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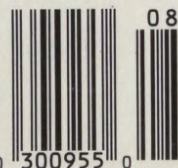
THE INSIDE STORY
OF A RAGING BULLY

*"THE BEST
PUNCH I EVER
THREW WAS
AT ROBIN
GIVENS."*

WOMEN OF WALL STREET



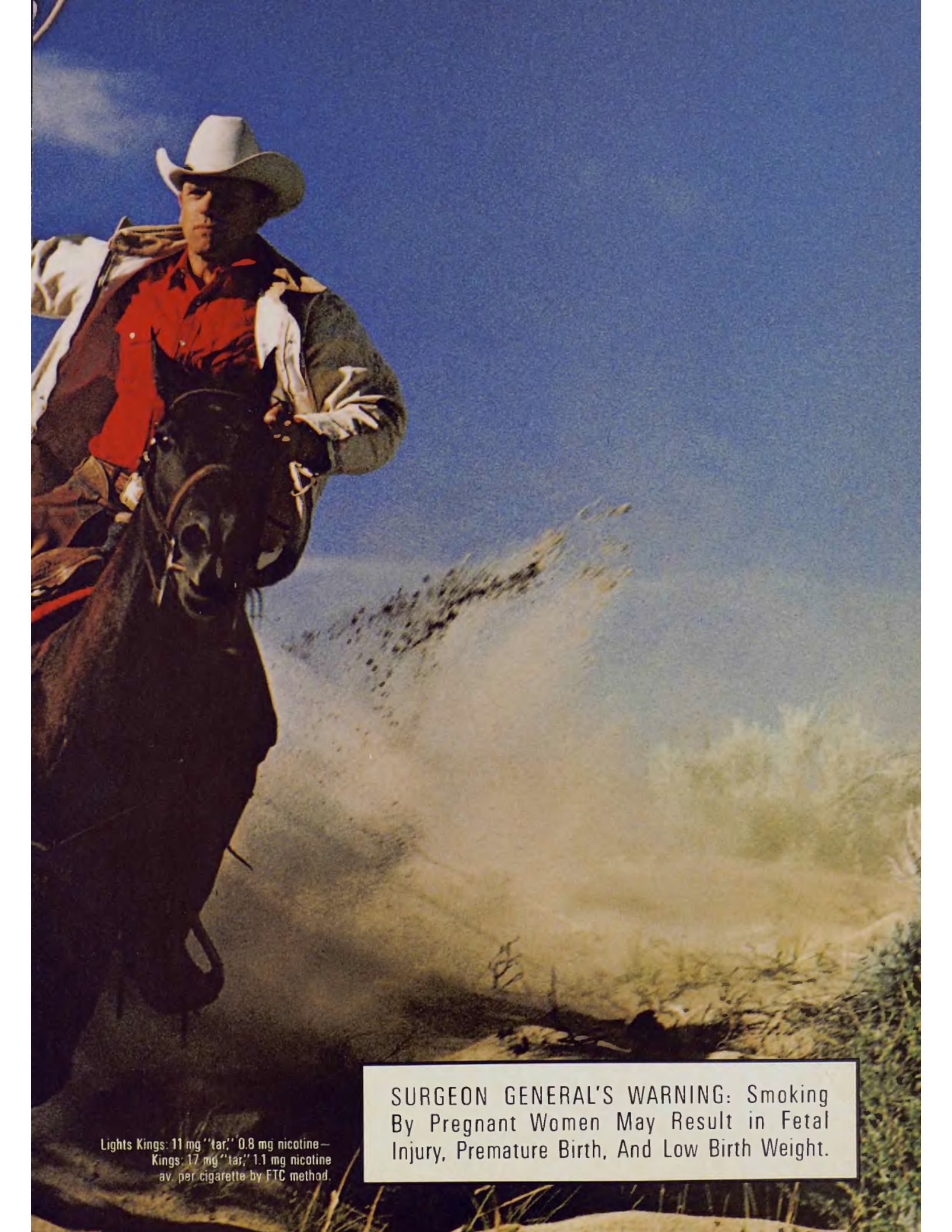
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PLAYBILL

THE DOG DAYS of summer are upon us. We suggest that you take it very easy and while you wait for a cool breeze—or any breeze—pick up this month's *Playboy* to sense a different kind of heat. Who is **Mike Tyson**, really? Is he the guy the media have both lionized and vilified? Or is he someone else? To find out, read our excerpt from **José Torres'** book *Fire and Fear* (published by Warner Books in the U.S. and Star Books in the British Commonwealth). Our illustration is by **Aaron Hicks**. Torres was a boxer before he became a journalist, and his is a compelling account of life in and out of the ring. The real story, devoid of the superficial glitz you may have read elsewhere, makes you feel for Tyson, even though he has some serious problems.

Speaking of having problems (can we segue or what?), have you ever pondered all the tiny points of etiquette involved in living with your lover? Successful cohabitation is hard work, so you'll probably need some help from **Denis Boyles's** *The Thinking Man's Guide to Living with Women*, with art by **Michel Guire Vaka**. And if you and your best girl do settle down together, for just an evening or much longer, it's not out of the question to experience an occasional glitch in your machinery. What do you do when you can't get it up? First, relax. Then read **Patrick Anderson's** *In Praise of Patient Women*.

Did you find yourself wondering why the Senate Armed Services Committee couldn't give **John Tower** a break? A drink and a bimbo, right? Big deal. Check out *The Geneva Sex Zoo*, based on more than 1000 pages of confidential documents researched and reported on by the London *Sunday Times'* **Mark Hosenball**, with illustrations by **Steve Brodner**. This is the real inside info on which **Senator Sam Nunn** based his "no" vote.

Playwright and film maker **David Mamet's** essay *A Time for Mickey Mouse* asks, How come the wonderful world of Disney has turned into a high-priced mousetrap? When it comes to modern amusement parks, Mamet pines for the good old days of carnival games, shooting galleries and cheap cotton candy. The illustration is by Managing Art Director **Kerig Pope**.

The *Playboy Interview* with **John Cougar Mellencamp** by one of our able music reviewers, **Charles M. Young**, is a delight. Mellencamp is articulate, funny and interesting—words not always used to describe rock-and-rollers. **Bob Crane's** *20 Questions* with party monster **John Candy** asks the immortal questions, including, Why is big, well, so big these days? Candy's photograph was taken by the great **George Hurrell**. Our fiction this month, *Too Many Crooks*, brings the return of **Donald E. Westlake's** very best creation, Dortmund, who discovers during an attempted bank heist that someone has beaten him to it.

We have a couple of great visuals for you, but then, we're known all over the globe for that, aren't we? First, there's a pictorial on the *Women of Wall Street*, with text by a guy who knows his stuff, **Louis Rukeyser**, whose show *Wall Street Week* charts the stock action. (For more from the PBS pundit, get *Louis Rukeyser's Business Almanac*, from Simon & Schuster.) Here he charts the rise of corporate women on the Street—while we show you that being smart and looking great are bullish. Take a good look, too, at a new Bond girl, May 1988 Playmate **Diana Lee**, in our pictorial *Licence to Thrill*, then go watch her spectacular opening sequence in the latest James Bond film, *Licence to Kill*, starring **Timothy Dalton**. For all you Bond maniacs, we also have *Vide007: Playboy's Guide to Bond on Tape*, compiled by **Garry Kluger**. And if Wall Street and James Bond aren't enough of a kick for you, we also present *Off with Their Clothes!*, a 200th birthday salute to the French Revolution. It stars March 1987 Playmate **Marina Baker** as Marie Antoinette and was photographed by **Byron Newman**. Just in case your Italian is rusty, *amore* means love. We do love our August Playmate, **Gianna Amore**, and you will, too. What else can we offer you? How about **Eric Dickerson** dressed to the nines, without helmet and knee pads? Or four pages of great toys for the boys? Or trendy new drinks and attaché cases? You name it, we've got it. When you finish this, you'll feel a lot cooler. As in hipper.



TORRES



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BOYLES



VAKA



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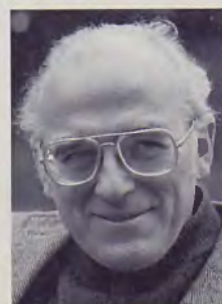
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 36, no. 8—august 1989

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COVER STORY

Looking to invest in the bare market? Turn to *Women of Wall Street*. Cover model Brandi Brandt dresses for success with the help of stylist Lee Ann Perry, make-up artist Pat Tomlinson and hair stylist John Victor. A Mark Cross briefcase and a pin by 1928 Jewelry Co. complete the look for a cover designed by Art Director Tom Staebler and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. The Rabbit dabbles in stock.

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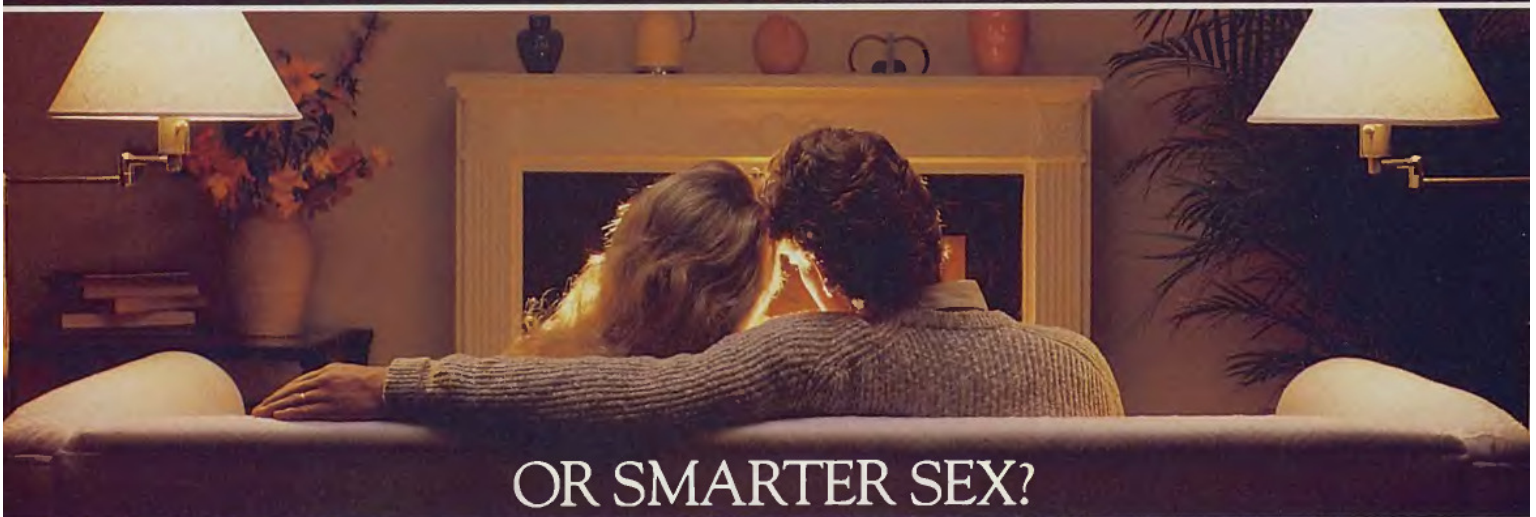
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SARANDON INTERVIEW

Of the *Playboy Interviews* that I've read, the one with Susan Sarandon (*Playboy*, May) impresses me most. I admire the strong self-determination she brought to this down-to-earth interview. She definitely deserves the recognition she has received for her fine acting and her political views. Sarandon is one classy lady!

Ted Kirby
Pontiac, Michigan

Your interview with Susan Sarandon at first appears promising, even fresh. Instead, it turns into a tabloidlike exploitation of her personal life.

Dreux DeMack
Tulsa, Oklahoma

ALASKAN OIL SPILL

As the enormity of the damage caused by the Exxon oil spill off the coast of Valdez, Alaska, becomes more obvious with each news update, I remember that several years ago, when the pipeline was being constructed, *Playboy* ran a wonderful article on it and the town of Valdez. I've searched through my back issues of *Playboy* but can't seem to find it. What issue is it in, and who is the author?

Elmer Greenly
Amarillo, Texas

The article, titled, ironically, "Going Down in Valdez," was written by Harry



Illustration from 1975's *Going Down in Valdez*. Crews and appears in the February 1975 issue. It contains a chilling foreshadowing of

the Exxon disaster in a comment made to *Crews on a flight over Valdez Bay*: "This is where the tankers'll come in to pick up the oil off the pipeline. Seems a shame to ruin that water. Won't be fit to wash your feet in when they git through with it."

To quote Exxon official Don Cornett's cavalier remarks on the cost of the Alaskan oil spill—"It's just like any other normal expense of doing business. If it gets to the consumer, that's where it gets." If that is Exxon's normal way of doing business, how many more captains with a history of alcohol abuse does it employ, and what is considered a normal background check on employees?

Willis H. Goldsmith
La Mesa, California

A GERALDO FAN SPEAKS

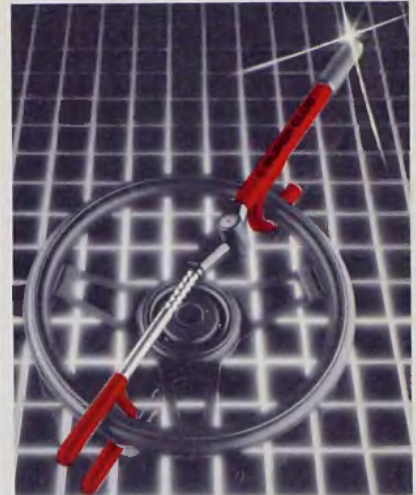
I just finished reading *Just Don't Call Him Jerry*, Bill Zehme's profile of Geraldo Rivera (*Playboy*, May). One may describe Rivera's show as a trip to the supermarket check-out counter (i.e., tabloid television), but no one can call his topics fictional. You can take Geraldo off the air, but the issues he focuses on won't go away. His show provides a forum for topics that are real, and if they're not being addressed on the "respectable" talk shows, then Geraldo is providing a service for the American television-viewing public.

Randy J. Maniloff
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BASEBALL PREVIEW

Contributing Editor Kevin Cook's *Playboy's 1989 Baseball Preview* (May) is off on two points. First of all, my beloved Red Sox will not go 90 up, 72 down, as he suggests; they will start off 91-0, finish 0-71 and lose the division on October first to a Cleveland team that will reward its long-suffering faithful with a .750 summer and a .500 September to take the division when Milwaukee's Paul Molitor hits a two-run

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homer off Rob Murphy in the ninth at Fenway (after the Tribe loses its season finale earlier that day).

Second, Cook's reference to the Cubs as a "goombah franchise" is a little off; goombah implies friend, pal. I'm sure Cook and Cub fans everywhere think of the Frey-Zimmer tag team as many things, with friend nowhere on the list. I believe the word Cook is looking for is *cafone*, which loosely translated means "one who shits where he eats."

Aside from those two minor details, this is the best baseball piece I've read in quite some time, obviously written by a fan's fan. Here's hoping it's an annual feature.

Dana Cieslak
East Boston, Massachusetts

Finally, after years of giving your readers previews of pro and college football and basketball, your first baseball preview comes crashing through more dramatically than a Kirk Gibson homer in the ninth inning. Kevin Cook's predictions are more powerful than a Jose Canseco tater, hotter than a Roger Clemens fastball and more vicious than a George Steinbrenner media assault.

John Kastanes
Chicago, Illinois

Thank you for *Playboy's 1989 Baseball Preview*, by Kevin Cook. As a sports enthusiast, I always look forward to your sports-

preview issues, and as a fanatical baseball fan, I eagerly read Cook's article to see where he projects my Seattle Mariners will finish in the American League West. Now, I know that the Mariners have not done much to gain respect (never a winning season in their history), but it doesn't help when something wrong is written about them. To wit, Cook refers to a trident on their caps. In fact, since last season, the Mariners have worn a large yellow S on their caps. And it is *not* true that the S is attached with Velcro to facilitate a quick and inexpensive change of letter to represent a new city when they move. Remember the Twins! From obscurity to world champions. Go, Seattle Mariners!

Gary Kelly
Trenton, Washington

Cook says:

Dumb me. The Ms do wear an S on their caps these days, making them the S Ms. For more on S/M, check "The Playboy Advisor" or ask an Ms fan.

THAT GLASNOST GIRL

Leapin' Lenin! It was only a matter of time before *glasnost* came to glamor. After seeing those dynamite photos of Natalya Negoda in *That Glasnost Girl* (*Playboy*, May), I'm convinced that the Soviets have at last found their counterpart to Marilyn Monroe.

Stephen F. Barcus
Palmdale, California

I simply cannot understand why there is any animosity between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. when the Soviets have such ambassadors of good will as Natalya Negoda.

I just want to go out and take Russian-language lessons. Negoda should be paraded



From Russia, with love.

through Red Square on May Day. She is definitely a devastating weapon.

Brian Gillum
Fort Greely, Alaska

TO PROVE HOW LONG RAIN



A joining of perfections—body, pose, photography! The poetry of Natalya's cover portrait will stay in my mind as happily as did Wordsworth's vision of daffodils.

Elliott W. Michener
El Monte, California

Of course, I'm in love with Natalya. But are you sure you photographed the same girl who appears in that Russian movie?

Oh, yes, she could have let her hair grow and had it tinted and curled. But how could she have hidden those prominent ribs that we can count in the scene from the movie on page 143? Has she been eating better since *Little Vera* was made?

Millard H. Perstein
Sedona, Arizona

A lot better, Millard.

HEIMEL INSPIRES BACHELORHOOD

Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column continues to remind me why I am not married and why I refuse to get married.

Samuel Magnusson
Tampa, Florida

CROCODILE TEARS

In your May fashion pictorial *Loafing in Style*, you show a loafer made from crocodilian skin. The backdrop for the photo is also made of crocodilian skin.

We realize that you believe that these

skins were legally obtained and that the specimens were raised on farms, but this is probably not true. Unlike fur mammals, which can be readily bred on farms, reptiles are considerably more difficult to work with and do not breed easily in captivity. Economies of scale prevail, and it's much cheaper to import reptiles caught in the wild than it is to breed them. Although crocodiles, alligators and caymans are bred commercially, a staffer at TRAFFIC, a world-wide network that monitors illegal trade in wildlife under the sponsorship of the World Wildlife Fund, has estimated that 90 to 98 percent of all reptilians used for skin products are actually caught in the wild and "laundered" through farms, mainly those in Southeast Asia.

We ask for your support in stopping the promotion of any product made from reptile skins.

Giovanni Fagioli, President
Paula Gregory, Treasurer
Pacific Northwest Herpetological Society
Bellevue, Washington

We share your concern about the sale and display of illegally obtained hides. The skins shown in "Loafing in Style" were legally obtained from nonendangered species. The shipment of skins from which those came were part of the 40,000-skin export quota of

Guyana, approved and inspected by officials from the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES). It's worth noting that American manufacturers who make shoes and other products from exotic animal skins generally sell products made from legally imported, nonendangered skins. The best advice we can give our readers is that when buying exotic skin and leather goods, it's best to buy American.

OUR FIRST NOEL

Your May Playmate, Monique Noel, made me look twice. Hats off for bringing out the best in a truly sexy woman.

Donald Ferguson III
San Diego, California

Monique Noel is without question the most beautiful woman to grace a gatefold since the incomparable Lonny Chin did so back in January of 1983. I look forward to seeing marvelous Monique on what I hope will be a regular basis in future issues of *Playboy* and in *Playboy* Special Editions. I am also hopeful that this very special lady will merit a featured spot in one of *Playboy's* upcoming video ventures. My VCR and I shall wait with bated breath.

Jan Richard Gorlin
Maplewood, New Jersey



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FRIDAY, 9 PM



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AND ITS GIN.

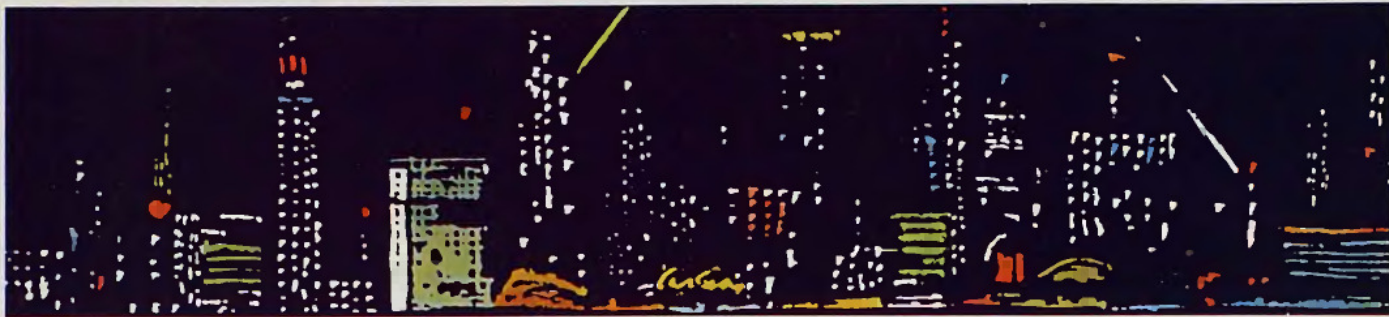


THE GIN OF ENGLAND. AND THE WORLD.

GORDON'S®

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



IN THEIR CUPS

The invitation said, quite unmistakably, "You are invited to a Royce Two-Seventy Festivity. . . . Edward Maeder, curator of costumes and textiles, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, will deliver his internationally famous slide-illustrated lecture 'The Rise and Fall of the Female Breast.' Reception to follow." Since we simply love receptions, how could we resist?

The Royce Two-Seventy lecture series is quite a proper University of California at Los Angeles event. The name refers to the elegant little hall in which the lectures are held. Professorial types gather there to discuss the future of art in America and whether or not the theater is dead. They do not, as a rule, show up to hear a talk about boobs. But there they were, on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, dressed in their best tweeds, gentlemen with bow ties, ladies with sensible hairdos, the sherry-and-brie crowd, assembled to hear the man who was introduced to us as the "Young Pretender to the Throne of Diana Vreeland" talk about tits.

As it turns out, Maeder is an affable, bearded cherub of a fellow in his early 40s who gave his first lecture on hooters at a conference on the state of the breast attended by 365 plastic surgeons in Santa Fe four years ago. He originally wanted to call his lecture "In Search of the Breast" or "We Know You're There," because one thing he had noticed, studying the costumes of the past 4500 years, is that not only do breasts move around in fashion, they also come and go.

For 45 minutes, as dozens of slides were flashed before us on a pair (heh, heh) of screens, that's exactly what this erudite audience watched breasts do. From the Gothic slouch to the monobosom, from the breastless flappers of the Twenties to the Frederick's look of the Fifties, breasts came and breasts went. Breasts headed east and breasts headed west. Breasts merged into one and breasts separated into two.

We learned that the phrase bosom friend came from a chest warmer made of fur or wool worn in the Middle Ages. We discovered that the brassiere was invented by one Otto Titslinger ("This is a real

name!" exclaimed Maeder).

Where do breasts stand at the moment? Not surprisingly, Maeder noted that these days, more is more, and fashion is reflecting that. He said he had recently seen an ad for erect-nipple falsies, selling for \$29.95 per set, for those who want that sudden-chill-at-the-beach look all year round. ("My husband makes those," said a woman in the audience just a bit defensively. "We live very nicely, thanks to falsies.")

What's next for Maeder? He's presenting a paper at the Smithsonian in 1990—on the codpiece. We suppose there can be too much of a good thing.

DEAR ERROL . . .

What happens to a film director who makes a movie about a prison inmate that results in overturning the con's life sentence and his eventual release? In the case of Errol Morris, he winds up with a mailbox full of letters from pleading inmates who claim that they, too, have gotten a bad rap.

"I received a good number of letters from convicts asking me to take up their cases," said the New York director whose celebrated documentary *The Thin Blue*

Line uncovered testimony that prompted a state appeals court in Texas to upend the 13-year-old conviction of Randall Dale Adams. "I wasn't at all tempted to follow up on those letters, though," said Morris. "What I did with Adams was a long, three-and-a-half-year struggle, and I hope never to go through it again."

Despite his disclaimer, Morris' next movie *will* take on the case of another accused killer. His upcoming film, *The Trial of King Boots*, is based on the truth-is-stranger-than-fiction story of a prize-winning old English sheep dog put on trial for murder.

TAKE MY NUMBER, PLEASE

New Jersey Bell now offers a service whereby, for \$6.50 per month, the phone number from which a person is calling you is displayed on your telephone. Pennsylvania Bell and New York Telephone are awaiting the OK from state utility regulators to do the same. One possible hitch is a legal challenge by civil libertarians, who claim the service invades the privacy of callers, shattering, we suppose, the anonymity of heavy breathers, teenage pranksters and people who use hotlines.

RAIL-LIFE ADVENTURES

Bobb Hopkins has this idea about traveling America on "zero dollars a day." Hopkins, a Los Angeles actor and real-estate speculator who rides boxcars on weekends and is founder of the National Hobo Association, says he is a "Yuppie hobo." And there are some 3000 hobo hobbyists like him—if his association's mailing list is any indication.

The bimonthly newsletter *Hobo Times* and the booklet *Hobo Travel Guide* are Hopkins' manifestoes to aspiring itinerants. *Hobo Times* (\$18 per year) is a window into rail life, the center spread filled with trackside shots of such pseudonymous 'bos as Wanderin' Wills, Sidecar Sam and Hopalong Chet. Among the regular departments: "Vagabond Verses," "Hobo Horoscope" and "Rail Tales," in which Hopkins once told of proposing to his bride-to-be on a breath-taking hitch along





Richard Marx—Repeat Offender (EMI) 380915



Milli Vanilli—Girl You Know It's True (Arista) 379610

GREAT

- Tone-Loc—Loc'ed After Dark (Delicious Vinyl) 379875**
- Tanita Tikaram—Ancient Heart (Reprise) 381038**
- Wendy & Lisa—Fruit At The Bottom (Columbia) 380386**
- XTC—Oranges & Lemons (Geffen) 380253**
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- The Chick Corea Akoustic Band (GRP) 379691**
- Skid Row (Atlantic) 379602**
- Def Jam Classics, Vol.1 (Del.Jam/Columbia) 379545**
- Hiroshima—East (Epic) 379321**
- Charlie Sexton (MCA) 379230**
- George Strait & His Orch.—Beyond The Blue Neon (MCA) 379198**
- Paul Dean—Hard Core (Columbia) 379164**
- Simply Red—A New Flame (Elektra) 378943**
- Lyle Lovett—Lyle Lovett and His Large Band (MCA) 378935**
- The Replacements—Don't Tell A Soul (Sire/Reprise) 378927**
- Lisa Lisa—Straight To The Sky (Columbia) 378893**
- Midge Ure—Answers To Nothing (Chrysalis) 378766**
- New Order—Technique (Qwest) 378760**
- Love At The Movies—Various Artists (CBS Masterworks) 378612**
- Duran Duran—Big Thing (Capitol) 378521**
- Dave Grusin Collection (GRP) 378398**
- Lou Reed—New York (Sire) 378216**
- Bob Oylan & Grateful Oad (Columbia) 378117**
- The Pursuit Of Happiness—Love Junk (Chrysalis) 377994**
- Gipsy Kings (Elektra/Musican) 377812**
- Neil Diamond—The Best Years Of Our Lives (Columbia) 376541**
- Crosby, Stills, Nash And Young—American Dream (Atlantic) 378533**
- Gilbert Kaplan—Mahler: Symphony No.2 (Resurrection) London Symphony Orchestra (MCA Classics) 376517-396515**
- Beaches—Original Soundtrack (Atlantic) 379669**
- Elvis Costello—Spike (Warner Bros.) 378190**
- Lee Ritener—Festival (GRP) 376301**
- Tiffany—Hold An Old Friend's Hand (MCA) 376236**
- Dokkan—Beast From The East (Elektra) 376228**
- The Best Of Earth, Wind & Fire—Vol.2 (Columbia) 376160**
- Sheena Easton—The Lover In Me (MCA) 376095**
- Andres Segovia—The Baroque Guitar Segovia Collection, Vol.4 (MCA Classics) 375998**
- Jeff Healy Band—See The Light (Arista) 375873**
- Was (Not Was)—What's Up Dog? (Chrysalis) 375857**
- Kix—Blow My Fuse (Atlantic) 375832**
- Kim Wilde—Close (MCA) 375816**
- Fleetwood Mac's Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 375782**
- Samantha Fox—I Wanna Have Some Fun (Jive/RCA) 375725**
- 'Til Tuesday—Everything's Different Now (Epic) 375659**
- Weird Al Yankovic Greatest Hits (Rock 'N' Roll) 375642**
- Pet Shop Boys—Introspective (EMI) 375592**
- The Dickey Betts Band—Pattern Disruptive (Epic) 375576**
- Johnny Winter—The Winter Of '88 (MCA) 375527**
- Gordon Lightfoot—Gord's Gold Volume II (Warner Bros.) 375519**
- Karyn White (Warner Bros.) 375394**
- Journey's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 375279**
- .38 Special—Rock & Roll Strategy (A&M) 375139**
- Levert—Just Coolin' (Atlantic) 375105**
- Ratt—Reach For The Sky (Atlantic) 375071**
- Dire Straits—Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) 375055**
- Barbra Streisand—Till I Loved You (Columbia) 374884**
- El DeBarge—Gemini (Motown) 374801**
- Kansas—In The Spirit Of Things (MCA) 374793**
- R.E.M.—Eponymous (I.R.S.) 374777**
- Tesla—The Great Radio Controversy (Geffen) 374986**

- Roy Orbison—Mystery Girl (Virgin) 377101**
- Bulletboys (Warner Bros.) 374702**
- Bad Company—Dangerous Age (Atlantic) 374660**
- Canadian Brass—The Mozart Album (CBS Master) 374561**
- Little Feat—Let It Roll (Warner Bros.) 373720**
- R.E.M.—Green. (Warner Bros.) 375162**
- Portrait Of Wynton Marsalis (CBS Master) 373555**
- Luciano Pavarotti—In Concert (CBS Master) 373548**
- Guy (MCA) 373415**
- Luther Vandross—Any Love (Epic) 373399**

- Winger (Atlantic) 374652**
- Britny Fox (Columbia) 372813**
- Metallica—And Justice For All (Elektra) 372805**
- Big Audio Dynamite—Tighten Up, Vol. '88 (Columbia) 372672**
- Melissa Etheridge (Island) 371468**
- Anita Baker—Giving You The Best That I Got (Elektra) 374058**
- Breathe—All That Jazz (A&M) 371427**
- Huey Lewis And The News—Small World (Chrysalis) 371419**
- New Edition—Heart Break (MCA) 370882**
- Spyro Gyra—Rites of Summer (MCA) 370767**
- Pat Benatar—Wide Awake In Dreamland (Chrysalis) 370528**
- Europe—Out Of This World (Epic) 370403**
- Robert Palmer—Heavy Nova (EMI) 370395**
- Jimmy Page—Outrider (Geffen) 370387**
- David Sanborn—Close Up (Warner Bros.) 370304**
- Richard Marx (EMI) 369611**
- Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers—Conscious Party (Virgin) 389512**
- Joe Jackson—Live 1980/1986 (A&M) 369504-399501**
- Van Halen—OU812 (Warner Bros.) 389371**
- DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince—He's the D.J., I'm The Rapper (Jive/RCA) 369264**
- Prince—Love Sexy (Paisley Park) 369124**
- Chicago* 19 (Reprise) 368829**
- Poison—Open Up And Say... Ahht (Capitol/Enigma) 368688**
- The Clash—The Story Of The Clash Vol. I (Epic) 368597-398594**
- Joan Jett And The Blackhearts—Up Your Alley (CBS Assoc. Blackheart) 368340**
- Cheap Trick—Lap Of Luxury (Epic) 368050**
- Basia—Time And Tide (Epic) 368043**
- REO Speedwagon—Greatest Hits (Epic) 387872**
- The Best Of Eric Carmen (Arista) 387599**
- Robert Plant—Now and Zen (Es Paranza) 366716**
- Midnight Oil—Diesel And Dust (Columbia) 366153**
- Carly Simon—Greatest Hits Live (Arista) 365874**
- George Thorogood—Born To Be Bad (EMI) 365502**
- David Lee Roth—Skyscraper (Warner Bros.) 365130**
- U2—Rattle And Hum (Island) 374017**

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- Best Of Canned Heat (EMI) 380832**
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- Styx—Classics Vol. 15 (A&M) 364448**
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- Janis Joplin—Cheap Thrills (Columbia) 355008**
- Jimi Hendrix—Are You Experienced? (Reprise) 353102**
- Yes—Fragile (Atlantic) 351957**
- Traffic—The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys (Island) 351924**
- Rolling Stones—Exile On Main Street (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350652**
- Eddie Money—Nothing To Lose (Columbia) 374223**
- Vixen (EMI) 374108**
- Kronos Quartet—Winter Was Hard (Nonesuch) 373993**
- Escape Club—Wild Wild West (Atlantic) 373787**
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- The Best Of The Chiffons (3C Records) 380782**
- Rolling Stones—Sticky Fingers (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350645**
- Buddy Holly—From The Orig. Master Tapes (MCA) 348110**
- The Oobie Brothers—Minute By Minute (Warner Bros.) 347526**
- The Beach Boys—Made In The U.S.A. (Capitol) 346445**
- Jethro Tull—Aqualung (Chrysalis) 345157**
- Best Of Procol Harum (A&M) 344457**
- Chuck Berry—The Great Twenty-Eight (Chess) 343657**
- The Byrds—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 342501**
- Bad Company—10 From 6 (Atlantic) 291435**
- Joe Cockar—Greatest Hits (A&M) 320911**
- Motown's 25 #1 Hits—Various Artists (Motown) 319996-399998**
- Elton John—Greatest Hits (MCA) 319541**
- The Best Of Vanilla Fudge (ATCO) 316489**
- Chicago*—Greatest Hits, Vol. II (Columbia) 312314**
- The Who—Tommy (MCA) 345223-395228**
- The Doors—L.A. Woman (Elektra) 340810**
- Best Of Kansas* (CBS Assoc.) 327742**
- Ozzy Osbourne—No Rest For The Wicked (Epic) 373308**
- Tommy Conwell & The Rumberbers—Rumble (Columbia) 373027**
- The Boys—Messages From The Boys (Motown) 376368**
- Eddie Brickett & New Bohemians—Shooting Rubberbands At The Stars (Geffen) 374835**
- Pop Classics Of The 60's (Columbia) 380501**
- Best Of Blondie (Chrysalis) 311811**
- Creedence Clearwater Revival—20 Greatest Hits (Fantasy) 308049**
- Lynyrd Skynyrd Band—Gold & Platinum (MCA) 307447-397448**
- Led Zeppelin (Atlantic) 299866**
- Joe Jackson—Look Sharp (A&M) 294421**
- Cheap Trick—At Budokan (Epic) 292326**
- Jackson Browne—The Pretender (Asylum) 292243**
- Woodstock—Original Soundtrack (Atlantic) 291864-391862**
- Emerson, Lake & Palmer—Brain Salad Surgery (Atlantic) 291526**
- Led Zeppelin IV (Atlantic) 291435**
- Eagles—Greatest Hits 1971-1975 (Asylum) 267003**
- Linda Ronstadt—Greatest Hits (Asylum) 266740**
- Chicago*—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 260638**
- Santana—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 244459**
- Janis Joplin—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 231670**
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- Bob Dylan—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 138586**
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- The Movies Go To The Opera—Various Artists (Angel Studio) 372342**
- Gregg Allman—Just Before The Bullets Fly (Epic) 372177**
- Cocktail—Original Soundtrack (Elektra) 373779**
- Paula Abdul—Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 374637**
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Debbie Gibson—Electric Youth (Atlantic) 377275



Guns N' Roses—GN'R Lies (Geffen) 376087



Bangles—Everything (Columbia) 373829



Bobby Brown—Don't Be Cruel (MCA) 372045

MUSIC

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(Arista) 364711
- Foreigner—Inside Information
(Atlantic) 364018
- Linda Ronstadt—Canciones De Mi Padre
(Asylum) 362640
- Pretenders—The Singles
(Sire) 362541
- Steve Winwood—Chronicles
(Island) 362525
- Michael Jackson—Bad
(Epic) 362079
- Sting—...Nothing Like The Sun
(A&M) 361675
- Introducing The Hardline According To Terence
Trant D'Arby (Columbia) 361618
- Yes—Big Generator
(ATCO) 361170
- Bruce Springsteen—Tunnel Of Love
(Columbia) 360115
- Billy Idol—Vital Idol
(Chrysalis) 360107
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(Island) 341305
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- Foreigner—Records
(Atlantic) 318055
- Squeeze—Singles—45's And Under
(A&M) 317974
- Stevie Wonder—Orig. Musiquarium I, Greatest Hits
(Tamla) 314997-394999
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(Arista) 288670
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(Columbia) 368423
- Elton John—Reg Strikes Back
(MCA) 370536
- Madonna—You Can Dance
(Sire) 362657

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"On the premise that the collection of delinquent accounts would be most adversely affected, and in many cases would be impossible in a disaster area, the service will concentrate on the collection of current taxes."—from the IRS' *Internal Revenue Manual*, on collecting taxes after a nuclear attack.



UP, UP AND AWAY

Busiest airport in the United States: O'Hare International Airport, Chicago.

Number of passengers who use O'Hare in a year: 57,500,000; in an average day: 160,000.

Percentage of O'Hare users deplaning in Chicago: 50.

Number of homeless people living at O'Hare: 60; in cold weather, 200.

Average number of planes that use O'Hare every hour: 110.

Number of passenger airlines that service O'Hare: 41.

Number of passenger gates at O'Hare: 134. Time required to walk between O'Hare's most widely separated gates: half an hour.

Average number of bags checked daily at O'Hare: 120,000. Average number that are temporarily lost or damaged daily: 500.

Number of liquor miniatures loaded onto outgoing flights daily at O'Hare, 200,000; cans of beer, 25,000; bags of peanuts, 70,000.

SHADES

Favorite color for a sports car nationwide: black. Favorite color in the West,

white; in the South, white; in the Midwest, black; in the Northeast, black.

Favorite color for a luxury car on the West Coast, white; in the South, white; in the Midwest and Northeast, white.

Favorite color for light trucks nationwide: red.

SMALL POTATOES

Number of Americans with minimum-wage jobs: 8,000,000.

Percentage who are over 17, 84; who are white, 80; who are women, 60; who are in service jobs, 86; who are members of poor families, 35.

BENCH WARMERS

Total number of district and appellate judges appointed by President Reagan, 379; by President Carter, 258.

Percentage of Reagan's appointees who were male, 91.8; of Carter's, 84.5.

Percentage of Reagan's appointees who were white, 94; of Carter's, 78.7.

Number of Federal judges appointed to appeals courts by Reagan: 83.

Total number of appeals-court judges: 168.

LESS IS MORE

Percentage of Americans who think they are overweight: 40. Percentage who think they are too thin: five.

Percentage who are on a diet, 20; who think they should eat fewer desserts, 40; who think they should eat more fish, 70; who think they should eat less red meat, 40.

Percentage who claim to be consuming fewer calories this year: 47.

the Southern Pacific line.

More utilitarian is the travel guide, its list of hobo hall-of-famers notwithstanding. The 27-page booklet (\$9.95 for non-members) provides a check list for clothing and equipment, maps of train routes, pointers on sponging meals, translations of hobo sign language and this comforting caveat: "Note: It is illegal to hop freight trains." To subscribe, contact the National Hobo Association, World Way Center, Box 90430, Los Angeles 90009, 213-645-1500. Revenues are donated to real-life indigent tramps in missions and hobo jungles.

RARE FIND

Here's the most sizzling news item of the month: George Stephen, the underappreciated inventor of that indispensable piece of back-yard sculpture, the Weber grill, has now opened a restaurant—The Weber Grill, naturally. Located in Wheeling, Illinois, the *boite* specializes in entrees broiled on Weber grills in an indoor kitchen. Grab your dad and come on down.

SPOTLIGHT



Schimmel speaking the truth.

In the tradition of Lenny Bruce and Buddy Hackett, comic **Robert Schimmel** explores love dolls, gerbil fetishes and other daring subjects. Under Rodney Dangerfield's sweaty wing, the former stereo salesman has made many cable appearances since his debut on amateur night at L.A.'s Improv. Now he's becoming a hot property with his upcoming cable special, a live LP and his "triple-X-rated" nightclub gig. We asked Schimmel to describe his work.

