake peered back with his Venetian-blind eyes, however, Martin Oakes worried that he was showing something. But he couldn't stop showing it until he could figure out what it was. Perhaps he was just thinking too loud.

Smooth Jake dealt out the last hand of the evening. "Seven-card draw. Twos and threes wild."

"Twos and threes wild?" Martin Oakes repeated, incredulous.

"You heard me." They bet and drew and bet again. "Five kings," Smooth Jake announced.

"You mean two kings, two threes, and a two."

"Wild's wild."

"I'll say." Martin Oakes slipped his cards back into the deck without divulging that he had four sevens by virtue of the other pair of threes. "You call that poker?"

"No," Smooth Jake said, stacking his chips. "I call it about three hundred dollars." He got up from the table. "Good night, Martin. Better luck tomorrow."

"No more wild cards."

"Agreed."

The second night, Martin Oakes won back \$500 after a grueling but inconclusive

seven-hour session in which Smooth Jake frequently looked ready to fall asleep. "You have a lot to learn," Smooth Jake said after the game, yawning before he climbed the stairs to his room. "There may be time. But I'm not optimistic."

They stayed even for another day until Smooth Jake rode a streak of good cards and better judgment to pull ahead by \$5000. Smooth Jake anticipated all of Martin Oakes's good hands. He invariably called Martin Oakes's bluffs. And since Smooth Jake never dealt the same game twice in a row, Martin Oakes could detect no rhythm in his thinking, no cadence in his betting. Smooth Jake sat straight and still in his chair while Martin Oakes mentally reeled in his, off balance and uncertain, hearing the grate beneath the table whisper his cards, perhaps his thoughts, into Smooth Jake's ear. Martin Oakes was not a superstitious man, but as the pressure continued to bunch up between his shoulder blades and the creaks in the floor boards made it increasingly difficult for him to concentrate, he struggled to the conclusion that he wasn't playing just Smooth Jake; he was playing the house and the lawn and the legend,

too.

Smooth Jake slid \$150 into the pot after dealing the last card in a game of seven stud. Martin Oakes hesitated for a moment, then said, "Fold."

Smooth Jake allowed himself a sigh as he slipped his three down cards back into the deck. "I'm going to tell you something," he said, breaking the unwritten rule that poker players should never offer advice or criticism to each other during a session. "Never hesitate to pay a fair amount of money to find out how your opponent thinks. When you think you stand to gain an important insight, put in whatever it takes to call him. That investment will return to you ten times over, provided you know how to analyze what you're about to see." Smooth Jake raised his glass to his lips. He drank so much water that Martin Oakes was surprised he didn't float away. But his river-bed voice remained dry: "Now, you knew you were going to lose that hand, Martin. Fine. An accurate deduction. But for a measly hundred fifty, you missed the opportunity to see some very interesting cards. For fifty bucks a card, I can tell you, it would have been worth it." He used the deck to whisk flecks of his dried skin off the table.

"Each player has his own style," Martin Oakes said defensively.

"I'm not talking about style. I'm talking about substance."

Martin Oakes shuffled his deck. "Talk is a weapon, too."

"Tell me," Smooth Jake said, his voice not just dry, but cold. "Do you want to play cards or be a card player?"

Martin Oakes's game continued to fall apart. There were no further outbursts from Smooth Jake. If anything, he looked ready to fall asleep again. But when Martin Oakes stopped looking at his face and instead projected its reflection onto the poker table, he no longer saw fatigue but an implacable resolve. Smooth Jake's play became more aggressive, his betting more vigorous. He stopped drinking water. His laugh changed from a hiss in his throat to a hollow rattle under his rib cage. He barely seemed to move in his chair. Martin Oakes could imagine venom dripping from the invisible corners of Smooth Jake's reptilian mouth. Ten thousand dollars ahead and sensing the almost complete paralysis in his victim, Smooth Jake was coiled for the kill.

"Martin," he said pleasantly after winning a game of seven-card hold 'em, "you have a tic." Martin Oakes had an image of himself in the window of a burning building while Smooth Jake stood stories below, trying to toss him up a life preserver. "It's almost imperceptible," Smooth Jake went on, "and it's not really a tic but a reaction that you share with the human race in general, and with fair-skinned, blue- or green-eyed people in particular. So far, it has cost you about four thousand dollars." Smooth



"My guess is it's your cousin Flo and her family, and they're going to end up staying six weeks."

Jake let the word dollars slip ever so gently off his tongue. "Chinese opium dealers used to look for the same tic in the British explorers with whom they traded. You see, Martin, when you get a particularly good hand—on limited observation, I would say three of a kind or better—your pupils dilate. The Chinese used to watch the British, waiting for their eyes to dilate, knowing that once they did, the British were ready to deal. The British would continue to talk tough, but again and again, their eyes would betray them, and the Chinese would wait patiently and finally get their price. For the British, it was a certain quantity of opium. For you, it's three of a kind or better. I haven't determined the exact cutoff point." His tone was cordial, but the current that ran beneath it was mocking. Martin Oakes could feel the track lights on Smooth Jake's side of the table boring into each of his eyes. "The fact is, Martin, you are already on your way to curing this problem. Your facial muscles are under complete control, your breathing is relaxed and even, and you move your hands with admirable confidence and economy." Smooth Jake massaged his eyelids and continued: "For most people, the effect is temporary, lasting, I should think, not more than three or four seconds. You might try lowering your eyelids a bit when you first get your cards, then once again when you draw."

"Thank you," Martin Oakes said quietly.

"It could save you a lot of money," Smooth Jake said. "Provided you have a future in this game, which I'm afraid at the moment doesn't appear likely."

After playing five more hands and winning only one, Martin Oakes asked for an adjournment until the following afternoon.

"No problem," Smooth Jake said, only \$3000 away from retiring Martin Oakes forever. "We have plenty of time."

Something in that simple remark bolstered Martin Oakes's spirits more than advice about his telltale pupils, but he couldn't yet attach an explanation to it. "Anyone ever walk out of The Little

Boltons a winner?" he asked.

"Not yet," Smooth Jake said blandly.

"So this will be the first time," Martin Oakes said.

It was dawn before he fell asleep. When he woke up, his sweat formed a bond between his skin and the bed sheets. He went for a swim.

"How's the game going?" Meghan Warner asked from the side of the pool. She was wearing cutoff jean shorts and a halter top. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail.

"One of us is having fun."

"Jake says it's almost over."

"It's far from over."

"What will you do?" she asked. "I mean, if you lose?"

ferred them to Smooth Jake for the cut. Smooth Jake waved his hand over the table. "Deal them." Martin Oakes dealt a hand of seven-card stud. Smooth Jake glanced at his two down cards. He pushed \$100 into the pot. "Where did you get these chips, Martin, at a gas station?" Martin Oakes didn't respond. Instead, he sat quietly in his chair. Ten minutes later, Smooth Jake's \$100 bet was still sitting in the middle of the table and Martin Oakes was still sitting quietly in his chair. Slowly, Smooth Jake's eyes drifted up to his opponent. "Well?"

"Well what?" Martin Oakes asked.

"Are you going to see the bet?"

"I'm not sure. I'm thinking about it."

"So think."

Martin Oakes waited another five minutes and folded. Smooth Jake rubbed his pair of aces together once before replacing them in the deck. A good hand wasted. Not to mention 15 minutes.

The next six hands took two hours to play. Smooth Jake won another \$1000. Martin Oakes carefully analyzed every card, every bet. Sometimes his mind would wander and he would imagine Meghan Warner floating around in the house. Two hours into the session, he lifted half a stack of white chips and let them fall out of his hand one at a time back onto the table. He liked the clicking sound and repeated the movement several times while he tried to decide whether or not to see a \$200 bet.

Smooth Jake glared at him. "Do you really think there's anything to be gained in putting things off for another day, or another week?"

"When you've been playing as badly as I have, it's a good idea to question your decisions," Martin Oakes said, "then question them again."

"Only answers are going to help you."

"Then I must ask for your patience while I search for them." He could think of only one possible answer, and he was already acting on it. Holding a stack of alternating red and white chips, he let them fall one at a time onto the table, creating an uneven peppermint-striped tower.

"Count it as many times as you wish,"

Martin Oakes shuffled the cards and of-

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"I'll worry about that if I lose. At the moment, I'm still planning to win."

"What will you do if you win?"

He laughed. He liked Meghan Warner very much. "You've got me there," he said.

Martin Oakes entered the hot, windowless room with a cracked wooden box under his arm. The box was caked with coal dust and gun grease. Martin Oakes put it down on the table. "If you don't have any objections, I was wondering if we could play for a while with my chips."

Smooth Jake waved a hand over the table. "Just as long as we play with my cards."

Smooth Jake said, "and it will still come out to two thousand dollars."

"I'll see your two hundred and raise it another three."

"Call."

"Look at my pupils, Jake."

"I don't have to look at your pupils."

"Then," Martin Oakes said, spreading a full house on the table, "look at my cards."

Smooth Jake showed nothing as Martin Oakes raked in the pot. "Your confidence must be dwindling, if it takes you that long to bet up a full boat."

"We have plenty of time," Martin Oakes said, certain now that time was the one thing Smooth Jake did not have plenty of, shuffling the cards so slowly that he could hear each one tick into place. "I'm through losing. It may take me awhile, but I'm going to beat you, Jake."

"Anything's possible," Smooth Jake said, "but not in poker."

Martin Oakes won another \$500 before they adjourned for the day. When he returned to his room, Martha the cook was waiting for him.

"Mr. Warner says to tell you there won't be any sit-down dinner tonight," she said. "I'll tell you what we've got, you tell me what you want, and I'll send it up."

A knock on the door announced the arrival of his food at exactly eight o'clock. There was no one in the hall. He picked up the tray and took it over to the bed. "Well,

I'll be damned," Martin Oakes said, lifting up his cloth napkin. There was a bill underneath it:

5 nights @ \$100 per	\$500
6 breakfasts @ \$5 per	\$30
6 lunches @ \$10 per	\$60
6 dinners @ \$20 per	\$120
TOTAL:	\$710

The next day, Martin Oakes won \$2000 playing only 12 hands. Smooth Jake directed his remarks to Martin Oakes only once, reminding him that they were playing poker, not chess, but both of them knew that, in many ways, chess was what their game had become. Chess without time clocks.

Five days later, Martin Oakes won back his original \$15,000 and took a \$4000 bite out of Smooth Jake's initial stake. Meghan Warner no longer floated through the house. She ricocheted. Martin Oakes spotted her careening down the main staircase at one in the morning and caught her by the shoulders.

"Have you taken something?"

"Taken something?" she asked, leaning forward, neck rubbery, laugh skittering across the room like a speedboat over a lake. "Why, Martin, isn't it obvious? I never had to take anything. It was all given to me."

"Come on," he said gently, slipping his

arm under hers and pressing his hand against her back. "I'll help you to your room."

"Follow me," she said, "and I will show you wonders beyond your richest imagination." She flung open a door to the cellar and scurried down the stairs, holding her skirt. The hall at the bottom of the stairs was black. Martin Oakes waited there until she threw on the light in an adjacent room. He followed the light and found her, holding a bowling ball. "A brand-new bowling alley!" she announced. The room was three times as long as it was wide. "Two lanes," she continued, with professional enthusiasm in her voice. "Automatic pin reset. Overhead electronic scoring. Genuine plastic chairs. Shoes to fit absolutely every size. Care to roll a string or two?"

"No, thanks."

"No one ever does," she said, rolling her ball into the gutter. She disappeared back up the stairs. When he walked out to the foyer, she waved him down to another room he had never been in. "Behind these doors," she said, swinging them open, "Virginia's most state-of-the-art video arcade!" Martin Oakes peered into the room. Cars sped up imaginary highways and tumbled off imaginary cliffs. Pinball marquees flashed invitingly in the darkness.

"Jake installed this arcade for our staff," Meghan Warner said. "Isn't it something?" She walked to the back of the arcade. "And just around this corner," she said, with a graceful sweep of her hand, "a new pool table." Dust clung to the table's felt surface. "I think of you as a black football shoe, Martin," Meghan Warner said. "Ankle high, with big metal cleats. Like the ones Johnny Unitas used to wear."

"You're too young to know about Johnny Unitas."

"Jake was a big Colts fan until they sneaked off to Indianapolis. Can you imagine anyone sneaking off to Indianapolis? In the middle of the night? I can't."

"Maybe from Baltimore. I think you had better get to bed."

"Stop the game. Please stop it."

"It's too late to stop it." He took her arm. She felt as stiff as a mannequin. "Jake wouldn't want to, anyway."

"How dare you touch me," she said savagely. He released her arm. "You're taking this house away from us as if it meant nothing to you."

"I'm not after your house."

"I don't want to leave The Little Boltons," she said. "But Jake will make me."

A week later, Martin Oakes had Smooth Jake down to \$3000, and the sparse room had a fine dusting of dried skin. Remorse crept slowly into Martin Oakes's consciousness, and it was only with great difficulty that he managed to keep it from taking a firm hold there. They hadn't reached the end yet, the two of them, but the end had become so palpable, it was as if they were



"Your income fell drastically, apparently for no better reason than that you were goofing off. It almost seems as if you did it deliberately, to spite us."

already watching themselves replay the last few hands in slow motion.

"No one's ever taken his time playing me before," Smooth Jake said tonelessly. "Everyone else has always been in a hurry. Usually in a hurry to lose."

"Outlasting you was the only thing I could think of that might work," Martin Oakes replied without looking up from his cards, almost ashamed that such a simple strategy could have produced such brilliant results. His hand forced more chips into the middle of the table.

"I wasn't expecting it," Smooth Jake said, voice still without inflection. He matched Martin Oakes's bet. "Of course, I should have seen it coming. Anyone who can wait four years to get a game will have the patience to play them tight for a month until things start going his way."

"I suppose as victories go," Martin Oakes said, "it's a little tainted."

"Everything's tainted," Smooth Jake said. His face was placid, even though his resolve had long since surrendered to fatigue, and his concentration had stretched out over time until, tight and brittle, it, too, had finally burst. But his calm remained. Like Martin Oakes, he had never fully pondered what life would be like without poker to sustain it. "Fold," he said.

Smooth Jake slid the rest of his chips in to the pot. "I'll cut you for the rest."

"Is that really the way you want to end it?"

"I'm beginning to think that luck is underrated."

Smooth Jake brushed the table with his cards, even though there was no skin to whisk away. "I used to play the violin. Not well and not often. I once failed to take adequate precautions for my safety before a game in New Jersey, was falsely accused of cheating and got the fingers on my left hand broken as a consequence. It has always been a mystery to me, how they knew which hand to break. In any case, I couldn't play very well anymore, but I still had enough dexterity to deal."

"Did you win the game?"

"Well, I suppose that depends on how you look at it, doesn't it, Martin?" He put his deck of cards on the table in front of Martin Oakes. "Pick a card."

Martin Oakes fanned out the deck and let his finger tips trace a path over all the cards before finally removing one from the pack. He flipped the card over. It was the ten of spades.

Smooth Jake found the card he wanted and parted the fan on either side of it until it was the only card left in the middle of the table. He glanced quickly at the card before flipping it over. "Seven of hearts," he said. "So much for luck."

Martin Oakes picked up his ten. "I'd like to keep this if you don't mind." Smooth Jake waved his gnarled left hand. Martin Oakes put the card in his pocket and stood. "I'd be happy to settle the bill for my room and meals in cash."

"Forget that," Smooth Jake said. "Please

don't leave, however, until you've said goodbye to Meg."

Martin Oakes thought how nice it would be to raise his arms and flatten his palms against the low ceiling. But he folded his hands behind his back instead. He didn't even look up. "Will you make her leave The Little Boltons?"

"She's the one who calls it a poker palace."

"You could stay."

"And do what? Paint the columns white?" Another wave. "A reporter from the *Post* has been calling about our game. I don't suppose you would happen to know how he found out we were playing?"

"The only thing I've done on the phone

is order dinner."

"Good. All the same. They'll be after you." Smooth Jake closed his eyes and tilted his head back until it was resting on the top of his chair. "I appreciate discretion, Martin. I also practice it."

"Silence wasn't part of our bet."

"Forget about our bet. Your silence is more important to Meg than it is to me."

Martin Oakes bowed slightly. No problem showing a little deference, as long as the old lizard wasn't looking. "OK, Jake. Tell her I won't say a word."

"You can tell her yourself," Smooth Jake said, nodding back without opening his eyes. "She's waiting for you by the pool."



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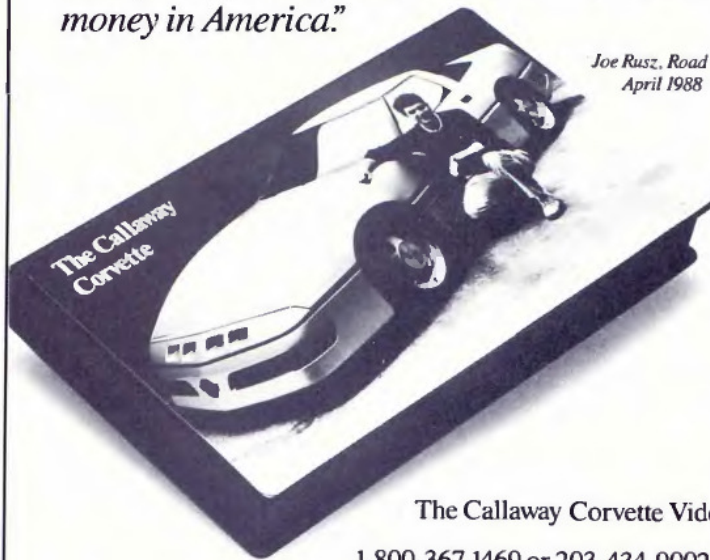
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Joe Ruzs, *Road & Track Magazine*,
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FIRE IN THE BELLY

(continued from page 108)

The Callaway Corvette, featuring a specially converted 350-cubic-inch, twin-turbocharged L-98 Chevrolet V8 "small block," developing 382 horsepower, and a carefully tuned suspension, will accelerate from 0 to 60 in 4.6 seconds, run the quarter mile in 13 seconds and howl down the interstate at a top speed of 191 mph. Better yet, at 70 mph, it will stop in 170 feet and generate 0.91 g force on the skid pad—a number barely obtainable by many purebred race cars. When measured in the five basic categories of performance—acceleration, top speed, quarter mile, road holding and braking—the Callaway Corvette outmuscles such fabled *marques* as the Ferrari Testarossa, the Lamborghini Countach and the Porsche 911 Turbo. There is no other production automobile in the world, with the possible exception of the Ferrari F40 (which is a stark, ultralight, quasi race car costing almost four times as much—\$220,000 vs. \$60,000), to equal it.

The Callaway Corvette is actually a carefully engineered enhancement of the fiberglass flier that is the darling of every red-blooded male from Newark to San Jose. The vehicle is manufactured, like all Corvettes, at Chevrolet's Bowling Green, Kentucky, plant, then shipped to Callaway's space-age facility in Old Lyme, Connecticut, for modification. Since the car was introduced in 1986, more than 300 of the exquisite beasts have been built for customers here and in Europe, including Don Johnson—who apparently found the white Testarossa he wheels on *Miami Vice* a bit tepid for his taste.

When I pulled up in front of Callaway's shop, there was no mistaking it. The rakish one-story building was sheathed in glistening anodized aluminum. Parked on the lawn beside a battery of Corvettes was the owner's French Aerospatiale SA 341 Gazelle military helicopter. Mounted in the reception area were three Callaway turbomotors, including a stillborn V8 for Indy cars. They resembled sculptured ingots more than real-world power plants. I was quick to learn that aesthetics are held in high regard at Callaway Engineering.