"What I'm doing is telling the truth—and that's the only reason I get away with what I'm doing. Even the joke about gay guys sticking gerbils up their asses—I didn't invent that. Everything that I talk about, everyone's already heard about. But I go on stage and talk about it. Someone has to. Take all these weird products that you can send away for. Like Mr. Big cream: It says on the box, 'Rub it on your dick and your dick gets bigger.' Well," he says, pausing wickedly, "wouldn't your *hands* get bigger, too?" He's right. Someone has to talk about this stuff. Why not Schimmel?

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Danny Sullivan. Winner of the Indy 500.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SPIKE LEE'S daring, deeply personal *Do the Right Thing* (Universal) could be seen as a comedy aimed at bolstering black pride. It could also be viewed as an incitement to riot. Lee, jauntily sporting four hats as writer, producer, director and star, lets you have it both ways, because that's the way he wants his challenging third film—his best by a city mile—to be. Most of it happens in or around an Italian pizza parlor on a street corner in Brooklyn's volatile Bedford-Stuyvesant section. But this is no conventional slum saga. Bed-Stuy's streets are brightly painted, as if for a street fair, crowded with troublemakers, tarts, winners, losers, kids playing stickball, a guy called Radio (Bill Nunn), whose ghetto blaster keeps the rhythm, plus a trio of profane sidewalk people watchers who function almost as a Greek chorus. Lee plays Mookie, who works when he feels like it for Sal the pizza man (commandingly played by Danny Aiello). John Turturro and Richard Edson, as Sal's contentious sons, and Giancarlo Esposito, as a colorful cat called Buggin Out, head a motley crew of performers, including Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, John Savage and Rosie Perez. For a while, their petty squabbles seem amiably bittersweet and ordinary—*Our Town* with an Afro-American slant. Then the undercurrents of anger and racial enmity erupt in sudden, brutal violence, and that's where *Right Thing* leaves you—shaken up and sent home to ponder a couple of contradictory closing quotes from Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, Jr. Spike Lee's both disturbing and disorganized, but he hereby earns points as a militant moviemaker who brightens his harangues with the soul of a born showman. ★★★

A Manhattan womanizer (Nicolas Cage) who cruises the clubs for companionship notices that his latest one-night stand (Jennifer Beals) has left some suspicious little puncture marks on his neck. Soon after, he's careening through the streets, begging passers-by to pound a wooden stake through his heart. He also confesses to his shrink (Elizabeth Ashley) that he has been driven to rape and murder. She tells him he has no cause to worry, which may be a clue that *Vampire's Kiss* (Hemdale) was meant to be a comedy. Unfortunately, no one remembered to put in any lines worth a good laugh. The writer and director did manage to make several usually competent performers look foolish—shoving Cage front and center with egg on his fangs in a painfully embarrassing performance. If he can live this one down, there's nowhere to go but up. ♪

Normally, we look to prime-time TV for problem dramas about bad kids from



Lee, Aiello doing *The Right Thing*.

Spike Lee hits a four-bagger; Bartel's on the offensive again.

good middle-class families, working out their angst with a sympathetic doctor in a halfway house for troubled teens. *Lost Angels* (Orion) fits the description but overcomes the curse of familiarity with style, shrewd casting and emotional intensity. Director Hugh Hudson, best known for such large-scale epics as *Greystoke* and his Oscar-winning *Chariots of Fire*, trims his sails to suit Michael Weller's edgy, introspective screenplay. Donald Sutherland, solid as ever, plays the conscientious resident shrink, who has his own hang-ups with alcohol and marital strife. Hudson gambles and wins, though, with three movie newcomers in pivotal roles: Amy Locane and Don Bloomfield, as a couple of terminally overprivileged delinquents, and Adam Horovitz as Tim, the rebellious, embittered hero whose misdeeds are nearly always reactions to parental rejection. He's a product of affluence in California's San Fernando Valley, which he sees as an enclave of "better homes for bigger assholes." Horovitz, the son of playwright Israel Horovitz and one of the music world's infamous Beastie Boys before he segued into cinema, has the appealing screen presence and self-awareness that indicate an important career move. ★★★½

Director Paul Bartel, whose specialty is culture shock (e.g., *Eating Raoul*), has a field day among the rich and feckless in *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills* (Cinecom). "If this material doesn't offend anybody, it isn't working," says Bartel, himself cast as a leering "thinologist" whose

chief client is a faded sitcom star, played by Jacqueline Bisset. In the spirit of the occasion, Bisset contributes some uncharacteristically bawdy talk, describing a stud who "can suck your box until your nose bleeds." She's the hostess with a mansion full of weekend guests, including the leering ghost of her late husband (director Paul Mazursky, moonlighting in the role) and the divorcee next door (Mary Woronov). Woronov's bisexual manservant (Ray Sharkey) wants to bed Bisset's houseman (Robert Beltran) and finally succeeds, following a \$5000 wager about which stud will be first to seduce the other's employer. Ed Begley, Jr., Arnetia Walker and Wallace Shawn also turn up—all slamming bedroom doors and playing sex games with gusto. Although the title smacks of meaningful satire, *Scenes from the Class Struggle* has no pretensions to redeeming social value. It's unabashed camp, a naughty but nifty low comedy full of high spirits and deluxe decor. ★★★

Two Israeli soldiers traumatized during the 1973 October War share a hospital room in *Shell Shock* (Angelika), an intensely personal drama by writer-producer-director Yoel Sharon, himself a crippled veteran of that conflict. Asher Tsarfati and Dan Turgeman co-star, respectively, as an officer and a noncom combat photographer whose psychic wounds bring them together, with Anat Atzmon in a standard but sympathetic role as the cameraman's patient, put-upon wife. Sharon often defeats his purpose with fairly simplistic dramaturgy about the road back from war-scarred nightmares to normalcy, yet there's stinging truth in the performances, plus passionate concern between the lines from a film maker who has been there and bled. ★★★½

Down-home domestic drama erupts, mildly, in *Valentino Returns* (Skouras). The title refers to the name given by the hero, Wayne (Barry Tubb), to his flamingo-pink Cadillac, which symbolizes his yearning for romance and adventure. He lives in a poky California town back in the Fifties, so his aspirations boil down to back-seat sex with an egg farmer's daughter (Jenny Wright). Much of the time, he's forced to arbitrate differences between his estranged parents. Veronica Cartwright plays the weary mom, who has had it with Wayne's drunken, philandering dad (Frederic Forrest). The acting is fine throughout, but do we need another tenuous coming-of-age tale, even with a competent screenplay by Leonard Gardner, who wrote the novel and screenplay for John Huston's *Fat City*? ★★

Hear the one about the Yuppie who took every known chemical back in the Sixties?

"Now he's bitching about preservatives in his potato chips." Credit this timely punch line to stand-up comic Larry Scarano,



Yahoo, sure, but is he Serious?

OFF CAMERA

He may have been born Greg Peard, but his name now really is **Yahoo Serious**. At 35, he's a pop idol down under, an Australian showbiz phenomenon unmatched since "Crocodile" Dundee. Cause of all the hoopla is *Young Einstein*, a mad-cap pseudobiographical comedy stating the proposition "In 1905 he discovered relativity. In 1906 he invented rock and roll." Serious got the idea while traveling "in the upper reaches of the Amazon. I saw this Brazilian native carrying some beers and wearing a T-shirt with a picture of Albert Einstein on it, and it just went *whammo*." Several years later, with Yahoo as co-author, producer and titular star, the movie opened in Australia and made mincemeat of such megahits as *Star Wars* and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. Outgrossing *Roger Rabbit* particularly pleases the avid surfer and former art student (expelled "because I wrote jokes on canvases and hung them up"), who cites Woody Allen, Andy Warhol and David Lean as major sources of inspiration—second only to *Bugs Bunny* cartoons. "That comic-strip reality showed me how to make a movie about a guy who splits the atom and lives." Re his kinky moniker: "It just struck me as a very funny name. . . . Even my dad calls me Yahoo now. The director part of me is Mr. Serious." Do Serious movies contain a message for our time? "There's a whole lot of messages. It's like a supermarket—you just take off the shelf what you want." While waiting to see how *Young Einstein* fares Stateside, Yahoo compares his sudden success to Beatlemania. "I get these letters from girls, and people want me to do commercials. As a *role model*, they say. But I don't do commercials. That's Paul Hogan's bag."

whose act is funnier—and cleaner—than most of those in **Comedy's Dirtiest Dozen** (Independent Releasing). Twelve comedians, generally too raunchy for spots on the *Carson* or *Letterman* shows, each deliver seven-minute routines full of scabrous material about drugs, sex, politics and flatulence. You name it, they run with it. The program is wildly uneven, with a painfully unfunny clown billed as "The Jokeman," whose one-liners are all groaners, and an inept ventriloquist whose hilarious routine would score higher if his lips didn't move. But Chris Rock and Steven Pearl are names to remember. They'll have you rolling on the carpet, if not in the aisles, when producer Stuart S. Shapiro's down-and-dirty *Dozen* goes to the video tape as a take-home hit. **★★½**

The one thing to be learned from *Road House* (MGM/UA) is the information that a "cooler" is a superbouncer, the kind of guy who can clear out the riffraff from a joint called the Double Deuce in a lawless Western town called Jasper. A take-charge director appropriately named Rowdy Herrington manages the brawls, with Patrick Swayze looking especially fit as Dalton, a supercooler who's supposed to have majored in philosophy at NYU—and must have minored in martial arts. With a little help from a senior cooler (Sam Elliott) and a fetching doctor (Kelly Lynch) who bathes his wounds and warms his bed, Swayze vanquishes hordes of thugs employed by the local ayatollah (Ben Gazzara). Typical of those genial good-bad movies that often rake in huge profits, *Road House* is a *High Noon* rehashed and thoroughly trashed for contemporary audiences—aimed, in general, at the type of consumer who might enjoy *Rambo* or wrestling matches or picking fights in a neighborhood bar. **★★½**

An almost doggedly uncinematic idea pays off, anyway, thanks to French savoir-faire, in *La Lectrice* (Orion Classics). The title means "The Reader," and director Michel Deville had the good sense to cast Miou-Miou, a most resourceful and watchable actress, as a young woman who decides to earn her living by reading to people. Or perhaps she just imagines that she does. Either way, the results are subtly, surprisingly erotic, as the heroine explores lust and language with an infinite variety of clients. Eric, an injured adolescent in a wheelchair, possibly excited by passages from Baudelaire, tells her, "Next time . . . wear no panties under your skirt." Things go considerably beyond titillation with a businessman (Patrick Chesnais, winner of a Cesar—the French Oscar—for this role) who has a problem with premature ejaculation and seems to equate reading aloud with oral sex. There's much more. Although slow to build, and wordy by definition, *La Lectrice* finally commands attention like a book you can't put down. **★★★**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen** (Reviewed 4/89) Comic high adventure highlighted by Robin Williams' mad, mad bit as King of the Moon. **★★★★**
- Chocolat** (7/89) Forbidden pleasures in French colonial Africa. **★★★**
- Comedy's Dirtiest Dozen** (See review) Stand-up sleaze, but often droll. **★★½**
- Crusoe** (6/89) This time, it's Aidan Quinn surviving a shipwreck. **★★½**
- Dead Calm** (6/89) More bad business at sea with a psychopath at the helm. **★**
- Do the Right Thing** (See review) Spike Lee gets it *nearly* all together. **★★★★**
- 84 Charlie MoPic** (6/89) A combat cameraman's close-up view of 'Nam. **★★★**
- Field of Dreams** (7/89) A baseball fantasy that owes a lot to Costner's charisma. A hard call, upgraded. **★★★★**
- Getting It Right** (7/89) Comedy about a virginal British hairdresser on the go, mostly with Lynn Redgrave. **★★**
- How to Get Ahead in Advertising** (7/89) All about zits; oddly amusing. **★★½**
- Lawrence of Arabia** (5/89) David Lean's classic, and they really don't make movies like this anymore. **★★★★★**
- La Lectrice** (See review) Sex kitten Miou-Miou turns over a new leaf. **★★★**
- Listen to Me** (7/89) Kirk Cameron and Jami Gertz give pro-life a hearing. **★**
- Little Vera** (5/89) She's ripe, ready, Russian—and pushing *glasnost*. **★★½**
- Lost Angels** (See review) Well, anyway, watch Adam Horovitz take wing. **★★½**
- Loverboy** (7/89) Has pizza, will travel, and puts out for frustrated matrons in Beverly Hills. Hmmm. **★**
- Miss Firecracker** (6/89) Beauty contest down in Dixie—Mary Steenburgen and Holly Hunter make it sparkle. **★★★**
- On the Make** (7/89) Cautionary youth drama in the era of AIDS. **★★½**
- The Rainbow** (7/89) Ken Russell's prequel to D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*—the sexual-awakening years. **★★★★**
- Road House** (See review) What a dump, until Swayze straightens it out. **★★½**
- Scandal** (5/89) There'll always be an England full of party girls, red-faced politicians and headlines. **★★★**
- Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills** (See review) A sexy, funny look at the servant problem. **★★★**
- Shell Shock** (See review) Two Israeli soldiers recovering from war. **★★½**
- Signs of Life** (7/89) Warm comedy-fantasy about dreamers in a Maine seaside town, with Arthur Kennedy. **★★**
- Valentino Returns** (See review) Youth on wheels coming of age, as usual. **★★**
- Vampire's Kiss** (See review) Sucks. **★**

★★★★ Outstanding

★★★ Don't miss

★★ Worth a look

★★ Good show

★ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



When it comes to choosing videos, Katey Sagal is not exactly the bubblehead she plays on the TV hit *Married... with Children*. The daughter of film director Boris Sagal and veteran of 13 years on the road as a rock singer, Sagal has decidedly varied tastes. "Alfred Hitchcock is my number-one fave for VCR viewing—especially *Vertigo* and *Matorious*. But I'm also a trash queen, so I've rented *Valley of the Dolls*, with Patty Duke, more than once. My big rental tip is an obscure gem called *Simon*, with Alan Arkin. And *Carnal Knowledge* is an amazing film." Anything on video that sparks the songstress in Sagal? "Elvis movies! My dad actually directed *Girl Happy*."

—LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

The Conversation: Except for *The Godfather* and its stunning sequel, the best film ever by Francis Ford Coppola, with Gene Hackman at his peak as a surveillance expert who develops qualms about his dirty work. Watch for Harrison Ford and Robert Du-

vall amid the high-tech hardware.

The Grasshopper: Early Jacqueline Bisset (1970, to be exact), and she's memorable as a downwardly mobile Las Vegas showgirl trading the bright lights of the Strip for the red lights of prostitution.

The Lost Boys: Vampire bikers at large in an otherwise peaceful California beach town. Dianne Wiest plays Mom, Kiefer Sutherland the blood-lusting leader of the pack in a family comedy with fangs.

Parents: Randy Quaid and Mary Beth Hurt working some stylish black magic as a cannibalistic suburban couple. After this, you may say "no, thanks" to meat.

Rikky and Pete: This impudent, engagingly quirky Australian comedy follows the adventures of an overprivileged, prankish brother and sister who hit the road and strike it richer in an outback mining town.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

One Small Step: *Nova's* recap of the American space program—from J.F.K.'s dream of a "new frontier" to that first man on the moon 20 years ago this summer. Time sure flies, doesn't it (Vestron)?

Computer Dreams: A dazzling collection of the world's best computer-generated graphics and animation. Favorite vignette: the underwater romance between a bird and a fish (MPI).

Oregon Aerobitour: A 30-minute bicycle

tour through scenic Oregon, shot from the rider's point of view. Intended primarily for play in front of a stationary exercise bike, the video boasts a musical score written to synchronize with the pedaler's heartbeat (ProVideo).

Stand-Up Reagan: Forty minutes of the Great Communicator's greatest jokes, pot shots and witty stories. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll realize just how boring George Bush is (J2 Communications).



COUCH-POTATO/ TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Up off the sofa, potatoes and tomatoes—here's a tape for the two of you. Have your daytime-TV cake, eat it and still stay trim with *The Soap Star Workout*,

an exercise tape featuring luminaries from *General Hospital*, *Days of Our Lives* and *One Life to Live*. It's high energy, low impact and easy to follow—the perfect fare for the love-handles-in-the-afternoon crowd (Vestron).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Mondo Combo: TVs with built-in VCRs are fast becoming the industry's hottest item. Panasonic has a 13-inch combo (PV-M1328) aimed at bedroom or kitchen and a 20-inch unit (PV-M2028) for the family room. Others joining the market include Quasar, Symphonic, Emerson and Goldstar, with models ranging between \$500 and \$1100. And our spies tell us of a combo coming from Sharp that's, well, pretty sharp.

Strike Up the High Band: Canon is keeping up in the camcorder-technology race with the A1—its first high-band 8mm model. Priced at \$2300, the unit features more than 400 lines of resolution, a built-in title generator, time-lapse capabilities and even stereo audio recording.

—MAURY LEVY

VIDEO MOOD METER

a guide to how we really choose what to watch

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO LAUGH	Dirty Rotten Scoundrels (Steve Martin and Michael Caine swindle wealthy women on the French Riviera; deliciously nasty); Coming to America (Eddie Murphy's charming prince-meets-Queens-girl comedy; a royal hoot); Tapeheads (ex-security guards John Cusack and Tim Robbins really want their MTV; from Repo Man's Michael Nesmith).
FEELING SEASONAL	Eight Men Out (John Sayles's compelling depiction of the naughtiest boys of summer, the 1919 Chicago Black Sox); Summer Lovers (American couple discovers steamy ménage à trois action in Greece; features a young—and delightfully naked—Daryl Hannah); Summer of '42 (the classic coming-of-age boys' story; a vid-library staple).
REWINDING THE OSCARS	The Accused (best actress Jodie Foster as a victim of gang rape, then the courts; riveting); Pelle the Conqueror (Swedish widower and son tough it out in 19th Century Denmark; the Academy's favorite foreign flick); Gorillas in the Mist and A Cry in the Dark (tours de force by Oscar also-rans Sigourney Weaver and Meryl Streep).
FEELING SEXY	My Stepmother Is an Alien (Kim Basinger as a sultry outer-space lady bent on seducing earthling Dan Aykroyd; E.T. she's nat); Playboy's Wet & Wild and Playboy's Sexy Lingerie (Playmates in and out of swimwear and underwear); Café Flesh (Cabaret-esque X fare; co-written by Playboy contributor Jerry Stahl).

SHORT TAKES

Stupidest Video Title: *Hot Bagels: The Hole Story*; **Favorite Do-It-Yourself Video:** *Building a Bomber*; **Best Hey-Don't-Sugar-Coat-It Video:** *Auto Repair for Dummies*; **Silliest Children's Video Title:** *Spunky and Tadpole*; **Silliest Children's Video Title in Spanish:** *Spunky y Tadpole*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Dry Wood*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Aerial Photo Interpretation of Geological Resources*.

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NELSON GEORGE

FOR MOST OF its brief history, Paisley Park Records, out of Minneapolis, has been run by Prince as (pardon the pun) a vanity label. But Prince has been making changes. He fired his manager, accountants and lawyers, signed on to create the *Batman* sound track and rethought Paisley Park's direction. That process has yielded the signing of two distinguished talents, Mavis Staples and George Clinton. The former, whose soul voice rivals Aretha Franklin's, has been searching for a commercial niche since the Staple Singers' glory days. Clinton, founder-father figure of the now-defunct Parliament-Funkadelic, began releasing a series of defiantly quirky solo albums in the early Eighties.

Prince collaborated extensively with Staples on *Time Waits for No One*. Staples' fiery, sensuous voice obviously excited him—I *Guess I'm Crazy* and the funky *Train* blend soul heat and Princely idiosyncrasies in inspired ways. The title song, on which Mavis wails over one of Prince's fine (but too brief) guitar solos, is a marvelous fusion of her Gospelly soul and Prince's visionary arrangements.

On Clinton's *The Cinderella Theory*, voices, music and sounds swirl over choppy yet danceable beats, as Clinton, true to form, refuses to be obvious. As usual, it takes a bit of mind expansion (if not good herb) to penetrate his dense musical logic. The major jam, *Why Should I Dog You Out*, recalls past hits (*Atomic Dog*) without being a slavish retreat. Listening to Clinton, you realize that everyone from the black rockers Living Colour to the hippie rappers De La Soul owes a major debt to him for his willingness to subvert and satirize the conventions of black pop.

DAVE MARSH

Most of the time, populist rock seems to follow I-80 straight across the heartland, from Bruce Springsteen's New Jersey to Jackson Browne's California. But it's only when you get off the highway that the trip's value becomes evident.

Out in Hollywood, for instance, Tom Petty has floundered for almost a decade, in search of a follow-up to the likes of *Don't Do Me Like That* and *Refugee*. *Full Moon Fever* (MCA), his first album without the Heartbreakers, starts cautiously. But on his spirited cover of the Byrds' *Feel a Whole Lot Better* and in the crazed Zevonisms of *Zombie Zoo*, T.P. regains the enthusiasm that made his earlier work so pleasurable.

Bloomington, Indiana's, John Cougar Mellencamp built *Big Daddy* (Polygram) around his usual mix of Rolling Stones R&B and folk-bluegrass instrumentation (with emphasis on Kenny Aronoff's drum-



Time Waits for Mavis.

Prince's label heats up; John Cougar Mellencamp gets down.

ming and Lisa Germano's fiddling). Mellencamp's new songs liberate him from the moralizing tones of his last album; *Jackie Brown* (a rewrite of Dylan's *Hollis Brown* and Springsteen's *Johnny 99* that improves on both its models) and *Country Gentleman*, in particular, humanize and revitalize his political vision.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The title *Boom Boom Chi Boom Boom* (Sire) would rightly lead a reasonable person to suspect that the Tom Tom Club is again serving up a platter of frivolous dance music. But when you dance, do you want to be reasonable or frivolous? If you enjoy dance clubs but find house music too repetitive or too raw, this neodisco cross between Bow Wow Wow and Donna Summer may connect with your frivolity. My favorite cut is *Challenge of the Love Warriors*, a wordless mélange of heavy-breathing samples that lit a fire in my loins.

The Buck Pets' (Island) eponymously titled album is my favorite hard-rock debut of the year so far. It would be easy for these guys to be overlooked, since they ain't glam and they ain't clones. Maybe their slot is more with the Replacements crowd: college males who have read enough to adopt bohemian alienation but still want their music angry. Whoever finally listens to these guys, I think they've come up with more great hard-rock songs than anyone since Guns n' Roses' *Appetite for Destruc-*

tion. Some critics have compared the Buck Pets to G&R in sound as well, but I think they're more like a less dissonant Metallica. Massive crunch in the guitars, vocals that sound as if they're sung by real humans, intelligent, nonsexist lyrics ("I wanna be your lover, not your boss")—there is nothing I don't like about this album.

VIC GARBARINI

Regardless of what modern-day Pharisees and dispensers of colored sugar water may say, Madonna's controversial *Like a Prayer* (Sire) is neither sacrilegious nor offensive to anyone with half a brain—or heart. It's the enlightened yet exhilarating

GUEST SHOT



WITH EACH *new album*, *Mojo Nixon just gets, well, weirder. Things can't get much weirder than "Debbie Gibson Is Pregnant with My Two-Headed Love Child," a track from his latest LP, "Root Hog or Die." Mojo was destined to review the Debster's latest, "Electric Youth."*

"I did a lot of fast-forwarding, but, well, all the songs are almost the same. In each one, there's a little backward masking. You gotta really listen; it's way in the background: 'I love Mojo.' Really. I swear. Debbie wants to be the new Lesley Gore. Lesley had that same white-girl-who-wants-to-be-bad-but-is-uptight-and-white-and-will-never-be-funky-in-her-whole-life thing. Debbie's got talent, but she's trying so damned hard. She's got plenty of time—you got a lot of staying power when you're eighteen. But what distresses me is that she's trying so hard to be a multinational corporation. Why doesn't she just have some fun? Where's the rebellion and the sex and the anarchy and the freedom and the rock-and-roll pandemonium? She needs to lose those studio hags she's got and hire the Replacements or something. But, hey, Debbie is the kind of girl my mom wanted me to date. I heard she's writing a song about me. I bet it'll be something like *Mojo Nixon's Got a Short Dick*. Go for it, Deb."

FAST TRACKS

R

OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
John Cougar Mellencamp <i>Big Daddy</i>	8	7	8	9	8
Madonna <i>Like a Prayer</i>	7	10	7	9	8
Mavis Staples <i>Time Waits for No One</i>	5	8	7	7	7
Tom Tom Club <i>Boom Boom Chi Boom Boom</i>	4	4	6	8	5
Paula Abdul <i>Forever Your Girl</i>	2	4	7	5	5

reflection of a woman looking back at her religious roots, her wounded relationship with both parents and how they relate to her recent traumatic marriage to and break-up with Sean Penn. *Like a Prayer* is the overture, showing the light and dark sides of her Catholic upbringing. Is she still confused a bit about it all? Of course. There's a moving song, *Promise to Try*, about her mother, who died in Madonna's infancy, and a powerful declaration of independence from her dad, *Oh, Father*, that's simultaneously angry, forgiving, grieving and celebratory. And when she interjects the line "Oh, Father, I have sinned," does she mean to free herself from related religious and relationship hang-ups that superimpose on one another, starting with Pop's violence (Daddy equals God equals . . . Sean)? You bet. The LP's great virtue is that it is intuitive and real, not academic and preachy. All of which adds up to insightful psychodrama. But listen to how she integrates her confessionals into this rich musical framework: the chattering African-style guitars on *Till Death Do Us Part*, the buoyant, exultant dance pop of *Cherish*. It's art, it's accessible and you can dance to it. Pop music rarely gets better than this.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Hyping Thelonious Monster's *Stormy Weather* (Relativity, 187-07 Henderson Avenue, Hollis, New York 11423) and Too Much Joy's *Son of Sam I Am* (Alias, 374 Brannan Street, San Francisco 94107) as the hottest independent rock albums of early 1989 is like hyping Ozark Ike for hitting .364 in the Piedmont League. If anything, Ike has a better shot at the bigs. With vanishing exceptions, the roughhewn guitar-based pop bands that dominate the collegiate-bohemian Amerindie circuit are stylistic aliens in a world of mildly funky synthesized hits. Don't think they're upholding the one true faith, either—most indie musicians are semitalented, self-involved neotraditionalists in disguise.

Thelonious Monster began as a joke hard-core band from Orange County, led by Bob Forrest, a locally famous bad boy who has suffered just like so many other bad boys—Richard Speck, Axl Rose et al. By 1987's *Next Saturday Afternoon*, he was getting songful and soulful about it. Now he has cut down on the self-involvement. The keys are *Sammy Hagar Weekend*, a put-down that feels for its victims; *Colorblind*, about how his family's white flight made his boyhood more miserable; and Tracy Chapman's *For Your Lover*, played straight.

Too Much Joy plays nothing straight—this is a bunch of overeducated wise guys (from Yale, Stanford, like that) who tread the thin line between smart and smartass. Behind Tim Quirk's postpreppie projection, the lyrics—about suburbia, homelessness, the terrors of turning 23—kick ass or are at least smartass. These guys are funny, yet they have feelings, too.

I'M MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE DEPARTMENT: We hear that a hot topic at the National Association of Recording Merchandisers convention this year was an effort by retailers to pressure record companies for alternative album covers. What does that mean to you? Record stores want to precensor covers that they anticipate will cause controversy. Let the buyer beware!

REELING AND ROCKING: Roger Daltrey will star in *Father Jim*. . . . Boz Scaggs is playing a detective in *Indigo*, produced by Roman Coppola, son of Francis. . . . Dolly Parton's film company is producing *The War at Home*, a film about Andy Warhol and Edie Sedgwick. . . . We're beside ourselves with joy to report that a sequel to *Rock 'n Roll High School* is in the works. . . . Roland Gift of *Fine Young Cannibals* is making another movie in France. . . . We heard from a source more reliable than the supermarket tabloids that Whitney Houston will be making a film with Eddie Murphy. . . . The multinational production of *Sandino*, about the Nicaraguan general, assassinated in 1934, who has inspired the *Sandinistas*, will have a cast that includes Kris Kristofferson, Sting and Peter Coyote. . . . Mojo Nixon will follow his role in *Great Balls of Fire* with the lead in *Citizen Mojo*, a film written by Kinky Friedman. . . . A movie called *Ford Fairlane*, about a murder in the music business, will also star musicians.

NEWSBREAKS: The Jefferson Airplane reunion album will be out in the fall. . . . Jimmy Buffett has become an investor in a Florida minor-league baseball team, the *Marlins*. . . . Paula Abdul will choreograph Oliver Stone's film version of *Evita*, starring Meryl Streep. . . . Carly Simon has opened an art gallery in New

York called Riverrun. Its first show featured works by Martha's Vineyard artists. . . . More Carly Simon news: She's co-writing two songs with Smokey Robinson for her next studio album. . . . Producer Alan Douglas says he has a two-hour Jimi Hendrix performance tape from Woodstock that he plans to release this year in honor of the 20th anniversary of the concert. . . . It looks as if the folks at Motown will provide the fee to ensure that Marvin Gaye's star will be placed on Hollywood's Walk of Fame. As well they should. . . . Additional material discovered while going through the David Bowie archives at RCA will appear on his 18-album re-release on CD and cassette. The stuff comes from alternative versions of songs, B sides, unreleased tracks and, possibly, live recordings. Look for it this fall. . . . Britain's Performing Right Society has announced a \$10,000 award in memory of John Lennon, to be given to a resident of Britain or Ireland under 40 who's a songwriter of outstanding promise. . . . We're recommending a book by Marc Eliot (who wrote *Death of a Rebel*, about Phil Ochs) called *Rockonomics: The Money Behind the Music* (Watts). For years, rock musicians have been hustled by their own business people and record companies, and not all of them came away with the money they deserved. If it could happen to Elvis, Bob Dylan and the Beatles, pity the poor garage band. Good reading. . . . Finally, speaking of Elvis—and doesn't everyone?—his old Palm Springs estate can be rented for parties. It remains pretty much as it was, with most of his furniture, movie posters, family photos and gold records. You could feel like the King—for a night. —BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ALL-STAR BREAK TIME is the perfect pause to check out this latest crop of sports books top-heavy with tales from the dugout. There's lots of instant replay, a bellyful of braggadocio, some thoughtful nostalgia and even a whiff of sweaty poetry.

Surely, the off-speed pitch of the season is *You Gotta Have Wa* (Macmillan), by Robert Whiting, a funny look at baseball in Japan that is as much a work of cultural anthropology as a sports book. *Wa* is the Japanese version of "team spirit," and there's nothing like trying to translate baseball into *besoboru* to show you just how uniquely American the grand game is.

For example, Yogi Berra would have been a disaster in Japan, as he demonstrates in his whimsical autobiography, *Yogi: It Ain't Over . . .* (McGraw-Hill), written with Tom Horton. The consummate individualist lets fly with bons mots about his great history as a catcher with the Yankees from 1946 to 1964 and his career as a manager and coach for the Yankees, Mets and now the Houston Astros. His lifetime pal Joe Garagiola writes about their parallel careers and about his adventures in the broadcasting box in *It's Anybody's Ballgame* (Jove). But for the truly bizarre baseball storyteller, almost everyone's nominee would be ex-Dodger "Crazy" Jay Johnstone. In *Over the Edge* (Bantam), written with Rick Talley, he tells classic anecdotes and confesses to stunts such as putting a pig in Steve Sax's bed and pleading with nuns in the grandstand for divine intervention.

Beginning with *The Umpire Strikes Back*, former umpire Ron Luciano, with the help of writer David Fisher, has developed the irreverent baseball memoir into a fine art. His fourth book, *Remembrance of Swings Past* (Bantam), incorporates stories by others, but he still has plenty of his own autobiographical material to draw on. Perhaps the most fascinating of these my-life-in-baseball books is Willie Mays's *Say Hey* (Pocket), written with Lou Sahadi. Coming out of the Negro Leagues to play for the New York Giants, Mays made so many great plays in so many great games (the greatest being the catch in the 1954 world series) that his personal story is a saga of record-breaking baseball history.

None of the practitioners remembers the game with the eloquence that David Halberstam brings to *Summer of '49* (Morrow). In his evocative retelling of the electrifying 1949 pennant race between the Yankees and the Red Sox, he brings a superb reporter's perspective to the story, dramatizing and humanizing both a baseball rivalry and an era. Boston novelist George V. Higgins focuses on his local heroes, the Red Sox, in *The Progress of the Seasons: Forty Years of Baseball in Our Town* (Holt). A devoted fan since 1946, when his father first



Scoring big with sports books.

Memorable tales from the dugout, the football stadium and ringside.

took him to Fenway Park, Higgins expresses a rich personal relationship with his team: "One of the reasons that so many writers love the Red Sox is that a team without a world-series triumph since 1918 validates the writer's constant sense of insecurity, and thus proves that he is sane."

Mike Bryan takes the Studs Terkel approach in *Baseball Lives* (Pantheon) by interviewing everyone concerned with the game—from a guy who makes bats to a peanut vendor to a team owner to a baseball-card collector—and letting each tell his or her story. Daniel Okrent and Steve Wulf have collected the best of everybody's stories in *Baseball Anecdotes* (Oxford), starting with Lincoln on his deathbed, telling Abner Doubleday, "Don't . . . let . . . baseball . . . die." Pete Rose should get in touch with Donald Gropman, because that author's recently reissued *Say It Ain't So, Joe!* (Lynx) is a remarkable argument for the innocence of "Shoeless Joe" Jackson in the scandal of the fixed 1919 world series.

Many readers would argue that Roger Kahn's nostalgic study of the Fifties Brooklyn Dodgers, *The Boys of Summer*, is the best baseball book ever written. But I'd add a vote for *Dock Ellis in the Country of Baseball* (Fireside), by Donald Hall with Dock Ellis. It is the story of a poet (Hall) in love with a pitcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates (Ellis) and an exploration of baseball as a poetic metaphor for the pure, simple vision of life in boyhood. A new collection of 28 short stories by Jerry Klinkowitz, *Short Season & Other Baseball Stories: A Sum-*

mer in the Minor Leagues (Collier), captures that Huck Finn sensibility. Klinkowitz loves the game enough to be the owner of the Waterloo Indians farm team. Since 1977, the bible of the serious fan has been the annual *Bill James Baseball Abstract*. But most of us failed to notice that the statistician is a very sharp commentator, too. So now he has collected his observations in *This Time Let's Not Eat the Bones: Bill James Without the Numbers* (Villard), and the result is a staggeringly brilliant, detailed study of the game and its players.

Compared with the thoughtful life retrospectives of Dock Ellis and Yogi Berra, most football autobiographies are crude exercises in *machismo*. For example, *Cruisin' with the Tooz* (Charter), by John Matuszak with Steve Delsohn, *Out of Control* (Pocket), by Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson and Peter Knobler, and *The Boz* (Doubleday), by Brian Bosworth with Rick Reilly, are all variations on the same booze, broads, brawls, bad-ass-behavior theme. By the time you've read 50 pages of these guys bragging, you wonder if maybe the game should be played without helmets.

In *On Boxing* (Zebra), Joyce Carol Oates suggests that boxing is a violation of the taboo against violence in the civilized world. It is this theatrically ritualized infraction of the taboo that fascinates her and the rest of the ringside crowd. Where Oates intellectualizes and analyzes (which she does extremely well), Ralph Wiley, a writer for *Sports Illustrated*, explores the world of boxing in visceral images. His book, *Serenity: A Boxing Memoir* (Holt), doesn't flinch from the pain and brutality of fighting, and there is even a sweet sadness in his depictions of the battered hulks of old fighters. In some ways, the most significant sports book of the year is *The Game Behind the Game: High Pressure, High Stakes in Television Sports* (Harper & Row), by former ABC and CBS Sports producer Terry O'Neil. More than just a kiss-and-tell memoir about the egomaniacal behavior of Brent Musburger, Howard Cosell et al., O'Neil's book is an examination of how network sports coverage works. He shows how production of TV shows about the games has become more important than the games.

BOOK BAG

The Russia House (Knopf), by John le Carré: In this novel, Le Carré's most dazzling triumph yet, sax-tooting, chess-playing alcoholic British spy/publisher Bartholomew Scott "Barley" Blair gives the reader an intimate tour of post-*glasnost* Moscow, while falling in love with a Russian woman. Barley ranks right up there with George Smiley as one of Le Carré's most masterful creations.



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P76/P78/P80

By DAN JENKINS

The world was closing in on Both Hands Benson of the Swamp River Gerbils. The rumors, the allegations, the unsubstantiated reports in the papers, they were all affecting his decisions as a manager and causing trouble at home. That's why he called the press conference.

"Nobody don't know nothin'," he said in his opening statement. "If somebody knew something, they'd know something, then there wouldn't be no more talk about it."

Over a period of months, it had been reported that Both Hands Benson had a long history of betting on sports events. Unidentified sources said not only that he had bet on football and basketball games, and at the race tracks, but that he had even bet on baseball games, including games in which he had played and managed.

If it were true that Both Hands had bet on baseball, he could be suspended for a year, and if it were true that Both Hands had bet on games involving his own team, he could be suspended for life.

"This is serious," he said to the press. "You don't take baseball away from a guy just because somebody says he does this and that. You got things that happen to you in your life and you say, 'So what?' and you see these things in the papers and you wonder why anybody thinks it's news. I think news ought to be who won the game, not who did this or that in his personal life, which is gettin' infringed on and makes you wonder about the Constitution. Questions?"

A reporter stood up.

"Both Hands, a bookmaker told the district attorney that you lost forty-five thousand dollars to him on the Alaskan oil spill. Is that true?"

"Yeah, I bet the Under. I had twenty-nine hundred square miles. What's that got to do with baseball? Next?"

Another reporter stood up.

He said, "Both Hands, it's no secret that you go to the race track, right?"

Both Hands said, "I go to the track occasionally."

"Weren't you there last month when that horse dropped dead in the stretch?"

"I was there."

"There was a pretty good disturbance in the Jockey Club. Furniture got broken, people punched out. Were you a part of that?"

"I was in the room."

"Didn't you have a sizable bet on that race?"

"I had the horse."



LIFE IN THE WAGERS

"How did you have him?"

"To live."

A question from the floor touched on Both Hands' selling his autograph to crippled children in order to pay off his gambling debts.

"They ain't all crippled," he said, "and besides that, the cripples get a cut rate. A kid in a wheelchair don't pay more than three dollars. A kid who's got all his arms and legs, that's a different story."

Did he think it was right to sell his autograph at all? It seemed to be something that only baseball players, among professional athletes, would do.

"My name is my own," Both Hands said. "If my name wasn't my own, other people would have it, and what kind of world would we live in if there wasn't nothin' in it but people named Both Hands Benson? That's one way to look at it. Another way is to change the subject."

Both Hands pointed to the back of the room.

From back there, a reporter said, "What about your three world-series rings?"

"What about 'em?" said Both Hands.

"A man named Guido says he has them. He says you gave him the rings in place of the hundred thousand dollars you lost to him on a bet about highway death tolls."

"I forgot it was a holiday."

"What do you mean?"

"No schools. I usually take the Over,

because one school bus can win it for you."

Both Hands was asked if he had ever sold any of his uniforms to pay off gambling debts.

"What's free private enterprise got to do with anything?"

A persistent reporter said, "The uniform you wore the day you broke Babe Ruth's record for pointing to center-field fences has turned up in memorabilia collections in twenty-four different cities."

"I don't know nothin' about memorabilia. I been a healthy person all my life," Both Hands said. "I couldn't have played sixteen years in the show if I'd suffered from memorabilia. That's a pretty dumb question."

"Are you saying you never sold your uniform to settle a gambling debt?"

"Who'd buy anything that stunk that much?"

The subject of a soccer bet came up.

Both Hands said, "You can't bet on soccer. It's guys outdoors in short pants."

"But you made some sort of bet on a soccer game in England last spring, isn't that true?"

"Not on the game itself. I took the wire fence and gave ninety-three. It was close."

Both Hands was asked if, as manager of the Swamp River Gerbils, he would be above putting a sore-arm pitcher on the mound and making a phone call to Guido.

"I wouldn't want to dignify that question with an answer," he said.

Then he was asked why it looked as if his first- and third-base coaches always had their arms in the air, holding up base runners, even on doubles and triples.

"They're not holding up base runners," Both Hands said, looking indignant. "They're waving at their families. They both got large families. Where does it say in a free society like America that a guy can't wave at his wife and kids at a game?"

Both Hands was joined at the press conference by his wife, Vera, his Atlanta mistress, Wanda, his L.A. mistress, Vivian, his St. Louis mistress, Kathy, and his Houston mistress, Maureen.

They all said they were there to stand behind him and give him a vote of confidence, though Vera did add that she was filing for divorce.

Both Hands was asked if he had anything to say about the divorce.