The boss was out back, as usual, his head buried in the innards of a Corvette called the Sledgehammer. (That's the machine pictured on our opening spread.) It was being prepared for a shoot-out involving the world's fastest road cars. Organized by a German automobile magazine, the test was to involve the likes of a factory Ferrari F40, a Ruf Porsche, a tweaked-up factory 959 Porsche and an AMG Mercedes-Benz, and was set for Volkswagen's ultrafast test track at Ehra Lessien, West Germany. Callaway, his chief engineer Tim Good and high-performance expert Carroll Smith were fitting the special Vette with larger Rotomaster turbos, slipperier bodywork and other niceties with a single target in mind: a top speed of 250 mph.

The pristine shop was a hot rodder's

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nirvana, packed to the rafters with state-of-the-art machine tools, many of which were linked to an exotic CAD/CAM system that permits Callaway and Good to create a component on the computer, then have it automatically carved from billet aluminum or steel by robot machines. All of the custom Callaway Corvette bits and pieces—brackets, pumps, fittings, etc.—that are part of the twin-turbo installation are not cast but individually machined to perfect tolerances in this way. "That's hardly the cheapest way to do business," says Callaway, his lanky frame hovering over a shimmering milling machine. "but our motto is 'Execute first and let the price fall where it may.' And we sort of have a feeling that a lot of people out there breathe hard over the same level of execution that we do."

And execute they do at Callaway Engineering. Their tour de force is the totally blueprinted engine, which is a masterpiece of packaging and high-performance engineering. The trick was to snug the twin turbochargers, with their attendant plumbing and microprocessors, into the confined under-hood compartment of the Corvette. Callaway solved the problem by hiding them on either side of the oil pan, with the beautifully polished intercoolers (to cool the fuel charge as it enters the combustion chambers) mounted atop the engine flanking the fuel-injection system. The result is one of the most efficient yet aesthetically pleasing power plants in the world. And is it effective? Consider that a stock Corvette is rated at 240 hp (actually closer to 210 hp, due to erratic mass-production tolerances, say the experts) and generates 340 foot-pounds of torque. When Callaway and company complete their labors, those numbers are elevated to 382 hp and a diesellike 562 foot-pounds. Moreover, these outputs are also designed to provide smooth performance, good fuel economy (approximately 16 miles per gallon) and sufficient reliability to warrant a 12-month, 12,000-mile warranty.

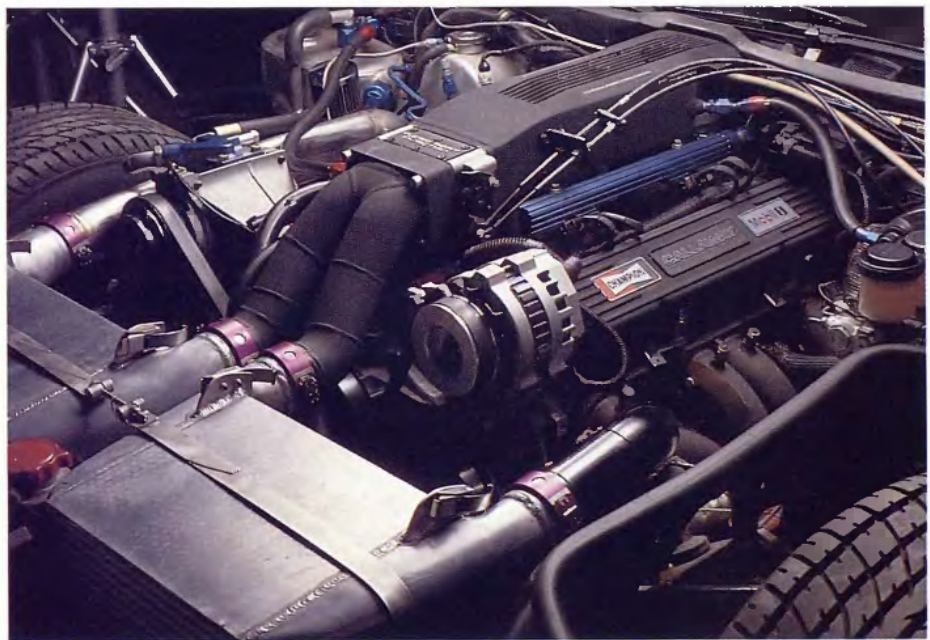
With this monster engine mounted inside a stock-appearing Corvette body, the Callaway Corvette might be described as understated overkill. Only the 17-inch Dymag cast-magnesium wheels and a slightly modified chin spoiler provide external clues that this is perhaps the fastest production road car in the world. The interior, save for the optional leather seats and a tiny V.D.O. boost gauge neatly integrated into the dash panel, is stock. What lies concealed underneath is a nasty little secret shared by the driver, Callaway and all the Porsches, Ferraris, BMWs and other 'Vettes left wobbling helplessly in its wake.

It is not lost on Callaway's bemused spirit that his car is built in perhaps the most hostile automotive environment this side of downtown Hong Kong. Despite its natural beauty, Connecticut is a rabbit's warren of narrow roads, no passing zones and rigidly enforced speed limits. Worse yet, radar detectors are illegal and the double nickel is

an article of faith. Driving a car with the Callaway's potential in Connecticut is like trying to hold a free-choice conference at the Vatican.

Therefore, any test driving achieved by Callaway must be accomplished at the massive Transportation Research Center's high-speed oval in Marysville, Ohio. Still, a somewhat restrained tour around the sylvan precincts of Old Lyme drives home the point: The Callaway is a monster machine. The awesome power of the turbos is revealed in three ways: a faint shriek of impellers as they pump gobs of fuel into the combustion chambers, the whisk of the gauge on the dash toward maximum boost and, most vivid of all, the *g* force that seems to want to compress the driver and the passenger into the luggage compartment behind the seats.

Thanks to the 17-inch lightweight magnesium wheels that remove 30 pounds



Top gun on wheels. The Callaway Corvette's "small block" L-98 Chevrolet V8 power plant produces a howling 13-second quarter mile and can generate a *g* force of almost 1.0.

from the stock unsprung weight and the P275/40ZR Goodyear Eagle Gatorback low-profile, high-performance tires, the Corvette lays down its power with a minimum of wheelspin or weird yawing that can often be the result of excessive applications of torque. The acceleration arrives with a steady, turbine-like surge, devoid of the insane, whoopee-cushion explosions of boost that often distinguish turbocharged engines from the norm. When world-ranked sports-car ace Derek Bell first drove the Callaway, he remarked that it was nearly impossible to discern that the engine was turboed. And he was right. There is so much smooth horsepower and torque available that the automobile seems possessed of an engine displacing perhaps 700 cubic inches, as opposed to one half that size.

Like all sophisticated rear-drive high-performance cars, the Corvette is great

fun to fling through the corners. Steering is about neutral, with no evidence of speed-scrubbing understeer or tail-wagging oversteer. The firm, precise rack-and-pinion steering is power assisted, but one would never know unless one were trying to squeeze into a parking place. Chevrolet can be credited with offering a complete sports car, with great handling, ergonomics and over-all function.

The car tracks at high speeds like a wire-guided TOW missile. The urgency of the engine makes any speed limit on this continent seem Paleolithic and the danger is to let the machine have its head. Eighty or 90 miles an hour seems a stately lope and, unless one attends to business, one is doomed to be riddled by the dreaded rays of Instant-On radar. But with the Callaway turbos humming obediently a few inches beyond your throttle foot, the urge to let it all hang out borders on the irresistible.

Callaway offers the car with a pair of transmissions. The basic models, a coupe or a convertible, with either the factory-option Z51 or the standard sport suspensions, come stock with a new six-speed manual and 3.07:1 rear-axle ratio. The coupe version, fitted with the standard sport suspension package, a front spoiler and side skirts, is the fastest of the lot, having been clocked at 191.70 mph. But for normal transportation, one ought to opt for the coupe or the ragtop with the optional Callaway-designed four-speed automatic. A special version of the G.M. Turbo Hydramatic has been fitted with an English-designed Laycock/GKN electric-overdrive unit that offers tremendous low-speed acceleration (better, in fact, than the manual version), coupled with quiet, low-rev cruising. For a vehicle possessing such enormous torque, a six-speed manual seems almost frivolous, because performance is

available across such a wide rpm range. The car is so flexible that after a few miles, one becomes convinced that a single forward gear would be sufficient.

The unique part about the Callaway Corvette is its shirttail relationship to the gigantic G.M. division of Chevrolet. While you'll seldom find such a beast in a dealer's showroom, the automobile can be ordered through 60 high-performance Chevrolet dealers around the nation (order code RPO B2K). The vehicle must be equipped with Chevrolet's special-equipment option that includes larger 13-inch brakes with four piston calipers, a power-steering cooler, Z51 mufflers and a longer front air dam. That, plus roughly \$26,000 extra for the special modifications made by Callaway and approximately 100 test miles given the car before delivery, will place this extraordinary car in your hands.