"Yeah," he said. "Five to one she gets child custody."



BODY & SOUL

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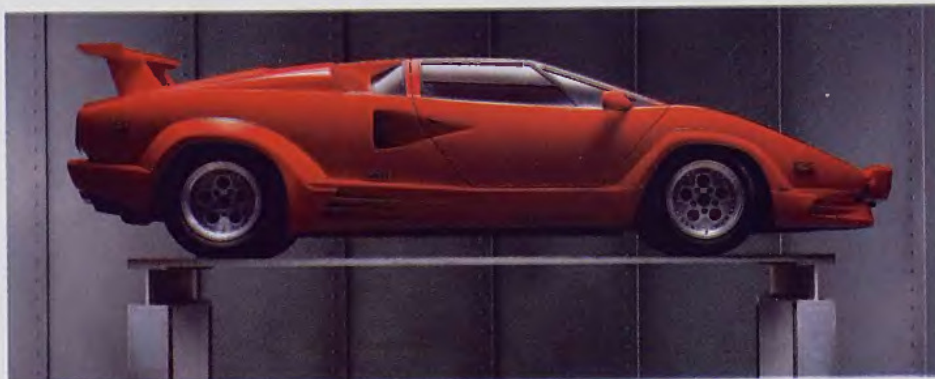
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By ASA BABER

You'd never know it from the slickness of the paper and the professionalism of the illustration, but being involved with the production of this *Men* column every month can sometimes seem like a battle in the trenches. There are a lot of people at *Playboy* who worry about what I will say and how I will say it, and the situation can get pretty tense at times.

This column comes out of one such situation.

In last May's *Playboy*, Cynthia Heimel wrote a somewhat humorous column called "We're Gonna Get You, Suckers." It mocks men who are, in Cynthia's opinion, paranoid about women. As I read it, the basic message of the column goes like this: "I, Cynthia, am going to exaggerate female aggression and violence in order to show you how ridiculous it is to be afraid of it; we all know that women are harmless, and those men who talk about women as if they might be dangerous in any way are fools, Asa Baber included."

Set in an imaginary nail salon staffed by killer women, Cynthia's fable contains a lot of references to female violence toward males. For example, there is a discussion of nail length and what it means: "The longer your nails, the greater your destructive skills. When you can maim a man in a minute, you earn your inch. Two-inchers, like our Shirl, are trained castraters."

There is a description of a handgun, a Beretta 92 SB that Cynthia holds with pleasure. A friend of hers says, "Ain't it cute? Holds fifteen rounds, shoots jacketed hollow points. This week, we tell them they're not in touch with their feelings; next week, we blow their fucking heads off."

A pistol target range is described: "Two dozen women in camouflage fatigues and headphones were aiming automatics at paper replicas of men. *Bang! Bang!* The groin area of every replica was blown away."

One of the women says, "The men are right. We hate them. We are going to subjugate or kill them and take over the world."

A woman reports that "the Asa Baber Study Group has to be canceled for lack of interest again," and another woman reacts to that by suggesting that I will soon be eliminated [killed?] by feminists: "That pseudosensitive wuss is the only one who's on to us. Come the revolution, he's history."

Most of the people at the magazine, male and female, thought Cynthia's



PEACE, CYNTHIA

column was funny. "How'd you like that one, Ace?" a number of women asked me.

"What are you going to say in response?" some male friends inquired.

I privately thought that Cynthia's column walked right on the edge of abuse and harassment, but I didn't say anything, probably for fear of being mocked as thin-skinned. Face it, men have to think twice before they object to anything women write. I really may be a pseudosensitive wuss when it comes to the language and images used by women when they write about men, I thought. I live in a feminist culture that bashes men on a regular basis in print, on TV, in ads, in academia, and I guess I don't find male-bashing as funny as some other people do. But maybe I'm wrong, so I'd better keep quiet about it.

I finally chose to react with toughness and aggression to Cynthia's column, and it turned out to be a big mistake. I wanted to be just as cynical as she had been, and just as mocking. I wanted the freedom to use the kinds of images she had used and to employ the exaggerated logic she had employed. But it was not to be.

I wrote a column called "Spanking Cynthia." It was based on the premise that Cynthia was being an intentional troublemaker when she wrote her column. She did it just to attract my attention, I claimed. She wrote a bitchy column so that I would scold her and then love her. I made

some sexual jokes about her, and I, too, walked the line, just as I thought she had.

I didn't realize it at first, but I had a problem that was not going to go away. In this culture, at this time, a woman can write a semihumorous essay about castrating and killing men, and she can get away with it. Most people think it's cute. But a man cannot return the favor in kind. It simply is not allowed. Women are still seen as victims of violence, not perpetrators, and men are seen as the opposite.

I screwed up "Spanking Cynthia" even more. My technique was to briefly outline the many fanciful columns I might have considered writing as payback for "We're Gonna Get You, Suckers." There was "Thirtynothing" and "Leatherneck Wussie" and "The Heimel Maneuver" and several others. Each fictional column would have focused on what I saw as Cynthia's hypocrisy and theatrical sexuality, and I admit it: I did overreact and overstate, again, just as I thought she had. But in my case, I went too far. As one editor informed me, "You pretty much were grazed by a rifle shot and returned fire with a tactical nuclear weapon." I could see his logic, but I also thought that Cynthia had fired much more than a rifle shot.

It was a struggle. The double standard that I believe male writers work under today seemed to me to be in full force. The critiques of my column in some circles at the magazine were fierce: I was the sexist; I was the cruel and tasteless person; Cynthia was being victimized by me; she had used me only as a rhetorical device, while I had defamed her personally; she had great humor in her piece and I did not. I can tell you that there were a few days when my appearance on the editorial floor was not celebrated. "Spanking Cynthia" was canceled.

Peace, Cynthia. You win. I don't get to write the kinds of things that you get to write. The issues in this culture are too hot, certain sexual implications are too calamitous, various notions of gentility and chivalry and decorum are too ingrained.

There is another reason I sue for peace. Frankly, I find that most of us are ready and looking for it, both men and women. I know that I'm tired of the sexual wars, and I'd like to get along with the women I know who seem so angry with me. We've yelled at each other across a great divide for a long time.

How about it, Cynthia?



By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I've stopped thinking that men are Martians now that I've nursed several of them through getting it up to ask a girl for a date. They go insane.

First a fellow has to decide whether it's worth it. Why go through torture to ask out a girl who will never be the love of one's life, the mother of one's children, the sex kitten of one's universe? A man still wants to kill himself if a dippy sap of a girl says "Fuck off."

Then, after he does an enormous amount of reconnaissance work and finally decides she may be worth it, this man has to make a gigantic pretzel of a mental contortion and convince himself he *doesn't care* if the potential love of his life says, "Go out with you? *You?* Are you mental?" Otherwise, he'd never have the courage to make that hideous phone call:

"Hi, Norma, it's Stephen."

"Hi, Stephen. How are you?"

"We met at the museum, remember? At the Michelangelo. . ."

"Yes. I know which Stephen this is."

"You sure?"

It's pathetic. I once talked Ned, whom I love like family, through three months of courage gathering. The minute he went for this girl, he discovered that he was the ugliest geek in the world (he is totally handsome) and too tedious to live (he is brilliant). Every day, I had to hear about what she said, didn't say, the perfume from her dress. About how he just couldn't bring himself to. . .

"Ned," I said finally, on a Friday, "if you haven't asked her out by next Wednesday at six PM, I'm calling her. I am not bluffing. I will do it."

He did it. They are now engaged.

Thus, I have finally proved my theory. There's only one reason men have been so resistant to the feminist movement, one reason they haven't greeted with open arms the idea that women are their equals: It's too fucking painful to ask an equal out on a date. The rejection becomes unbearable.

If you think of a woman as part of a subspecies, maybe on a par with the moose, it's a lot easier to find out her plans for next Friday night. That's why men were such carefree Casanovas until 1969, the year women stopped being chicks. Who cared if a chick said no? What did she know?

I'm happy to see that, like women, your new man can't deal with rejection at all. I mean, even a little. He won't even talk about it. It's the last taboo topic.



THAT KILLER TURNDOWN

Like at dinner with my guys recently. These are guys who will talk about and compare penis sizes at the table. Guys who will with equanimity discuss whether they like a finger up their ass or not. Guys who will cheerfully say "nipple" to anyone.

"Guys," I said, "what are your feelings about rejection?"

They went all weird, changed the subject. I brought the subject back. They flatly refused to speak. Oh, one of them talked about a moonlit moment in Tanzania or somewhere, but it was just a one-night stand who didn't want a second night.

"No, no," I said. "What about when you've been seeing someone for a while, a month, a year, and then she doesn't want you anymore? Come on, tell."

The guys stared at their coffee spoons and turned blue. They wanted me dead. I gave up. But I was fascinated. What is it about rejection that makes it so hard to talk about?

There are two types of rejection. The first is a blow to one's ego, the second a blow to one's actual *self*.

Ego rejection we get about as regularly as lunch. A client hates our presentation. A casting director says, "That was fabulous! Next!" A girl with a great profile says, "No, I'm sorry. I'm busy for the next three months."

This kind of rejection is as damaging as your level of self-esteem. If you're a con-

ceited snot, you just shrug and decide the client's a moron, the casting director's corrupt. (You'll also decide that the girl with the great profile is clearly a lesbian, but you'll feel it more, since everyone's sexual ego is his most tender vulnerability.) But if you have low self-esteem, any and all ego rejection will simply confirm your fears and you'll go on your moody, suicidal way.

Rejection of self is the killer, major surgery of the soul. You've let your barriers down. Your thoughts and feelings and visions and revisions are no longer bottled lonely and weird within yourself but are now flowing freely and happily through that psychic window that opens between you and your beloved.

This communion with another is better than a shot of heroin, better than a month in Maui, better than winning the lottery. It's what we secretly live for, yearn for. We want to talk in shorthand with someone, to be able to glance across the room at a party and know that someone gets the joke.

When that someone who gets the joke doesn't want to play anymore, we're devastated. We feel 70 percent dead. This is the kind of rejection that no one wants to talk about. Or think about.

Because not only is this rejection horrendously painful, it's humiliating. We're not supposed to care. We're supposed to be groovy and independent; it's the law.

There is a reason that Albert Brooks's line in *Broadcast News* was the most famous and oft-quoted line of 1988: "Wouldn't this be a great world if insecurity and desperation made us more attractive? If needy were a turn-on?"

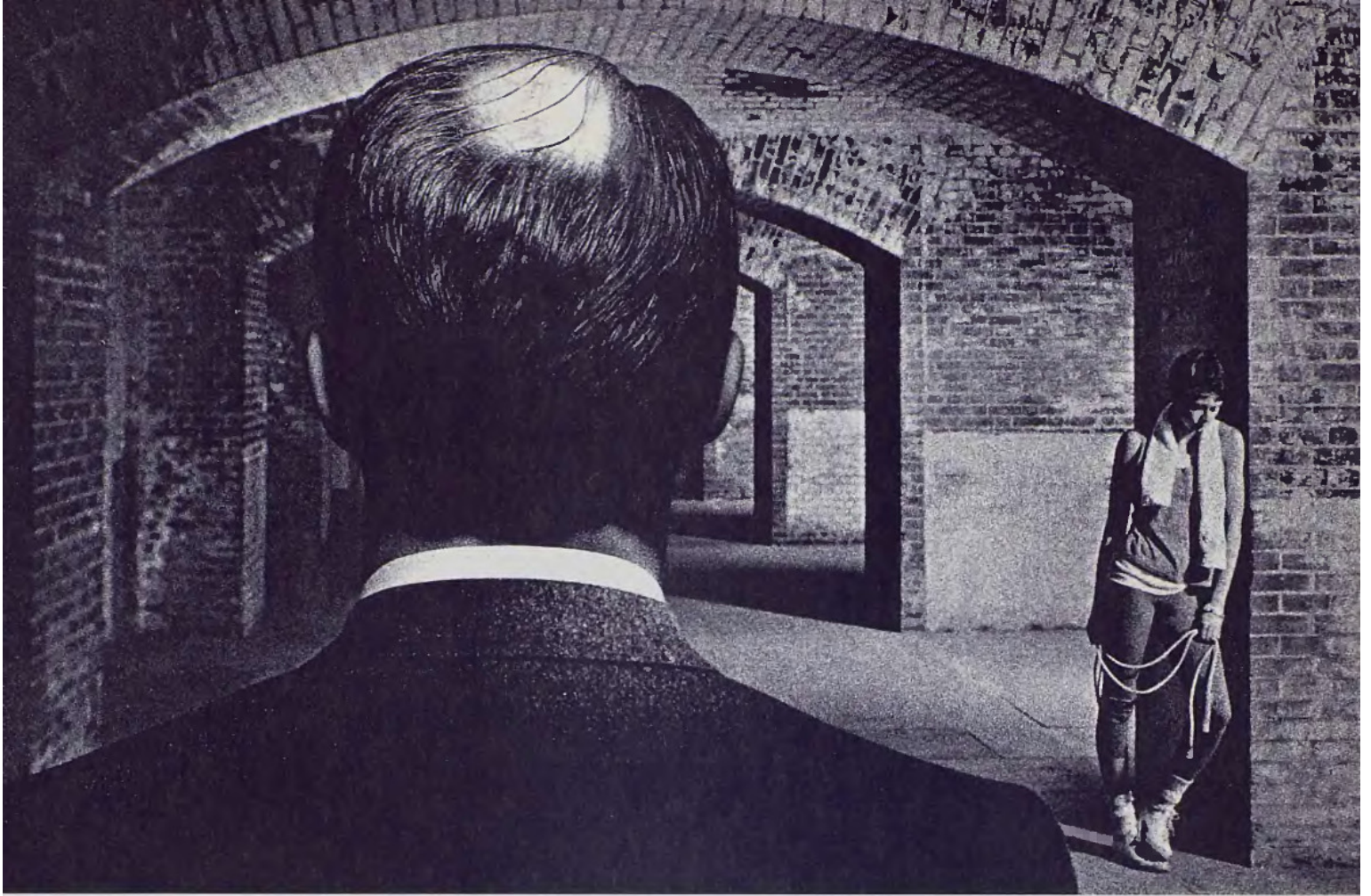
Everybody with a brain fell over and died for that line, because Brooks in his brave and whiny way voiced everybody's shameful little secret. We're all needy, we're all desperate, we're all terrified of revealing our sickening dependency. We'll do anything not to appear ridiculous.

Not to stand there like a fool while the loved one, turning toward the window, says, "That is not it at all. That is not what I meant at all."

It is time to pull rejection, kicking and screaming, from the closet. We must be able to discuss it, point and laugh at it. We must be brave and take risks with our hearts and not care when the eternal footman snickers. We must dare to eat a peach.

What do we have to lose besides everything?





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am an attractive 20-year-old female. I have a 23-year-old boyfriend who isn't willing to try new things when we make love. I always ask him to try new things and he says OK but then never follows through. My fantasy is fairly simple: I want to wear lingerie in front of him and have him slowly undress me. I just don't know how to go about it, or if he would enjoy it, because he insists on my being naked before I get into bed. What should I do?—Miss C. W., Los Angeles, California.

Is he brain dead? You could start him off with a subscription to the *Victoria's Secret* catalog or leave a few copies of the *Playboy Lingerie Specials*. They may jump-start his fantasy life. You might sell the bed, forcing him to have sex in other places (the bathroom, the kitchen, the beach). A partner who so easily settles into a routine doesn't offer much promise for the future. If he is incapable of playfulness, you should move on to find a man who can be an equal partner.

After getting used to sale dates on various forms of merchandise, I realized that there was a date stamped on our "best buy" three-dozen box of condoms. When I went to buy more, I found that all the boxes in the store had a date that was four to six months past. What does this date mean? Do we toss those we haven't used and try to find future-dated condoms?—E. H., Lancaster, Texas.

The date stamped on condom packages now refers to the expiration date. Under optimum storage conditions (away from heat and sunlight), the rubber should last two years. Think of them as fun tickets you never cashed. Buy some new condoms, but don't let your supply exceed the demand.

My girlfriend and I are about to move into an apartment together. We don't have immediate marriage plans. She has suggested drawing up some kind of pre-living-together agreement. Have you ever heard of such a thing? What are the advantages, if any, of a piece of paper?—K. L., Boston, Massachusetts.

More than 2,000,000 unmarried couples live together: Most assume that if and when they break up, the process will be simpler than a divorce. Unfortunately, that is not always true. While we have a body of law that governs the dissolution of marriage (and subsequent redistribution of property), cohabitants have no clear guidelines or state referees. We recommend picking up a copy of "Love and the Law," by Gail J. Koff (Simon & Schuster, \$17.95). She has a list of guidelines for couples entering a living-together situation. On the issue of yours, mine and ours: "(1) If you're purchasing something together, a piece of property for instance, make sure both names are on the deed. Or, in the case of rental property, make sure both names are on



the lease. (2) Keep a list of separate property that is brought into the relationship. For instance, who owns the stereo, television, etc. (3) Draw up a cohabitation agreement which would include individual property ownership, who pays for what items in the relationship (rent, food, etc.)." Some of the things that may be included in the agreement are "a clause stating that each party is to pay one half of their joint living expenses, that a joint checking account will be established for such payments, that all medical, dental, drug expenses, etc., shall be the sole responsibility of the person incurring them, and so on. And remember, these contracts can be periodically updated to reflect new purchases or new areas of agreement." The agreement is useful if you both buy a stereo but put it on only one person's credit card. It becomes essential if you buy something major, such as a condo or a house. For example, says Koff, "if it's a house and it wasn't purchased with the names of both parties on the deed, who owns it? What rights does the nonowning partner have if he or she contributes money toward the maintenance of the house? If there is shared ownership, what happens if the couple breaks up? Who gets the house? Must it be sold? If it is sold, how is the money to be divided? All too often, people neglect to face questions like these, questions that may conjure up unpleasant situations and eventualities. Some people are superstitious, thinking that to discuss potential problems will only make them real. And yet, as a rule, it's always better to be prepared for the worst, even while expecting and hoping for the best." Sound advice.

This may sound simple-minded, but how do you make use of the VU meter on a tape deck? Are you supposed to avoid going into the red? Can you go past the 0-dB level?

What is the Dolby mark supposed to mean?—J. P., Hartford, Connecticut.

Sometimes we think the VU meter is a diversionary tactic, similar to yelling at someone "Your fly is open" as he is about to sink a 12-foot putt. It is a visual reference to something best determined by your ears. Take your favorite album or CD—the one the salesman used to show you just how good your speakers, turntable and amplifier are (you know, the one that causes your cat to leave the house for a week)—then try to tape it while gradually raising the sound level. Flip back and forth between source and tape monitor. When you can't tell the difference, you have it right. When the sound level is too low, you'll hear hiss. When the sound level is too high, you'll discern distortion or a loss of brilliance. As for the 0-dB level, Japanese decks use 160 nanowebers per meter, while Europeans use 250 nanowebers; the ubiquitous Dolby trademark usually falls about halfway between, at 200 nanowebers. What's a nanoweber? Beats the shit out of us—sounds like something you get by tossing Robin Williams onto a charcoal grill. That's why we rely on our ears, not our eyes, when we make a recording; the goal is to make it sound like the album or the CD.

I have been dating a girl for almost five years. We enjoy each other very much. A recent occurrence in our lovemaking has prompted me to write to you. While engaged in somewhat heavy, aggressive foreplay one afternoon after working out together, something unusual happened. First we began to masturbate in front of each other, something we had never done before. Then we began to masturbate each other, again something new. After about 30 minutes, we were searching for a new position, kind of wrestling on the futon, having fun, and she pushed my legs up over my head as if to assume a male-dominant position. Surprisingly, she pushed my erection right into my face. She remarked, "You could give yourself a blow job." I placed my penis in my mouth and performed oral sex on myself. This lasted not more than five minutes before my girlfriend began masturbating furiously, orgasmed and quickly finished what I had started. We continued to make love all evening. Subsequently, while alone one afternoon, I unsuccessfully attempted to repeat that experience. I felt a bit guilty for having tried this and have never felt homosexual. Is this behavior severely abnormal, unusual or merely humorous? This relationship is central to my life and I am concerned about my girlfriend's thoughts on this. If it had truly bothered her, I believe she would have said something. Still, I am confused.—W. L., Detroit, Michigan.

Our guess is that you didn't dictate this letter. Just kidding. Actually, you are very lucky: We have heard of guys who ended up in the

hospital with serious back problems after trying autofellatio. This is one of the few sexual practices that can put you flat on your back—forever. Your workout probably limbered you enough to get away with the trick; however, you shouldn't push yourself that far on a regular basis. It would lead to interesting questions—for example, would you swallow? As for what your girlfriend thinks, ask her. And contract the job out to her in the future.

For many years, I've enjoyed wearing three-piece suits. Recently, I noticed that hardly anyone wears the vest—not celebrities, politicians, entertainers or business people. It cannot be a question of cost, because the wealthy are also absent from the list of vest wearers. Is the three-piece suit passé?—D. M., Hillsborough, California.

Gee, we thought that celebrities, politicians, entertainers and business people were the wealthy people. You're right about everything else—three-piece suits have definitely gone out of style. The better men's stores stock precious few of them. Unless the fall season brings a resurgence of this style, you should retire your vests and stick to wearing the two other pieces of your suit. If you're interested in updating your wardrobe, the classic look of double-breasted suits with a fuller cut and peaked lapels is the way to go.

I am a 23-year-old male, and I am very much in love with my 22-year-old fiancée. The problem is related to sex. My fiancée

works a 40-hour week, and I work a 64-hour week. I would be quite satisfied with having sex three times a week, but if my fiancée had her way, it would be once a week. We have discussed our differing opinions several times. She says that if we were married, things would be different. I am ready to get married, but I could not accept married life with a once-a-week habit. Should I trust her word that she will feel differently once we are married, or should I wait for a change before saying "I do"? I have one more question. My fiancée does not believe that she has ever had an orgasm. Is there a definite sign that a woman has reached climax? When I perform oral techniques on her, she gets to a point where she cannot handle it anymore and pushes me away. The same holds true if I use my hand to stimulate her. Is this normal? Is she reaching climax, or is there a problem?—S. M., Salt Lake City, Utah.

First, a wedding band is not a sex aid. Rice, when thrown by an audience of ridiculously attired relatives, has no known aphrodisiac quality. You and your girlfriend are facing several sexual problems. Lack of orgasm may contribute to avoidance of sex and/or lack of desire. A preacher doesn't wave some magic wand over your genitals, suddenly producing desire and contractions. You may want to find a sex therapist in town with whom you can discuss your problems. Your girlfriend can teach herself to reach orgasm through masturbation, then show you what

she has learned. You can add vibrators, erotic movies, whatever. Once she learns to reach orgasm alone, she can allow herself to reach orgasm with you. Once she does that, you'll find yourself trapped in a vicious circle. Good sex breeds an appetite for more sex. Finally, if you can work this problem out, chances are you'll be able to work out all the other—non-sexual—problems that accompany a marriage. If you can't, you should seriously reconsider the marriage. Making love to someone who doesn't like sex, or who doesn't like sex as much as you do, is sort of like putting a dollar bill into a change machine and getting back the dollar bill.

Fax machines have become a fact of life, but they have also become a major pain in the butt. I get unsolicited fax correspondence from strangers, electronic junk mail, sales pitches, the works. The fax machine gets tied up and paper gets used. What do you recommend? Is there fax etiquette?—D. W., Chicago, Illinois.

Our offices have created a set of guidelines you may find useful. Be careful of who has your fax number. Don't give it to everyone who asks, any more than you would your home phone number. Don't invite fax junk mail and advertisements. Aside from being unwanted and annoying, sales pitches tie up your machine, making it unavailable for actual business. As for sending, never fax blind. Call ahead to alert the person who is to receive it. (If the person won't take your call,

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then why do you think he will take your fax?) Then call to confirm the receipt of the fax and to verify the contents. Send a copy of the original by hand or by mail. (The flip side of this: Call when you receive a fax to verify the origin, the arrival, the contents, the date sent and the number of pages.) Also, a fax is not as private as mail. Be careful of what you send. Before you fax a document, ask yourself what would happen if the information didn't arrive or was inaccurate at the receiving end. Would it harm your company, a client or an employee? Could the information you're sending hurt your company or a client if read by a person other than the intended recipient? Could a competitor use the information to gain an advantage over your company or one of your clients? We always send a cover letter with a clear address, informing the recipient how many pages are being sent and giving a number he can call to verify the contents.

During the past few years you have mentioned *The X-Rated Videotape Guide*, by Robert Rimmer. I have been unable to locate it in my local store. Can you direct me to a source?—S. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

Sundance Associates (P.O. Box 8504, Denver, Colorado 80201) has just released a third edition of Rimmer's classic, priced at \$14.95. The new volume includes 750 reviews (mostly of videos released in 1987 and 1988) in addition to the more than 1300 films reviewed in the original Crown edition.

Every semester, my college has a seminar or a presentation on date rape. The picture it paints of guys is rather one-sided. I have, on occasion, encountered women who said no and meant yes, but when I try to tell people that, they say I am endorsing sexist rape mythology. So tell me, am I right? Does a no sometimes mean a yes?—F. R., Kalamazoo, Michigan.

A no sometimes means yes. A no sometimes means no. Now what? You are right, but it does not excuse the misjudgment that arises from mixed signals. A study at Texas A&M University found that of 610 female undergraduates, 39 percent had engaged in token resistance at least once. According to an article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, the women said no "because they were afraid of appearing promiscuous, concerned about the nature of the relationship or fearful of sexually transmitted disease. Also important were manipulative reasons ('I wanted him to be more physically aggressive.' 'I was angry with him.' 'I wanted to be in control'). A final group of reasons had to do with emotional, religious or moral concerns; fear of physical discomfort; and embarrassment about the body." Researchers Charlene L. Muehlenhard and Lisa C. Hollabaugh came down hard on token resistance: "It could cause women to miss out on sexual relationships with men who believe their refusals. It perpetuates restrictive gender roles for women and places the burden of being the aggressor on men. . . . If a man encounters a woman

who says no and he ignores her protests and finds that she is indeed willing to engage in sex, his belief that women's refusals are not to be taken seriously will be strengthened." How do you behave? In a marriage, the wife has the right to say no to sex. If she says no for a solid year, that is automatic, uncontested grounds for divorce in some states. In a dating relationship, a woman has the right to say no. And you have the right to date someone else. You don't have to wait a year to split. Some feminists would call this coercion; we call it common sense. There is a more clear-headed approach to the negotiation, however. Never have sex with someone until you have discussed birth control and chosen an appro-

priate method of contraception. (Don't sleep with someone who uses "no" as a form of birth control. When she finally changes her mind, you won't have anything available.)

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.



Since radar displays only one number, the operator has the responsibility to decide which vehicle is being clocked.

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The best guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. And truck reflections can be ten times stronger than car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

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SAY YES TO EROTICA

By MARTY KLEIN

If convicted mass murderer Ted Bundy had said that watching Bill Cosby reruns motivated his awful crimes, he would have been dismissed as a deranged sociopath. Instead, Bundy proclaimed that pornography made him do it—which many people treated as the conclusions of a thoughtful social scientist. Why?

It's about sex.

Some people are so afraid of sex that they will jump at any chance to prove that it's dangerous. But their cynical arguments are transparent.

Porn exploits women? Then why are these crusaders also against explicit gay films? Porn equals kiddie porn? It is absolutely impossible to find such material in stores. Porn is violent? There is violence in less than ten percent of all erotic materials—far less than in your local movie theater and dramatically less than in this week's prime-time television. Porn gives us inaccurate ideas about women's bodies, feelings and desires? So do *Cosmopolitan*, *Dynasty*, Harlequin Romances and Miss America pageants.

The difference is that pornography, unlike mainstream media, admits to being sexual. The *Geraldo* show pretends to be a serious look at Americana, and the swimsuit issue of *Sports Illustrated* pretends to be about swimwear and travel. They're both commercially successful forms of voyeurism, along with the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders, ads for Calvin Klein jeans and TV shows like *Charlie's Angels*.

But pornography—and its consumer—says, "I like sex. I don't apologize for choosing to be turned on." And that is what some people can't stand. They are, of course, entitled to their fear and hatred. But we must not let it infect the rest of us. And, particularly in a democracy, we must expose its pretense as science, morality or common sense.

Porn is an estimated eight-billion-

dollar-a-year business. Does this translate to 8000 perverts spending \$1,000,000 per year? No. It is closer to 40,000,000 people spending \$200 per year. Sure, that includes a few crazy people—people who also drink milk and use Tide. But the vast majority of



erotica consumers are simply you and me—relatively normal, healthy people who find ourselves living in a culture that teaches, "Sex is dirty—save it for someone you love."

Who of these normal, healthy people is willing to stand up and say, "I enjoy an X-rated film every now and then"? Or "My husband and I looked at *Playboy* together last week, got turned on and had terrific fun lovemaking"? Virtually no one. With 40,000,000 voices silenced, a small group of vocal,

frightened people is left to speak on behalf of *everyone's* sexuality. And when trained, experienced sex therapists and researchers speak up, we are accused of being biased: "Of course you have a pro-sex attitude," as if that were a bad thing (note that physicians are never criticized for being pro-health). Thus, legitimate, sane public debate about sexuality is effectively prevented.

One issue people are getting fonder of discussing is "porn addicts." This is supposed to be an objective, easily understood term, like drug addict.

The truth is that there is no such thing as a porn addict. The concept has virtually no acceptance among sex professionals. Sex therapists, of course, know that some people express their sexuality compulsively: Some expose themselves, some see prostitutes every day and some can get aroused only in public places.

But various people behave compulsively with money and even exercise. They hurt themselves and their families. We may laugh at them or pity them, but we don't seriously believe that they are deranged or dangerous. And we don't say that food, money or exercise is evil.

The major problem with the concepts of porn addiction and sex addiction is that they are increasingly being used to label any sexual behavior outside conventional standards addictive. In other words, if you masturbate too much, if you watch porn too much or if you desire variety too much, you're addicted. You're sick, out of control and have to give up your ideas about sex in favor of more conventional ones. That means monogamous, heterosexual, intercourse-oriented, not-too-frequent sex.

This solution would make sense only in a culture that believed that sex is dangerous and that it can take over people's lives.

If we're serious about hating violence, let's get rid of cop shows, let's stop selling guns to everyone who wants

them and let's stop teaching our sons and daughters that when a girl says no, she really means yes.

If we're serious about respecting women, let's encourage our daughters to pay their way on dates, so no one feels used or coerced; let's pay them the same wages as their male colleagues so they can afford to pay for those dates; and let's call them sensitive instead of emotional, capable instead of bitchy. And let's teach them that it's OK to desire sex instead of teaching them that good girls don't, which means they have to be swept away by alcohol, drugs, lies or love before they acquiesce—and then feel guilty afterward.

Our distorted images about sexuality don't begin with third-graders discovering *Playboy*. They start when we touch ourselves as two-year-olds and get our hands slapped. They build when we're found playing doctor as four-year-olds and are banished from a friend's house. And they're confirmed when we innocently ask, "Mommy, what's a vagina?" as six-year-olds and have our mouths washed out with soap.

This is when we learn that there is something wrong with sex. These are the moments that, if handled differently, can produce sexually mature, self-respecting adults. The awful childhood moments of sexual shame make school sex education absolutely crucial. Not to teach kids about Fallopian tubes but to teach them that sex is something to be respected and treasured, not something to be feared, hated and cruelly repressed.

We should be sympathetic toward people who are afraid of sex. Not only are they emotionally uncomfortable but they also have to put up with a society full of exploitive billboards and TV shows. But letting these people and their fear dictate rules for the rest of us is fully as dangerous as putting claustrophobics in charge of elevators or anorexics in charge of school kitchens.

Almost 20 centuries ago, someone suggested to the Roman senate that all the slaves in Rome be made to wear distinctive clothing. "This is a bad idea," protested one Roman. "They may all look around and realize just how large their numbers are."

Those who enjoy sex are now under siege by ignorance and fear. If only in spirit, we must identify ourselves, somehow acknowledging just how large our numbers are. This includes not believing those TV and newspaper stories claiming the only consumers of porn are addicts and victims. Now, more than ever, it's time, emotionally and spiritually, to just say yes.

Marty Klein is a marriage counselor and sex therapist.

DONALD WILDMON THE TUPELO AYATOLLAH

When the Ayatollah Khomeini decided that the book *The Satanic Verses*, by Salman Rushdie, was offensive to Islamic values, he called for the author's murder. In the U.S., responses ranged from First Amendment champions' calling for sanctions against Iran to a joke hotline's noting that Rushdie should write a sequel called *Buddha, You Fat Fuck*. While it's comfortable to rail against rag-head repression, our home-grown version is no joke. We refer, of course, to the Tupelo ayatollah, the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon. It would be more appropriate for Rushdie's next book to be called *Wildmon, You Dumb Fuck*.

Wildmon Y-D-F is head of The Coalition of Christian Leaders for Responsible Television. Like the other ayatollah, he is the self-appointed definer and defender of his religion's values. His complaints to the Federal Communications Commission culminated in regulations that would ultimately result in the prosecution of anyone who read unexpurgated passages from Rushdie's novel on radio or television. A California radio station chose not to broadcast a reading of *The Satanic Verses*, because "A single complaint might mean tens of thousands of dollars in legal fees, loss of our broadcast license, prosecution by the Department of Justice, a hefty fine and two years in Federal prison." Hey, guys, at least you'd still be breathing.

Instead of sending death squads after artists who present a different world view, Wildmon Y-D-F incites the faithful into letter-writing frenzies and bombards advertisers with postcards and petitions. A boycott is as American as apple pie. So, it seems, is attempting to impose your moral views on the rest of the nation.

Wildmon Y-D-F has formulated his moral values the old-fashioned way—by counting on his fingers. He kept a careful count of the language used in the eight-hour miniseries *Lonesome Dove*. According to a story in *The Wall Street Journal*, the show "contained 32 uses of the word hell, by his calculations, 'none referring to the place.' It contained 31 uses of damn, 30 uses of whore and 11 uses of poke as a euphemism for sex. Twelve times, moreover, it took the name of the Lord in vain."

The New Puritans, the name given to Wildmon Y-D-F and his ilk by the popular media, regularly deluge the sponsors of such shows as *Saturday Night Live*, *thirtysomething*, *Married . . . with Children*, *Moonlighting*, *60 Minutes*, *L.A. Law*, *Night Court*, *Cheers*, *The Golden Girls*, *A Current Affair*, *The Phil Donahue Show*, *Geraldo*, *Inside Edition*, *The Morton Downey Jr. Show* and *The Oprah Winfrey Show*. Wildmon Y-D-F is so easily offended, he makes the ayatollah look like a man of low standards.

His most publicized target has been Madonna, rock star, nude model and actress. Offended by her video that shows an icon of a saint coming to life in response to the spiritual adoration of a teenage girl, Wildmon Y-D-F urged Pepsi to drop her "Make a Wish" commercial, which had home movies of Madonna at her birthday party and dancing her way through high school.

What we have here is black-listing from the McCarthy era. Instead of death threats, the zealots say, "You'll never work in this pop culture again." And, tragically, the pressure groups win. Wildmon Y-D-F got Dr Pepper to jettison Dr. Ruth, Domino's Pizza to pull its advertisements from *Saturday Night Live* and Pepsi to drop Madonna. The new Pepsi spokesperson will be Howdy Doodly—a puppet with a wooden head. At last, Wildmon Y-D-F has created television in his own image.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BARELY NATURAL

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK—The Yosemite Art Museum removed all but two of the outdoor nude studies displayed by Ken Marcus, a former *Playboy* photographer



and disciple of Ansel Adams. Park officials evidently thought that the photos went too far back to nature—and replaced them with pictures of decaying park buildings.

RIGHT-WING REVENGE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Forty liberal organizations, including *People for the American Way*, are losing their tax-exempt status because they opposed Judge Robert Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court. The Internal Revenue Service decided that their opposition to Bork's appointment violated the tax code's restrictions against lobbying.

SEARCHING SMUGGLERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Supreme Court ruled that suspicious behavior is enough of a "reasonable basis" to stop and search a suspected drug courier. In sustaining a conviction for cocaine possession, the seven-to-two majority decided that even though the drug smuggler, who had traveled round trip from Honolulu to Miami, had done nothing overtly illegal, the fact that he had paid \$2100 in cash for his tickets, checked no luggage, appeared nerv-

ous and returned almost immediately to Honolulu fit a drug-courier profile and was sufficient cause for Drug Enforcement Administration agents to suspect illegal activity and to search him. The search uncovered 1063 grams of coke in his carry-on luggage.

NEITHER LOVE NOR MONEY

BALTIMORE—American Express is having trouble prying \$6716.92 out of a cardholder who claims that the charges were for sex with prostitutes at night clubs and, therefore, cannot be collected. According to the man's attorney, "It is axiomatic that a contract that has as its purpose an underlying illegality cannot be enforced by either of the parties." The Maryland Court of Appeals has ruled previously that illegal sex acts are not covered by contract law, but so far, it is the cardholder's word against the night clubs' that the charges were for sex and not—as they claim—for champagne.

ILLCIT REMAINS ILLEGAL

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE—An effort to repeal New Hampshire's 200-year-old law against adultery failed when the state senate killed a reform bill passed by the house. The senate Democratic leader said, "We do cherish some traditional values up here."

PREGNANT WITH AIDS

ALBANY—An analysis of the blood of babies born in New York in 1988 revealed that the AIDS-infection rate for their mothers is one in 150 state-wide and one in 77 in New York City. The study found that AIDS-virus infection is concentrated in neighborhoods with high rates of drug use, thus supporting the belief that the disease is entering the heterosexual community mainly by way of I.V.-drug users and their sex partners. The analysis also confirms that minorities are bearing the brunt of AIDS infection. All newborns of infected women test positive because they carry their mothers' antibodies, but fewer than half develop the disease itself.

MATING GAME

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—A study of human mate preferences in 37 cultures has

found that the basis on which humans choose their mates is virtually universal and controlled by evolution. Both sexes value kindness and intelligence more highly than income or physical appearance. The international consortium of 50 scientists who conducted the study also found that "men world-wide place greater value on mates who are young and physically attractive," while "women prefer mates who are somewhat older, have good financial prospects and are ambitious and industrious." Similar preferences are found in many nonhuman species.

FUTURE SEX

LOS ANGELES—"Sexual Dilemmas of the Nineties" was the theme of the annual Western regional meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, and dilemmas there will be if some of the projections come true. Dr. Michael Perry, a Sherman Oaks sex therapist, predicts that reproduction in the next decade will be "separated from sex" and will depend mostly on artificial methods of conception and gestation, including the possibility of men's



bearing babies. He noted that "the fetus is a very effective parasite [and] could easily gestate in the male intestine." Then he gave listeners something else to chew on: "We already know that a baby can be grown in a cow. But what about the prenatal influence? Will the baby come out liking alfalfa?"

THE LAST TABOO

Am I glad I read "The Last Taboo," by Ron Kirkby, Ph.D. (*The Playboy Forum*, May). I have rented only a handful of X-rated movies and have been disappointed in all of them. I figured I just managed to pick out some bad ones. Now I know better.

D. Nelson
Reading, Pennsylvania

I suggest that all your readers write to porn-film makers to request the kind of movie Kirkby describes. Maybe his vision can become a reality.

Edward Diggs
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Porn-film makers, like others who are involved in a successful business, stick with what their customers want. Kirkby's version of a porn movie would be intelligent, appealing and lovely—but not a hot rental item.

Fred A. Glienna
South Pasadena, California

Everything I know about how to make love to a woman has been learned through trial and error. I haven't yet found a woman who enjoys making love the way porn movies show a man and a woman making love. Men could learn how to be great lovers if porn-film makers would make movies with real love scenes.

Robert L. Machal
Englewood, New Jersey

I think you wasted two pages of a great magazine.

Clarence W. Gidley
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Perhaps the reason that so much porn is centered on the male body is that film makers have the adolescent feeling that "that could be mine," instead of the more mature feelings necessary to be a responsive lover.

Carl Marquardt
Kew Gardens Hills, New York

YOUR POSTAL QUARTER'S WORTH

I work for the United States Postal Service and know that child pornography is not the only area in which it engages in sting jobs (*The Playboy Forum*,



FOR THE RECORD

THE NEW OBSCENITY

"We are hearing more and more these days about what I call the New Obscenity. It's not a four-letter word but an oft-repeated statement that strikes at the very core of our humanity. The four words are 'I can't help myself.'"

"This philosophy sees man as an organism being acted upon by biological and social forces, rather than as an agent with a free will. It views offenders not as sinful or criminal but as 'sick.' By ignoring the idea that people face temptations that can—and should—be resisted, it denies the very quality that separates us from the animals."