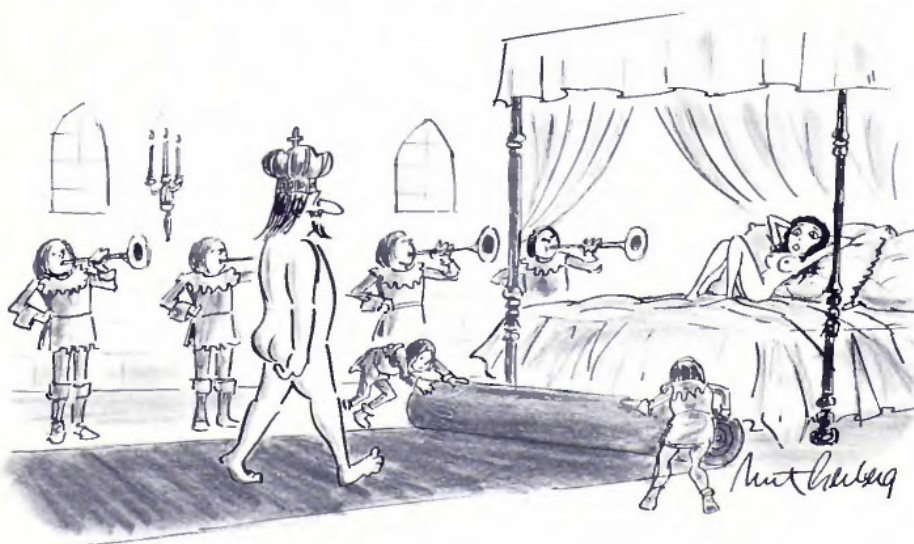
"I'm not sure this all makes sense in a business plan," Callaway says. "The car is an effect, not a cause, which I suppose is the antithesis of the way a car business ought to operate." But would Lee Iacocca or Roger Smith call what is happening in Old Lyme the *car business* in the first place? Then again, would Reeves Callaway call what they build in Detroit *cars*?

Remember the vaunted shoot-out in West Germany we mentioned earlier in this article? As we went to press, we learned that weather had intervened and the European cars had been taken to the Nardo track on the boot of Italy for their timed high-speed runs. The test involved a Ruf-modified 911 Porsche turbo, an ultra-exotic four-wheel-drive Porsche 959, a turbocharged Ferrari F40 and a hot-rodded Mercedes-Benz 300E, AMG Hammer. The results, under the stinging, unblinking eye of the electronic timer, were illuminating, to say the least. The Ruf was quickest at 212 mph. The 959 was second

fastest at 210 mph, while the Ferrari surprisingly fell short of the 200-mph barrier by one mile per hour. The AMG was way off the pace at 179 mph.

But what about the Callaway? Logistics prevented the Sledgehammer from being shipped to Italy, so Reeves and his crew drove it from Connecticut to their old haunt at Ohio's Transportation Research Center. Sporting new, subtly restyled bodywork below the belt line by Canadian designer Paul Deutschman, the Sledgehammer succeeded beyond the team's wildest dreams. When driver John Lingenfelter rolled to a stop after his run, the clocks were locked at 254.76 mph, making it the fastest production road car in history. And with some careful tweaks in the bodywork and the engine, Callaway is confident that another ten mph can be found. Keep in mind that this monster was driven—in normal traffic—to and from the test site with no more muss or fuss than your average Honda Civic. Has Callaway pushed the envelope? Hell, it's time for a new one! As in 300 mph on the road?

Last words: Any machine as incredible-sounding as the stock Callaway Corvette wasn't going to escape the Playboy staff's lead feet and kamikaze driving style, so we called Callaway and asked if there were a car in the Chicago area that we could test-drive. There wasn't, but Callaway owner Elliot Rabin volunteered to drive his car from New York to Chicago for us to check out. Talk about Mr. Nice Guy! We drove his car and set some low-flying records on the Outer Drive before reluctantly turning in the keys. Our bottom-line impression is that in a world where spending \$60,000 for a piece of auto exotica doesn't even warrant a second thought to many, this machine gives you your money's worth—and then some. It truly is America's top gun on wheels.



"Wouldn't it be nice sometime to try for a little more spontaneity?"

BURNING DESIRES

(continued from page 78)

curiosity; it's a democracy of flesh. Many eyes are fixed on the young lean blond with the bottle-brush haircut and the perfectly shaped salami dick, and he obviously knows it as he walks around the room, casually working on himself to maintain a state of semi-arousal. Then there's the handsome middle-aged redhead encased in a black-leather bodice, with portholes for her jutting breasts, and black-leather crotchless panties. She can't seem to take her eyes off a stunning man-woman, a transsexual-in-progress with jet-black Cleopatra hair who glides gracefully across the floor, proudly showing off her new jouncy little milk-white tits. Meanwhile, a group of men is gathering around an elegant one-legged woman with a shimmering diaphanous blouse and a beatific expression, while a band of gay pranksters known as the K'thar-Sissies flits among the tropical plants and fluffy old sofas that adorn the room, sprinkling "fairy dust" on the partygoers and "dusting their auras" with rainbow-colored feathers to help break the ice.

The merry K'thar-Sissies, in their cock rings and glitter, add a festive touch, but the evening is picking up speed on its own. People are drifting upstairs in twos and threes to the loft, unlikely attractions are forming, the music on the tape shifts gears from Phil Collins to the eerie desert wail of Middle Eastern disco star Ofra Haza. Over in the corner, Buzz Bense, the tall, handsome party host with the red-gold locks and the revealing leather chaps, is grinning as he surveys the growing throng, because he can feel it: It's *working*, the evening's peculiar chemistry is working. The event is clearly headed toward success. Bense is about to witness a safe-sex orgy that will stir together men and women, gays and straights, young and middle-aged—but will not commingle dread bodily fluids. "No intercourse and no oral sex and no rude behavior," the invitation had read. "Other than that, we're limited only by our imaginations."

The historic event had been fantasized about and privately discussed by some of San Francisco's most sexually adventurous souls for some time. A couple of women finally broached the subject with Bense, who, as founder of J/O Buddies, a gay masturbation circle, had become a leading impresario of the city's sexual underground. He was intrigued by the idea of sexually integrating the jack-off scene.

So, indeed, were your authors, who—while exploring the frontiers of American sexuality—had come across the early tremors of this event.

Upstairs, in the loft, the guests are getting to know one another. There are



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doctors, lawyers, artists, writers. The angelic one-legged woman has been tumbled backward onto a sofa, which is draped in a clean white sheet, and is being kissed and caressed by her retinue of male admirers. Lips find her nipples, fingers tease her clitoris. Her head is thrown back, her eyes are closed, her graceful hands play idly with the back of two men's necks as they work away at her. Her crutch is cast away, she is floating to heaven. Never, she would later tell Bense, had she felt so adored.

Cleopatra, too, has found her suitors, a man and a woman, who have book-ended her on another sheet-covered sofa and suck hungrily on her creamy little breasts. Do they know what's tucked delicately away in her pretty turquoise panties? Do they care?

At times, you have to look away. It would happen more than once during the evening. You would catch yourself staring at some of the most primal moments you had ever witnessed and you would be struck by the impropriety of it all: *I shouldn't be watching this, it's very wrong.* And superego and id would crash crazily against each other. But at other times, it would all seem perfectly natural, like watching the dancers on a night-club floor.

Over there, a woman is slipping into a pair of custom-made safe-sex panties with a latex crotch, so her girlfriend can lick her pussy without violating club rules. And in a far corner of the loft, a buck-naked man has been handcuffed to the heating pipes and is being spanked until his cheeks are hot pink. "For being bad?" we ask Bense, as our host drifts by with a can of beer.

"For not being bad enough, my dears," he replies, with an eyebrow raised in our direction. For we, working hard to maintain professional dignity in the midst of sweaty chaos, are still dressed in a pair of swimming-pool-blue briefs, in one case, and a three-quarter-length terrycloth bathrobe, in the other.

As he wades among his party guests, Bense has a triumphant look. Everyone is behaving himself and everyone is pleasuring himself. But the greatest marvel of the evening, Bense thinks, is how smoothly the different sexual categories are rubbing elbows and other body parts. Here we are in this era of sexual fear and loathing, Bense is thinking, and yet in this twilight sex *salon*, about 70 nude and semiclad men and women—running the full range of sexual expression—are engaged in a bold experiment in collective intimacy.

Bense spies a straight man nursing on a woman's breast, when suddenly, a gay man starts fondling the straight man's cock. Startled at first, the straight man quickly returns to his work and allows himself to grow hard under the other man's caresses. Later, Bense sees a gay man exploring a woman's body for the first time with his

hands. "You know what we did?" Bense will later exclaim. "We created a safe environment for people to cross boundaries for a night, to try something entirely new." It seemed, in the climate of the Eighties, like a radical act of cultural defiance.

As The World's First Jack-and-Jill-Off Party blows into its final hours, however, we are not dwelling on the cultural significance of the event. The wine and the barrage of sensuous stimuli are beginning to cast a spell. The members of the party-planning committee are no longer graciously greeting guests at the door but with bared fangs have joined the rest of the beasts in this erotic menagerie. From upstairs comes the giddy wail of safe-sex porn star Missy Manners: "Oh, God! But I'm into penetration!" She has been encircled by a pack of male and female fans and they have popped her plump tanned breasts from her low-cut gown and have begun to feed on them. In the amber party light, they glow like tropical gourds. Our sense of journalistic detachment is starting to crumble.

Then it is Janet Taylor's turn, she of the phone-sex-fantasy trade. Taylor is hoisted onto a table with a black-leather top, a hand-me-down from an old S/M club. A dozen pairs of hands roam all over her supine body, caressing her cheeks and massaging her feet and making forays into her black-lace *bustier*. It looks as if she's the subject of a fiendish lab experiment.

But Manners, who has proclaimed so loudly to be "into penetration," wants to take this operation a notch higher. After lubricating a gloved hand with nonoxynol-9 gel, she proceeds to slip her fingers under Taylor's black-silk panties like a spider. With a queer little smile, Manners plunges them into her pussy. Poor Taylor is pushed beyond her tolerance. She squirms, she wriggles, she finally sits bolt upright like the Bride of Frankenstein come to life, her eyes wide, her hair an electric frazzle, and breaks free of her tormentors. It was all too freaky, she would say later, even for her. As she leaps from the table, her place is immediately taken by a man as boyishly handsome as Harry Hamlin.