—WILLIAM LEE WILBANKS, professor of criminal justice, commenting on the growing tendency in psychology and law to blame internal and external factors (for example, anger, depression, hormones, sex, pornography, alcohol and television) for personal failings

September 1988 and February 1989). The Postal Inspection Service pressures postal workers into entrapping their fellow workers—usually into selling drugs.

In a recent issue of the American Postal Workers' Union paper, there was the article "Beware of Inspection Service Informants." It reads in part: "A.P.W.U. obtained the transcript of testimony by a Postal Inspection Service informant that was used in the criminal prosecution of a postal worker for selling drugs. The transcript paints a shameful picture of how the Inspection Service treats postal workers."

The article then details how a postal

worker was coerced into selling another "employee" (really a postal inspector) drugs and then was persuaded to entrap other employees. It concludes that "the activities of the Postal Inspection Service . . . show that they are part of the problem, not the solution."

(Name and address withheld by request)

The United States Postal Service is issuing a commemorative stamp in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. The painting *Liberty Leading the People*, by Eugène Delacroix, will be depicted on the stamp. This is the same painting that is used in an illustration in the March *Playboy Forum*. The stamp, however, will not be a faithful representation of the original painting—the Postal Service will airbrush Liberty's nipples so that they will not be visible!

F. Sanders
New York, New York

BE WILY AGAINST WILDMON

I've discovered that the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon's *AFA Journal* actually does serve a good purpose. Wildmon compiles names and addresses of the companies that advertise on and in what he considers offensive television programs and magazines. He suggests that his readers send hate mail to the companies until they stop advertising on the shows and in the magazines. I used his listing to send letters asking that the companies not capitulate to him. I sent one letter to Playtex, which

advertises in *Sassy*—one of Wildmon's least favorite magazines after *Playboy*. Martin Petersen, director of community relations for Playtex, wrote back, saying, "You may be interested to know, yours is the only letter we have received supporting this publication." His letter strengthens my belief that we must take a stand to fight the Wildmons of the world, who are infinitely more organized than we are.

Kim Erwin
Chicago, Illinois

ANTI-ABORTION ARMY

Allowing the leaders of a self-named religious "army"—who make death

R E S P O N S E

threats against those with whom they disagree—to walk free is to surrender the right to free speech (“Onward, Christian Soldiers?” *The Playboy Forum*, May). A threat against a writer’s life because of the ideas he expresses is a serious crime and should be treated as such by the American Government.

(Name and address withheld by request)

THE REAL OBSCENITY

Recently, the top news stories have been about the Alaskan oil disaster, the six tons of missing insecticide threatening to cause an environmental catastrophe in the English Channel, scientists’ concerns about the depletion of the ozone layer and the raping of the oceans by pollution and overfishing. Perhaps it would be wise for the spiritual leaders of the U.S. to stop spending so much time worrying about how many bare breasts should be shown on television. The time has come—and is almost past—for those leaders to raise awareness about our re-

sponsibility toward the garden that God entrusted to us. But then, maybe they should first determine what kind of cash the environmental issue would generate. After all, first things first.

Mike Pusch
Omaha, Nebraska

BUNDY’S LEGACY

We lost a loved one to Ted Bundy. We will never know where she is; we will never have any peace. Dr. James Dobson says that he has compassion for those of us who suffered the hell Bundy put us through (“Ted Bundy’s Original Amateur Hour,” *The Playboy Forum*, June). He says he is not exploiting the pain and suffering that the victims’ families will endure all their lives.

Yet Dobson is exploiting us by mailing a letter requesting donations to help him in the “fight against obscenity” and citing Bundy’s final interview as proof that pornography causes crime. I am not in favor of violent pornography, but Bundy is not my spokesperson. He played his

last role as he played other roles all his life—as a manipulator.

(Name and address withheld by request)

If Bundy hadn’t the self-discipline to contain himself, he should have been held accountable for his actions—not pornography.

Steven J. Koehler
Mesa, Arizona

DRUGS: WHOSE FAILURE?

J. Gaynes of San Diego cites his long career as a junkie and concludes that legalization will not work (“Reader Response,” *The Playboy Forum*, May). What he has shown is that *criminalization* does not work.

Millard H. Perstein
Sedona, Arizona

Using drugs is a way to escape from life. The high incidence of drug use speaks eloquently on society’s failure to offer a decent way of life.

F. J. Jermyn
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

CENSORSHIP

AT HOME AND ABROAD

“Every government degenerates when trusted to the rulers of the people alone. Even under the best forms, those entrusted with power have, in time and by slow operations, perverted it into tyranny.” —THOMAS JEFFERSON

“There is no week nor day nor hour, when tyranny may not enter upon this country, if the people lose their supreme confidence in themselves—and lose their roughness and spirit of defiance.” —WALT WHITMAN

The Eighties may be remembered as the decade the Government took away our rights while no one watched. In his foreword to Donna A. Demac’s *Liberty Denied* (PEN American Center), Walter Karp talks about the Reagan Administration’s deliberate use of arbitrary powers—“the power to censor, to silence, to intimidate, to keep ignorant, to keep Government tabs on, to keep Government concealed from an ostensibly free and self-governing people.”

We have covered the obvious measures—schoolbook censorship and the antics of the Meese commission—in *The Playboy Forum*, but Demac shows how pervasive and routine the repression became under Reagan. How do we compare with the rest of the world?

Article 19 World Report 1988 (Times), subtitled “Information, Freedom and Censorship,” edited by Kevin Boyle, analyzes the status of free speech in 50 countries. This is recommended reading—while we still can. We have seen the enemy, and he is us.

LIBERTY DENIED

THE CURRENT
RISE OF
CENSORSHIP
IN AMERICA



DONNA A. DEMAC



THE SEARCH FOR SEXUAL FREEDOM

a utah lawyer takes on an antiquated sodomy statute

"In 1650, young Samuel Terry of Springfield, Massachusetts, distressed his neighbors when, during the Sabbath sermon, he stood outside the meeting house 'chafing his yard to provoak lust.' Several lashes on the back may have dissuaded him from masturbating in public again, but in 1661, Samuel Terry endured another punishment for sexual misconduct. Now married, his bride of five months gave birth to their first child, clear evidence that the pair had indulged in premarital intercourse. A four-pound fine was not the last Terry would pay for defying the moral standards of his community. In 1673, the court fined Terry and eight other men who had performed an 'immodest and beastly' play. Despite this history of sexual offenses, however, a sinner like Samuel Terry could command respect among his peers. Terry not only served as a town constable but, in addition, the court entrusted him with the custody of another man's infant son. In short, as long as he accepted punishment for his transgressions, Samuel Terry remained a citizen in good standing."—from *Intimate Matters*, "A History of Sexuality in America," by John D'Emilio and Estelle B. Freedman.

Ah, how times have changed. In the small town of West Valley City, Salt Lake County, state of Utah, Sergeant Gary W. Oliverson and three of his colleagues met several female members of Explorer Post 955, an organization formed to introduce young adults to police procedures. Over time, relationships developed. One morning, police officers found taped to the door of the police station a handwritten note accusing unnamed police of fornication with several of these women.

The police chief called in Oliverson and said, "Tell the truth or you will lose your job." Oliverson admitted to having engaged in noncommercial, nonprostitutional, consensual, heterosexual relations with two women, one 18, the other 21—in private. None of the conduct was related to his employment or service as a police officer. He had simply met the women at the station. None of the women had complained.

Oliverson was suspended for 30 days without pay. Some of the citizens of Utah, however, were not satisfied. Nine of them, upon reading stories of the inci-

dent, filed a complaint calling for his dismissal, arguing that as a police officer, he had violated at least three state laws.

You see, Utah is still in the 17th Century. On the books are laws against fornication, sodomy and adultery. According to the state code: "A person commits sodomy when the actor engages in any sexual act with a person who is 14 years of age or older involving the genitals of

"Why should something that is legal in Colorado (and 24 other states) become a crime when you cross the state line? Intimacy is a basic freedom, not some feudal right reserved by the states."

one person and the mouth or anus of another person, regardless of the sex of either participant. . . . Any unmarried person who shall voluntarily engage in sexual intercourse with another is guilty of fornication." Both acts are class-B misdemeanors, with sentences of up to six months in jail and a \$1000 fine.

The state code defines adultery as follows: "A married person commits adultery when he voluntarily has sexual intercourse with a person other than his spouse." With a class-A misdemeanor, an offender is subject to a year in jail and/or a \$2500 fine.

Oliverson believes he is a good police officer; he believes these laws violate his constitutional right to privacy. He hired Brian Barnard, a lawyer with the Utah Legal Clinic, to challenge them.

Barnard, who wants to "drag Utah into the Twentieth Century," has twice challenged the fornication statute. He tried

to have the law overturned in a class-action suit by cohabiters, arguing that the 1980 census figures showed that nearly 7000 households in Utah were composed of two unrelated, unmarried people of the opposite sex. The judge responded: "It cannot be presumed that all such persons are sexually active with one another, though some may be so involved. The plaintiffs' claim that 'a vast majority of the people living in such households are probably engaging in sexual intercourse' is pure speculation."

Barnard argued that there were 3600 births out of wedlock in Salt Lake and Davis counties between 1983 and 1985, suggesting that sexual intercourse was certainly taking place. Utah's assistant attorney general responded that the figures were inconclusive: "The fact that there were births out of wedlock doesn't necessarily mean there was fornication."

Besides, said the assistant attorney general, there was a dearth of prosecutions. These people had no real fear that the law would be enforced, he continued, so why bother changing it? The judge threw the case out.

Oliverson faces prosecution. The laws pose a real threat to his livelihood, to say nothing of his love life. And Barnard agrees. He is asking that the law be declared unconstitutional.

Barnard believes that the citizens of Utah, even the police, have a right to privacy guaranteed by the Constitution. He cites Justice Louis Brandeis in *Olmstead vs. United States*: "The makers of our Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness. They recognized the significance of man's spiritual nature, of his feelings and of his intellect. They knew that only a part of the pain, pleasure and satisfactions of life are to be found in material things. They sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations. They conferred as against the Government the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

Now, it would seem that fornication and sodomy are sources of sensations—at least if you're doing them right. A series of Court decisions extended the right of privacy to unmarried couples:

Eisenstadt vs. Baird gave unmarried couples the right to use contraceptives. "If the right of privacy means anything, it is the right of the *individual*, married or single, to be free from unwarranted Governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child."

The right to use contraceptives, argues Barnard, "means little if the accompanying sexual intercourse is criminal."

The state of Utah says that the right of privacy does not protect consensual, heterosexual, noncommercial acts of sodomy between unmarried adults. In addition, the Maryland supreme court recently upheld the conviction of a man who engaged in "an unnatural and perverted sexual practice," namely, fellatio. In a series of U.S. Supreme Court decisions, the Justices have argued that sodomy does not fit within the limited coverage of the privacy right. In *Bowers vs. Hardwick*, the Supreme Court said: "The issue presented is whether the Federal Constitution confers a fundamental right upon homosexuals to engage in sodomy and hence invalidates the laws of the many states that still make such conduct illegal and have done so for a very long time."

It decided that the Constitution did not grant such a right to homosexuals (it refrained from clarifying the issues for heterosexuals). In his dissent to *Bowers*, Justice Harry Blackmun wrote that he hoped "the Court soon will reconsider its analysis and conclude that depriving individuals of the right to choose for themselves how to conduct their intimate relationships poses a far greater threat to the values most deeply rooted in our nation's history than tolerance of nonconformity could ever do."

Barnard argues that such laws attempt to dictate forms of sexual activity, that the missionary position of procreative sex is some kind of state-endorsed loyalty oath. In *Moore vs. City of East Cleveland*,

though, the Supreme Court found that "the Constitution prevents Government from standardizing its children—and its adults—by forcing all to live in certain narrowly defined patterns."

There is even argument as to whether or not the ancient tradition supposedly protected by the law uniformly bans oral sex. The Utah state's attorney admits that "although sodomy at common law did not include fellatio, the religious forerunners of the common law made broad condemnations of sexual acts besides vaginal intercourse. Sodomy was an ecclesiastical offense before it was banned by courts of law. Religious expositions such as *Summa Theologiae* of Saint Thomas Aquinas

the states.

The Supreme Court has said that before a state can intrude on a citizen's right to privacy, it must demonstrate that it has a compelling interest. The Utah state's attorney argues that the law is "a reasonable means of promoting marriage and traditional moral values."

Barnard replies: "If there were legitimate compelling state interests served by this statute, the defendants and their predecessors would have regularly enforced this antisodomy law. The lack of enforcement belies any claims of possible legitimate or compelling state interests."

Barnard argues that the law is irrational. Sex laws are seldom enforced; in

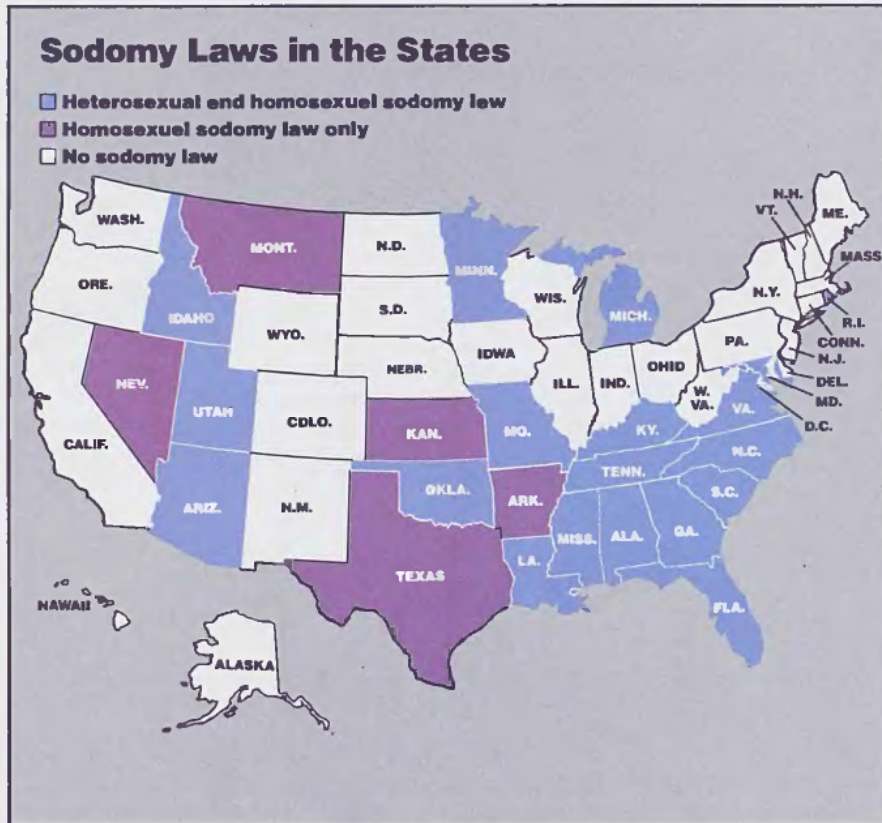
fact, under the vague laws of most states, 95 percent of American men and a large percentage of American women have experienced orgasm in an illegal manner.

It happens that in Utah, the law may appear to encourage marriage, since it allows married persons to kiss their partners' genitals, while it makes similar conduct a crime when done by persons not married to each other. Thus, says Barnard, "heterosexual sodomy in and of itself is not inherently evil and offensive." Such a capricious distinction denies single persons equal protection under the law. As one circuit-court judge said, "If government insists on regulating private sexual conduct between consenting adults, it must, at a minimum, do so evenhandedly."

The Utah state's attorney argues that "legalizing sodomy for married couples also removes a potential obstacle to repairing strained relations."

There's nothing like a blow job to smooth over those little domestic squabbles; I guess cohabiters and single persons will have to resort to the *thirtysomething* solution and talk it out. Or they can go directly to firearms and frying pans.

Barnard attacks the rationality of the state argument. If the fornication law is



demonstrate that anal intercourse and bestiality were only two of several prohibited acts."

Barnard responds that although the Bible clearly prohibits anal intercourse, it never prohibits oral sodomy. And, indeed, early state law seemed to reflect that: In 1868, not even half of the then-existing United States recognized sodomy as a crime on the books. "Those states that did prohibit it acknowledged that by including oral-genital contact as criminal sodomy, they were altering the common law." Why should something that is legal in Colorado (and 24 other states) become a crime when you cross the state line? Intimacy is a basic freedom, not some feudal right reserved by

intended to reduce illegitimacy and decrease the number of state-supported children, repealing the sodomy statute and offering a nonprocreative form of sex to single adults certainly serves the same function. If the point of the law is to prevent the spread of AIDS, then encouraging oral sex (which has not been proven to spread the disease) serves that purpose. If the state were serious about protecting marriage, it would outlaw divorce. If it were serious

about illegitimacy, it would outlaw bastards or compel unwed mothers to have abortions.

Barnard's final argument is the most eloquent: "Intimate sexual conduct such as sodomy is quintessentially private and lies at the heart of an intimate association, beyond the proper reach of state regulation.

"An act of intimate sexual conduct (including acts of sexual intercourse and sodomy) is a method of expressing

affection, love, attachment, fidelity, caring, passion, tenderness, devotion . . . just as those feelings and emotions may be expressed by words through written or spoken language. The First Amendment of the United States Constitution prohibits most Government restrictions upon expression."

The Playboy Foundation is supporting this case; we will keep you posted on the outcome. If we are not free in our bodies, we are not free.

MEANWHILE, IN MARYLAND

an antiquated law still stands

Would you believe that an unmarried heterosexual man was sentenced to five years in prison for engaging in consensual oral sex with a woman in the privacy of her bedroom? Believe it. It happened in Maryland last year.

Dovie Sullivan accused Steven Adam Schochet of raping her, forcing her to commit fellatio and engaging in anal intercourse with her. The facts of the case indicate that she was trying to get even with him for falsely reporting to the police that she was a child abuser.

Despite the questionable nature of the case, the state of Maryland indicted Schochet for committing rape and fellatio but did not charge Sullivan with fellatio. The jury acquitted him of rape but convicted him for oral sex under the Unnatural or Perverted Sexual Practices Act, enacted in 1916, which reads in part, "Every person who is convicted of taking into his or her mouth the sexual organ of any other person or animal, or who shall be convicted of placing his or her sexual organ in the mouth of any other person or animal, or who shall be convicted of committing any other unnatural or perverted sexual practice with any other person or animal, shall be fined . . . and imprisoned." Schochet was sentenced to five years in prison with all but 18 months suspended, plus five years' probation. The sentence was later reduced to probation only.

Schochet appealed to the Maryland Court of Special Appeals. He challenged the constitutionality of the Unnatural or Perverted Sexual Practices Act, arguing that it violates the right

to privacy.

The Maryland court examined four U.S. Supreme Court cases regarding the right to privacy. In *Poe vs. Ullman* (1961) and *Griswold vs. Connecticut* (1965), the Supreme Court recognized that married people have a fundamental right to purchase and receive information about contraceptives. The Maryland court construed these cases to grant a right to privacy for married persons only. The right



could not extend to *everyone's* bedroom because another Supreme Court case, *Bowers vs. Hardwick* (1986), held that homosexuals do not have a right to privacy in theirs.

In 1972, the Supreme Court decided in *Eisenstadt vs. Baird* that unmarried people have a right to use contraceptives. Although some may interpret that as granting a right to privacy in the bedrooms of unmarried people, the Maryland court read

the ruling to mean that only the decision to have children is protected by a right to privacy—not the decision to engage in oral sex.

One of the three judges in the Maryland court, Judge Wilner, dissented. Quoting Justice Louis Brandeis, he said, the makers of the Constitution "conferred the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized man." He argued that sexual contact between unmarried people is just as private as that between married people, that an intrusion into the bedroom of unmarried people is just as repulsive as an intrusion into that of married people and that if the police cannot legally search a bedroom for contraceptives, they should not be permitted to search for certain types of sexual activity. He could find no possible state interest to justify the prohibition against oral sex.

Despite Wilner's arguments, the Maryland court concluded that the Unnatural or Perverted Sexual Practices Act does not violate the right to privacy and that unmarried heterosexuals have no fundamental constitutional right to engage in oral sex. The act should stand, said the court, unless the Maryland legislature decides to repeal it.

Schochet appealed to the Maryland Court of Appeals, the state's highest court, and the case awaits disposition. In the meantime, let this be fair warning—don't get caught having oral sex in Maryland.

—ROBERT B. GIDDING, an attorney at Fox, Rothschild, O'Brien & Frankel in Philadelphia



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

a candid conversation with the no-frills superstar about music that rocks, lyrics that hurt and the lasting importance of "cool hand luke"

As rock and roll slouches through its fourth decade, John Cougar Mellencamp remains hell-bent on riding the beast where he wants it to go, as opposed to where the entertainment conglomerates want it taken. His destination? He would call it "the main event," a heavyweight bout between his appetites and his sense of responsibility. The fact that this fight takes place in his own soul gives his songs power. The fact that he also perceives the conflict on a grander scale gives his songs political resonance. If the hero is someone who can face up to his own contradictions, Mellencamp is a true rock-and-roll hero.

It was a role for which he didn't volunteer. An academic screw-up, Mellencamp had little going for him in the beginning except bantam-rooster pugnacity. He certainly didn't know anything about music when he signed with his first manager, Tony DeFries. Once the mastermind behind David Bowie, DeFries decided he had a formula for success and Mellencamp was going to fit it. He changed Mellencamp's name to Johnny Cougar, dressed him like a glitter rocker and sent him into the studio without the benefit of a producer. The resulting album, released in 1978, was a humiliating bomb. The reviewers rightly savaged him for being an inept phony.

Figuring that things couldn't get any worse, Mellencamp decided to try being himself, hitting the comeback trail at the tender age of 23. After a couple of years of poverty

and a stay in England, where he was overshadowed by the punk explosion, he finally exhibited his songwriting ability with "I Need a Lover," a hit in Australia for him and a much bigger hit world-wide for Pat Benatar. But judging from his follow-up album, "Nothin' Matters and What if It Did," one could reasonably assert that he had learned neither humility from his failure nor gratitude for his success.

Next came a personal crisis. Mellencamp had fallen in love with a young Los Angeles model, Victoria Lynn Granucci, and had courted her on the sly until the affair was discovered by his wife, Priscilla. They divorced, he remarried and calmed down enough to write and record two of the greatest rock-and-roll songs of all time: "Hurts So Good," a danceable tune that showed his evolution from bitterness to balanced contradiction, and "Jack and Diane," a story of youthful passion that counsels holding on to that passion "long after the thrill of living is gone."

Among critics, Mellencamp's achievement caused a tremor that registered a nine on the cognitive-dissonance scale. "John Cougar did that? But that's good. Surely, this is a flash in the pan." John answered them by changing his name back to Mellencamp and making four multiplatinum albums—"American Fool," "Uh-Huh," "Scarecrow" and "The Lonesome Jubilee," while his latest, "Big Daddy," was shipped platinum. He reinvent-

ed folk rock with his innovative integration of acoustic guitar in a hard-rock format, created a haunting new sound by combining fiddle and accordion and did it all by getting the most out of real, live talented musicians, without the benefit of sampling or drum machines.

Mellencamp's lyrics, however, have had the most impact. Since his early failure at being a phony, he has appeared incapable of saying anything that isn't honest and straightforward. You may not agree with every point he's making, but you always know what point he's making. Your impulse after listening to him is to take him aside and discuss whatever has been weighing heavily on ol' John's mind.

Weighing most heavily for the past few years have been the farm crisis, the rapacious greed and cruelty of the Reagan era, the balancing of his personal, professional and political concerns, personality flaws that turn into tragedies over a lifetime and the meaning, if any, that it all has.

The son of an electrical contractor and a Miss Indiana runner-up, Mellencamp started life on October 7, 1951, in Seymour, Indiana, with a tumor on his neck. When the doctors took it out, they removed two of his vertebrae as well, destining him to shortness and a 4-F draft deferment. Being short, of course, is a trait strongly associated with rock stardom; if he couldn't be the biggest, he



"Sad to say, I owned a tattoo parlor for a while. Big mistake. All of us got tattoos now, none of us want them. I got three of the fuckers. My wife has two. Even my aunt Toots got a tattoo and she's fifty-seven."



"Getting married is a very hard job. That's what I think. You don't just get out of college, marry a girl and say, 'Hey, bitch, bring me some food.' I know. I tried. It don't work and it's not right."



"Guys like us, we're lucky to be doing what we want. Satisfaction doesn't come from the money but from the work. However meager your job, you've got to find happiness there—that's the dirty trick God played on us."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC HAUSER

would be the loudest and the toughest. He was a terror in the classroom, barely managing a D average. He married his pregnant girlfriend at the age of 18, walked out on the S.A.T. and barely made it through Vincennes University, the only college that would take a chance on him.

Just how did this guy go from nowhere to disgrace to one-hit wonder to stardom and acclaim? We sent one of our resident rock critics, **Charles M. Young**, on the road with Mellencamp to seek the answers. Says Young:

"What John Cougar Mellencamp really likes to do is horseshit. In the Mellencamp lexicon, that's a verb, meaning 'to sit around with people you trust and retell old stories until the rough edges fall off and you have created the anecdotal equivalent of a pebble that's been rolling in a stream bed for several geological epochs.'

"Unfortunately, Mellencamp only half trusts journalists, because he knows that if certain pebbles reached print, he couldn't go home to Seymour again, or even to Bloomington, where he currently lives.

"Over the six days that we talked, I asked him everything I could think of for as long as we could stand it and then put away the tape recorder. The second I punched STOP/EJECT, Mellencamp would relax and lay into the grotesque small-town stuff—off the record—that he won't make public until he's a hundred and twenty years old and everyone he could possibly embarrass is dead.

"If I had to describe Mellencamp's personality in a single phrase, I'd say, 'Dare to be obtuse.' The guy flunked tenth-grade English three times. To make him read a book today all the way through, you'd have to give him a choice between attacking the printed word and sticking his head into a cage with a starving weasel. Even then, he might prefer the weasel.

"One afternoon, we were riding on the tour bus and discussing Marlon Brando, who is near the top of Mellencamp's all-time-hero list for his brilliant acting and limitless capacity to be an asshole. Mellencamp handed me a recent biography, gave it a high recommendation and took a nap for an hour while I read the first two chapters. When he awoke, he picked my brain for every tidbit of information I'd gleaned. When I could remember no more, he grinned and said, 'There! That's another book I don't have to read.' I felt like I'd just painted Tom Sawyer's fence.

"Being a nonreader does not mean being an illiterate. Mellencamp can discuss the great antihero movies of the Fifties and Sixties—particularly 'Hud,' 'Cool Hand Luke' and 'A Streetcar Named Desire'—with special insight. And lately, he has taken up impressionist painting, which he knows well enough to know that his work sucks the mop.

"The down side of Mellencamp is that it would be easy for bonehead conservatives like Allan Bloom and William Safire to dismiss him as an ignorant hick with a talent for musical demagoguery. The up side is that, like

most great rock-and-roll stars, he is emotionally authentic and vehemently insistent on his own experience. Therefore, he is a threat to boneheads everywhere and a tribute to what democracy we have left in this country. His fans, who come in all ages and political persuasions, seem to understand that and prize him for his frankness, if not for every point he makes. They also love his band, which he claims is the best in rock right now.

"Since Mellencamp has fought tooth and claw for his integrity after trading it for a few empty promises at the start of his career, I decided to test his resolve by opening our interview with an offer he couldn't refuse. It turned out I bid way low."

PLAYBOY: We have a check here for a million dollars and all you have to do is change the words of *We Are the People* to *We Are the Pepsi*. Will you take it?

MELLENCAMP: No, but make me another offer.

PLAYBOY: Two million?

MELLENCAMP: That's not enough yet.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MELLENCAMP: I just wouldn't do it. I'm not for hire. I could have made several million

"How can anyone take Phil Collins seriously when his biggest hit is now a jingle? He's a nice guy, but I can't figure why he would need more money."

if I'd just sold *Small Town*. But give me that check unsigned. I'm going to keep that. Put it in a little frame.

PLAYBOY: Why are you against the use of rock songs in commercials?

MELLENCAMP: First of all, John Lennon didn't write *Revolution* to sell shoes. All those songs were like, "This is what I believe in, this is what I do, this is my generation." But the corporations say, "We didn't do anything to degrade that song. We just put our product in front of it." Well, that's just the point. You put your product in front of it. That's so far from the main event, it's silly.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of musicians who sell their music for commercials?

MELLENCAMP: I have no judgment to make on those people. They're just telling us what they stand for. Of course, that's easy for me to say. I've made a lot of money in the music business, and I'm not broke. If some musicians get a minor hit, they want to make sure that they exploit it to the maximum. It's like you rock journalists; pretty soon you realize that you have to pay the bills. So I understand why some

guys do it. I don't understand guys who have already made a lot of money doing it.

PLAYBOY: You mean there's a difference between an old bluesman in a beer commercial and Michael Jackson's endorsing Pepsi?

MELLENCAMP: Did Michael really need extra cash to buy the Elephant Man bones?

PLAYBOY: Would you go as far as Tom Waits, who said he's waiting for all the guys who have sold their music for jingles to die, so he could piss on their graves?

MELLENCAMP: No, I think that's a little extreme. I'm an old hippie, and I believe in live and let live. They justify it to themselves, and that's all you need in life, your own justification. For me to stand in judgment of these people is not right. They do what they have to do to get by.

PLAYBOY: Lou Reed is another guy who took the commercial route.

MELLENCAMP: I spoke to Lou about that in great detail. He spent three days at my house, and me and him talked about many things. It was a great pleasure for me, because he told me how he felt about his drug songs and how he'd been criticized for them. I had to ask him, "How about this motor-scooter advertisement?" And he said, "Well, my biggest problem in life is that I've never been commercial. I saw it as a way for me to get my songs to a lot of people. I didn't make that much money." So he had his reasons. I made my point and he asked me to see it from his side.

PLAYBOY: When Reed puts out a record, he asks to be taken seriously as an artist. Isn't it reasonable for people to expect artists not to be for sale in that way?

MELLENCAMP: Exactly. If you want to be taken seriously, you can't be writing Saturday-morning TV shows, which is what these commercials are. How can anyone take Phil Collins seriously when his biggest hit is now a jingle? He's a nice guy, but I can't figure why he would need more money. Some people make their living at commercials, and that's what *they* should do. They write jingles. I write songs.

PLAYBOY: And the twain should never meet?

MELLENCAMP: That's right. Never.

PLAYBOY: Right now, rock and roll is in the schizophrenic position of being co-opted and trivialized by Madison Avenue, just as conservatives are trying to turn it into the great Satan. The Parents' Music Resource Center says that all it advocates is labeling, not censorship. What's wrong with providing the consumer with a little information?

MELLENCAMP: Well, it is censorship. I don't care what anybody says. Who's to judge what's R- or PG-rated? Setting up an authority to judge that way is censorship. Thirty years ago, they were saying, "This nigger-bop music is destroying the white race." This conversation isn't even fun anymore. If rock and roll is so bad, how have we survived as a nation with all these children of rock and roll growing up?

PLAYBOY: You and your band seem healthy

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enough. You're doing exactly what you want to do; you're successful at it. There are no apparent neuroses.

MELLENCAMP: The only neurosis in this band is that we're all afraid that we made decisions as teenagers to pursue a career in rock and roll—but now we're adults. That's the only thing I wrestle with: At fourteen, I made a decision to do this, and now I'm thirty-seven and still in it. But lately, I've been feeling better even about that. I guess.

PLAYBOY: Back to censorship. Susan Baker, the wife of the Secretary of State, wrote an essay in *Billboard* in which she complained about Two Live Crew, the black rap group that has the song *We Want Some Pussy*. She seemed particularly upset that children might hear lyrics about having "a big black dick." What would you do if your seventeen-year-old daughter, Michelle, came home with that record?

MELLENCAMP: So what? She's not an idiot. She knows what things are and what they aren't. If she has to learn those things off a record, then she's in serious trouble. Parents who want to shield their children ought to think about preparing them for the real world. If *We Want Some Pussy* is as bad as it gets, then they're leading a charmed life, let me tell you. These women into censorship seem to have a lot of time on their hands, being married to politicians who aren't ever home. There are a lot of people in this country who are homeless. There are a lot of people who are starving. There are a lot of people who are out of work. Who cares if Two Live Crew wants some pussy?

PLAYBOY: What would you do if Michelle became interested in bands such as Slayer and Venom, which make a big deal out of worshipping Satan?

MELLENCAMP: George Green, the guy I write songs with, has a son who plays in a band that covers those kinds of songs. Nick is a funny kid: His father likes Simon and Garfunkel, so Nick likes a record only if it'll clear the room of any adults. About six months ago, it looked like Nick was going too far with the Satanism stuff, so they wanted me to talk to him. I did, and Nick just said, "John, it's an *act*. It's just a way to get some attention. That's all it is."

I have to believe that the majority of the time, that's all it is. I've read those weird accounts of murder and stuff, and I think there's a case of a kid saying a record made him do something, made him feel like his back was to the wall and, like, he had to follow through with it. It's like that *Dungeons and Dragons* game. Or other games. I've played a lot of games, and never once did I really want to buy Boardwalk.

PLAYBOY: *Dungeons and Dragons* is on the P.M.R.C. hit list as well.

MELLENCAMP: It's like they're so bored that they can't see any real problems, so they make them up. When they find an oddball case who is willing to say he did something because of a song, it's headlines for them.

PLAYBOY: When a kid dies or commits sui-

cide, don't you think parents need to blame it on something?

MELLENCAMP: Yeah: "It couldn't be *my* fault, so Ozzy Osbourne must have done it." Well, I've met Ozzy, and he's about as threatening as a fart in a windstorm. These people—the P.M.R.C.—are not even worthy of conversation. They don't deserve attention.

PLAYBOY: When Elvis Costello signed with Warner Bros., he found an anti-obscenity clause in his contract. Apparently, he was told not to worry about it; no one would take it seriously. Costello wanted to know what would happen if some right-wing wacko bought the corporation and he wanted to use the word fuck. The climate can change for the worse any time, and the corporations want all their options open.

MELLENCAMP: Well, I may have one. I signed my contract in 1975, and at the time, I was just damn happy to have a record deal. There could be one in mine. But I've said some pretty disgusting things on record. I had an album, *Nothing Matters and What if It Did*, where I said, "Stick your pussy on my face." Nobody batted an eyelash. They sold half a million copies of that thing. I must admit, I did get some mail from parents who were pissed off about it.

PLAYBOY: You've been battling censorship since you were a kid. There's a story that your mother washed out your mouth with soap for saying "fuck." After which, you said, "Fuck you, Mom." Correct?

MELLENCAMP: Yeah. I didn't have much respect as a kid.

PLAYBOY: Would you be doing what you're doing today if you'd knuckled under?

MELLENCAMP: No. But there's a lot of kids who will say that to their parents.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's too much acquiescence to authority figures?

MELLENCAMP: Yeah, and it goes on through our entire lives—in churches, in schools, by the Government. And I always felt that, somehow. I always figured if Mom and Dad were mad about it, it must be OK. As long as the school thinks it's unacceptable, it's all right—because what authority figures think is important is just so far from what a teenager thinks is important. I never saw anything wrong with that.

I was brought up differently from other people. My big advice from my grandpa was, "If you're going to hit a cocksucker, kill him." That's the way I was taught. If you're going to fight, fight. My daughter Michelle lets me know what she's feeling. She don't go, "Fuck you, Dad," but she lets me know in no uncertain terms that she's unhappy with a grounding I put on her. That's an interesting thing: None of my kids swear. I swear like a drunken sailor. It embarrasses my kids when I swear in front of their friends.

"Dad, I've got a new boyfriend coming over here. Don't cuss."

"I can't talk, then; is that what you're saying, Michelle? I know your boyfriend swears. Why can't I?"

"Because it looks bad for parents to swear."

"OK, I won't say a goddamn word."

It's like smoking. My mom didn't smoke. My dad didn't smoke. There's five of us kids in the family and every one of us, except one, smokes. These things seem to leapfrog generations.

PLAYBOY: What does Michelle think of your music?

MELLENCAMP: My wife told me that she's gone into her room numerous times to see Michelle listening to my latest album. But, for some reason, it made my wife sad. I think my wife was implying that I wasn't communicating very well with Michelle.

PLAYBOY: Do you know why?

MELLENCAMP: Yeah. She skipped a class the other day, and I grounded her. I've done a lot of crazy things, but skipping school is not a good idea. It has a throw-over effect on the rest of your life. If you skip school, you might skip work and not have a job.

PLAYBOY: You don't believe in taking a job—or a school—and shoving it?

MELLENCAMP: No, because you've got to make a living, man. That's the hard fact. I didn't want to learn, but I did learn, because they made me. And now they're paying for it. They taught me how to write, and they're paying for it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about discipline?

MELLENCAMP: I took my share of ass beatings from the old man for things that I did. That does not work. You hit a kid one time to get his attention, and the second hit is for you. The third hit is *definitely* for you. *Bang*—I want to talk to you. *Bang, bang, bang*—it's just to vent your frustration on someone who's weaker. That does not work. And that's what many schools are based on. I don't give a shit how many times older people say, "That's the way I was brought up." It does not work.

I got paddled once in school when I was in sixth grade. Man, that just makes you *hate* so much when they do that. It made me hate that guy so much, much more than any Ozzy Osbourne record could make me hate. I wasn't doing anything. I was just trying to burn down the school.

PLAYBOY: That's all?

MELLENCAMP: How can you burn down a school when you're in the sixth grade? I had three kitchen matches and we were trying to set some crayons on fire. Out on the playground. The school was made of bricks. But I was accused of trying to burn it down. Got my ass beaten. But my old man rose to the occasion. He was in that guy's face. And he should have been.

PLAYBOY: What have you told Michelle about drugs?

MELLENCAMP: She knows all about drugs. Basically, I pointed to a few acquaintances who were drug users, and I had her sit there and watch. I said, "Just watch this guy. He's drunk and this is where it leads to. If this is what you want your life to be, go to it. If it isn't, let's have a conversation

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about drinking." As of yet, I've not seen her come home drunk.

PLAYBOY: Do you drink?

MELLENCAMP: I haven't drunk whiskey—or taken drugs—since 1971.

PLAYBOY: What made you come to that decision?

MELLENCAMP: Uncalled-for sarcasm, a bad temper and being out of control. It also made me sick. I was in college, smoking pot on the couch, not going to classes. I mean, what was I paying this money for? It was just a matter of taking a look at the situation and saying, "This is not for me." So I just quit.

Whether this is right or wrong, I see drinking as a character flaw.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MELLENCAMP: Because we have the ability to control our emotions, our thoughts, our logic. Life is, in my mind, a difficult experience, and the challenge is to rise above it. If you have to take up something to do that, you've got a problem. I don't see anything wrong with a casual drink, but don't come around to have a conversation with me if you're drunk. I'll make fun of you until it's fucking embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be a family trait that goes back to your grandfather. The positive side of that trait is the capacity to fight for what you believe in. The negative side, which some of your relatives have in spades, is being resentful and wanting to hit someone in a bar.

MELLENCAMP: Two different things. You fight for what you believe in because you care. You hit a guy in a bar because you're an asshole. I have enabled myself to be in the position I want to be in. Why? Because I'm lucky? No. I don't believe in luck. There's no such thing as luck. I'm here because I was determined. I didn't want so much to be a rock star as to be my own boss. I could have applied this will to something else and been just as successful. In this country, they try to sell you happiness as something cheap and easy to obtain: Get married, have a family, be happy. Well, getting married is a very hard job. For most guys, it's "Hey, baby, get me a beer." And the baby gets him a beer. And he

drinks it. And he farts, and he snores. But that's not real. Particularly in the Eighties.

Don't laugh, because that's what I think. I think you've got to come to the core of yourself. I think you've got to wrestle every demon there is to wrestle. And after twenty-five or thirty years, what can they do to break up that relationship? They're going to have to kill you. Because we've been through being broke, we've been through kids who hated us, we've been through payments we couldn't make. Then maybe you can say, "Baby, get me a beer," and she'll be happy to do it.

You don't just get out of college and say, "Hey, bitch, bring me some food." I know. I tried. It don't work, and it's not right. I have a friend who's getting divorced after

MELLENCAMP: It's the boredom. Vicky allowed me the space to be bored. When you have my job and you don't have an album out, the days get very tedious. That's why many rock people, especially in the early stages, are drug addicts. How do you fill your time? "Who's to say the way a man should spend his days?"—that's where that line from *Paper and Fire* came from.

PLAYBOY: Would you rank monogamy as one of the traditional American virtues you believe in?

MELLENCAMP: That's fine talk. Fine talk. But it's a demon I wrestle with a lot. It's a habit, like quitting being a junkie. It's like, "Go ahead. Take off. Take the kids and leave. I don't care. I don't need you." That's big talk. Until they're gone. And you realize, Wait a minute, I take it back. When I married Vicky, I pretty much felt that I could do anything I wanted, because she really loved me. But I couldn't. Over the past few years, all of those things I used to partake in I don't want to be around or to hear about them. If I'm exposed to them, it's "Satan, get thee behind me."

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about music. Can you describe your songwriting process?

MELLENCAMP: Before I can create anything, I've got to be real, real bored. I'd rather do anything in the world than sit down and write songs—until I start doing it. Then I'm into it, and I write every day. But the prospect of having to sit down and write songs—I won't write one for *months*.

And if I do, I don't take it seriously, because I'm not in a writing "head." But when I am, it's, like, nonstop. I can't be interrupted. I think, eat and drink songs.

PLAYBOY: Was the process on *Big Daddy* the same as on your earlier albums?

MELLENCAMP: No, the last two albums I wrote and rewrote. These new songs I didn't even commit to paper. I just picked up my guitar and played them. There are thirty more songs that didn't get recorded. They might be even better than the ones on the record; I just happened to remember those. *Big Daddy* was probably more fun to make than to listen to. We had a great time. We worked from only six until midnight, and nobody gave a shit about

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twelve years because of behavior like that. His wife figured, "That's the way he is and I've got to accept that," until she met a guy at the shopping mall who *didn't* behave like that. That's a pretty typical thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you can spend the next thirty-five years with your wife, Vicky?

MELLENCAMP: Well, if she can stand it, I can. I'm working harder at this marriage than anything I've ever done. Because I have experienced the other side of it. I tried to act like I didn't give a shit when I really did.

PLAYBOY: Musicians and songwriters are pretty tough on the women in their lives, aren't they?

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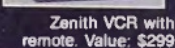
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right or wrong, 'cause there wasn't any. It was what it was. Studio gadgetry kills the creative process, so it was mostly live in the studio.

PLAYBOY: Despite the fun you had in the studio, it sounds as if the different aspects of your personality were at war.

MELLENCAMP: Yeah, I guess I always feared I'd grow up to be the enemy. Like the song *Pop Singer*. I never wanted to be a pop singer. I wanted to be a *rock* singer. There's just no room in today's market. It's all pop. The questions keep coming up: Now that I've done everything, why am I such a miserable son of a bitch? What kind of world are we living in? I think those are good questions after eight years of Reagan. "Thank God he went back to California," I say in *Country Gentleman*. He'll be doing product endorsements; you watch.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep a diary to help you write your songs?

MELLENCAMP: No, not really; but if I hear a line that I like, I'll write it down. I've got lines written down that are ten years old. When I'm in a writing head, I'll look at them to see if there's anything I want to use. I've got this one line—"If God loved a liar, he'd squeeze you to death"—that I must have read a hundred thousand times. I just haven't figured out how to work it in to anything yet.

PLAYBOY: What about the song *Jack and Diane* from your *American Fool* album? The meaning of the song seems to change when you hear it live.

MELLENCAMP: The audience made it a real song. Before, it was just another story from me that really didn't hold together that well as a song. Those people believing it, that's the difference.

If you believe a song—even a dumb one like *Chewy, Chewy*—people will believe you. There have been a lot of bands whose material wasn't that great, but they played with such conviction that you believed them. *Jack and Diane* was the opposite. It had no conviction because I didn't believe it. I never wanted to release it. The guys in the band persuaded me to put it on the album. The first time I played it, in front of maybe a thousand people, in 1982, it was, like, *wait a minute!* It didn't make any difference what I thought the song was, because it was now something else. A song behaves only as it should.

PLAYBOY: On *The Lonesome Jubilee*, your previous album, you developed that wonderful sound—the combination of accordion and fiddle.

MELLENCAMP: Yeah. Gothic. Almost a cowboy movie. Like the theme song from *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. It makes you feel that way.

PLAYBOY: What inspired it?

MELLENCAMP: Basically, we've always used accordions, but they were synthesized sounds. The way we use the accordion is almost from the gutter. That's what the instrument feels like to me. The idea probably came from those early Rod Stewart albums, those old Irish-sounding read

accordions. It's almost the same, except that Stewart could sing, and I can't.

The violin was an accident, just a silly idea I had one night in the studio. I wanted to add a country fiddle, so we called up Lisa Germano. She played so well that I said to myself, "I'm going to hire this girl." So I hired her without knowing quite what I was going to do with her.

PLAYBOY: The songs on *The Lonesome Jubilee* reminded us of a book called *The Pursuit of Loneliness: American Culture at the Breaking Point*, by a sociologist named Philip Slater. His thesis is that we live in a pathological culture hell-bent on destroying the community and then selling the desire for it back to us in the form of television and other media.

MELLENCAMP: I haven't read that book, but let me tell you a little story. In Seymour, Indiana, when I was a kid in the late Fifties, on Friday nights everybody went to town. I don't give a shit—could be rain, snow, sleet, hail—*everybody* went to town. And there wasn't a damn thing you wanted to buy. People stood in the streets and talked and laughed and haw-hawed and hee-heed. I saw my friends, my parents saw their friends. It was a teeny town; everybody knew everything about everybody.

You go uptown Friday night now, there's a bunch of kids riding around, which is fine with me, but you will *not see one adult*. No local merchant is open past six. Go down to that strip with all them fuckin' corporate-food signs hanging out and you'll see a bunch of isolated individuals, depressed, bummed out, eating sandwiches. Maybe they're sitting across the table from their wives, but they aren't talking. That's what it has turned into. We pioneered it. We wanted it that way and we got it. You should hear my grandmother talk about those times, how things have changed in small communities.

PLAYBOY: There are some fresh winds of activism blowing—the Farm Aid concerts, for instance. Will we see any more Farm Aid benefits?

MELLENCAMP: I doubt it; the reason being that awareness can go only so far. At a certain point, the Government has to do something. Raising money was never the point for me. It wasn't the point for Willie [Nelson], either. But he made a mistake at the first press conference. They asked him how much he wanted to raise, and he said some ridiculous figure, so people started holding him to it. The reason there were three Farm Aids was that Willie set a goal in his mind. I never intended to do more than one. People needed to know there was a farm problem, and we reminded them. We did it; what's the point in repeating ourselves? The second and the third were too much, but I did it for Willie.

PLAYBOY: If benefits aren't going to do the job, do you see yourself getting more involved in politics?

MELLENCAMP: No, because I'm just a song-and-dance man. You are much more

qualified than I am. Why don't you run?

PLAYBOY: You have a bigger following.

MELLENCAMP: We'll give you a guitar, man.

PLAYBOY: You haven't heard us sing.

MELLENCAMP: Let me ask you a question: Have you ever heard my first record? Could anything be worse?

PLAYBOY: It was pretty terrible. And your reviews were—

MELLENCAMP: Brutal.

PLAYBOY: The album set the tone for the next several years, didn't it?

MELLENCAMP: I'm still fighting it. There are still people who think that John Mellencamp should not be making records. It's unhip to accept me as a serious songwriter. My logical side tells me I can't really blame them; the album was just too silly to be believable. My emotional side says, "What's wrong with you? That was fifteen years ago. You're going to hang a guy for a half dozen mistakes he made when he was only twenty-three years old?" I don't think there's been another band that was down that far and came back.

PLAYBOY: What's your old manager Tony DeFries doing these days?

MELLENCAMP: He owns Riva Publishing. They own my songs.

PLAYBOY: Everything? Including what you're writing now?

MELLENCAMP: You bet.

PLAYBOY: You signed away your songwriting for life?

MELLENCAMP: I was twenty-three years old when I signed this paper. "Here's a check for fifty thousand dollars," they said. I'm thinking to myself, Fifty grand for my songs. Two weeks ago, I couldn't give them away. That's the way it's done. You sign it and you spend the rest of your life fighting like a son of a bitch to get them back. It's an old story.

PLAYBOY: It's an old story that includes

many black musicians—and, to a lesser extent, the likes of Bruce Springsteen and Billy Joel. Does DeFries collect all your royalties?

MELLENCAMP: I get seventy-five percent. He gets twenty-five percent. I've negotiated over the years to get some control. He lives

gar, this ridiculous image I've had to beat down for ten years, giving interviews in my name and saying stupid things I never would have said.

PLAYBOY: We remember the parade he staged for you through Seymour.

MELLENCAMP: Oh, God! Where was my big rebellious attitude that time? Me and [guitarist] Larry Crane

was riding in the back seat of this limo through downtown Seymour, going "Ohhh," so embarrassed I was throwing up. Ask Larry. I thought I was just some dumbass from Indiana; I better follow the program; my manager knows what makes rock and roll. That's why these days, I have a hard time taking orders from anybody.

PLAYBOY: Was the parade the low point?

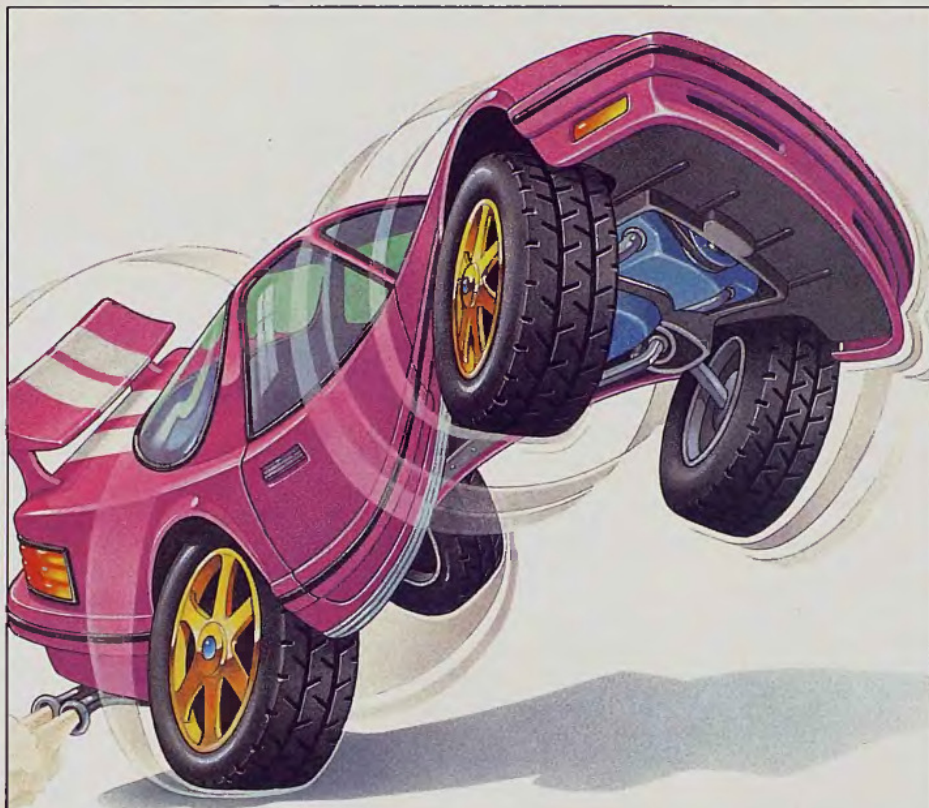
MELLENCAMP: No, the low point was when the record came out. I look back and it's so bad it's hilarious. I could not write a song; I was just a guy who had sung in bands and maybe written a handful of songs to entertain friends in his apartment. I produced the album myself, never having been in a studio before. We did a few originals and a bunch of pitiful covers that were selected because we happened to know the chords. Ludicrous.

PLAYBOY: Has your attitude toward the record business changed since your song *Cheapshot*, in 1980, in which you described its greed and shallowness?

MELLENCAMP: I don't think we can just narrow it down to the music business. It's big business in general. And my attitude now is the same as then: It's us against them.

PLAYBOY: Even though you're something of a big business yourself?

MELLENCAMP: Yeah, well, guys like us, we're lucky to be doing what we want. Some people aren't that fortunate. Satisfaction doesn't come from the money but from the



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in the house—but he can't paint the walls unless I say it's OK.

PLAYBOY: Yet you apparently think the early career guidance he gave you was lousy.

MELLENCAMP: For some reason, there are some people I just cannot be shitty with. I hate that about me. I have to admit that Tony gave me the chance to make my first record. At the same time, he fucked up my career: He gave me the name Johnny Cou-

work. However meager your job, there has to be some reason you're in it. Even if you're only collecting minimum wage, you've got to find happiness there, because that's the dirty trick that God played on us. **PLAYBOY:** Isn't that the trick the capitalist system played on us?

MELLENCAMP: That's true; but you know, God gave us the ability to think and to make decisions for ourselves. We look on that as a blessing, but we sure made a mess of it.

PLAYBOY: Describe the Church of the Nazarene, in which you grew up.

MELLENCAMP: It's a bunch of people who have narrow views and they all get together and rejoice in being narrow. No dancing, no wearing make-up, no going to movies. . . . Those people are going to read this and get mad. . . . But what are they reading this magazine for, anyway? Right? If you go to that church, you got no reason to have your nose in this magazine.

PLAYBOY: Why do you wear a crucifix?

MELLENCAMP: My kid Tedi Jo gave it to me.

PLAYBOY: Does she go to Sunday school?

MELLENCAMP: Yep. One of the women who works for us goes to a Pentecostal church. On Sunday, I ask, "You kids wanna go to church with Gracie today?" They go when they want to and they don't when they don't. Right now, Tedi Jo likes it a lot. She's seven and she likes all the singing and hollering and amening. Fine with me. I don't want to push my will on anybody, as far as religion goes. Making them go wouldn't make them any more religious.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a Christian?

MELLENCAMP: Well, no. That would be a stretch. But I would say I believe in God. You got to believe in something, don't you?

PLAYBOY: Why is there a picture of Jesus on your bass drum, then?

MELLENCAMP: We need all the help we can get up there [laughs]. I just thought it was funny to show the picture on the back of the album cover—the painting of Jesus over the jukebox. You know, Jerry Lee Lewis thinks God does not sing *Great Balls of Fire*, but I'm sure that He does. I don't know what makes me do that shit. It's not really rebellion. It's just something I do.

PLAYBOY: One of the songs you've done as an encore is *Plastic Jesus*, the tune Paul Newman sang in *Cool Hand Luke*.

MELLENCAMP: [As Luke] "Stop feeding off me!"

PLAYBOY: [As George Kennedy] "My boy Luke says he can eat fifty eggs, he can eat fifty eggs."

MELLENCAMP: What did George call that girl who was washing the car? "Anything that looks so innocent and built like that just gotta be named . . ." uh, "Lucille!" That's it. One of the greatest movies ever made! When it came to Seymour, I sat in that audience at the Vondee Theater twelve nights in a row. And I've watched it a zillion times since.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you responded

to that movie so strongly?

MELLENCAMP: Because Luke was doing everything I wanted to do. I wanted to stand there and say, "Come and get me, big man." I wanted to have those conversations, I wanted to know things were real. I'm also thinking of the movie *Hud* now. I wanted people to know I was alive. . . . Now I don't care so much. Now I have more feeling for other people. But then it was me, me, me all the time. I wanted to scream the loudest, be the first one there and the last to leave. That was my goal in life.

PLAYBOY: Mellowed or not, you still seem to have some of Luke's spirit. In that basketball game with the stagehands you played the other day, you committed murder.

MELLENCAMP: Sure. I was mad. It goes way beyond caring whether I win or lose. It's life and death. It's war. I'm not mature enough to say, "Fuck it, it's just a basketball game." I just hate defeat.

PLAYBOY: What is that on your arm?

MELLENCAMP: A tattoo of my wife. Sad to say, I owned a tattoo parlor for a while. Big mistake. *Big mistake*. All of us got tattoos now, and none of us want them. You get around people who are doing it, it seems like a good idea. A work of art, right there on your body. Then you think if one is good, two is better. The whole world becomes a tattoo. I got three of the fuckers now. My wife has two. Even my aunt Toots got a tattoo, and she's fifty-seven years old. She got a tattoo on her leg that says HURTS SO GOOD. Swear to God!

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the movie *Hud*. Hasn't that been the inspiration for a number of your songs?

MELLENCAMP: Yeah. The line "It's a lonely ol' night" I got from a conversation between Hud and the boy when they're driving into town. There's a speech the grandfather gives about ideals and principles. Hud asks him, "Why don't you like me?" and the grandfather says, "'Cause you don't respect nothin'. You keep no check on your appetites." That's in the last verse of *Paper and Fire*.

PLAYBOY: Your regret over not keeping a check on your appetites seems an odd sentiment. After all, Hud was the rock-and-roll star in that movie, not the grandfather.

MELLENCAMP: But it's true, and amen to that. I burned up my first marriage and was approaching burning up my second marriage until about two years ago. I had to assess my lifestyle and say, "That's it." When you've behaved in a certain way for thirty years, it's like a junkie getting off the stuff. But my family and kids were more important to me than anything. There's two John Mellencamps—there's this monster like Hud and the family man like the grandfather. I don't like being on the road because of the monster I can become. I just hope now I can maintain my dignity. I used to think you had to be a miserable motherfucker to be successful as a writer. I don't think so anymore. I've actually been happy the past couple of years, and I don't want to blow it.

PLAYBOY: From the stories we've heard about your uncle Joe, he sounds a lot like Hud.

MELLENCAMP: When Hud says, "All right, I'll bite. What turned ya sour on me?—not that I give a damn," that was Joe. He didn't give a damn. He didn't respect nobody. He just cared about himself. As long as he could follow his dick around and impose his will on people, he was happy. He could charm the pants right off you, if he wanted to, but he rarely wanted to. He would try to humiliate you if he could. He had huge arms, and he loved to show his power to you, just get them arms in your face. Very interesting person. But the most interesting thing was when Grandpa died. Joe was like a new person. Suddenly, it was himself. He didn't have any kids or family. He had a wife and an illegitimate kid from some girl but not a real family. The day he turned to me and asked me if I wanted a Coke, I thought he'd flipped out. It was an eye opener to see a man realize what his life had been and be strong enough to come to me and apologize for twenty years of being a prick. Suddenly, everything was all right. And he did that with everyone in the family. He and my dad hadn't spoke for twenty-three years, since they had a fistfight in their twenties. Then they were best friends again. Look at me [points to his eyes]. This guy Joe was an asshole to me my entire life, but I still get tears thinking about him. I'm so bummed that he's dead. I hate that he's dead. He lived life the way he wanted to. He paid for it. Like I said in that song *Minutes to Memories*: "I do things my way and I pay a high price." That was Joe Mellencamp. No matter how painful his life was, he was an artist.

PLAYBOY: What did he die of?

MELLENCAMP: Liver cancer. I visited him the day before he died. He looked at me and in a low voice, he said, "John, can you think of a way to get me out of this?"

I said, "No, I don't think so, Joe."

The end of the Joe Mellencamp story is that his wife, Rose, who was married to him since they were kids, still sleeps with his clothes. He's been gone a year and a half now, and she can still smell Joe. He had a distinct odor. He never used a deodorant. But he didn't have a bad smell. He just smelled like Joe. His tobacco is still sitting there. His El Camino is still sitting there. When I'm in Seymour, I go over there just to look at his El Camino.

PLAYBOY: The lines "My whole life, I've done what I'm supposed to do/Now I'd like to maybe do something for myself," from *The Real Life*, sound like something out of your notebook.

MELLENCAMP: They were. My other uncle, Jay, said those exact words to me. He's my dad's brother, too. There's Joe, Dad and Jay. And Jay's about forty-five years old now. Got married when he was seventeen. And he behaved accordingly. They had kids, they fought a lot and just

recently got divorced. Shocked everybody, because they'd been married so long. I about died.

So Jay came over to Bloomington one afternoon and we were talking. I said, "What are you going to do?" He didn't have a job or anything. He didn't even have a house, because his wife had that. He said, "I'm gonna do what the hell I wanna do." That whole conversation with Jackson Jackson in that song, that's just me being a reporter. You can't get any more real than that talk we had. I wrote it on a napkin and took it home.

PLAYBOY: A lot of your songs are about finding joy in everyday life, doing your duty. But didn't your uncle Jay want to find his meaning somewhere else?

MELLENCAMP: Yeah. He never found happiness in those small things. But in my songs, I want to show that you *can* find happiness there. The success of paying your phone bill, making the last payment on your car, raising two daughters who are nice girls was not success for Jay. He had to sacrifice his happiness for his kids, and it's a real victory that they turned out so great. But I do understand what he was saying. He was saying, "OK, goddamn it, I've *done* all that. My kids are grown, I'm getting divorced—I'm gonna find out what I wanna do."

PLAYBOY: Did he find out?

MELLENCAMP: Yeah. He went back to pouring concrete. That's what he'd done all his life.

PLAYBOY: He worked with your uncle Joe?

MELLENCAMP: They were partners. He got out there and discovered that job hunting was very degrading after he'd been self-employed for twenty-seven years. The first thing they wanted to know was why he wasn't pouring concrete anymore. With Jay, it was "Fuck, I don't wanna talk about that anymore. Are you gonna give me the job or not?" He went through a couple of those experiences and decided he could make more money pouring concrete.

PLAYBOY: What about the third brother in that triumvirate, your dad?

MELLENCAMP: I hate to say it, but I think he was a lot like me. I'm aggressive, he was aggressive. We had only one fistfight, and I lost. I thought, OK, I never should have done that. He was under a lot of strain and pressure at his job. He'd go to work twelve hours a day, and he'd come home, and the last thing he wanted to hear was that I had screwed up somewhere. It was like, "We got five kids in this family. Why don't you act like you got some sense?"

In my family, we were all Mellencamps. Which at times was a troubling situation. If I had something to say, I had to say it loud, because I had two brothers and two sisters who wanted to say something and a father who didn't want to hear any of it. We all thought we could show up first,

stay longer, scream louder. I wouldn't want to come home to that.

If you care about your job and you have all these emotions during the day, you have to sit in front of the TV for two hours to mellow out. That's your punishment for doing a good job. You sit there and quake for two hours.

It amazes me about guys who *care*. Not to feel sorry for myself, but I was always criticized for throwing shit off the stage and wheeling my arms around and yelling at people, but I didn't do it to get attention; I did it to make a point about the quality of the sound system. If I don't care, who will?

PLAYBOY: In your search for quality, we understand you've discovered painting. How did a hardheaded Hoosier like yourself decide on impressionism?

MELLENCAMP: Oh, I just started painting and someone said, "That's an impressionistic-type painting." So, not knowing what the hell it was, I started looking around and discovered Degas and Renoir and all those fuckin' guys—the big guys, the Bob Dylans of impressionism, who knew what they were doing. I fell in love with the stuff. It's amazing to me that those guys could capture a moment on canvas that would last forever. I connect to Renoir's *On the Terrace* as much as I do to *Like a Rolling Stone* or *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Almost makes me cry to look at it.

PLAYBOY: What started you painting?

MELLENCAMP: My wife wanted to spend fifteen thousand dollars on a painting I hadn't seen. I said, "You want to spend fifteen thousand dollars for a fuckin' *picture*? No way. Show me this picture and I'll paint it and save myself fifteen thousand dollars." So she showed me the picture. And being an asshole, I painted it. And it didn't look that bad. But fuck how it looked; I had fun doing it. At first, I was doing one painting every few months, then three or four paintings a day. Now I've got a whole bunch of paintings and one good one. If you squint your eyes, it looks pretty good. Actually, the clown's sleeve looks good. And the best thing is, I don't have to sell it. I don't have to learn this in public, like I did with songwriting.

PLAYBOY: What's going on with your movie script?

MELLENCAMP: Nothing. Just a lot of talk. That's how movies are made. You talk for several years and then suddenly it's on HBO. Larry McMurtry rewrote the script two or three times.

PLAYBOY: Have you taken acting lessons?

MELLENCAMP: No. Nobody taught me how to sing. I got to pay some respect to what I read about guys like Jackie Gleason and W. C. Fields. Their smartass remarks make a lot of sense sometimes. "Practice is for suckers"—that's what Fields said about rehearsing. Gleason never prac-

ticed, never had an acting class.

PLAYBOY: What's the script about?

MELLENCAMP: It's about what all McMurtry's stuff is about, really. It's about a man coming to terms with what is real in his life and what he thought was real. And it's about coming to the end of yourself. McMurtry wrote *Hud*, remember. Not the screenplay but the book, which was his college thesis for literature. The thing about *Hud* was that he never came to the end of himself. He just said, "This is how I am, and this is how I'm going to stay." Today, they would never make a movie like that, because his character is not sympathetic. That's a big word in Hollywood: sympathetic. They think you got to like the guy. Well, you don't. You got to identify with him. Identifying is not always liking. You know, I see the worst of myself in my kids, but I still love them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think people in Hollywood are dense, stupid?

MELLENCAMP: It's not that they're stupid, it's that they're protecting their jobs. It's very easy to say no in Hollywood. The minute you say yes, you're saying yes to a minimum of seven or eight million dollars. They see a blockbuster like *Rocky* with a sympathetic hero, they want more sympathetic heroes. I could have made this movie three years ago with a major studio, but they wanted concert footage.

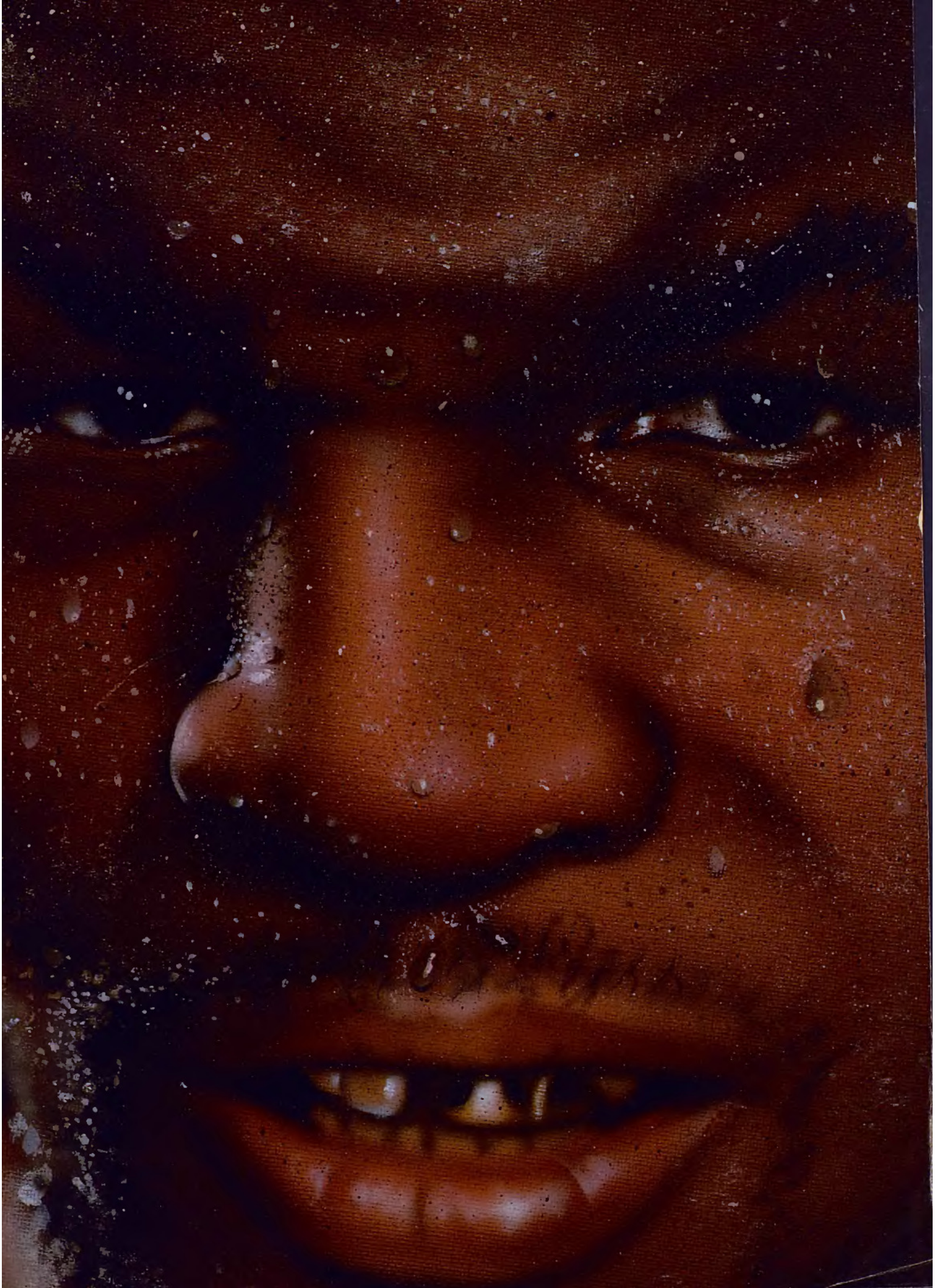
We finally found a film company that understands that my character is not sympathetic. They're willing to take a chance with that. But with me not being an actor, they're having a problem with the money. The budget is seven to ten million dollars, and this is a small company. We've worked for a year with these people, and they may still say no. Whatever they do, we'll just keep pushing on it. That's the way movies are made. *Terms of Endearment* took nine years.

PLAYBOY: So you may have to go to Hollywood after all?

MELLENCAMP: Look: A lot of rock guys, when they make a movie, they get in there and say, "OK, I'm an actor. Shove me around." I'm not going to do that. I have learned my lesson. They aren't going to shove me around. I'm going to do it my way, and then if it's fucked, I'll take the blame for it. "Sorry you wasted your money and I wasted my time." And that's the way it's going to be, or it *ain't* going to be.

Nobody taught me how to sing, and nobody's going to teach me how to act. I don't know that the movie will be any good. It may turn out like my first album. I don't know. But at the end of the day, I'm going to go back and make records. Because that's what I do. I make records. I tell this to all those people, and for some reason, it scares them.





ONE OF Mike Tyson's earliest memories is of being in the hospital in Brooklyn at the age of three or four: "My godmother brought me a toy gun and a doll one day, and I broke the gun by accident right away, and I started to cry. I was so pissed off that I pulled the doll's head off."

Tyson told me this story ten days before his fight with Michael Spinks in June 1988. The memory seemed to exhilarate him. "I remember that scene very clearly," he said. "I felt an immense thrill when I ripped the head off the doll. It was like an orgasm."

I knew I was destined to write about Mike Tyson. Not out of any conceit but because I understand him better than most people. We have a lot in common. First, we both grew up poor: he in Brooklyn and I in Puerto Rico. I went on to be a champion boxer (I held the light-heavyweight title in the Sixties), just as Mike did. I understood the toll that celebrity could take on your life and your family. And, as chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, I had presided over Tyson's arrival in the top rank among boxers.

Our strongest bond, though, was that we both had been schooled by the extraordinary man and teacher Cus D'Amato, who died back in 1985, when Mike was 19. If boxing were a religion, offering salvation to so many poor kids like Tyson and me, then Cus would be the Pope. Had he not met Cus, Tyson would probably be dead or in jail today.

I'd watched this kid from the age of 13 batter whatever demons possessed him, leaving groggy opponents in his wake. Cus said Tyson would be the youngest heavyweight champion ever. As usual, he was right.

Cus D'Amato loomed large in our discussions of Mike's boyhood. But his advice was filtered through the champ's own violent perspective, born of the streets of Brooklyn.

"Cus used to talk to me about hunger," Tyson told me once, "about being vicious and mean. 'You've got to be a smart animal,' he said to me. 'You've got to know when to strike, when to let your adrenaline flow and how to deal with fear.'

"Cus used to talk about the good fighters and how they were

FIRE & FEAR

*the demons of
mike tyson*

article By **JOSÉ TORRES**

mean motherfuckers—tigers, fucking mean. Mickey Walker, Jack Dempsey, how they act tough and be mean bastards. 'You can't turn your back or complain to the referee because they hit you low or punch you after the bell,' he used to say. I wanted to be like them: mean, savage, vicious. I wanted to be like that even when I was in the street. I wanted to be a mean motherfucker and kick ass all the time. I even used to train to be wicked. I used to walk to school and be mean, snappy to everybody. I knew I had to be mean, because if I lose, I'm going to die, starve to death."

Tyson found the streets to be a perfect place to practice that meanness. He thought of crime as a fitting diversion, given the environment he was confronted with. And he understood that criminal expertise and knowledge were for

"the survival of the fetus," as he put it. With a gang of his childhood friends, he roamed the streets, looking for trouble. He paid no mind to the threats and beatings from his mother, meant to prevent such things.

"I just became immune to the beatings," Mike said. "They didn't matter. I wanted to hang out with my friends, because those guys would teach me certain ways to rob."

As his practice of the art of stealing increased, so did his chances of getting caught. He claims not to remember when he was first arrested. "It happened so many times that I really forgot why and where I was arrested for the first time," he said. "But it had to be for stealing. And I had to be around nine, ten."

Mike's sister Denise remembers those days well. "The cops would wake us up so my mother could go to a police station and pick up Michael," she says. "They came quite often, usually at night."

"I think I was caught about twenty-five, thirty times," Mike told me.

"Did you ever shoot anybody?"

"I've shot at a lot of people."

"A lot of people?"

"Yeah, I liked to see them run. I liked to see them beg."

"What did they say?"

"Please don't shoot me. I'll do anything you say. I'd shoot real close to them, skin them or something, make them take off their pants and then go run in the streets. We used to make guys scared and make them steal, make them snatch that chain or rob that person."

"And if they didn't do it?"
"We would kick their asses."

By the beginning of 1983, Mike had begun kicking more asses in the boxing ring than on the street. Cus D'Amato had by then taken him in hand and transplanted him to his Catskill, New York, training camp, and the manager was so certain of the kid's potential that he began bringing in \$1000-a-week sparring partners to give Tyson the opposition he needed.

Even top prize fighters who were having problems getting sparring partners began going to Mike's Catskill camp for free practice against him. For as long as they could take it, that is. Cruiserweight champion Carlos De Leon, for one, bowed out after two days. "I miss my family in Puerto Rico too much," he said.

Top heavyweight prospect Carl "The Truth" Williams stepped into the ring as well, and he told me at the time, "That's a boy we'll have to contend with very, very soon."

Although his boxing skills were improving, Tyson was plagued with feelings of dislocation and was frustrated by the stagnancy of his personal life. "I'm just not a good-looking guy," he told Cus during one of their long talks.

"Mike," Cus said, "I'm going to have to buy you a baseball bat so you can keep away the hordes of women who will be begging to be with you." Cus did buy his young prospect a Louisville Slugger, but Mike decided early on that there were certain kinds of attacks you didn't want to fend off.

That wasn't really a problem to D'Amato, who did not subscribe to the notion that sex and boxing were incompatible. He taught his fighters that objectivity, coldness and detachment were essential to a professional boxer. If occasional relief could foster those attitudes, so much the better.

By 1984, Tyson had pretty much chosen relief over the baseball bat. Women by the bunch had begun stampeding in his direction. He was barely 18, had a name and money and was able and willing. He seemed cool about his new *macho*-man image. He talked a good game.

"They're all chasing me because of my fame and because they think I've got lots of money," he said repeatedly back then. "They feel important being with me."

"Tyson was a ladies' man," said an assistant to the Olympic boxing commit-

tee. "He had girls around him like hungry mosquitoes."

On November 15, 1986, seven days before the World Boxing Council heavyweight championship bout against titleholder Trevor Berbick, I went to see Tyson train at Johnny Tocco's Ringside Gym in Las Vegas. When he saw me, he jumped with happiness and hugged me. He'd been under a lot of pressure—this was the first match in the Unification tournament, the biggest match of his life.

Tyson was sparring that day, and Jim Jacobs, his comanager, wanted my opinion of his progress. There wasn't much to say; he had no mercy for his sparring partners, pounding them as if they were enemies bent on killing him.

After the workout, Mike and I decided to walk from the gym to the Las Vegas Hilton, two or three miles away. I'd seen a few mistakes in the ring and mentioned them as we walked. He said very little. At times, we would stop while I illustrated some technical point. Then he changed the conversation to his favorite topic: women.

"You know something," he said, "I like to hurt women when I make love to them." He stopped, searching my face for a reaction. "I like to hear them scream with pain, to see them bleed," he said, putting his arm around me. "It gives me pleasure."

"Why?"

Mike shook his head. "José, I am that way and I don't know why."

"Well," I said, "did it ever occur to you that men who behave that way probably hate women, that deep-down, they simply don't like them?"

"You may be right. You're the first person to tell me that. . . . You know, you may be fucking right. Holy fucking shit!"

Later, in his hotel room, he laughed and gave me a brotherly punch in the chest, then kissed me on the cheek.

"Girls, pussy, butts, women's butts," he said, "that's what I like."

There was no shortage of evidence that that was true. A few days before, Tyson had been in his car inside a car wash with Steve Lott, his assistant, and had pulled down his pants. "Look at this," he'd said, revealing patches of dried pus on his underwear.

So a week before the Berbick fight for the W.B.C. championship, Tyson had needle punctures in his buttocks and antibiotics in his blood. I'd fought many times with penicillin in my system, mostly because of colds brought on by prefight pressures. I related my own experiences to him.

"Mike," I said, "you're also recovering from a serious ear infection that was treated with antibiotics. That shit could do you harm. Do you feel strong?"

"Chegui," he said, using my nickname

almost sarcastically, "nothing and nobody is going to stop me from winning this fucking fight. I refuse. The doctor said it would make me weak and I say he's full of shit, 'cause I want that title so bad. There is no way I'd give up that title."

"That's not the point."

"That's the only point."

"Yes, but when you—"

"When," he interrupted, "they raise my hand in the ring as the youngest heavyweight champion of the world, all of you are going to be very proud of me. That's the fucking point, my friend."

After two rounds, knockout victim Trevor Berbick understood that point better than anybody.

Tyson's next match in the Unification tournament would be against James "Bonecrusher" Smith on March 7, 1987, 15 weeks after the Berbick fight. This was Tyson's longest gap ever between fights. That much free time can be dangerous for any 20-year-old, but especially for a well-to-do young heavyweight champion.

It was during this hiatus that Mike told me about the night he and his friend Rory Holloway had had sex with 24 women somewhere near Philadelphia. He tried to elaborate, but I thought he was imagining the entire event and changed the subject.

Later, though, after Mike was married, I was interviewing him with tape recorder running, and Holloway was at his side. Tyson was dividing his attention between a movie called *Super Ninja* and me. I remembered his story about the 24 women and asked him about it.

"There were twenty-four," he confirmed. "We fucked those bitches in Pennsylvania."

Holloway jumped up from the end of the bed and joined the conversation.

"They were whores," he said. "The first bunch of girls came and they were beautiful. Mike was in his room and I was sitting there with one girl. So I walked into the room, right? Mike had two bitches at one time in bed. He was fucking them. No shit, fucking both of them."

"He was fucking the bitch so hard that she hit the wall and Mike said, 'I made the bitch faint! I made the bitch faint!'" Tyson was listening quietly, watching TV and nodding in agreement.

I turned toward Mike. "Did you have an orgasm with each one of them?"

"Yeah."

"You came twenty-four times in one night?"