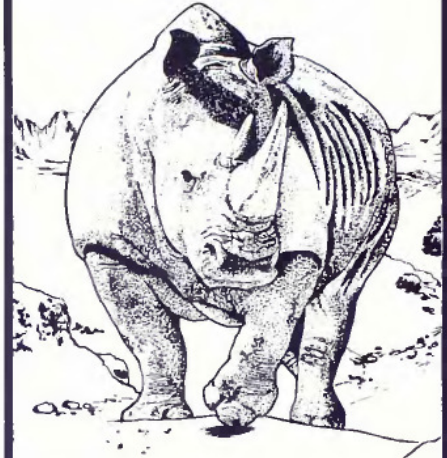
There were those who attended the party that night who believed that they had glimpsed the future of the sexual revolution. The party had somehow combined, they said, the wildness of the Sixties and Seventies with the prudence of the Eighties.

As the clock strikes midnight, we make our exit. On the streets outside, San Francisco's dandies are lining up to get inside the Paradise Lounge, Club DV8 and ten other dance palaces of the moment. But it all seems strangely pale after our trip through Buzz Bense's looking glass.

Part Two will appear next month.



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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

ME AND MY GRAND-DAD

MARIO LEMIEUX

(continued from page 129)

keep the divisional rivalries, and that's why the owners don't want to change it. The way the N.F.L. does it—with the wild cards—is the best system.

11.

PLAYBOY: While drug use is something of a problem in other sports, hockey players seem to restrict their substance abuse to alcohol. Why do you think that is?

LEMIEUX: We couldn't play hockey if we took drugs. The game's too fast. We couldn't survive with drugs. Alcohol is a little bit different. There are guys in the N.H.L. who like to go out after a game and drink five, six, seven, eight beers. It's a way to unwind, and it makes you go to bed a little earlier. That's the main reason.

12.

PLAYBOY: Which national anthem do you like better—*O Canada* or *The Star-Spangled Banner*?

LEMIEUX: Canada's has a nice melody to it, and it's got a good rhythm, too. Because I grew up in Canada, I tend to lean toward the Canadian side.

13.

PLAYBOY: A lot of hockey players think Winnipeg is the worst N.H.L. city to travel to. Last year, for example, when it was rumored that Czech defector Petr Klima might be traded to Winnipeg, he said he'd rather go back to Czechoslovakia. Which city do you think is the worst?

LEMIEUX: Winnipeg [laughs].

14.

PLAYBOY: Why hasn't hockey achieved greater popularity in the United States?

LEMIEUX: Because of the lack of TV coverage. There aren't any teams in the South and only one in the West Coast market. So we don't get the big coverage that basketball, football and baseball do. But a lot of people simply don't know enough about the game. Now that Gretzky's playing for L.A., he'll be able to attract more attention and people will see what a good game hockey is.

15.

PLAYBOY: Some people think hockey hasn't achieved the popularity of other sports here because of fighting. Should the league prohibit it?

LEMIEUX: Fighting isn't part of the game. We proved that in the Canada Cup. You had the best hockey in the world, and there was no fighting. Just clean, fast hockey. That's the way the game should be played.

Probably, the answer is to bring down the roster from eighteen to seventeen skaters. You'd get those "enforcer" guys out of the leagues. You'd get better hockey, better hockey players.

16.

PLAYBOY: For years, Wayne Gretzky has been considered the best player in hockey today and probably the best of all time. Now you're being called his successor. Will we soon be calling you the best of all time?

LEMIEUX: I don't think so. It's pretty hard to imagine that anyone could even come close to what Gretzky has accomplished. He holds something like forty-five records. It's probably going to take me five more years to do what he did. So I'd have to play fifteen years to accomplish what he would be able to do in ten.

17.

PLAYBOY: When they first see you play, some people are surprised at how effortless you make it look. How do you account for that?

LEMIEUX: I skate with a long stride, and that's why I sometimes look slow. But I can skate with all the good skaters in the league. And I don't like to skate for nothing. I look first, and anticipate, and try to be at the right spot at the right moment. That's why a lot of people say that I don't look as though I work hard. But I work my mind. That's a lot better than skating all over the place.

18.

PLAYBOY: Are there players in the N.H.L. who deliberately try to injure others?

LEMIEUX: Nobody goes out there with the intention of hurting somebody or ending another player's career. It would be really stupid for somebody to do that. We're all trying to make a living. But in the course of a game, tempers flare. It's an emotional game. Some of the guys do go crazy at times. They may lose control and do something stupid. But they certainly regret it afterward.

19.

PLAYBOY: We understand that the house you recently built has a wine cellar. What would you recommend for sitting at home and watching a hockey game?

LEMIEUX: Coors. [Laughs] I like California wine. That's what I drink most of the time. Some Bordeaux are also very good, but I usually go with a California cabernet.

20.

PLAYBOY: It's the seventh game of the Stanley Cup finals. Your team is down by one goal. With only a few seconds left, you score to tie the game after a spectacular end-to-end rush. But the referee disallows the goal because he lost sight of the puck. What do you say to him?

LEMIEUX: It wouldn't be pretty, let me tell you. I don't think you'd want to publish the words in this interview. I wouldn't be inviting him out for a beer after the game. That's for sure.



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"Ol' Blue Lips carried on a spat with Keith 'Voice o' Drano' Richards. Ain't crotchety old couples fun?"

We heard a lot of good old tunes last year and a few good new ones, courtesy of rock's Dorian Gray act.

Ol' Blue Lips toured down under, released *Primitive Cool* and carried on a yearlong spat with Keith "Voice o' Drano" Richards. Ain't crotchety old couples fun? Keith's solo LP features vocals so craggy that barnacles collect in the grooves, but it has outsold Mick's. So Keith crowed in *Rolling Stone*. "I think that there is on Mick's part a little bit of a Peter Pan complex. It's a hard job, being the front man. . . . You've got to think, in a way, that you're semidivine . . . that you don't have to go back and play Peter Pan and try to compete with Prince and Michael Jackson. . . . He can be a real asshole. . . . I admire the guy enormously."

C.S.N.&Y. cut their first album in 19 years, then reunited on stage in L.A. for a telethon staged by N., 47. Everybody blamed Y., 43, for keeping them apart so

long. C., 47, published a best seller, *Long Time Gone*. The title refers to portions of the author's memory. In his book, the porky tenor takes pains to make coke, heroin, Woodstock and frequent imprisonment—all the fun things about the Sixties—sound bad. Meanwhile, S., 44, was over in the corner squealing harmony about a constellation. **Steve Winwood**, 40, a pop star when teeny-poppers **Deb** and **Tiff** were zygotes, joined Clapton as co-front men for the year's biggest benefit, Michelob Aid. Accused of becoming a brewery pitchman à la **Bob Uecker**, 53, Winwood disavowed plans to record *Back in the Miller High Life Again*.

Setting the tone for the year by singing *I Will Survive* amid a forest of skeletons, **Jersey Garcia**, 46, stayed **Dead** and more alive than ever with the Grateful Dead's first top-ten hit.

Seeing the resurrection of so many who learned at his pelvis, Elvis could not pro-

long his tour down under. Bypassing big venues in favor of intimate gigs, he appeared in puddings, UFOs and velvet paintings in which his eyes eerily followed his fans. But when snot-nosed pretender **Bono**, 28, made a pilgrimage to Grace-land, the King got his Irish up. He blitzed Kalamazoo, Michigan, with a series of appearances at local sites, including a Burger King and a supermarket.

Eight years after his death, **John Lennon**, who would have been 48, got a star on Hollywood Boulevard. He made splashy returns in the adoring movie *Imagine: John Lennon* and in **Albert Goldman's** John-bashing book, *The Lives of John Lennon*. The author painted the **Beatle** as a childish egomaniac. Well, what did Albert Goldman, 100, expect from a man who claimed to be bigger than **Jesus**?

Jim Morrison spun in his grave. He was a revolving **Door**. He returned the way he would have wanted—as a 45-year-old man of letters in the tradition of fellow lushes **Dylan Thomas**, 74, and **Samuel Taylor Coleridge**, 216. His *Wilderness Volume 1: The Lost Writings of Jim Morrison* contained the immortal line "Some people have a hard time describing sailors to the undernourished."

The rock guru of the year was **Jack Healey**, 51, the ex-priest whose Amnesty International tour fought off corporate co-optation for a long time but finally gave in. Nike already had the license to *Revolution*—Reebok may as well have Amnesty.

Brian Wilson's boyhood buddy **Mike Love**, 47, took the Beach Boys to the crest with *Kokomo*, their first number-one single in 22 years.

Robert Plant, 40, got supplanted by **Deep Purple** veteran and Plant sound-alike **David Coverdale**, 37, of **Whitesnake** but didn't let it get him down. He cut *Now and Zen* and then made a whole lotta bucks on a Coke commercial. Plant's **Zeppelin** copilot **Jimmy Page**, 44, premiered a solo LP of his own. Zep lives!

Ringo sang *When You Wish upon a Star* on a Disney collection. That's Ringo, 48.

Paul, 46, collected royalties.

George, 46, produced movies, cut a thrillingly Beatleish single and, goofing around with pals, said, "Hey! Let's put on a show!" The buddies—**Roy Orbison**, 52 (who, sadly, died this past December), **Jeff Lynne**, 41, and **Tom Petty**, 38—drafted **Mr. Tambourine Man**, 47, and put together the **Traveling Wilburys**, a rock-and-soul quintet with five rhythm guitarists who all sing lead. Perfectly. When the history of rock is written, the oldest new band in rock's ever-lengthening chronicle will be *the* story of this era. Which makes sense. In a year of Peter Pan rockers, the record of the year featured a band with more total years on it than the United States of America. And it has a better beat.



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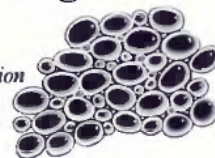
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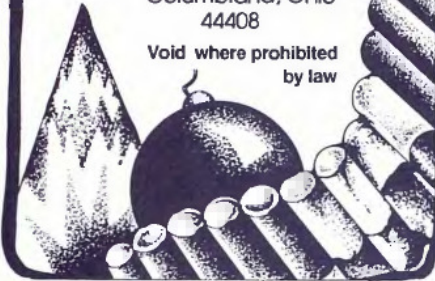
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karl malone

(continued from page 90)

pumps—in, out—as if he were ripping someone's heart out with one hand.