"You know, after a couple of times, you just stay hard for a while, and—"

"He was fucking girls," Holloway interjected, "like this: 'Come here, it's your turn. . . . Now it's yours. . . . Next!' Then

(continued on page 70)



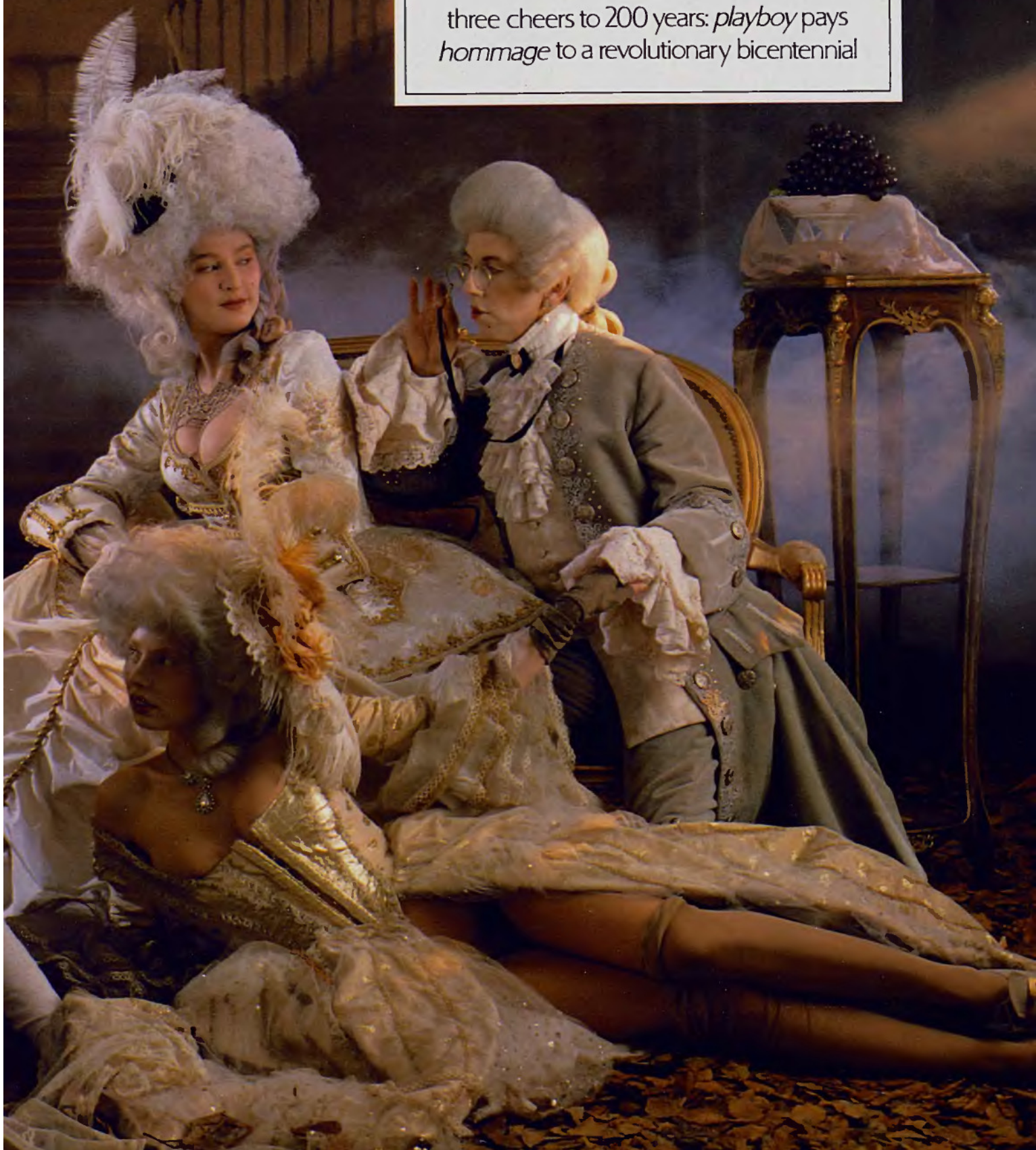
"For someone who's never wind-surfed before—you're pretty good!"

The French Revolution, which will note its 200th birthday on July 14, 1989, was indeed the best of times, the worst of times—and if you had a name with a title up front, it was time to get out of town.



OFF WITH THEIR CLOTHES!

three cheers to 200 years: *playboy* pays
homage to a revolutionary bicentennial





THE PEOPLE in our pictures are, of course, playing decadent aristocrats of the court of Louis XVI, the 18th Century equivalent of today's rich and famous, with different outfits and much more exciting sex lives. Marie Antoinette (here portrayed by Marina Baker, Miss March 1987) had the biggest hair in France, purchased wholesale from the hunchback in the bell tower of Notre Dame cathedral. At the time, nobody in France realized that Notre Dame would one day have a great football team. But it was the queen's fateful riposte "Let them eat *me!*" when orgygoers complained of a shortage of female talent that made the *merde* hit the fan. It was an era of the most appalling behavior, but, luckily for civilization, France survived and went on to invent naughty underwear, the *double-entendre* and Napoleon, who gave his name to a heck of a *gâteau*.

Historians have neglected Marie Antoinette's trio of singing cuties, *Les Trois Bébés*, who became famous for their version of *Louis, Louis*. Plans were under way for a nationwide tour, but when the girls performed before a lively crowd at the Bastille on July 14, 1789, the fans turned surly. The *Bébés* escaped with their agent, Pierre Ponce, who danced with the Rockettes before becoming a beloved m.c. in Tijuana.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN





The food fight was invented in France long before the French mastered the art of gourmet cooking. At her best fighting weight, Marie herself could heave a side of beef across a crowded *salon*, though here (above), she contents herself with a brioche. The unfortunate target (below) gives new meaning to the famous revolutionary phrase *sans-culotte*.





Sex and politics made a lethal mixture for Marie and her courtly crowd, which explains why some of the gang fell into bad habits on the party circuit (above), while the traditional-minded (below) took the usual route of wine, women, song and more women. From there, it was a short jump to the opening of the first Club Med and the Cannes Film Festival.





The French Revolution wound down in a violent epidemic of sudden hair loss. The mob—*les citoyens*—imprisoned victims, then herded them into overcrowded tumbrels for their rendezvous with the guillotine. Marie pleaded for mercy (“If not for me, for my magnificent breasts”), but in vain. Clearly, the rebels had already checked out the new statue of *Liberté* (right). Sorry, Marie.





FIRE & FEAR (continued from page 60)

“Mike’s interest in women as a group has not subsided one iota. He’s still screwing half of the town.”

the girls would come to me and I would fuck them. We had the house full of bitches. We stayed all day long fucking, from five in the afternoon till one o’clock in the morning.”

Holloway said he invited one of the women to go back with him and Tyson to Albany. She accepted without hesitation. “That was the best-looking one of them all,” Holloway said. “Mike was driving and I was with her in the back seat, fucking her. And Mike said, ‘Is it good? Is it good?’ And I said, ‘This shit is good, man.’ Mike said, ‘I’m pulling over, I’m pulling over, man. Let me get back there.’”

The trip ended at September’s, a club in Albany that had become one of Tyson’s favorite hangouts. “A friend came to us in the club,” Holloway said, “and asked, ‘Where the fuck are you guys coming from, man?’ We just laughed.”

I visited Mike in his dressing room a few minutes before his fight with Bonecrusher Smith for the World Boxing Association title. I did a little work on his neck and gave him some basic advice—“Keep your hands up, your chin down and punch in combinations.”

Tyson changed the subject. “You know,” he said, “I saw the most beautiful girl in the world on television . . . tall, elegant. Her name is Robin Givens.”

“Another one?”

“Well, I haven’t met her yet. . . .”

Had he finally found someone who could help alleviate the tension? Why hadn’t he mentioned her before, and why was he mentioning her now? A few minutes later, Tyson’s name was called, we embraced for good luck and in a few moments, the fight was on. It was a long, ugly 12-rounder, more akin to sumo wrestling than to professional boxing, but Mike came away with a unanimous decision.

A few days after the Bonecrusher fight, Mike called John Horne, a thin, handsome actor he’d met in the Albany area. Horne was in California auditioning for parts. “I want you to get me in touch with Robin Givens,” Mike told him. “I wanna meet her.” Horne called Givens’ publicist, and in a day or two, Mike had her telephone number.

His timing was a little off, however. He was scheduled to travel to England to promote a possible match against Frank Bruno. Mike decided to call Givens from London. “When I heard her voice, I hung up the phone,” he told me later. “The

third time I called her, I said to myself, ‘What the hell is wrong with me?’”

They talked for nearly an hour.

“I’m very charming,” Mike explained. “I made her laugh. And I thought, This is my girl. I’ve got her. Basically, women love to talk about themselves. So I spoke about her, about how much I admired her beauty, acting, just pouring it on. And then she said, ‘Why do you want to meet me? I’m flattered, but I’m sure you’ll find somebody.’ I said, ‘Maybe I will.’ You know, I didn’t want to push the issue.”

When Mike got back to his training camp in Catskill, he and Holloway made arrangements to go to California. The day of the flight, Mike withdrew a few thousand dollars from the bank and took a limousine to the airport. “Everything I wore was from Gucci’s,” he said. “I wanted to impress her, you know.”

He blew that right from the start, as Tyson and Holloway arrived three hours late for dinner with Givens and a group of her friends. When Mike arrived, they were finishing their dessert. His first impression: “Holy shit, this girl looks good.” He figured that if she’d waited three hours, it was “because she wanted to meet me bad.”

At the restaurant, they made small talk, and after a while, everyone left, leaving the champion and the actress alone.

“We hung out that night and I was a complete gentleman,” Mike said. “Then the next night, I took her out again.” He said Givens had invited him into her house, and after a while, he had gotten very tired and had laid his head on her lap. “I fell asleep with my head resting on her legs—oh, God, she has great legs—and I drooled on them. Shit, that was so bad. I got nervous. When I woke up, I tried to cover it up and stick it back in my mouth. But you know something? She loved it; she thought it was great.”

When Tyson introduced me to Givens, I thought that she was beautiful, determined and intelligent and that they were enthralled with each other. I was, perhaps, the only one in the place who thought she was more than just a sexual conquest. “This is marriage material,” I told Tyson in front of her. I thought that she’d force him to settle down, keep his roving eye riveted on her.

At the end of April, before Tyson and his crew left for Las Vegas to fight top contender Pinklon Thomas, he and I

spoke at length about Robin. “It’s no secret that she knows about the women I go out with,” he said. “She told me she’d seen me on television with a bunch of girls. But now she is very possessive.”

By now, Mike had moved into Steve Lott’s East Side apartment. No one could gauge how he really felt about Robin, but judging from the number of young women calling him, the young champion was still not ready to commit.

Still, Givens was clearly different. She didn’t operate like the other girls in Mike’s life. While most of his women kept themselves out of the limelight, Robin seemed to enjoy the exposure. And Tyson didn’t object; I thought it was a sign of new and better things to come.

When I told that to Lott, he laughed. “José,” he said, “Mike’s interest in women as a group has not subsided one iota. He’s still screwing half of the town.”

Just before Mike’s fight with Tony Tucker, the final round in the Unification tournament, he was at Lott’s Manhattan flat. Tyson was apt to show up at the apartment any time with young women he’d picked up in bars or at parties, even though Lott, a bachelor, often had one of his own friends there. It didn’t matter. To Lott, having the champion at his place was “an incredible experience.”

The first night Tyson took Givens to the apartment, it was late, and Lott went to bed very tired. But around four in the morning, Lott recalled, he was awakened by a loud noise, followed by a woman’s screams. Then there was a knock at the door. Lott said he put on a robe and left his bedroom to see what was going on.

“Standing at the entrance to the apartment,” he said, “was the doorman—who apparently had been summoned by a neighbor. He was asking both Robin and Mike if he should get transportation for either one of them. Robin was complaining of being struck by Mike and Mike was telling the doorman to calm down and to leave.”

I would later hear another account of that night from Tyson himself. Just before the Spinks fight, I asked him to tell me about the best punch he’d ever thrown. A broad smile covered his face and his answer burst out. “Man, I’ll never forget that punch. It was when I fought with Robin in Steve’s apartment. She really offended me and I went *bam*,” he said, throwing a fast backhand into the air to illustrate. “She flew backward, hitting every fucking wall in the apartment. That was the best punch I’ve ever thrown in my fucking life.”

“The bitch wanted to call the cops from my own fucking telephone. Was she

(continued on page 122)



"Why do you have to be such an asshole? The door's open!"





MANY CROOKS

"DID YOU HEAR something?" Dortmund whispered.

"The wind," Kelp said.

Dortmund twisted around in his seated position and deliberately shone the flashlight in the kneeling Kelp's eyes. "What wind? We're in a tunnel."

"There's underground rivers," Kelp said, squinting, "so maybe there's underground winds. Are you through the wall there?"

"Two more whacks," Dortmund told him. Relenting, he aimed the flashlight past Kelp back down the empty tunnel, a meandering, messy gullet, most of it less than three feet in diameter, wriggling its way through rocks and rubble and ancient middens, traversing 40 tough feet from the rear of the basement of the out-of-business shoe store to the wall of the bank on the corner. According to the maps Dortmund had gotten from the water department by claiming to be with the sewer department, and the maps he'd gotten from the sewer department by claiming to be with the water department, just the other side of this wall was the bank's main vault. Two more whacks and this large, irregular square of concrete that Dortmund and Kelp had been scoring and scratching at for some time now would at last fall away onto the floor inside, and there would be the vault.

Dortmund gave it a whack.

Dortmund gave it another whack.

The block of concrete fell onto the

floor of the vault. "Oh, thank God," somebody said.

What? Reluctant but unable to stop himself, Dortmund dropped sledge and flashlight and leaned his head through the hole in the wall and looked around.

It was the vault, all right. And it was full of people.

A man in a suit stuck his hand out and grabbed Dortmund's and shook it while pulling him through the hole and on into the vault. "Great work, Officer," he said. "The robbers are outside."

Dortmund had thought he and Kelp were the robbers. "They are?"

A round-faced woman in pants and a Buster Brown collar said, "Five of them. With machine guns."

"Machine guns," Dortmund said.

A delivery kid wearing a mustache and an apron and carrying a flat cardboard carton containing four coffees, two de-cafs and a tea said, "We all hostages, mon. I gonna get fired."

"How many of you are there?" the man in the suit asked, looking past Dortmund at Kelp's nervously smiling face.

"Just the two," Dortmund said, and watched helplessly as willing hands dragged Kelp through the hole and set him on his feet in the vault. It was really very full of hostages.

"I'm Kearney," the man in the suit said. "I'm the bank manager, and I can't tell you how glad I am to see you."

Which was the first time any bank

"great work," the man in the suit said. "the robbers are outside." dortmund was confused. he thought he was the robber

fiction

By DONALD E. WESTLAKE

manager had said *that* to Dortmund, who said, "Uh-huh, uh-huh," and nodded, and then said, "I'm, uh, Officer Diddums, and this is Officer, uh, Kelly."

Kearney, the bank manager, frowned. "Diddums, did you say?"

Dortmund was furious with himself. Why did I call myself Diddums? Well, I didn't know I was going to need an alias inside a bank vault, did I? Aloud, he said, "Uh-huh. Diddums. It's Welsh."

"Ah," said Kearney. Then he frowned again and said, "You people aren't even armed."

"Well, no," Dortmund said. "We're the, uh, the hostage-rescue team; we don't want any shots fired, increase the risk for you, uh, civilians."

"Very shrewd," Kearney agreed.

Kelp, his eyes kind of glassy and his smile kind of fixed, said, "Well, folks, maybe we should leave here now, single file, just make your way in an orderly fashion through—"

"They're coming!" hissed a stylish woman over by the vault door.

Everybody moved. It was amazing; everybody shifted at once. Some people moved to hide the new hole in the wall, some people moved to get farther away from the vault door and some people moved to get behind Dortmund, who suddenly found himself the nearest person in the vault to that big, round, heavy metal door, which was easing massively and silently open.

It stopped halfway, and three men came in. They wore black ski masks and black leather jackets and black work pants and black shoes. They carried Uzi submachine guns at high port. Their eyes looked cold and hard, and their hands fidgeted on the metal of the guns, and their feet danced nervously, even when they were standing still. They looked as though anything at all might make them overreact.

"Shut up!" one of them yelled, though nobody'd been talking. He glared around at his guests and said, "Gotta have somebody to stand out front, see can the cops be trusted." His eye, as Dortmund had known it would, lit on Dortmund. "You," he said.

"Uh-huh," Dortmund said.

"What's your name?"

Everybody in the vault had already heard him say it, so what choice did he have? "Diddums," Dortmund said.

The robber glared at Dortmund through his ski mask. "Diddums?"

"It's Welsh," Dortmund explained.

"Ah," the robber said, and nodded. He gestured with the Uzi. "Outside, Diddums."

Dortmund stepped forward, glancing back over his shoulder at all the peo-

ple looking at him, knowing every goddamn one of them was glad he wasn't him—even Kelp, back there pretending to be four feet tall—and then Dortmund stepped through the vault door, surrounded by all those nervous maniacs with machine guns, and went with them down a corridor flanked by desks and through a doorway to the main part of the bank, which was a mess.

The time at the moment, as the clock high on the wide wall confirmed, was 5:15 in the afternoon. Everybody who worked at the bank should have gone home by now; that was the theory Dortmund had been operating from. What must have happened was, just before closing time at three o'clock (Dortmund and Kelp being already then in the tunnel, working hard, knowing nothing of events on the surface of the planet), these gaudy showboats had come into the bank waving their machine guns around.

And not just waving them, either. Lines of ragged punctures had been drawn across the walls and the Lucite upper panel of the tellers' counter, like connect-the-dot puzzles. Wastebaskets and a potted Ficus had been overturned, but fortunately, there were no bodies lying around; none Dortmund could see, anyway. The big plate-glass front windows had been shot out, and two more of the black-clad robbers were crouched down, one behind the OUR LOW LOAN RATES poster and the other behind the OUR HIGH IRA RATES poster, staring out at the street, from which came the sound of somebody talking loudly but indistinctly through a bullhorn.

So what must have happened, they'd come in just before three, waving their guns, figuring a quick in and out, and some brown-nose employee looking for advancement triggered the alarm, and now they had a stalemate hostage situation on their hands; and, of course, everybody in the world by now has seen *Dog Day Afternoon* and therefore knows that if the police get the drop on a robber in circumstances such as these circumstances right here, they'll immediately shoot him dead, so now hostage negotiation is trickier than ever. This isn't what I had in mind when I came to the bank, Dortmund thought.

The boss robber prodded him along with the barrel of his Uzi, saying, "What's your first name, Diddums?"

Please don't say Dan, Dortmund begged himself. Please, please, somehow, anyhow, manage not to say Dan. His mouth opened. "John," he heard himself say, his brain having turned desperately in this emergency to that last resort, the truth, and he got weak-kneed with relief.

"OK, John, don't faint on me," the rob-

ber said. "This is very simple what you got to do here. The cops say they want to talk, just talk, nobody gets hurt. Fine. So you're gonna step out in front of the bank and see do the cops shoot you."

"Ah," Dortmund said.

"No time like the present, huh, John?" the robber said, and poked him with the Uzi again.

"That kind of hurts," Dortmund said.

"I apologize," the robber said, hard-eyed. "Out."

One of the other robbers, eyes red with strain inside the black ski mask, leaned close to Dortmund and yelled, "You wanna shot in the foot first? You wanna *crawl* out there?"

"I'm going," Dortmund told him. "See? Here I go."

The first robber, the comparatively calm one, said, "You go as far as the sidewalk, that's all. You take one step off the curb, we blow your head off."

"Got it," Dortmund assured him, and crunched across broken glass to the sagging-open door and looked out. Across the street was parked a line of buses, police cars, police trucks, all in blue and white with red gumdrops on top, and behind them moved a seething mass of armed cops. "Uh," Dortmund said. Turning back to the comparatively calm robber, he said, "You wouldn't happen to have a white flag or anything like that, would you?"

The robber pressed the point of the Uzi to Dortmund's side. "Out," he said.

"Right," Dortmund said. He faced front, put his hands way up in the air and stepped outside.

What a *lot* of attention he got. From behind all those blue-and-whites on the other side of the street, tense faces stared. On the rooftops of the red-brick tenements, in this neighborhood deep in the residential heart of Queens, sharpshooters began to familiarize themselves through their telescopic sights with the contours of Dortmund's furrowed brow. To left and right, the ends of the block were sealed off with buses parked nose to tail pipe, past which ambulances and jumpy white-coated medics could be seen. Everywhere, rifles and pistols jittered in nervous fingers. Adrenaline ran in the gutters.

"I'm not with *them*!" Dortmund shouted, edging across the sidewalk, arms upraised, hoping this announcement wouldn't upset the other bunch of armed hysterics behind him. For all he knew, they had a problem with rejection.

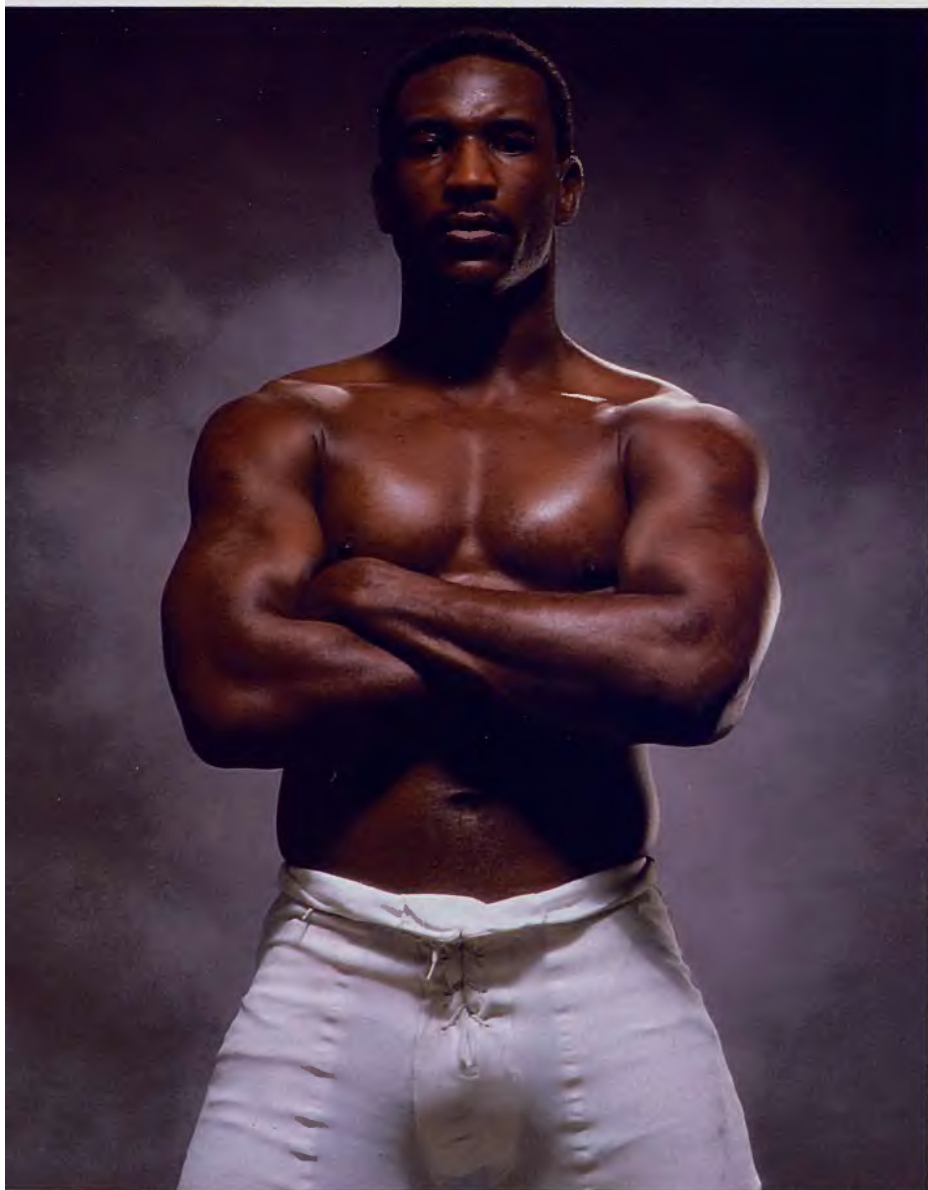
However, nothing happened behind him, and what happened out front was that a bullhorn appeared, resting on a police-car roof, and roared at him, "*You a hostage?*"

(continued on page 104)

S P E A K I N G B E S P O K E

playboy teams up with the indianapolis colts' star running back, eric dickerson, for a winning look at custom-made suits

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE
text by LINDA DYETT

WHEN Eric Dickerson goes to work, he wears a white polycarbonate helmet, a royal-blue jersey and white knee-length nylon/Spandex pants above white socks and low-cut spatted shoes. As a fashion statement, the look has a certain glamor, Dickerson admits, though it's really designed to enable him to do what he does best—function as a fearsome running back for the Indianapolis Colts.

But off the field, Dickerson likes his wardrobe to defy expectations and counts himself among the growing ranks of American men who are discovering the joys of custom-tailored suits. Few of these men have Dickerson's unusual physique, which makes a custom-made suit almost essential, but all can appreciate the special feel and fit.

The fit factor is crucial, not only because every man's body has its singularities but especially because American men today are in better shape than ever before; typical standard-sized suits just can't accommodate their fuller chests and trimmer waists.

True, these suits can be expensive. Good ones generally can't be had for less than

Above: When you have a body like Eric Dickerson's, with a 46-inch chest and a 32-inch waist, getting fitted in off-the-rack clothes isn't the easiest task. That's one of the reasons we chose him for this feature on the pleasures of owning a custom-made suit. Our second choice? Danny DeVito, of course.

\$800, and superb suits in luxury fabrics can run upwards of \$4000. Most are in the \$1000-to-\$2500 range—making them an indulgence—but with off-the-rack prices also soaring, the custom option is looking more and more reasonable.

Owning a bespoke wardrobe is part of a 20th Century revolution in menswear that began with designer styles—the Armani and Ralph Lauren looks that awakened men to the niceties of detail, the feel of quality, the subtleties of cut and color.

As men became more sophisticated, off-the-rack clothes began to lose some of their appeal. An expert tailor, after all, will provide such items as sleeve buttonholes that actually work (along with properly distanced buttons), fade-resistant silk bar tacks to reinforce pocket sides and fly opening, and a magnificently cut lining. He, or more likely one of his assistants, will do most of the stitching by hand, thereby providing subtle control in joining the parts and slack in the thread to allow the fabric to expand.

Then there are those other subtle but crucial extras, such as an assured roll to the lapels, a carefully shaped linen undercollar, expertly sculpted shoulder pads and waistline canvas and a complex interlining made of wool and horsehair that gives the suit its foundation. (Most off-the-rack models are fused—meaning that the interlining is glued to the shell, causing stiffness and blistering.) A master tailor will also build perfect pitch in the shoulders and perfect balance at all points. And if he's really thoughtful, not only will he provide a silk flower loop on the back of the lapel but he'll map out a lining that fits your specific needs—with special inner pockets for glasses or contact lenses, money, jewels or whatever else you like to carry around unobtrusively.

A relationship with a tailor is necessarily intimate. He has to know what you do, where you live (so he can help choose the weight of the fabric), how you hail a cab and how you cross your legs. He also has to know the flaws of your flesh—where you have flab, where you're thin, where you cave in. So before he builds this wonder suit, he will measure you. During this intricate, sometimes lengthy process, he will notice if you're flat- or barrel-chested, if your wrists are slim or fleshy, if your neck is long or short and if it pitches forward or backward, if your waist

is high or low, if your hips are flat or curved and if your calves are straight or thrust backward. And if you're Eric Dickerson, who has a broad-shouldered 6'2" running machine of a body, he'd better take separate measurements of your pecs, biceps and glutes—all of which need extra fabric. This information goes into creating your own unique paper pattern, from which the cloth is struck. Of course, there will be fittings that follow the measurement session—possibly as many as four or more. That's when subtle adjustments are made and the suit gets sculpted around the body. (It's advisable, by the way, to wear your



Above left: The pleats on Dickerson's pants are checked by Rafael Raffaelli, the head tailor in Alan Flusser's salon. **Below left:** During the first fitting, Raffaelli carefully checks out Dickerson's jacket, making needed adjustments on the back. **At right** is the finished product, a terrific-looking charcoal-gray wool chalk-stripe double-breasted suit with peaked lapels, a six-button two-to-button front, a welt breast pocket, flapped front and ticket pockets, a double-vented back, cuffed sleeves and double-pleated pants, \$1195. It's worn with a made-to-measure red-and-white cotton dress shirt with French cuffs, \$120, a black-and-white silk woven polka-dot tie, \$65, a white linen pocket square with red edge stitching, \$18, and French-lisle socks, \$21, all by Alan Flusser; plus brown wing-tip shoes, by Allen-Edmonds, \$200.



usual shoes to the fittings and to include your wallet, keys, cards, address book and everything else you stow in your pockets.)

The tailor's other task, in addition to fitting, is to design the suit. This is where things can get complicated. During the Thirties, the heyday of tailor-made suits, customers were expected to know exactly what sort of look they wanted. Usually, they found out by studying the dress of style arbiters such as the Duke of Windsor, Cary Grant or Fred Astaire. So they were able to dictate the terms—peaked or notched lapels, a fitted, boxy or draped jacket, a rectangular or trapezoidal button stance, forward or backward trouser pleats, and so forth. They also instinctively knew whether they should go double- or single-breasted. Today, most men aren't trained to know which style or details to request. They either try their luck and ask for a copy of this year's Cerruti model or seek out a tailor who has his own well-developed style.

When *Playboy* decided to custom-suit Eric Dickerson, we sent him to New York, where about 100 tailors offer a wide variety of styles—everything from Ivy League to boxy neo-nerd—though the looks of favor are the Eighties Italian style (cut a good deal more fully than the skintight Italian power suit of the Seventies) and the businesslike but ultracomfortable English-gentleman model. To depict the contrasts, both styles were ordered.

The Italian model comes from Piero Dimitri, a consummate maestro who apprenticed at 13 years of age in Palermo and at 19 opened his own shop in Milan. Today, Dimitri's a celebrity *couturier* with a Carrera-marble neo-deco and contemporary studio in the Soho district of Manhattan, complete with café and upstairs Jacuzzi'd apartment for out-of-town clients. He also has a flair for fashion, preferring a fullish wide-shouldered cut that's sleek and Continentalized with a hint of casual California styling. The suit he designed for Dickerson is cut in a

silky, spring-weight black-and-white bird's-eye-patterned woolen that's perfect for the Los Angeles life Dickerson leads when the Colts are off season. It's a double-breasted business model, which Dimitri says also works as "an afternoon cocktail suit that goes on to dinner and afterward." It has a six-button closure built onto a low button stance, besom (flapless) pockets and no vents. Vents, by the way, are a touchy issue. Although most men prefer them, a jacket without them should have adequate fullness—otherwise, it will be too tight to sit in. Dimitri builds in fullness with fairly wide shoulders and consequent ease in the chest and the back. To continue the generous line, he makes the pants full, with three reverse pleats on each side.

This is the style Dimitri currently favors, but it's also, he says, "the perfect look for an athlete with a ten-inch drop between his chest and (text concluded on page 148)

Above left: Adjustments on Dickerson's sleeve lengths are made personally by Piero Dimitri, the New York custom tailor who has a sleek studio in the Soho district and a soon-to-open boutique in the Manhattan Bloomingdale's store. Below left: What does a custom tailor ask a football star with shoulders almost as wide as Fifth Avenue? How the jacket fits, of course. The answer is perfectly, as shown at right (and who's going to argue?): Dickerson's ensemble includes a black-and-white bird's-eye-patterned wool double-breasted suit with peaked lapels, a six-button one-to-button front, a welt breast pocket, besom front pockets, a ventless back and triple-pleated pants, \$2100, worn with a blue-and-white-striped cotton dress shirt with a modified spread collar, \$160, a blue-and-red silk printed tie, \$65, and a white-linen pocket square, \$75, all by Piero Dimitri.





HERE'S the cheerful history of mankind on a personal scale: the big bang, toilet training, cowboys and Indians, little league, body hair, work and girls. Then you discover the facts behind religion.

The mileposts of our lives pass, for the most part, without much notice. But between girls and death, there's a world of trouble. This passage is the subject of great reflection by most men, and rightly so. If life is a carnival, love is a house of mirrors. There are mirrors here to make you look fat and mirrors to make you look small and someplace a mirror to tell you that you aren't alone, that suddenly there's somebody else in the picture—a woman. First you see her here, then you see her there. Then, one day, you see her everywhere—reflected in the bathroom mirror, the paraphernalia of her gender claiming all your counter and closet space. Where once you were a bachelor, now you're not. A woman moved in. She is Germany, you are Poland.

Now you're caught in a situation that will lead, step by step, to a happy ending. Or to hell.

HOW SHE GOT THERE

Cohabitation is not an act of God. Like LEDs and Lancias and many other things that we find attractive but that do not occur in nature, cohabitation is a phenomenon of our own invention. Hence, in viewing the intricacies of live-in love, there are two things you should always keep in mind:

1. *Women are hallucinogenic:* For men, crippled with an inability to see past the love that beats in their briefs, reality in romance is highly elusive. When you meet a more or less appropriate woman, you look at her and say to yourself, "This is the girl for me." You forget that you're considering the amazing length of her leg, the waspish tuck of her waist, the cleavage that looks like the entrance to a major recreation area. To you, these hold the promise of home comforts or boon companionship or decent breeding stock. You think it's the real thing—something so real, in fact, you just have to go to bed with it. So while you were saying, "This is the girl for me," what you really meant was, "Nice girl, see you around, bye." When women say men are jerks, sometimes they're right.

2. *Women play for keeps:* Women, on the other hand, don't fool around. They know that the presentation tape most men play to reveal the story of their lives runs eight hours or so. An interested woman will wait patiently through this gaseous epic and watch closely and sometimes listen. During this moment out of time, while the guy's tedious life story is going full tilt, women—then and there—decide whether they're serious or not. If they're serious, they go to bed with the

The THINKING Man's GUIDE to LIVING with WOMEN

article By **DENIS BOYLES**

in the battle for domestic bliss, men are rank recruits. welcome to boot camp

guy; if they're not, they still may go to bed with the guy but will wonder why. Because if they're serious, the first date is the start of a much longer adventure.

So while, for a man, the entire episode may come to a close before breakfast, for a woman, it's just beginning.

SHE'S AN EXPERT

She knows something you don't. In addition to the natural inclinations and instinctive skills provided in the Maker's gender-option kit, your new significant other has surrounded herself with the lore of relationships since the first bloom of her sentience. Most of what she reads, sees on TV, talks with her friends about—in fact, much of what she feels and thinks—impinges to one degree or another on her relationships with others. She is much more aware than you are of

the subtleties of romances and friendships. Moreover, she has lived a life secure in the infallible belief that sooner or later, she will be involved in a committed relationship, probably the wedded sort. This is not to say that women are out to trap men into marriage or anything like that. It's just that a reliable relationship is part of the context of her future, something she expects for herself.

You, meanwhile, have been toying with the implications of upper-body strength and the heretical rules of American League baseball and the laws that govern the DNA-like helixes of career paths.

The result: At relationships, she's an expert and you're an amateur. And thus it will always be. Sure, as a man about town, you may have a way with babes, but once you start cooking off the same gas meter, you're a raw recruit, a buck private, a stupid conscript in a two-man popular front for domestic bliss.

WHEN TO SHARE REAL ESTATE

Once upon a time, you could get a girl to go steady by giving her a large, cheap Mexican ring, something lionlike with a red rhinestone in one eye. She'd wrap it in Angora and wear it around her neck to show the world she was yours, by heck. No more. These days, serious dating is a form of temporary matrimony.

If you're deeply in love with the incredible mother of your unborn child, cohabitation is likely to seem a logical move, and nothing anybody can say will sway you. Sometimes, though, you may find yourself involved with some woman who, while possessing appreciable traits, falls somewhat shy of dream-girl status. How do you know when to make the move? And what should you watch out for?

• *Don't move in with her for any practical reason.* Don't, for example, move in with a woman you're dating because her apartment is closer to work or because your lease is expiring. And, conversely...

• *Don't shelter the homeless.* Don't allow her to move into your digs because she has no other place to go. Avoid a situation in which cohabitation is simply a way to avoid a passing hassle. Eventually, you'll reap lots more trouble than you bargained for.

• *Don't move out in order to move in.* Keep your flanks clear for a quick retreat. Cohabitation, after all, has many of the characteristics of marriage, and in some cities—New York, for example, where a long-term lease has more value than a short-term romance—it's far easier to find a divorce lawyer than a new apartment. It follows, then, that...

• *If possible, make it your place instead of hers.* Children can create an exception to this rule, however. If she has kids and she is well settled, don't invite turmoil by uprooting her family.

• *Don't invite* (continued on page 84)



C O C K T A I L

tasty, trendy concoctions from the hottest new bars around

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

HAVE YOU TRIED Sex on the Beach lately? Maybe you've felt like an Absolut Wreck or examined a Fuzzy Navel. No? Well, then, fasten your seat belt and get set for an adventure in tastemanship, because all the foregoing are mixed drinks, and there's a lot more where they come from—new-era clubs, cafés, pubs, discos, sports bars and similar temples of gusto. Many are the handiwork of talented young bartenders, counterparts of the innovative chefs who are revolutionizing our restaurants from Manhattan to Venice, California.

Clubhoppers in Manhattan, of course, are always "playing" the what's-hot-and-what's-not game. Recently, the Palladium *(continued on page 148)*

Drinks, from left to right, include the Snowshoe from the Thunderbird Bar & Grill, Chicago; the Prickly-Pear-Cactus Margarita, from the Depot Cantina, Tempe, Arizona; the Blue Mart, from the Washington Square Bar and Grill, San Francisco; the Bermuda Triangle, from Houlihan's, Weehawken, New Jersey; and the Kamikaze Royale, from Mars, Manhattan. Cheers!



S H A K E R S !



LIVING *with* WOMEN (continued from page 80)

"When you dated her, did you stand up like a gentleman when she approached? Then on your feet, Buster."

failure. Examine the financial and emotional costs of cohabitation. Romance can cloud clear thought; don't assume that everything will work out if the two of you can only be together. In fact, nothing will work out without great effort, and new problems will occur without warning.

• *Don't fight over decor.* No matter who moves in with whom, if the look of where you live is important to you, keep one room—even a common room, such as a dining room or a bedroom—to yourself. Don't expect more than one room, however, as women tend to become household imperialists, colonizing every room as a matter of right.

HOUSE RULES

The rules you live by as an unmarried couple can differ substantially from those you might follow if you were married. For example, if you marry a woman, you may decide you have an obligation to support her in domestic splendor if she chooses not to work. But if you're living with someone who is, perhaps, only a long-running date, decide in advance who pays for what and who does what. Put it in writing.

No matter what the nature of your entanglement, though, some rules are always in order—commonplace stuff, really, such as conventional etiquette and all that. Remember, even if she moves in to your place, it's her home, too, and you're intruding on her as much as she's intruding on you.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SOCKS

We'll assume here that you have become involved with a woman, and she has decided to become involved with your real estate, rather than the other way around. With that in mind, we can look at a few of the changes that take place when you allow women into your cage.

• *How to find your socks:* They're in the drawer, where she thinks they're supposed to be. You may have had them in a drawer already, but it wasn't the right drawer. Only she knows which drawer is the right drawer, and it's never the one you think is the right drawer.

Don't take it personally. The order you've imposed on your corner of the cosmos is not the same as the order she wants to impose on it. So pots and socks move around; a chair appears; a cat comes or goes; the bathroom, once a chapel of quiet contemplation, becomes a temple of superficial maintenance, crowded with lotions and creams. Sud-

denly, you will find you own Q-tips.

• *Women's favorite topics of conversation:* Sit up straight. Mind your manners. Don't stay out late. Eat this. Stop smoking that. When will you grow up?

• *Long-distance conversations:* Women prefer conducting conversations while occupying a room other than the one you occupy. When you hear your name called, you will be expected to stop doing whatever you're doing, walk into the room in which she is sitting, listen to her and respond. You will then be free to go back to whatever you were doing.

Affecting deafness has been known to cure this long-distance bellowing.

• *Mom talk:* From time to time, the woman with whom you are living will address you in sharp and condescending tones, similar to those used by women newscasters and by moms when they wish to bring unruly ten-year-olds back into line. This has less to do with you personally than it does with women's lifelong mission to keep the male of the species from going astray.

WHAT MAKES WOMEN REALLY MAD

Women are burdened with the unshakable suspicion that deep down we're all bad boys. This conviction explains much female behavior and, consequently, can help us gain a little self-knowledge.

For instance, we are conditioned to assume the worst about ourselves. Most of us lived with Mom for a while, so we all know what's number one on our agenda: Do anything you can to stay out of trouble. That doesn't mean you can't get into trouble, cause trouble, laugh at trouble or say that trouble is your middle name. Just don't get caught. Staying out of trouble means you don't get yelled at or put on probation or sent to your room—or, worse, to a motel room.

Mostly, the things that cause women to get mad at men are things that probably didn't or wouldn't take place but might. Men know this and it makes them feel guilty—even when they haven't really done anything. As a consequence, men have given women the moral edge and must, if they want to avoid conflict, act in such a way as to not cause suspicion. Phone home frequently. Avoid unexplained absences. Don't change your socks twice in one day. Remember: You can trigger an argument simply by varying your daily routine. Sometimes it's worth the fight.

ANGER AND GUILT

Women can get mad just thinking about how bad men are. This anger has social implications, and it can also have personal ones.

To successfully live with a woman, you must meet her expectations of your guilt without exceeding them. If you are insufficiently guilty, you will be suspect. If you are exceptionally guilty, you will be condemned.