Eating barbecue in a fast-food place in Dallas called Cactus Jack's, Malone leaves his customized Mercedes—with the Ferrari side panels and MALMAN plates—in the parking lot, unlocked. There's a mobile phone resting on the dashboard that's just waiting to take a quick walk. But Malone is unconcerned: He carries himself as if betrayal never happened, as if the apple didn't get eaten.

"See that car outside?" he asks the steady stream of kids and adults who ask for his autograph. "Go inside, reach in the glove compartment. There are some pictures in there." Malone asks each fan his name, dedicates the picture and signs "Best wishes, Karl Malone, #32, Utah Jazz."

He extends this hospitality to women, as well. They love to rub up against him. Celebrated ladies have been known to call him up late at night and ask him to come holler at them—he has been known to oblige. When he walks down the street, he routinely gets coy glances—and unabashed stares—that most normal guys wait their entire lives for. At home, his answering machine is full of female voices. He returns calls—"Pauline, it's Karl. What up?"—and then sits back and listens as they tell him.

He was engaged during college ("I used to carry a pair of her panties around with me. I'm serious! I was possessed by this girl!") but broke it off during training camp his rookie year.

"You'd have to be an absolute nut to get married your first or second year in the league," he explains. "Unless you banged her up in high school and y'all got a set of twins. I was in L.A. at Magic Johnson's charity game and we had an after-game party. Some women used some lines on me that I wrote down!"

One particularly fine and wealthy young guest sidled up to him, told him what her father did for a living (soul of discretion, all he will say is that it was truly L.A.-impressive) and said, "I've been wanting you for a long time. How would you like to quit playing basketball and just come be with me?"

"If I was right out of the country," Malone says, "I might've fallen for that. Back home, you wait for that all your life."

As Malone has made the rounds the past few years, however, even that part of the game has grown old. He has met one too many travel agents, girls who will take him anywhere. "It's hard to meet a girl who likes you for you," he says. "I talk about it with my mom all the time. If I meet a girl, she's gonna have to pass the Shirley Malone test, have her morals in place, have

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ONE ON ONE

karl malone on the competition

Rebounders: "Hell, I hate to rebound; I want to shoot, but somebody's got to do the job. But there are guys who, when they tighten up their shoes before the game, are saying: 'Give me thirty boards tonight.' I look at them like, 'Fool, you're crazy.' These guys are talking about some glass. We call it 'eating glass.' That's all they like to do. They will run over the coaching staff and the referee and half the team out there to get that rebound—at all costs."

Buck Williams: "Crazy rebounder and will score. Doesn't have a long outside shot, doesn't put it on the floor a lot, runs the floor OK. But a crazy rebounder, loves rebounding. He doesn't do it like he used to, but maybe it's age."

Charles Oakley: "Stupid rebounder. *Stoopid*. All he wants to do is rebound. Sort of heavy-legged, doesn't run the floor really well. Really beefy, likes to bang. Doesn't care if he scores or not, just wants to rebound; every one of them is his."

Michael Cage: "He never gets tired of rebounding. I sometimes think he throws his shot up there to get rebound again, just for the hell of it."

Scoring: "A lot of people can score, but a lot of them can't score when it's on the line. Their nuts get tight and they can't shoot it. Sometimes that lump gets in your throat, that arm feels like it's about two hundred pounds, your legs can't jump. The pressures are awesome. There are a lot of starters in the game, everybody starts; but there are not too many finishers."

Larry Bird: "A lot of people said, 'Oh, he's white, they protect him.' Man, I wouldn't care if the guy were Haitian. If he's not the best player at that position, who is?"

Kevin McHale: "He's got a lot of moves inside. Doesn't rebound really well, doesn't run the floor really well. But he'll give you forty points. Anybody who can score on you and do the things he can do on you down there, you respect him."

Charles Barkley: "I don't agree with half the things he says, but when that horn blows, he's gonna play. I love Barkley to death; he's a cool guy. But sometimes I ask myself, 'What are you saying?'"

Rick Mahorn: "Biggest rear end in the N.B.A."

James Worthy: "Still the most underrated forward in the league. He is overshadowed by Magic and Kareem, but James Worthy won the championship for the Lakers last year. He's like a race horse, running you into the ground."

Michael Jordan: "He can do what he wants to, when he wants to and how he wants to. Tell him there is no way a human can do something, and he'll go do it and make you look like a fool. You stop him by letting him score thirty. Your arm's dangling, shorts are torn off, couple of cuts. Coach says, 'Hell of a job.'"

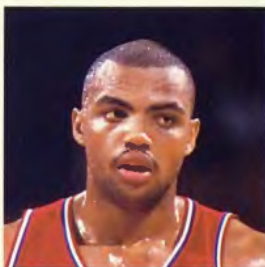
—PETER KNOBLER



Oakley: Stoopid Rebounder



Bird: Hoition Superstor?



Barkley: Tols in Tongues



Mahorn: Forny-tastic



Jordan: UndefendoBull

her own career.

"I'm not a monk; I love it. But you have to draw the line or you're just gonna sex yourself out until you can't perform. When I'm forty-five or fifty, this thing right here is still gonna be in perfect working order."

Malone is making several million dollars a year now. He just started his own construction company. Its first job was to build a new home for his mother. He has done the right thing. When he had problems with his first agents, he paid them off and fired them, rather than duke it out in court. "I put agents and drug dealers in the same boat," he says.

"He's a goodhearted person," says his mom. "He's just now beginning to realize the world is made up of different kinds of people. It hurts him to find out a person's not good. He's just a big ol' baby."

He's determined to keep moving forward. After the Jazz nearly sank the Lakers in the Western Conference semifinals, coach Layden called him in again. As Malone recalls it, "'Karl,' he told me, 'we go where you go. The responsibility is on your shoulders. When it's nut-cuttin' time, we'll be looking for you. Are you ready?' I said, 'I want the responsibility.'" This is his year.

As Malone sees it, the N.B.A. is undergoing a real power shift this season and he intends to be part of it. "It's new guys on the block now: Utah, Dallas, Detroit, Atlanta. You know who's going to take some waxing? The expansion teams. They'll wish they didn't come in."

"Throw L.A. and Boston in anywhere you want," he says, "but they will not dominate anymore. When Father Time comes knocking, you can't stop him."

As well as a shift in teams, there's also a new class of players about to reach the superstar level—he names Charles Barkley, Akeem Olajuwon, John Stockton, Patrick Ewing, Clyde Drexler—and Malone wants to stand with them. That's why he works out so hard in the summer, why he plays so hard in his games. "I don't want people to say, 'Well, he was good for a couple of years and then he coasted.' You got to earn respect on the court."

"A lot of guys in the league, they have a hell of a year and don't do nothing in the summer. They think their game can pick up from where it was. 'I finished the league second or third in rebounding, fourth or fifth in scoring, I can take this cruise.' It don't work like that. I have rolled out of bed a lot of summer mornings and asked myself, 'Why the hell am I doing this?' But, hey, I'm not as good as I want to be. This is a pivotal year for me. It could decide whether I'm going to be in that class or if I don't belong there."

Malone belongs, all right. He just won't believe it until his mom tells him so.



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

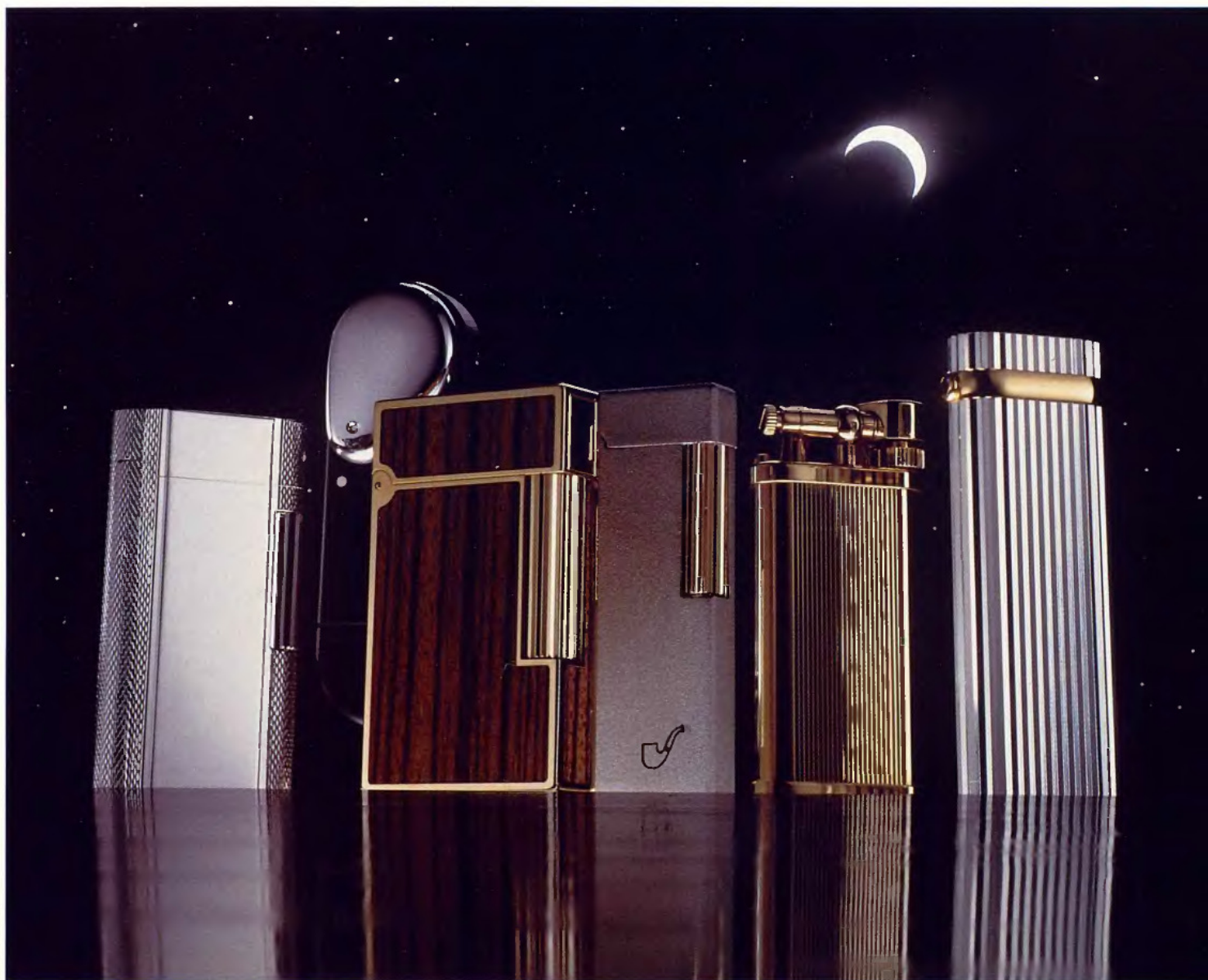
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