• *Presumed guilty:* In family court, men are presumed guilty—even by other men—and women are presumed innocent, especially by other women. In fact, one of the reasons men try hard to stay out of trouble is that they themselves presume they must be guilty. Why else would women be yelling at them all the time? This presumption of guilt is what makes judges toss the jerks who don't pay their child support into the clink for contempt, while turning a blind eye to the women who deny court-ordered visitation rights.

JUST DO IT

It is essential that you conduct your daily life without explanation or apology. Assuming that you are trying your best to live up to your commitments and responsibilities, you are right to react angrily to constant demands for explanations. Occasionally, women will mask these demands as a request for "communication," but don't be fooled.

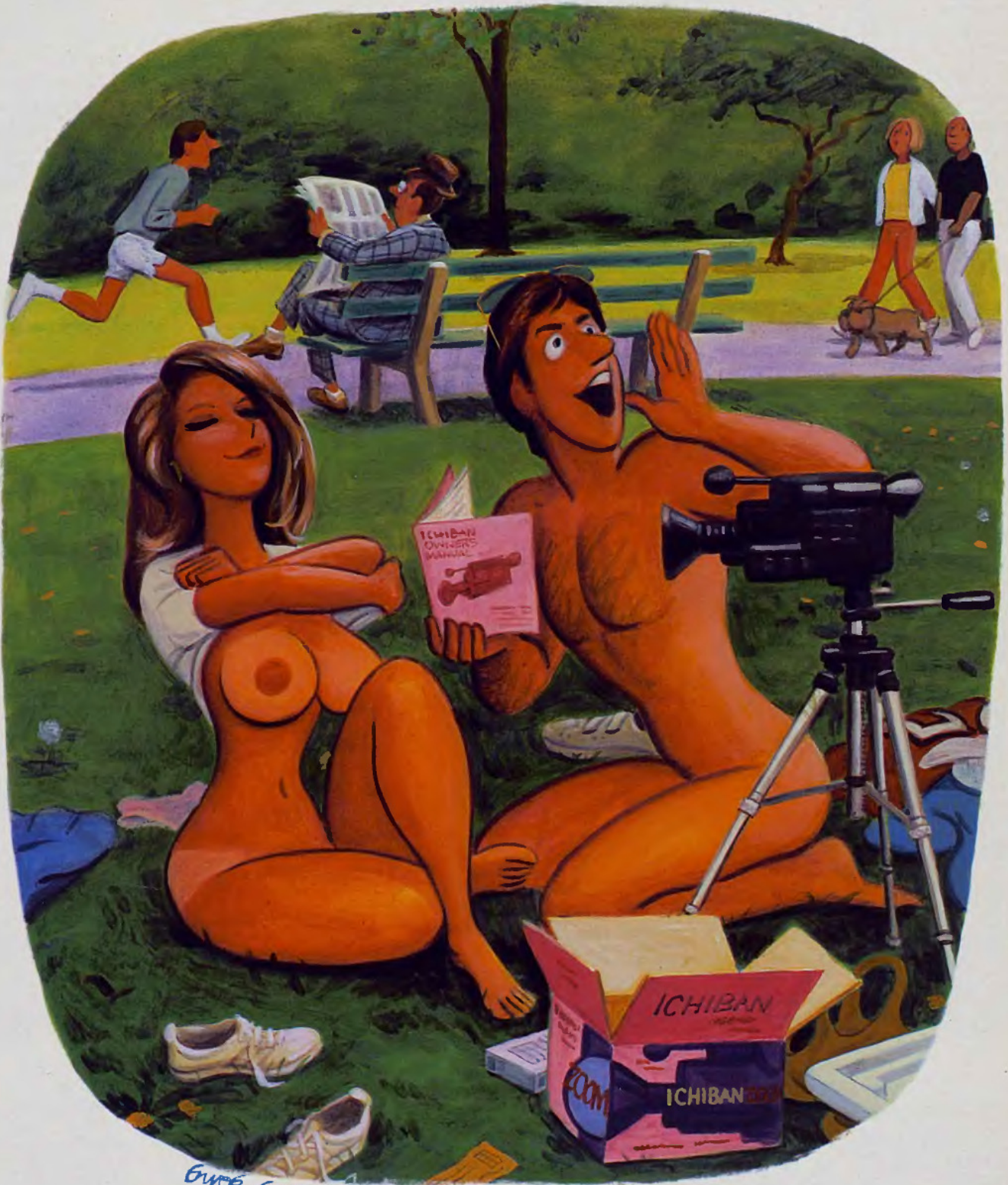
LUBRICATION

Are we not men? Do we not have an instinctive understanding of the physics of machinery? Can we not, given sufficient time, figure out how almost anything works?

As it is with VCRs, so it is with marriages and other varieties of life with women. Look at the parts: Let's see, there's you. And there's her. And there's a shared dwelling. Three parts, only two of them movable. In theory, a live-in relationship should be a masterpiece of modern technology.

But no. First off, there's the entire world of maintenance. Remember how well the machine ran when it was new? One reason for that was proper lubrication. And almost anybody can tell you that courtesy and good manners are the civilizing ointments a live-in romance needs. Did you buy her flowers before she moved in? Then you can't let up. When you dated her, did you stand up like a gentleman when she approached the table? Then on your feet, Buster. If you courted her before you won her, you must continue to court her after you've won her. She is, after all, your girlfriend, even if you marry her and she hangs around for a lifetime. And good manners are as important in private as they are in public.

(continued on page 140)



GUY DE LOOF

"Quiet on the set!!"

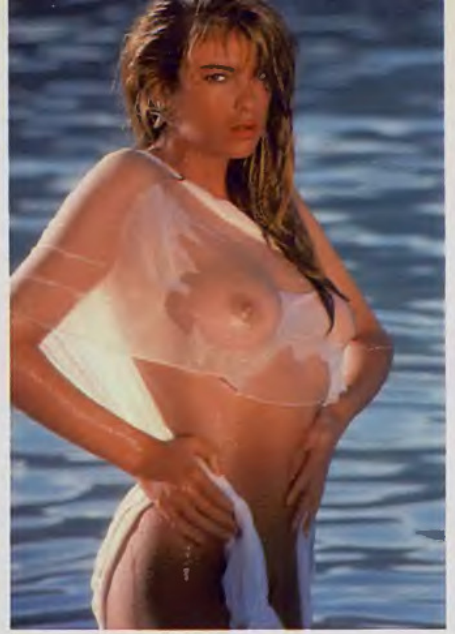
THAT'S
AMORE

miss august, whose surname means "love,"
has a passion for life



FEMININITY has nothing to do with what you wear or don't wear," says Gianna Amore. "It's a state of mind." Femininity comes as naturally to Miss August as does the lust for life she inherited from her Mediterranean ancestors. She grew up in a "super-Italian" household, taking femininity lessons from six older sisters. "I was the baby, the li'l prize." When her sisters took her aside to explain the nuts and bolts of the birds and the bees, she recalls, "I cried. It seemed *awful*." Gianna recovered. She soon learned to like being looked at by men, many of whom think of birds, bees, nuts and bolts the moment they see her. "I blossomed," she says. Gianna chafed at the discipline demanded of students at her Narragansett, Rhode





Rhode Island-born, Italian-bred Gianna fled Narragansett for Melbourne, Florida, where the climate matched her disposition. She was quickly spotted by talent scouts; her modeling career began in Florida newspaper ads and led her to Los Angeles, where she revels in sun, sand and the pursuit of an allover tan. She recently tried the even hotter beaches of the Virgin Islands, where Miss August became a local sensation. On the passionate sands of the British Virgin Islands (here and at the top of the facing page), Gianna shows off the form that won her a role in the movie *Screwball Hotel*. At the center of the facing page, she shows off the essence of natural beauty—symmetry—before entertaining a few of her admirers (bottom right) in the beach bar at the White Bay Sandcastle Hotel, Jost Van Dyke.



Island, Catholic junior high. "They had a lot of silly rules. Having fun was wrong. I once got suspended for wearing the wrong-color pants." After high school, she fled South to Florida, where the climate better suited her Italian blood. She tended bar in a *jai-alai frontón* by night and played on the beach by day but soon felt "stifled. I didn't want to spend my life as a bartender." A modeling firm offered a seven-day trip to the West Coast. On the first day, she gawked. "They put me up at the Century Plaza, where the Reagans stay," she recalls. In no time, Gianna loved L.A. "I was born to be an actress,"



she says, sitting at a sidewalk table, watching the stream of Benzes and BMWs on Sunset Boulevard, "and now's my chance." She appears in Universal's *Screwball Hotel* ("A painless but overly familiar sex comedy"—*Variety*), typecast as a beach beauty, and hopes subsequent roles will feature her inner talents. A beach beauty who writes poetry while listening to classical music, Gianna is ready to blossom as an actress. No Streep yet but a starlet on the rise, she signs autographs for sharp-eyed speculators. Savvy Angeleno autograph hunters obviously recognize a good thing when they see one.





"My sister Bethany is five years older than I am," Gianna says. "When we were kids, I was her secretary. I had to go up and talk to the boys *she* wanted to go out with." Gianna, her sisters' "li'l prize," has graduated from secretary to sex symbol. Less than a year ago, new in town, she showed up at *Playboy's* West Coast offices in search of a modeling assignment. "I never thought of myself as a Playmate of the Month—Playmates are *gorgeous*," she says. "But while I was signing in at the front desk, [photographer] Kim Mizuno took one look and said, 'You should be a Playmate.' I guess he was right." Bethany's old boyfriends will most definitely be impressed.

Although she never dreamed of being a Playmate, Gianna relished the role when it came her way. "I had never felt so sexy before. It's a wonderful feeling," she says.





Her strict Catholic schooling, Gianna says, made her a late bloomer. “There were rumors at school,” she says, dark eyes agleam. “You know what they say about some girls, that they’re ‘fast’? I remember my aunt Margie going to my mom and telling her there were rumors going around about me—that I was *slow*! Mom liked that.” Making up for her late start, Gianna became a passionate woman. “Growing up in a small town, a little sheltered, I didn’t have an outlet for my passion,” she says. “Now I feel beautiful, very sexy, excited—I want to show everyone what I’m capable of.” We’re glad to be of assistance.

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Quinn-Dunbar



PHOTOS
DELIVERED HERE
IN 5 MINUTES



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Gianna Moore

BUST: 38 WAIST: 29 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 4-5-68 BIRTHPLACE: Warwick, R.I.

AMBITIONS: I was born an actress. I think I owe it to myself and to the world to pursue acting.

TURN-ONS: Jaguars, cowboy boots, music, shopping, diamonds and nature.

TURN-OFFS: Alarm clocks, litterbugs.

MY MUSIC: Rock and roll, love songs, disco, New Wave, Classical.

LINES I HATE: "You're so beautiful I'll give you anything you want"; "Do you like my house? When are you moving in?" (YUK!)

A LINE I LIKE: "I'll bet there's more to you than beauty."

IDEAL MAN: He is 25-35, sexy, very successful, w/ integrity. He is sensitive, definitely not macho. I plan to be a star; and he'll have to deal w/ that.

LOVE AFFAIR: I'm in love w/ the process of falling in love.



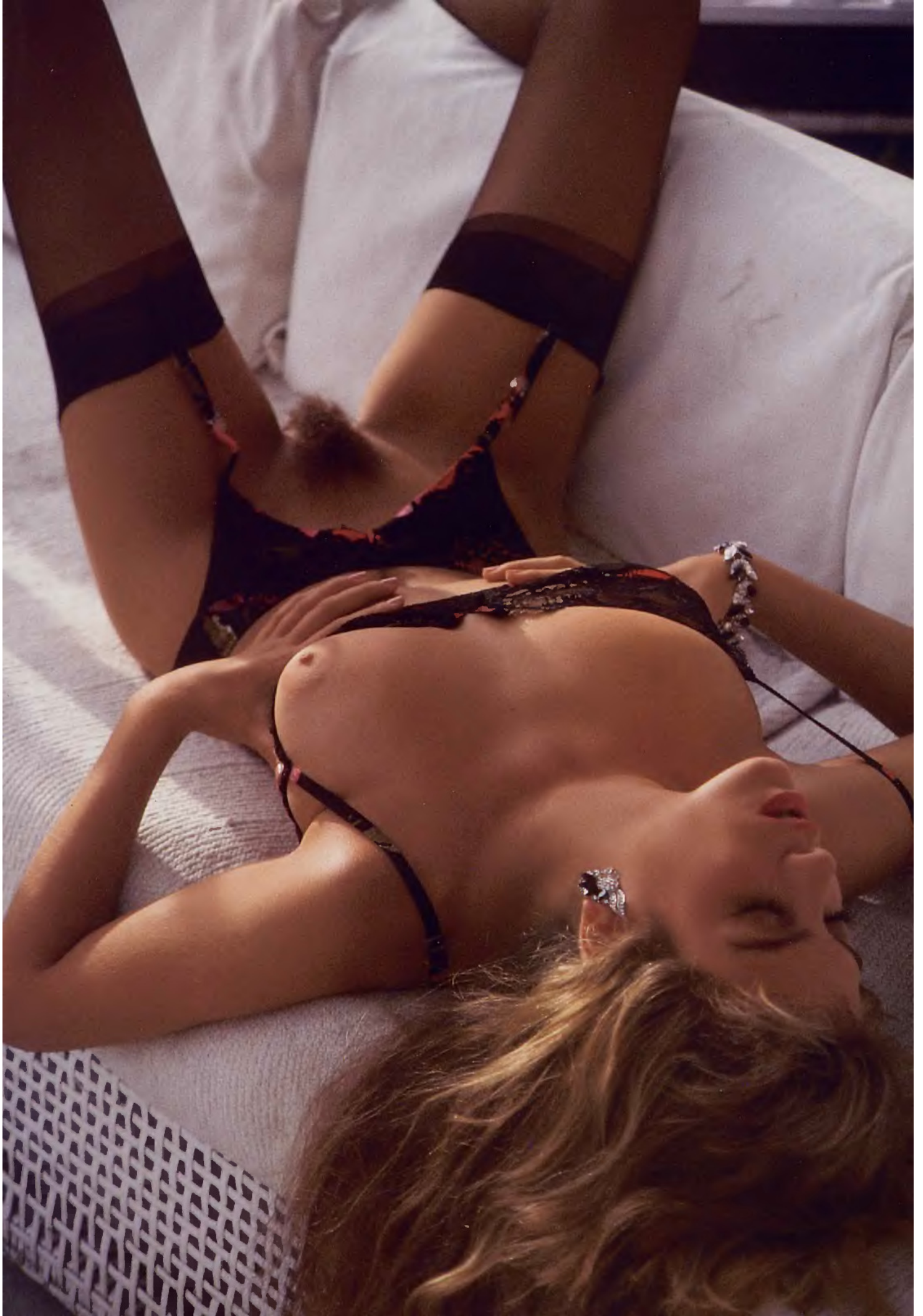
Best friends
Jennifer :)



And the winner
is...



The apple of
Dad's eye



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After several private tutorial meetings, the anthropology instructor invited the struggling student to his house to view his personal collection of artifacts.

As they entered his living room, the young woman began giggling. Pointing to an object on the mantel, she asked, "What's that?"

"Actually," he explained, "it's a phallic symbol used by the Australian aborigines in their fertility rites."

"Well, that's a relief," she said. "I'd hate to tell you what it looks like."



The news from publishing circles is that Salman Rushdie will follow *The Satanic Verses* with *Budha, You Fat Fuck*.

A New Yorker taking a drive in the country happened upon a farmer feeding his pigs in a most extraordinary manner. The farmer would lift a pig in his arms, hold it up to the branches of a tree and wait while the animal ate an apple. He would then move the pig from one apple to another until it was satisfied.

The city man watched this procedure for some time, then finally said to the farmer, "This seems an inefficient way of feeding your pigs. Why don't you simply shake the apples off the tree and let the pigs eat them from the ground? That would sure save a lot of time."

The farmer looked puzzled, then shrugged and replied, "What's time to a pig?"

What did John Tower drink after his rejection as President Bush's Secretary of Defense? A thousand pints of Lite.

Reverend Brown finally settled on a demure-looking farmer's daughter after spending years searching for the ideal woman to serve as his wife.

On his wedding night, the cleric finished undressing in the bathroom and walked into the bedroom. He was surprised to see that his bride had already slipped between the sheets.

"My dear," he said, "I thought you would be on your knees first."

"Oh, I can do it that way, too," she replied, "but it gives me the hiccups."

With her marital difficulties now public, Hollywood wags are wondering if Jane Fonda's next video will be called *Didn't Workout*.

A Middle Eastern potentate visiting the U.S. for the first time was attending a State Department dinner. Being unused to the salt in American foods, he continually sent his manservant, Abdul, to fetch him a glass of water. After several trips, Abdul returned empty-handed.

"Abdul, you bastard son of an ugly camel, where is my water?" the grand emir demanded.

"Ten thousand pardons, Illustrious One," stammered the wretched servant, "but white man sit on well."

Did you hear about the dyslexic atheist? He doesn't believe in doG.

After six years of trying to start a family, a couple was finally blessed with the birth of its first child. The wife told her husband to put an announcement in the local paper. When he returned from the newspaper office, she asked him what details he had included. "Just the name, address and date," he said.

"How much did it cost?"

"About six hundred and eighty dollars," he replied.

"Why so much?" the stunned woman exclaimed.

"Well, after I wrote out the announcement, the clerk asked me how many insertions, and I said four times a week for six years."

What did Mickey Mouse get for his birthday? A Dan Quayle watch.



Solomon Newman

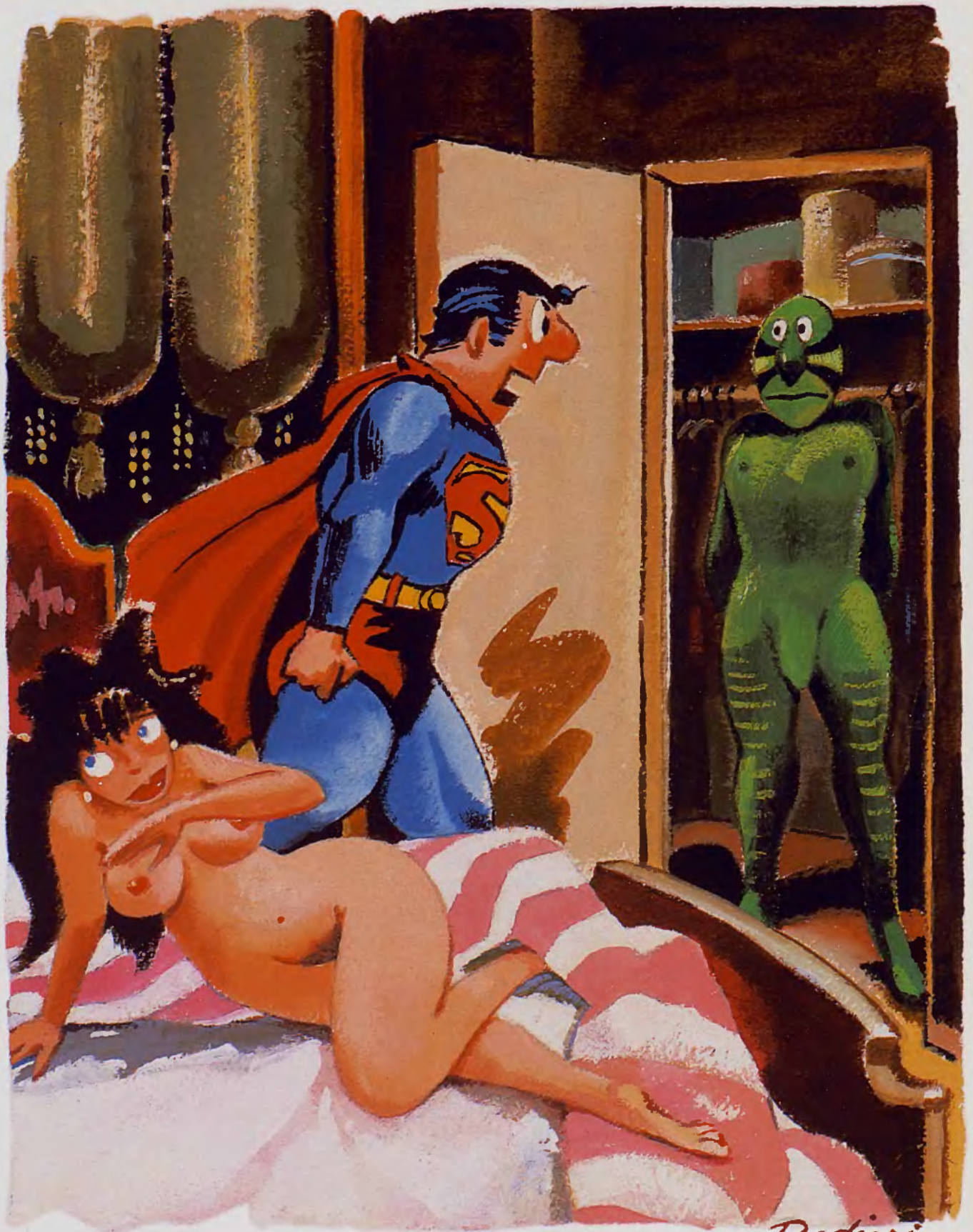
A hunter, napping in his tree blind, was awakened by a gunshot. Looking down, he saw that his campsite neighbor had bagged a bear. To his astonishment, his neighbor dropped his pants and began fucking the animal.

"Oooooeee!" the observer bellowed. "Wait'll the guys back at camp hear about this, you pervert."

The other hunter calmly cocked his rifle, took aim at the one in the tree and asked, "You ever fuck a bear?"

"Ah, no. But," he quickly added, "I've always wanted to."

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.



Dedini

"Cucumber Man!"



CASE HISTORY

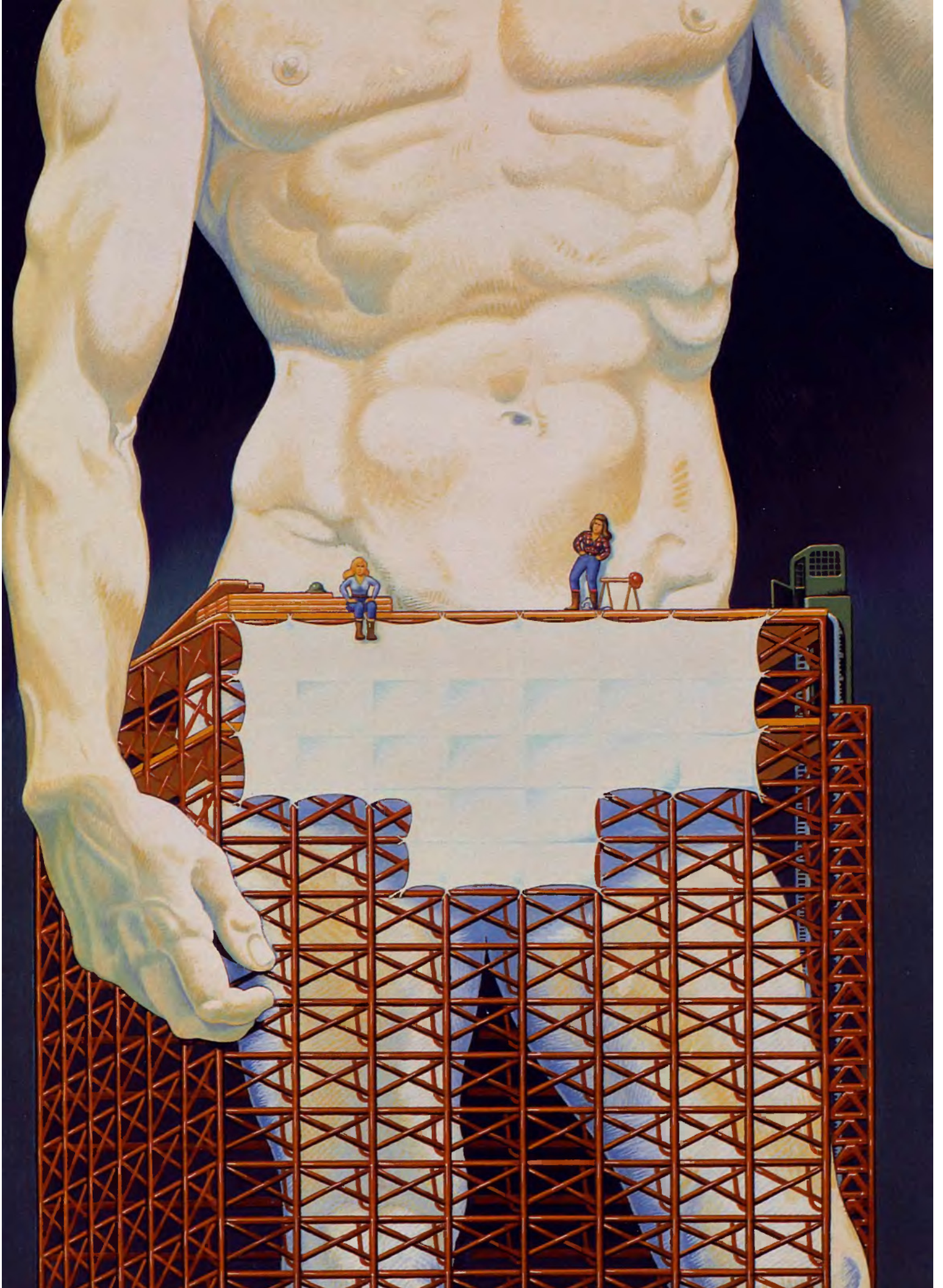
to be right in step, walk softly and carry a great-looking tote

CHOOSING an attaché is like purchasing a fine piece of luggage. First and foremost, it must be constructed well. It should also reflect the personality of its owner. Case in point: Why tote a nondescript box when you can break ranks and opt for a metal attaché that's as sleek as the Concorde, or a leather portfolio richer and more supple than most leather coats? When it comes to attachés, the case is never closed.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI
MEN'S SUITS BY BIGSEY & KRUTHERS,
SCHAUMBURG, ILLINOIS



Left to right: Soft briefcase of European calfskin, by Porsche Design, Los Angeles, \$850. The second case is a real grabber—it's a Wendy Stevens-designed perforated-nickel/silver model named The Portfolio, from Lewis Dolin, New York, \$440. American black-cherrywood attaché with o sueded pigskin lining, by H. Gerstner & Sons, Doyton, Ohio, \$395. (Optional custom carving is available for about \$250.) The Front Runner, an elegant attaché of dark-brown calfskin, comes lined in hunter-green moroccan leather, from Mark Cross, Chicago, \$800. For paranoid biggies, a bulletproof German-made leather attaché, from T. Anthony, New York, \$2450.



essay By PATRICK ANDERSON

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, after more than two decades of marriage, I found myself a single man again.

"Don't make any decisions for at least eighteen months," cautioned a friend who'd been through the process. "You don't know it, but you're a crazy man."

Good advice, perhaps, but I made one immediate decision: I wanted women in my life.

I soon encountered good news and bad.

The good news was that there were wonderful women out there who welcomed me into their lives.

The bad news was that when I first went to bed with them, I all too often failed to reach an erection.

A horrid fate, wouldn't you say? Shameful? Humiliating? Grounds for suicide?

Not really. Looking back now, I see the problem as a blessing in disguise.

That wasn't how I felt at first, of course. Agonized, I examined my sexual past for clues to the horrid present. Whatever the problems of my marriage, sex had not been one of them. True, I'd sometimes performed erratically with other women, but I'd written that off to nerves.

Once I found myself with a stunningly attractive woman. Our first night was a dream. Our second was a disaster. In retrospect, I think I was scared to death (scared limp, one might say), because I saw the woman as a threat to a

It's no fun to find at a crucial moment that your once-loyal companion Harry Hard-on has deserted you, that Steely Dan has become a limp noodle. It's easy to think you've disgraced yourself, that your manhood is in doubt.

I turned for advice to the sexual godparents of us all, the good doctors William Masters and Virginia Johnson. Their somber tome *Human Sexual Inadequacy* (a lovely title, that) diagnosed my disability—secondary impotence, they call it—and told me pretty much what I'd suspected.

For an otherwise healthy male, erections are natural. (I recalled a fellow I'd shared a tent with once while working for the U.S. Forest Service. Every morning, he would announce from his bunk, "There's a woman on the roof." How do you know? someone would ask. "Because my dick's pointing up there.") But if erections are natural, our psyches are delicate. Once we start to worry about erections, even to *think* about them, we're in trouble.

Our two related problems, Masters and Johnson say, are worrying about our sexual performance and becoming an observer, rather than a participant, in sex—evaluating instead of enjoying.

OK, I was guilty on both counts. Of course I was performing, or trying to. What else was I doing in bed with those women I barely knew? And, let's face it, my instinct is to evaluate everything—movies, salads, sunsets. Once, after a

IN PRAISE OF PATIENT WOMEN

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM AN UNDERSTANDING PARTNER, WHAT GOES DOWN MUST COME UP

life I then wanted to continue.

But here I was now, 50, free and a flop in bed.

I knew I wasn't 25 anymore. I didn't expect to make love three times in a morning, as I had in a little hotel on the Rue Bonaparte with the most beautiful woman in Paris many years ago.

But once a night, surely. An erection on demand, surely.

No such luck.

I was consoled by the belief that my problem was mental, not physical, that in some way I didn't understand, I was psyching myself out.

I was consoled, too, by a talk I'd once had with no less an authority than Hugh Hefner. Hef said that as a young man, he'd thought of sex, like most American men of his generation, in terms of performance, in terms of how long you kept your erection and how many orgasms you had. But as he grew older and wiser, he began to see that the point was not performance but pleasure, that there was a vast difference, as he put it, "between fucking and making love." Erections were not the point, he found; you could have great sex with or without erections.

Hefner's remarks were some consolation, yes; but at other times, I would recall the Hollywood producer of the Thirties who married a famous sex goddess, then killed himself shortly after their wedding, presumably because he wasn't functioning at a godlike level.

failure in bed, I told my partner exactly what had gone wrong. "That's the first time I ever got an instant replay," she replied.

I had the classic problem, but what was I to do? According to Masters and Johnson, I needed to relax, to think about pleasure, about giving and sharing, not about performance. Be patient. If it doesn't happen today, it'll happen tomorrow.

Good advice—and not worth a damn if the women in my life hadn't cooperated. But they did, in spades.

I came to think that a man with an elusive erection is like a little boy with a skinned knee—he needs Momma to hold him tight and tell him it'll be all right. And I found that some otherwise tough, formidable women are happy to do just that.

I don't know if many women in their 20s would have been so patient—why should they have been? But the women I was seeing were around 40, veterans of the sexual wars, and if you treated them right in other regards, they could be wonderfully understanding.

All of them said, "Hey, this isn't unusual; you're not the only one." (Masters and Johnson note that virtually every man who comes to them for treatment of impotence is convinced he's the only one who was ever thus afflicted.)

One woman told (concluded on page 154)

CROOKS

(continued from page 74)

“Rubbing it in, are ya? OK, I made a mistake! I got excited and I shot up the switchboard!”

“I sure am!” yelled Dortmund.
“What’s your name?”

Oh, not again, thought Dortmund, but there was nothing for it. “Diddums,” he said.

“What?”

“Diddums!”

A brief pause: “Diddums?”

“It’s Welsh!”

“Ah.”

There was a little pause while whoever was operating the bullhorn conferred with his compatriots, and then the bullhorn said, “What’s the situation in there?”

What kind of question was that? “Well, uh,” Dortmund said, and remembered to speak more loudly, and called, “kind of tense, actually.”

“Any of the hostages been harmed?”

“Uh-uh. No. Definitely not. This is a . . . this is a . . . nonviolent confrontation.” Dortmund fervently hoped to establish that idea in everybody’s mind, particularly if he were going to be out here in the middle much longer.

“Any change in the situation?”

Change? “Well,” Dortmund answered, “I haven’t been in there that long, but it seems like—”

“Not that long? What’s the matter with you, Diddums? You’ve been in that bank over two hours now!”

“Oh, yeah!” Forgetting, Dortmund lowered his arms and stepped forward to the curb. “That’s right!” he called. “Two hours! More than two hours! Been in there a long time!”

“Step out here away from the bank!”

Dortmund looked down and saw his toes hanging ten over the edge of the curb. Stepping back at a brisk pace, he called, “I’m not supposed to do that!”

“Listen, Diddums, I’ve got a lot of tense men and women over here. I’m telling you, step away from the bank!”

“The fellas inside,” Dortmund explained, “they don’t want me to step off the curb. They said they’d, uh, well, they just don’t want me to do it.”

“Psst! Hey, Diddums!”

Dortmund paid no attention to the voice calling from behind him. He was concentrating too hard on what was happening right now out front. Also, he wasn’t that used to the new name yet.

“Diddums!”

“Maybe you better put your hands up again.”

“Oh, yeah!” Dortmund’s arms shot up like pistons blowing through an engine block. “There they are!”

“Diddums, goddamn it, do I have to

shoot you to get you to pay attention?”

Arms dropping, Dortmund spun around. “Sorry! I wasn’t—I was—Here I am!”

“Get those goddamn hands up!”

Dortmund turned sideways, arms up so high his sides hurt. Peering sidelong to his right, he called to the crowd across the street, “Sirs, they’re talking to me inside now.” Then he peered sidelong to his left, saw the comparatively calm robber crouched beside the broken doorframe and looking less calm than before, and he said, “Here I am.”

“We’re gonna give them our demands now,” the robber said. “Through you.”

“That’s fine,” Dortmund said. “That’s great. Only, you know, how come you don’t do it on the phone? I mean, the way it’s normally—”

The red-eyed robber, heedless of exposure to the sharpshooters across the street, shouldered furiously past the comparatively calm robber, who tried to restrain him as he yelled at Dortmund, “You’re rubbing it in, are ya? OK, I made a mistake! I got excited and I shot up the switchboard! You want me to get excited again?”

“No, no!” Dortmund cried, trying to hold his hands straight up in the air and defensively in front of his body at the same time. “I forgot! I just forgot!”

The other robbers all clustered around to grab the red-eyed robber, who seemed to be trying to point his Uzi in Dortmund’s direction as he yelled, “I did it in front of everybody! I humiliated myself in front of everybody! And now you’re making fun of me!”

“I forgot! I’m sorry!”

“You can’t forget that! Nobody’s ever gonna forget that!”

The three remaining robbers dragged the red-eyed robber back away from the doorway, talking to him, trying to soothe him, leaving Dortmund and the comparatively calm robber to continue their conversation. “I’m sorry,” Dortmund said. “I just forgot. I’ve been kind of distracted lately. Recently.”

“You’re playing with fire here, Diddums,” the robber said. “Now tell them they’re gonna get our demands.”

Dortmund nodded, and turned his head the other way, and yelled, “They’re gonna tell you their demands now. I mean, I’m gonna tell you their demands. Their demands. Not my demands. Their de—”

“We’re willing to listen, Diddums, only so long as none of the hostages get hurt.”

“That’s good!” Dortmund agreed, and turned his head the other way to tell the robber, “That’s reasonable, you know, that’s sensible, that’s a very good thing they’re saying.”

“Shut up,” the robber said.

“Right,” Dortmund said.

The robber said, “First, we want the riflemen off the roofs.”

“Oh, so do I,” Dortmund told him, and turned to shout, “They want the riflemen off the roofs!”

“What else?”

“What else?”

“And we want them to unblock that end of the street, the—what is it?—the north end.”

Dortmund frowned straight ahead at the buses blocking the intersection. “Isn’t that east?” he asked.

“Whatever it is,” the robber said, getting impatient. “That end down there to the left.”

“OK.” Dortmund turned his head and yelled, “They want you to unblock the east end of the street!” Since his hands were way up in the sky somewhere, he pointed with his chin.

“Isn’t that north?”

“I knew it was,” the robber said.

“Yeah, I guess so,” Dortmund called. “That end down there to the left.”

“The right, you mean.”

“Yeah, that’s right. Your right, my left. Their left.”

“What else?”

Dortmund sighed, and turned his head. “What else?”

The robber glared at him. “I can hear the bullhorn, Diddums. I can hear him say ‘What else?’ You don’t have to repeat everything he says. No more translations.”

“Right,” Dortmund said. “Gotcha. No more translations.”

“We’ll want a car,” the robber told him. “A station wagon. We’re gonna take three hostages with us, so we want a big station wagon. And nobody follows us.”

“Gee,” Dortmund said dubiously, “are you sure?”

The robber stared. “Am I sure?”

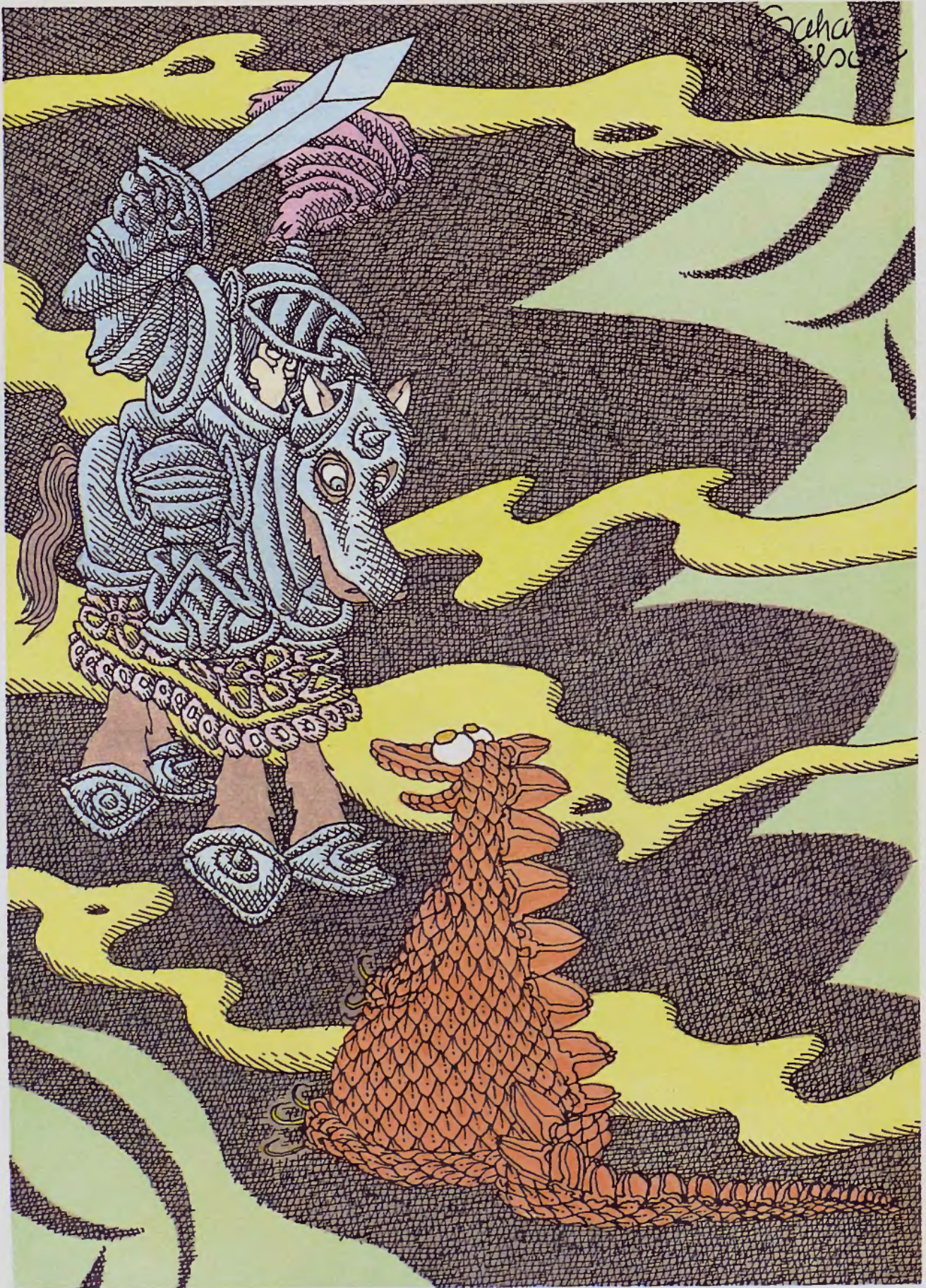
“Well, you know what they’ll do,” Dortmund told him, lowering his voice so the other team across the street couldn’t hear him. “What they do in these situations, they fix a little radio transmitter under the car, so then they don’t have to follow you, exactly, but they know where you are.”

Impatient again, the robber said, “So you’ll tell them not to do that. No radio transmitters, or we kill the hostages.”