MY OLD FLAME

The heat is on, gentlemen, and it radiates from an old friend—the pocket lighter. An elegant accessory for an evening on the town or the ultimate source of instant fire, the pocket lighter's evolution includes the classic Zippo and a dazzling array of shapes and sizes. The latest pocket cigar lighters fire up with a split flame that's per-

fect for igniting a cherished cheroot; pipe smokers can opt for a lighter with an angled flame that won't burn the bowl of their favorite straight-grain. Other contemporary styles, such as the Gigi rotary-action quartz lighter or Cartier's silver-plated anniversary model with gold and sapphire accents, are the ideal urban companion when you're making night moves.

Below, left to right: Chrome-finished Contempo butane lighter, by Zippo, \$29.95. Gigi rotary-action quartz lighter, from Sointu, New York, \$25. S. T. Dupont cigar lighter in gold and zebrano wood delivers a split flame, available only from Davidoff Geneva, New York, \$560. Flint pipe lighter in a silver sandstone finish, by Colibri, \$19.95. The Unique, a gold-plated butane reproduction of the original Dunhill flint lighter, from Alfred Dunhill of London, Chicago, \$325. Cartier's elegant silver-plated 20th-anniversary lighter with a gold band and a sapphire, \$420.



SUPER SHOPPING



Wheel Right skates are easy-to-use one-size-fits-all road huggers with great stability, no-wear wheels and replaceable brakes, from J. S. Wheelwright, North Billerica, Massachusetts, \$169.

The Stix AM/FM stereo radio has the skinny on great portable sound. Two separate balance controls calibrate speaker levels and a built-in antenna improves reception. Stix comes in six looks, from Hyman Products, St. Louis, \$39.95.



The ZBB personal computer weighs less than two pounds and is less than a foot long but can store information, download data into or out of your desktop PC and is a word processor with spreadsheet capability, plus a daily diary, a calculator and a calendar, from Cambridge North America, Portland, Maine, \$549.

Touch any of the 19 time zones on the city panel and the World Time Voice Alarm will announce city name and time and display date, time and time zone, by Seiko, \$125.



Each dark-oak Bar Billiards table is a restored antique ready for two or four to play the 50-year-old English pub game, from Bar Billiards, U.S.A., Studio City, California, \$2500.





Uovo Novo's miniaturized games put the action in your pocket. Roulette wheel (top) with poker dice and chips; poker dice (above), regular dice, chips and puzzle; and dominoes (above left), checkers, dice and chips in fold-away cases, from Plus U.S.A., Closter, New Jersey, \$14.95 each.



Designed by the Chicago Bears' punky quarterback himself, Jim McMahon's BluBlocker Deluxe sunglasses block 100 percent of the UV and blue-spectrum rays and have mirrored lenses to reflect the rebel in you, from BluBlocker Corporation, Northbrook, Illinois, \$49.95.



The Ferrari Lamp is an authentic side-view mirror from a Ferrari Testarossa, mounted on a 13" x 9" base. The mirror/lamp in the foot-high unit moves up or down at the turn of a toggle to illuminate a small or large area, from l'art et l'automobile, New York, \$1900.

Net Worth

Actress **ANDREA LUND** knows that basic black is a fashion statement—a dramatic one, at that. You'll see Andrea in *Road House* on the big screen this summer and in an old episode of *Ohara* on TV. Until she reappears in public, *Grapevine* offers you this photo of Andrea for your private screening pleasure.



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Time Is on His Side—Yes, It Is

Maybe **KEITH RICHARDS** didn't get what he wanted—a Stones tour—but he got what he needed, a chance to get out on the road and play. Last year belonged to the icons of rock, especially Keith. *Talk Is Cheap* got hot fast, his concerts sold out in minutes and his video was a hoot. Let's get going, Mick!



© ROBERT MATHEU

Made in America

Lead singer **MICKEY FINN** is one of five guys in a new band, Jetboy, whose album, *Feel the Shake*, is making its way up the charts. Says Finn, "We really appeal to a lot of different types; we get lots of girls at every show. That's cool, but we'll get people from metalheads to punks and everything in between." Bands in the Guns n' Roses mode are what's happening and Jetboy is rallying round the flag.

Sweet Seasonings

This girl group, SALT 'N' PEPA, started out with a different name, but since they sing together like you know what... well, you get the idea. The album's called *A Salt with a Deadly Pepa*, the video's a new version of *Twist and Shout* and a national tour is in the works. A pinch of this, a shake of that and it's showtime.



© ANDY CATLIN / LFI



© S. TUCKER / LFI

Almost Grown

Bob's baby boy, ZIGGY MARLEY, took off last year. Singing with his group, the Melody Makers, Ziggy's album *Conscious Party* went gold. He's just come off the road and is in the studio working on a new LP. The smile is fresh and contagious. We'll be watching him.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Jane's Game

JANE WIEDLIN isn't just an ex-Go-Go anymore. Her debut solo album *Fur* produced a top-ten hit, *Rush Hour*. Jane has appeared in *Clue*, *Star Trek IV* and *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure*, adding an acting career to the rock roller-coaster life. Looks like Jane has jumped out all the way.



Queen of the B's

DAWN WILDSMITH has appeared in more feature films—including the immortal *Surf Nazis Must Die*—in four years than any other actress.

© OAN GOLDEN

HOW SWEAT IT IS

If the sight of our model pictured at left isn't enough to get your perspiration flowing, there's Sweet Sweat—a curious ointment that you rub on before taking a sauna or exercising in order to quickly break into a sweat.

Perspiring profusely burns calories more quickly, and

Sweet Sweat can be worn under workout clothes or even when swimming, and it won't stain or easily come off in the water. (Of course, we tried the product ourselves and can attest to its effectiveness.) A 6.5-oz. jar (it should last you about three months) sells for \$22.95, postpaid, sent to Sports Research Corporation, 795 Channel Street, San Pedro, California 90731. Or look for Sweet Sweat in health clubs, drugstores and sporting-goods stores. Let's get wet—and wild!



SCOTCH AND THE BIG APPLE

Since three times more Scotch is sold in New York than in any other city in the U.S., it only figures that The Scotch Whisky Information Center at 415 Madison Avenue, New York 10017, would offer a nifty 22" x 36" map titled "The New York Scotch Whisky Trail" that pinpoints 125 "Scotch stops"—bars and restaurants that offer an exceptional selection of Scotch or are simply very special places where a Scotch would go down nicely. The map is only \$2, postpaid, sent to the address above. We'll drink to that!



HATS OFF TO TIMBUKTU

Back in the Twenties, there was a safari company named the Timbuktu Traders & Safari Outfitters, Ltd., which specialized in hunts for wealthy sportsmen. The company is long gone, but a reproduction of its famous logo affixed to the front of a navy cotton-twill baseball cap is available from Stanley & Stanley, 250 West 54th Street, Suite 800, New York 10019, for \$21.50, postpaid. (It's adjustable to head sizes.) Wear it on your next adventure—such as walking through Central Park.



IF YOU KNEW SUZUKI LIKE WE KNOW SUZUKI

The American Suzuki Motor Corporation has recently introduced a new pocket rocket to its automotive line, and if you're shopping for a pint-sized front-wheel-drive powerhouse of a car that's priced just under \$9000, we suggest that you give the Swift GTi a spin. This little egg-shaped car is as quick as it is cute. Under the hood is a 1.3-liter, 16-valve, dual-overhead-cam engine that delivers 100 hp and will move you down the road from 0 to 60 in just 8.18 seconds. A five-speed manual gearbox or a three-speed automatic is available and there are all kinds of jazzy accessories, too, including custom aluminum wheels and a leather steering wheel. The colors to choose from are black, white and red. Drive on!

YUKS ARE US

Tracey Moore's company, The Joke's on You!, is unique; as far as we know, it's the only business in the world dedicated to creating and performing practical jokes. Clumsy waitresses and seductive ex-girlfriends are part of The Joke's on You!'s bag of tricks and they'll also custom-create gags. Prices begin at \$200 for a 30-minute practical joke performed in the New York City area. From there on, you can get as elaborate as you want. A call to 212-586-3700 will get you more information.



SCUBA DO!

Last month, you'll remember, we published *Deep Thrills*, Geoffrey Norman's excellent article on the sexy world of scuba diving. If that didn't turn you on to the sport, there's *Scuba: The First Time*—a 49-minute video that's intended to be "a step-by-step introduction to diving to parallel your beginning dive course, from classroom to pool to open water." Trans Pacific Productions, P.O. Box 9494, Marina Del Rey, California 90291, sells the tape for \$34.95, postpaid. And if you're not into diving, *Scuba: The First Time* is still a real delight to watch.



GETTING INTO DEBTMAN

Did you know that the national debt increased at a rate of \$8000 per second? And that the earth's equator could be spanned by the national debt, in dollar bills, 38,478 times? Well, if you find that fact intriguing, you'll certainly want to own Debtman, a mini-computer housed in a 5" x 2" black metal cylinder that calculates the national debt second by second. (It's also a clock and a calendar, displaying the time, the day, the month and the year.) Just \$39.95 sent to O.S.E.A., P.O. Box 5032, Pasadena, California 91107, will get you into Debtman quick.



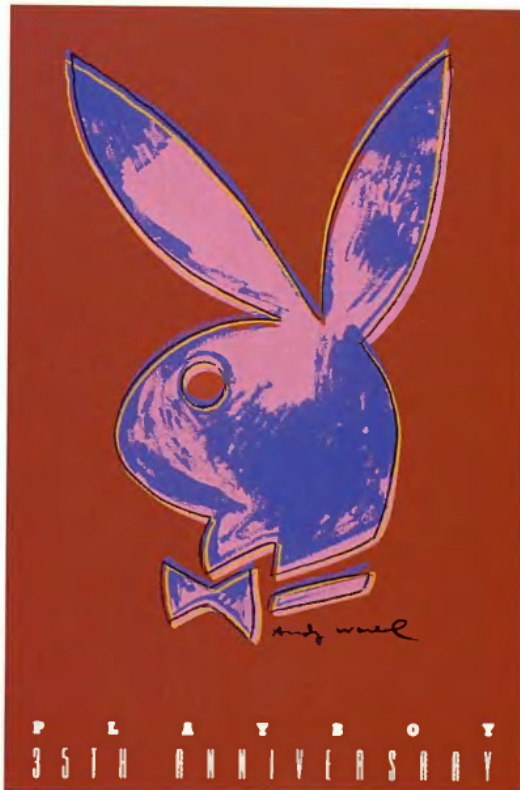
PHANTOM GAMBIT

Sitting down to a game of chess with Fidelity International's Phantom is like playing a match with the Invisible Man. Pieces move by themselves and you can even program the Phantom to play itself. Furthermore, there are various levels of difficulty and the Phantom will even offer you suggestions on which piece to move if you're stumped on what to do next. You can find the game at electronics stores for \$495. Truly ghostly.



OWN YOUR OWN WARHOL

Special Editions Ltd. and Mirage Editions, Inc., 1658 Tenth Street, Department 711, Santa Monica, California 90404, have teamed up as part of *Playboy's* 35th Anniversary to offer this 36" x 24" six-color hand-printed serigraph on 100 percent archival paper of the Warhol Rabbit, which originally appeared on our January 1986 cover. The price: only \$55, postpaid, and none will be produced after December 1989. For credit-card orders outside California, call 800-228-8819; inside California, call 213-450-2240. And hop to it.



P L A Y B O Y
35TH ANNIVERSARY

NEXT MONTH



NA ZDOROVIE, NATALYA



HUMAN FLY



FINE DESIGN



TEEN LUST

"THE MAN WE LOVE TO HATE"—GERALDO RIVERA, THE EMERGENT PRINCE OF TRASH TV, TAKES A RISKY SCHUSS WITH PAL CHEECH AND LETS DOWN HIS GUARD IN A FIGHTING PROFILE BY **BILL ZEHME**

"THE HUMAN FLY"—A DEATH-DEFYING DAREDEVIL AND HIS PUBLICIST PLAN A STUNT THAT WOULD HAVE EVEL KNEIVEL SHAKING IN HIS BOOTS—FICTION BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

RICHARD LEWIS, OUR FAVORITE NEUROTIC COMIC, DESCRIBES BEING ANALYZED BY **DR. RUTH** AND LOOKS FOR THE PERFECT MATE (HIMSELF IN DRAG?) IN A FRENETIC **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"BURNING DESIRES"—PART TWO OF THE BOOK THAT DETAILS THE SEXUAL LANDSCAPE OF AMERICA: HOW TEENS HANDLE LUST. A CLOSE-UP LOOK AT HANDS-ON SEX EDUCATION AND A PERSONAL MESSAGE TO **TIPPER GORE** FROM THE **BEASTIE BOYS**—BY **STEVE CHAPPLE** AND **DAVID TALBOT**

"FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE"—GLASNOST REALLY DOES MEAN FULL EXPOSURE: COMRADES, WE BRING YOU A SIZZLING PICTORIAL STARRING **NATALYA NEGODA**, THE SEDUCTIVE SOVIET ACTRESS WHO'S CREATING A SENSATION HERE AND IN MOSCOW

"BATTER UP"—OUR FIRST-EVER BASEBALL PREVIEW IS THE NEXT-BEST THING TO BEING THERE. *PLAYBOY'S* UNCANNY PREDICTIONS FOR THIS YEAR'S HITS AND MISSES—BY **KEVIN COOK**

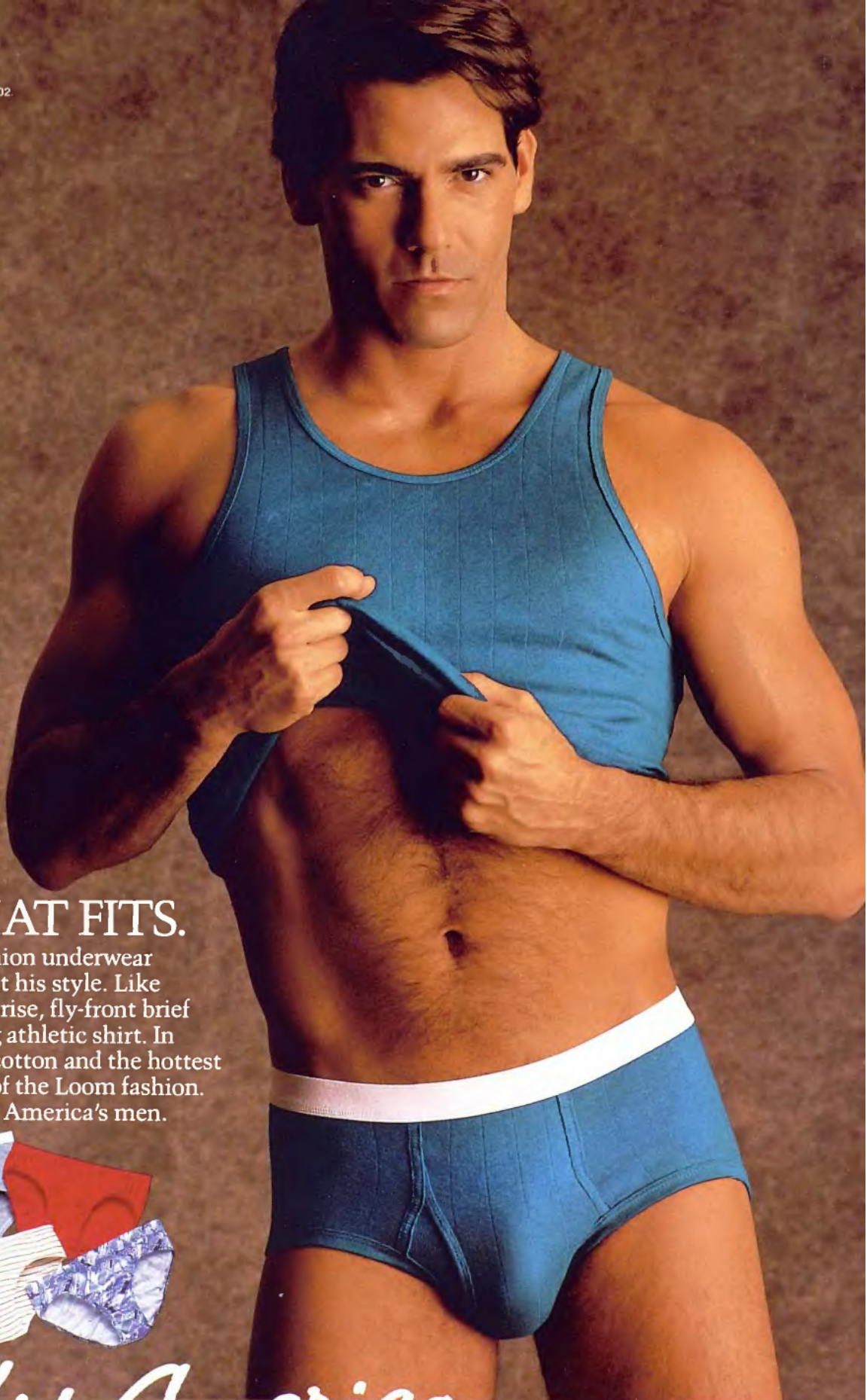
"SCANDAL"—BEHIND THE SCENES OF A STEAMY NEW FILM, STARRING **BRIDGET FONDA**, **BRITT EKLAND**, **JOANNE WHALLEY** AND **JOHN HURT**, ABOUT THE AFFAIR THAT TOPPLED THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

SUSAN SARANDON, HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST MATURE WOMAN, TALKS ABOUT THE ROMANCE THAT FOLLOWED HER OFF SCREEN AND COMPARES THE MAKING OF *THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK* TO GUNRUNNING IN AN OUTSPOKEN **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU"—FOLLOW THE CREW OF THE STARSHIP HOPEFUL AS IT MAKES CONTACT WITH ALIENS AND FINDS THAT IMITATION MAY NOT BE THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY—SCIENCE FICTION BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

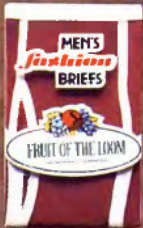
PLUS: **DONNY LALONDE**, THE GOLDEN BOY WHO FLOORED **SUGAR RAY LEONARD**, IN SOME KNOCK-OUT SPORT SUITS; A VISIT WITH PROLIFIC DESIGNER **GIORGETTO GUIGIARO**, WHO CREATES EVERYTHING FROM PASTA TO CARS; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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We fit America





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