“Well, I suppose,” Dortmund said doubtfully.

“What’s wrong now?” the robber demanded. “You’re too goddamn picky,

(continued on page 142)



"Here's Mommy now!"

PLAYBOY

COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?



The four Swiss-made watches in Alfred Brodmann's "Segments" collection more than equal the sum of their parts. The timepieces can be bought separately for \$275 each, or as a set for \$1100. They're made of polished surgical steel and are available with rubber or leather straps and a presentation box, from Stelton USA, Inc., New York.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

The personal-stereo beat goes on: Aiwa has put sonic punch into its Model HS-T370 FM/AM auto-reverse cassette player in the form of a super bass control, which adds low-end oomph for a richer sound, \$90.



Looking for an elegant place to stosh your smokes? This red-mahogany cigarillo case is hand-finished and -lacquered and comes fitted with gold-plated hardware, from Davidoff Geneva, New York, \$200.



The Canon Sure Shot Ace is the first 35mm camera to offer a built-in wireless-remote-control shutter release (it's about the size of a matchbox and works up to 16 feet away), plus auto wind, fflash and focus, \$260.





The Copenhagen telephone by Bang & Olufsen boasts a pressure-chamber speaker for better acoustics, 21-number star-age capacity, speed dialing and last-number redial, from the Eurotel Collection, \$229.95.



All three Audio Dynamics components pictured are remote controlled and include (top to bottom) a T-2000E AM/FM tuner, \$349, CD-2000E compact-disc player, \$399, CA-2000E integrated amplifier, \$799.



Sharp's four-head VCR, which measures 11½" x 10" x 5", plays full-sized VHS tapes on a flip-up four-inch LCD color monitor and operates on any of three power sources—A.C., D.C. or car battery, \$1899.

Raise your glass to a handsome art-deco-influenced 26-ounce cocktail shaker that stands 11" high and comes in both gold-plated and polished-stainless-steel finish, from Metrokane, New York, \$65 and \$45.



I REMEMBER Riverview. This vast amusement park was located on Chicago's North Side. It was magnificent, dangerous and thrilling. There were freak shows; there was the renowned Bobs roller coaster, built as the fastest in the world; there was the Rotor, a room-sized cylinder in which one stood back against the wall and was spun around, while the floor dropped away; there was the parachute jump, the symbol of Riverview and visible for miles.

There was illicit gambling, one could die on the rides, the place reeked of sex. A trip to Riverview was more than a thrill, it was a dangerous dream adventure for the children and for their parents.

My father took me up in the parachute jump. We were slowly hoisted 20 stories into the air, seated on a rickety board and held in place by a frayed rope. We reached the top of the scaffold, the parachute dropped, the seat dropped out from under us and my father said under his breath, "Jesus Christ, we're both going to die here."

I remember wondering why I was not terrified by his fear. I think I was proud to be sharing such a grown-up experience with him.

Black men in jump suits sat suspended over tubs of water. White men paid to throw baseballs at a target. When the target was hit, the black men were dropped into the tubs below. The black men Uncle Tommed the customers in thick assumed Southern accents.

The fix was in. Everyone was getting fleeced *and* shortchanged, to boot, at the ten-in-one. Hell, that's why we *went* there. This was a *carnival*—this wasn't a merry-go-round and cotton candy, this was a *carnival*—and we were making fun of the horror of existence, saying, "Fuck you; tonight I'm going to *party*." And this was our Family Entertainment.

Did it bring the family together? You bet it did. And 35 years later, I prize the memories, as does every other kid who went there with his family. As does everyone who ever went there, *period*. You got the bang for your buck that you were promised. Riverview: The very *name* is magic to a kid from those days in Chicago; as magic as the name of the first girl you ever laid, and that's the truth.

My family took me to Disneyland the year it opened. I was eight, the year was 1955, and it seems to me that much of the park was still under construction.

I went back with my five-year-old, 33 years later. And I remembered it all. I remembered the route from one ride to the next. I remembered where the hot-dog stands were. Nothing had changed. I was charmed to remember the Pirate Menus and how one punched out the ears and could wear them as masks. I remem-

bered the souvenirs. I went on the Dumbo Ride, and my wife took a picture of me and my kid, and it looks just like the picture of me and my mom on the same elephant.

Leaving the park, we ran into a parade on the Main Street of Disneyland. The parade was commemorative of the 60th anniversary of Mickey Mouse. It was a lavish panegyric, designed to evoke feelings of fealty.

A part of the parade was musical variations on the *Mickey Mouse Song*: "M-I-C—see you real soon—K-E-Y—why? Because we *like* you . . ." etc.; which I both heard and sang along with weekdays for the several years I watched *The Mickey Mouse Club* on television. I remembered Jimmie Dodd, the *compère* of the club, singing to us viewers, rather sentimentously, and I remembered being moved by his affectation.

Well, here we were, kids and adults alike, smiling at that anthem, wishing Mickey well, 33 years later.

But I asked myself, What, *actually*, were we endorsing? What *was* it that we were wishing well? How, and to what end, was this warm feeling evoked?

Were we feeling "good" about wishing happy birthday to a mouse? It's not a mouse, it's a character in a cartoon.

Were we wishing well to a commercial enterprise? For, surely, Disneyland is the most commercial of enterprises. It is the *state of the art* in crowd control; it is terrifying to reflect that one stands in line for approximately 55 minutes out of every hour on a moderately crowded day at the park, that a five-hour sojourn at the park contains 25 minutes of "fun." The turns and bends and sights in the waiting line are designed to create the illusion that it is shorter than it actually is. One sets one's sights and hopes on a crest up ahead, which, surely, must be the entrance to the ride, only to find, on reaching that crest, that yet another stretch of waiting is in store, that one must wait, further, until one passes under the arches up ahead, certainly not too long a time. But on *reaching* those arches, one finds, etc.

Why does no one complain? Why does everyone return? Are the rides that thrilling? No, they are enjoyable, and some are rather good, but they aren't any more thrilling than the run-of-the-mill traveling carnival rides. Is the atmosphere that enjoyable? No. I think, to the contrary, that the atmosphere is rather oppressive. It (concluded on page 155)

essay by

DAVID MAMET

A TIME FOR MICKEY MOUSE

when it comes to
modern amusement
parks, the playwright
is not amused



W O M E N O F WALL STREET

last year, we invested in a bare market and made a killing

text by Louis Rukeyser

JUST OVER 21 years ago, about the time when those now coming of legal drinking age were born, there was not a single woman member on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Muriel Siebert, among others, thought that was ridiculous, but Mickie, as she is known, believes in action rather than complaint. She had the half-million dollars; she demanded a seat. The old fogeys of the exchange, including chairman Gus Levy, thought hers was an idea only slightly less subversive than turning the entire operation over to the Bolsheviks. "We don't want her," Levy told an investment banker who had had the temerity to recommend her. And then Levy came up with the excuse that became an industry-wide *cause célèbre*: "We have no ladies' room on the floor."

"I've never had so many people worry about my toilet

habits," Mickie tells me, adding that all ten of the trading members she asked to sponsor her turned her down. Finally, she found sponsors "upstairs" (away from the trading floor) and, promising to take responsibility for her own bladder, was allowed to buy a seat in December 1967. The male-female ratio became 1365 to 1.

As Mickie Siebert's story suggests, Wall Street a generation ago was about as chauvinistic as any institution in the United States. While men genially spread canards about how women controlled most of the money anyhow, male executives systematically excluded women from any positions of real power. It would be nice to be able to report that Wall Street, two decades later, is a prettier place. However, as anyone who has surveyed the recent scandals (*text continued on page 152*)



South Richmond Securities



Position: Stockbroker ("also known as dialing for dollars—bring your own caffeine").

Hottest Stock Tip: Legend Foods (OTC): was four cents in early 1988; about 12 cents in early 1989.

Lisandra Trujillo

Current Status: Left job in November 1988; now a full-time finance student.

Wall Street High: "So many men. . ."

Wall Street Low: "So little time."

Outstanding Assets: 36-24-36.

Like many of our Wall Street ladies, Lisandra Trujillo (left and opposite) quit the market shortly after we took her picture. "I realized I wasn't cut out for high-pressure sales," she says, quickly adding, "but I'll be back—with a *vengeance*."





Franklin Consolidated Mining



Position: Office manager and shareholder liaison.
Wall Street Salary: \$38,000, plus bonus.

Cheryl Petersen

Current Status: Laid off in January 1989; now attending New York Institute of Finance.

Ambition: To acquire a securities broker's license.

Outstanding Assets: 36-25-36.

Temporarily on leave from the financial world, Cheryl Petersen (hailing a taxi in downtown Manhattan at left; unwinding below) still projects that chic Wall Street image, naming diamonds and fake furs as her favorite commodities.





Shearson Lehman Hutton



Holly S. Meder

Position: Financial consultant, account executive.

Current Status: Left company in August 1988; now a sales specialist for a *Fortune* 500 firm and heading for law school in the fall.

Wall Street High: "Being one of the few women in the business who succeeded."

Wall Street Low: "Not being able to make *everyone* rich."

Outstanding Assets: 38-25-35½.



No longer wheeling and dealing at the Chicago Board Options Exchange (right), Holly Meder now prefers to follow her hometown Bulls and Bears in sports, though she *does* manage to stay on top of her favorite stocks (top).



Stuart-James



Position: Administrative assistant and office "top girl."

Biggest Killing: Bringing in a \$3,500,000 account and collecting commissions on the profits.

Robin Mormelo

Current Status: Left the company two months after her *Playboy* shoot; entered Mrs. New Jersey pageant.

Wall Street High: "Being discovered by *Playboy* for this pictorial."

Wall Street Low: "Being chased in and out of the elevators by all of the brokers."

Outstanding Assets: 35-24-35.

After a stint at Merrill Lynch, Robin Mormelo (opposite, above) moved to Stuart-James Co., where bosses threatened to fire her for posing for *Playboy*. "That's OK," she says. "I told them where they could go." Meanwhile, Paris-born Denise Uzan (taking a hot-pretzel lunch break at left; opposite, below) weathered a stormy eight-month gig at Dean Witter before finding happiness and success at Paine Webber.

Paine Webber



Position: Stockbroker and investment executive.

Yearly Income: Confidential.

Biggest Killing: While at another firm, found stock at one dollar; sold it at \$10.50 within six months.

N. Denise Uzan

Ambition: "To work in mergers and acquisitions, find Prince Charming and merge with him."

Wall Street High: "Standing out in what's virtually a man's world."

Wall Street Low: "Trying to remain feminine while dealing with sharks."

Outstanding Assets: 36-21-34.





Drexel Burnham Lambert



Position: Executive assistant, corporate-bond research department.

Ambition: To become a stockbroker.

Current Status: Laid off in April due to cutbacks; now looking for work.

Shari Fierman

Wall Street High: "Taking in the lunchtime action at the nearby South Street Seaport."

Wall Street Low: "Guys on the exchange who are intimidated by my height" (5'10½").

Outstanding Assets: 36-25-36½.

Why did D.B.L. lay off Shari Fierman (soaking up New York City, left and top)? "They had to cut back. Maybe six hundred and fifty million dollars in fines had something to do with it. At least Michael Milken and I were laid off at the same time."

Drexel Burnham Lambert



Position: Executive assistant, mortgage-backed securities.

Biggest Killing: Received \$10,000 Christmas bonus for doing job well; while at another firm, assisted in the Macmillan takeover.

Laura King

Current Status: Left in May 1988 to join an investment-banking firm.

Wall Street High: "All those sexy men."

Wall Street Low: "Taking the subway."

Outstanding Assets: 36-26-36.

Laura King (doing the *Working Girl* ferry jaunt at right; beachside below) left her banking job to study interior design, but her heart still belongs to Wall Street. Her advice to investors: "Buy the rumor, sell the news."





Greentree Securities



Position: Stockbroker, specializing in low-priced, high-risk stocks.

Hottest Investment Tip: Playing index options during times of high market volatility.

Lisa Knapp

Current Status: Left job in 1988 when firm folded; now works for rigging company.

Wall Street High: "The idea that people would actually give me their money to invest because they liked the sound of my voice."

Wall Street Low: "Couldn't stand taking money from people who weren't able to swing it financially."

Outstanding Assets: 32-24-32.

No longer on the Wall Street beat, Lisa Knapp (left) is partial to spending time with her family and doing off-season beachcombing in Montauk. And, finally: Kimberly Ann Clark (opposite) plays the market long distance from Prudential-Bache's Florida offices. Would she rather be in the thick of things in Manhattan? Nope. "I have a cozy apartment in Miami," she says, "with a pink-satin bedroom that I share with my Persian kitty, Chanel."

Prudential-Bache Securities



Position: Sales assistant (previously a broker at Blinder-Robinson).

Biggest Killing: Bought Sears for a client at \$33 per share; watched it climb to \$46 within two months.

Kimberly Ann Clark

Current Status: Left job in January to travel; returned to it May first.

Ambition: To live in a beach house, drive a Testarossa and be a financial success.

Wall Street High: "That professional feeling."

Wall Street Low: "Clients who don't want to invest with a twenty-four-year-old."

Outstanding Assets: 36-22-34.



FIRE & FEAR (continued from page 70)

"I warned him, 'It would be an unforgivable sin if you transmitted a social disease to your girlfriend.'"

crazy or something? She had some fucking balls."

A few days after his first match with Robin Givens, Tyson went back to Las Vegas to prepare for the bout with Tony Tucker. It was a tough fight, and Tucker even embraced Tyson in his corner before the decision was announced, thinking he'd won and promising to give Tyson a rematch. But the referee lifted Tyson's hand in victory, and then Don King led him off to the infamous coronation scene, complete with crown, robe and scepter. Throughout the festivities, the champ looked down at the floor in embarrassment.

Freed from boxing for a while, Mike continued his amorous forays. But Robin was by his side more than her competitors, and the public began to see a lot of her. Tyson seemed proud of her good looks and elegance.

However, by the time Don King and Donald Trump called a press conference in New York to announce the Tyson-Tyrell Biggs fight, Mike's extracurricular activities had come back to haunt him. At the end of the conference, he was asked to take the usual physical examination, but he put it off.

Later, he pulled Lott aside. "I think I have that shit again," he said. Sure enough, the man who'd scored victories over Berbick and Smith while recovering from venereal disease had managed once again to make a friend of that pesky bacteria. I warned him not to engage in any type of intimacy with Robin. "It would be an unforgivable sin if you transmitted a social disease to your girlfriend," I said.

The disease notwithstanding, Tyson would handily defeat Biggs, an enemy ever since the 1984 Olympic trials, at which Tyson served as a mere sparring partner for the contenders. Biggs had won the gold, but when it really mattered, Tyson won the war.

Shortly before Tyson's fight with Larry Holmes, on a cold January afternoon in 1988, Jim Jacobs called me on the telephone. "I must talk to you," he said. "When can I see you?"

"How about now?"

We met at his office on East 40th Street at 5:45 that afternoon. Looking around to make sure no one else was within hearing range, he said, "Mike has a problem that must be attended to promptly. Ruth Roper says—"

"Who's that?" I cut in.

"Robin Givens' mother."

"I like her . . . I mean Robin. She's smart, independent."

"This cannot, I repeat, this cannot get out of this room. José, I can't emphasize it more." After a pause, he said, "Miss Roper tells me her daughter is pregnant—by Mike. She says we must take appropriate action, or else."

"Is he willing to marry her?"

"What do *you* think?" Jacobs asked, probing my eyes for an answer.

"I think he should. Cus would have loved her."

"Are you sure?"

"My instincts seldom betray me." So much for my instincts.

Two weeks later, we discovered that Tyson was no longer a bachelor.

"He called me on Sunday [February 7, 1988]," Lott told me, "and asked, 'What would you say if I married Robin right now?'" The hypothetical question took Lott by surprise. He knew more about Tyson's sex life than anyone else except Holloway and never suspected that the champ was that serious about Givens. He told Tyson it was a great idea. The next day, Roper called Jacobs and told him that Mike and Robin had been privately married by Father George Clements, a Catholic priest. [The cause for this hurried match—Robin's pregnancy—would later end in miscarriage.]

So that Mike and Robin's entry into wedded bliss wouldn't lack pomp and circumstance, Robin's mother gave her daughter and new son-in-law a small but high-toned party on Valentine's Day, at the Library Room of the Helmsley Palace Hotel on Madison Avenue. Mother and daughter both wore black—looking so much alike they might have been sisters—and guests mingled pleasantly and sampled the delicious food. The affair amounted to Roper's coming-out party. Although she is small and energetic, with diminutive features, her guileful smile and devious eyes gave me the impression that she didn't trust anyone. Here was a woman who might drive insecure people insane.

My wife, Ramona, who's never at a loss for words, pulled me aside at the party. "Tell your friends Bill Cayton, Jimmy Jacobs and Mike Tyson himself," she said, "that this is a woman they'll have to contend with from now on."

One day after the party, both of Tyson's comanagers fell ill. Cayton was hospitalized with an inflammation of the membranes of the heart. Jacobs, who had left

town supposedly to visit relatives, was recovering from intestinal surgery.

It was while in the hospital that Cayton first faced Robin's wrath. She'd been unable to contact Jacobs and apparently figured Cayton would do, even though he was suffering from a serious illness. "I'm Mrs. Mike Tyson," she announced over the telephone, "I'm taking over my husband's affairs."

Cayton was enraged by her manner. "She said those words in a rather abusive, dominant tone of voice, as though she had taken over the managership functions of Mike as well." Cayton was surprised at her tone and told her so. "Here she is, married for a few weeks, and she's taking over for people who've been with Mike since the boy was twelve years old."

Tyson's other comanager would never learn of those developments. At that moment, he lay dying in New York's Mount Sinai Hospital. He had succumbed to an eight-year battle with leukemia, finally giving in the day after Tyson and his entourage had returned from Japan, where the champ had successfully defended his title against Tony Tubbs.

"I was on my way to the hospital to visit him," Tyson told me later, "and my wife reached me on the car phone to tell me that Jimmy had just died. I told the driver to make a U-turn and go to [Jacobs and Cayton's] office."

Cayton said Tyson arrived "in tears and out of control."

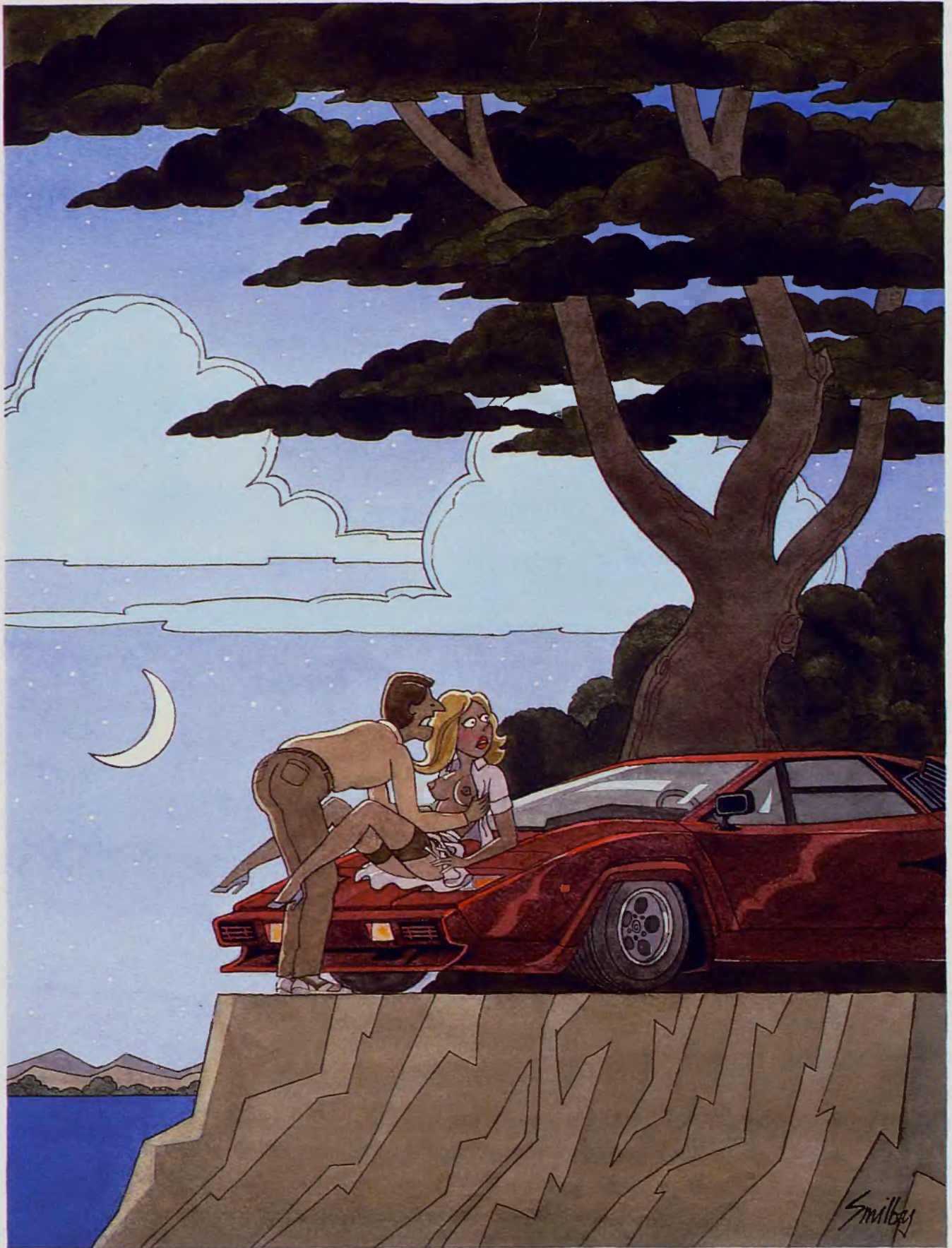
That same day, Tyson and Givens showed up at Merrill Lynch to shift \$1,900,000 from his stock account to make the down payment on the couple's new \$4,000,000 mansion. "Robin was not even concerned that Jim had just died," Merrill Lynch's James Brady told the *Daily News*. "I followed her instructions and made a wire transfer."

I saw Tyson later that night. He and his wife had gone to Jacobs' modest two-bedroom East Side apartment—two floors below theirs—to join the mourners. A few friends of the family were there, and Jacobs' wife, Loraine, was doing her best to be a cordial hostess.

Later, Tyson, his wife and I went upstairs to the couple's apartment, and after a short while, Mike asked me to go out for a walk. When we left the apartment, he seemed in a deep fit of melancholy. It was as if he'd been hit by a sucker punch.

He started crying on my shoulder. "You know," he said, "people think I'm tough. But that's bullshit. I'm a fucking coward. You know something, I feel like taking my own life . . . killing myself. But I don't have the fucking guts to do it, you know what I mean?" We were walking on Second Avenue in the 40s against the cool March breeze.

"When Cus died, I felt the same way," *(continued on page 145)*



*"Be reasonable, Christine—you can't have
a Lamborghini and a back seat."*



Harrell '89

JOHN CANDY

When the comedy series "SCTV" hit the airwaves in 1976, audiences immediately gravitated toward the funniest and friendliest member of the cast, John Candy. His eclectic collection of offbeat characters (Johnny LaRue, Dr. Tongue, Yosh Shmenge, Harry—"the guy with the snake on his face") attracted a large and loyal following that has stayed with him through the hits ("Planes, Trains, and Automobiles," "Splash") and misses ("Armed and Dangerous," "Who's Harry Crumb?") of a film career that promises its best work is yet to come. Candy believes his latest film, "Uncle Buck," due out this month, is a new direction into seriocomic roles. Robert Crane caught up with Candy aboard Air Canada's L.A.-Toronto afternoon flight. Crane reports: "Candy is an energy source contained in clothes. In addition to his nonstop moviemaking, he tapes a weekly radio show, 'Radio Kandy,' he will host a Saturday-morning kids' show, 'Camp Candy,' and he is involved in three HBO comedy specials. There is even talk of putting his name on a line of clothing. A guy that nice shouldn't have to work that hard."

1.

PLAYBOY: What's the best advice a bartender ever gave you?

CANDY: "Don't get into the restaurant business." "You've had enough." "It's time to go." "Do you really need this?"

2.

PLAYBOY: Why isn't there more sex in your films?

CANDY: Damn, that's what I ask the producers. It's not for lack of trying. We had some in *Summer Rental*. I'm working now with Amy Madigan. She does my private parts in *Uncle Buck*.

3.

PLAYBOY: You, Sam Kinison, Roseanne Barr and Louie Anderson are all in the forefront of comedy. Is fat funny?

CANDY: It's as funny as midgets. It's really in the eye of the beholder. Some choose to

think that. I never dwell on it. I tend to look at people as people and not as tall, short, fat, skinny. Given the opportunity, I'm sure we could come up with a list of faults for everyone. We could find old people funny. People with big noses. People going bald. People with big ears. People with goiters. People who have face lifts. People who have perfect teeth. You could cut anybody up.

Roseanne Barr is very funny, very talented. More power to her. Louie Anderson is funny. Sam Kinison is very talented. I think they're talented no matter what they look like. I don't judge people by how they look and I try not to hang out with people who do.

4.

PLAYBOY: How did you come up with the Shmenges?

CANDY: Eugene Levy and I were sitting in a hotel room in Edmonton, writing the SCTV show, and I had been using the word *shmenge*, which is a bastardization of *shmegegge*. We were watching a polka show on TV and I said, "Boy, there's a couple of *shmenges* for you," and a light bulb went off and we looked at each other and went, "Yeah, *shmenges*." That afternoon, we created Yosh and Stan and wrote the first script. It wasn't until six months later that we shot it. Everybody went nuts in the studio. And then we did additional bits when we had the right pieces for them.

5.

PLAYBOY: Will the Shmenges do any relief concerts for the Soviet Baltic countries?

CANDY: I think they're going to send Dan Quayle over. He's doing a one-man show, *I'm Not Jack Kennedy*, for dinner theaters. He'll be touring Russia with that. He's going to kick off in Berlin. *Ich bin nicht Jack Kennedy Berliner*. The Shmenges may open for him.

6.

PLAYBOY: As a Canadian, did you weep when Wayne Gretzky left Edmonton?

CANDY: No. Are you kidding? I jumped up and down. I thought it was hysterical. It was one of those moments when you always remember where you were when you heard the news. I was getting onto a plane to go to Vancouver and someone said, "Congratulations! You've got Gretzky playing for you now." I thought he was joking. I had almost given up my L.A. Kings season tickets, because I'm

there so seldom that I could buy them on a per-game basis. One of the first calls I made was to make sure that I had not, in fact, canceled my season tickets. The Kings' ticket office said, "Don't worry, you're covered." The people at the Forum have been so nice. [Kings owner] Bruce McNall's people are fabulous. They have a winning attitude. Gretzky brings a lot of class and expertise.

7.

PLAYBOY: What other Canadian sports figures would you like to see move to L.A.?

CANDY: Ben Johnson. Of course, Canadians are now saying he's Jamaican. At first, he was closely related to Sir Johnny Macdonald, the first prime minister of Canada. They were tracing his roots back that far. The moment he was disqualified, he came from Jamaica. It is pretty disgraceful. For his own safety, he should come to Los Angeles.

8.

PLAYBOY: Whose fingerprints are on the scripts that come your way?

CANDY: There aren't too many fingerprints now. I've been very selective and very fortunate. I have a good relationship with John Hughes. If we can work together over the years, I'll be very happy with that. I enjoy working with Paul Flaherty; I did *Who's Harry Crumb?* with him. We also worked together a number of years at SCTV. My agent probably has more fingerprints on scripts than anyone else. I know in Hollywood they have a star wheel in the executives' offices. They spin the wheel and it lands on a picture of an actor. Wherever it lands, they make a deal with him. It's scary. Eddie Murphy would probably be on top. Or Bill Murray. Or Chevy Chase. Dan Aykroyd would be right up there. Tom Hanks. Steve Martin. Danny DeVito. Michael Keaton. John Cleese. Michael Palin. Kevin Kline. There are so many.

9.

PLAYBOY: What is it like to be the funniest part of an unfunny movie?

CANDY: I'm a very hard judge, so it's difficult to think of myself as funny at all. I usually look at everyone else on the screen and mentally block myself right out. It's like an instant matte camera—I can put anyone else's face in there or I can put a tree where I'm standing. I'm always in awe of everyone else's work—my God, I'm (concluded on page 134)

the well-rounded party monster and brussels-sprouts advocate describes under what circumstances he whips out his love weapon

L I C E N C E T O T H R I L L

L playmate diana lee takes the titles in the latest james bond film L



HERE WE ARE, in midsummer of an odd-numbered year. For more than a decade, that has meant that it's time for the release of another James Bond film. Not one to disappoint the millions of the fictional British secret agent's fans—nor to neglect his private cinematic gold mine—movie mogul Albert R. “Cubby” Broccoli has dished up his 16th Bond movie, *Licence to Kill*, which should be arriving at your local moviehouse about now. *Licence to Kill* is a first for Broccoli, in that its title is not taken directly from any of the James Bond stories by the late Ian Fleming. Its screenwriters, Michael G. Wilson and Richard Maibaum, did utilize elements of several Fleming works, including the novella *The Hildebrand Rarity*, which appeared in *Playboy* in March 1960. In the scenario they created, Bond—played for the second time by Timothy Dalton—is ousted from the British Secret Service and operates as a free-lance avenger. But for *Playboy* read-

ers, *Licence to Kill* is even more notable for another first: It features a *Playboy* Playmate. Not only does Diana Lee, Miss May 1988, play an undercover narcotics agent from Hong Kong who is trained in the martial arts, she dances in the film's exciting title sequence as well. *Licence to Kill* is the first movie job for the graceful gatefold girl, who is a professional dancer and a graduate student in dance at the University of Utah. “*Playboy*'s modeling agency in Los Angeles sent me to audition for the film,” Diana says, “but I was really surprised when I got the part.”

The job came with its travel perks: location filming in Mexico and, later, a trip to England for the title shooting. Plus, of course, the chance

to work with Dalton, whom she describes as “great. He's really an intense actor, very much into the Bond role. But what I especially enjoyed was doing the stunts. My strong background in movement really helped. Paul Weston, the stunt supervisor—he also doubles for Bond—coached me, and I was able to do all of my own stunts, except for the one in which my character jumps off a building. I'd never studied martial arts, either, but now I'm taking kung-fu lessons.” Chuck Norris, look to your laurels. Diana's on a roll.



As Diana Lee, she was Miss May 1988 (above). In *Licence to Kill*, the new James Bond film, she's billed as Diana Lee-Hsu. In private life, she's Mrs. Stephen Wayda, wife of a *Playboy* Contributing Photographer.

Below, Diana as Loti, the “Ninja girl,” in the movie *Licence to Kill*. At left, she and her partner Kwang (Cary-Hiroiyuki Tagawa) have Bond (Timothy Dalton) in a bind. Seems they're undercover narcs from Hong Kong, and 007's free-lance activities threaten to blow the lid off their operation. After Kwang is killed in an explosion, a vengeful Loti disarms a soldier (center), grabs his automatic weapon and (right) sprays a hail of bullets—only to be shot herself.

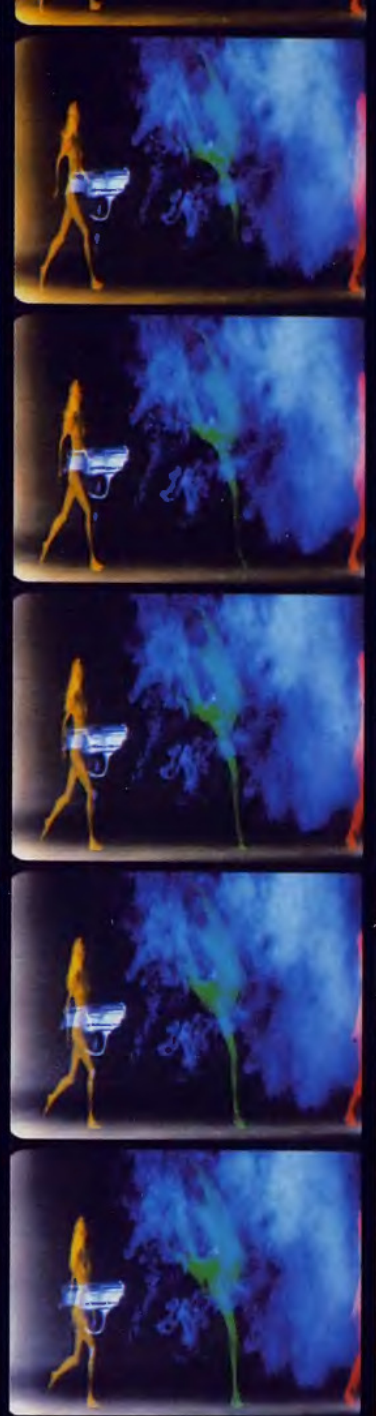






"Most of the movie was filmed in Mexico, but we shot the title sequence in England, at the Uxbridge studio," Diana reports. "The man with me in the pictures here is Maurice Binder, who does all the titles for the Bond films. We tried a variety of visual effects—with a sheet of water, a flickering strobe light, a revolving pedestal and the smoking gun." At right, fantasy in motion: Diana trails a parachute along a beach in Antigua in an exclusive shooting for *Playboy*.





Licence to Kill's film makers originally had another woman in mind for the movie's title sequence, always an important ingredient of a James Bond thriller. But as soon as they had a chance to observe Diana's moves in her original assignment within the film, the role of a Ninja assassin/undercover agent, the title job was hers as well. Years of dance training, it appears, pay off. Above, a film strip from her stunning opening routine.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

On these pages, Diana demonstrates the litheness of body that led to her being cast as Loti, the Ninja girl, in *License to Kill*, this year's Bond movie.



"Steve took these shots in Antigua," says Diana. "*Playboy* chose it because it resembles the Florida Keys, where part of the movie takes place."





VIDEO07: PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO BOND ON TAPE

FILM	DR. NO (1962)	FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE (1963)	GOLDFINGER (1964)	THUNDERBALL (1965)	YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE (1967)	ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE (1969)	DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER (1971)
BOND	Sean Connery	Sean Connery	Sean Connery	Sean Connery	Sean Connery	George Lazenby	Sean Connery
BAD GUYS/ BAD GIRLS	Dr. No, mad Eurasian scientist working for SPECTRE on island of Crab Key	Number One, a.k.a. Ernst Stavro Blofeld, head of SPECTRE; Rosa Klebb (Lotte Lenya), butch ex-K.G.B. agent; deranged killer Red Grant	Auric Goldfinger, fat jewelry dealer and gold smuggler; Oddjob, Goldfinger's mute Korean bodyguard	Blofeld; Emilio Largo, one-eyed mastermind of the Thunderball Plan (to ransom bombs)	Blofeld (Donald Pleasence)	Blofeld (Telly Savalas)	Blofeld (Charles Gray)
BOND'S MISSION	To stop the toppling of U.S. missiles	To steal the Russian Lektor decoding machine	To stop Goldfinger from rendering Fort Knox radioactive	To recover two stolen atom bombs	To find and stop whoever is hijacking orbiting American and Soviet spacecraft	To find Blofeld and stop him from destroying global economy by poisoning the world's crops	To find out who is smuggling diamonds and why; to stop Blofeld
MAIN SQUEEZE	Honey Ryder (Ursula Andress)	Tatiana Romanova (Daniela Bianchi)	Pussy Galore (Honor Blackman)	Domino (Claudine Auger)	Kissy Suzuki (Mie Hama)	Teresa, Contessa di Vicenzo, a.k.a. Tracy (Diana Rigg)	Tiffany Case (Jill St. John)
MINOR SQUEEZES	Sylvia Trench, flirt whose attention Bond wins—along with £20,000—in the casino	Sylvia Trench (see <i>Dr. No</i>)	Dink, bikini-clad lady who befriends Bond in Miami; sisters Jill and Tilly Masterson	Nurse at English spa who gives Bond rubdown; Fiona Volpe, shapely assistant to Largo	Aki, Japanese agent killed by poison; Helga Brandt, villainess who falls for Bond	Ruby and Nancy, pretty, horny girls at Blofeld's clinic	Plenty O'Toole (Lana Wood). If you know Bond women, nothing more need be said
WAITING IN THE WINGS	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny
OTHER THUGS AND MUGS	Professor Dent, a geologist working for Dr. No; Three Blind Mice, Jamaican assassins	Krilencu, Bulgarian assassin; Kransteen, chess master who devises theft of Lektor decoder	Ling, Red Chinese nuclear scientist	Count Lippe and Vorgas, both assistants to Largo; Fiona (see <i>MINOR SQUEEZES</i>)	Mr. Osato, chemical-firm boss who works for SPECTRE; Helga Brandt, Osato's shapely secretary	Irma Bunt, stem German assistant to Blofeld	Mr. Wint and Mr. Kidd, inseparable pair of killers working for Blofeld; Bombi, Thumper, battling babes
BOND'S HELPERS	Felix Leiter, CIA; Quarrel, local fisherman	Keirim Bey, Turkish agent and businessman	Felix Leiter, CIA	Felix Leiter, CIA; Paula, assistant to Bond in Nassau	Tiger Tanaka, head of Japanese Secret Service	Draco, Tracy's father and head of European crime syndicate	Felix Leiter, CIA; Willard Whyte, Blofeld hostage
MODES OF TRANSPORT	Bentley	Bentley; the Orient Express	Aston Martin (see <i>BOND'S TOYS</i>)	Aston Martin (see <i>Goldfinger</i>); Largo's yacht/hydrofoil; water sleds	Spacecraft	Maserati; skis; bobsleds	Moon buggy
BOND'S TOYS	Walther PPK pistol with brass silencer	Attouché case with hidden knife, gold coins, rifle and tear gas	Aston Martin with bullet-proof glass, smoke screen, machine guns, oil slick, ejector seat and homing map	Wrist watch/Geiger counter; pocket underwater breather; radioactive pill that's a homing device	Cigarette missiles; Little Nellie (portable one-man high-speed heavily armed helicopter)	Safe opener/copy machine	Fake thumbprints; pocket gun/climbing kit
COUNTRIES VISITED	Jamaica	Turkey; Italy	Switzerland; the United States	Bahamas	Japan; China	Switzerland	Egypt; Holland; the United States
VILLAINS' OUTCOME	Dr. No: bailed in radioactive water; Dent: shot by Bond; Three Blind Mice: killed when car flies off cliff	Blofeld: unknown; Grant: strangled by Bond; Kransteen: kicked by Klebb with poison-tipped boot; Klebb: shot by Tatiana; Krilencu: shot coming out of Anita Ekberg's billboard	Goldfinger: sucked out of an airplane window (no small feat, considering his size); Oddjob: electrocuted in the vault at Fort Knox	Blofeld: escapes; Largo: shot by Domino; Fiona: shot by own men while dancing with Bond; Vorgas: shot by Bond with spear gun; Count Lippe: blown up in car	Blofeld: escapes; Osato: shot by Blofeld; Helga: eaten by piranha (this one <i>has</i> to be seen)	Blofeld: escapes; Bunt: escapes	Blofeld: unsure (but sure to return); Bombi and Thumper: arrested; Mr. Wint: blown up; Mr. Kidd: burned up
VILLAINS' TOYS	Diesel-driven "dragon"; nuclear plant for toppling rockets	Boot with poison blade; strangler's watch	Laser gun, atomic bomb, Oddjob's metal-brimmed hat	Largo's yacht/hydrofoil, The Disco Volante	Volcano launch pad; private spacecraft	Make-up-case transmitters; poison for destroying crops	Diamond laser satellite
FIGHTS-TO-SEX RATIO	6 to 3	7 to 2	5 to 4	6 to 4	9 to 5	8 to 4	7 to 2
BEST SEXUAL EXCHANGE	(As they kiss) SYDIA: "When did you have to leave?" BOND: "Almost immediately?"	(As Keirim Bey is wooed back to bed by his lover) KEIRIM BEY: "Well, back to the salt mines."	(As Bond wakes from unconsciousness) PUSSY: "Hello, I'm Pussy Galore." BOND: "I must be dreaming."	(As Bond reads Domino's ankle bracelet) DOMINO: "My, what sharp little eyes you have." BOND: "Wait till you get to my teeth."	(As Bond cuts dress off Helga Brandt) BOND: "Oh, the things I do for queen and country."	(As Ruby writes her room number in lipstick on Bond's leg) IRMA: "Is anything wrong?" BOND: "Just a slight stiffness coming on."	(Discussing a change of wigs from blonde to brunette) TIFFANY: "Which do you prefer?" BOND: "Providing the collars and cuffs match..."

Note: Space limitations forced the omission of two Bond films made outside the Broccoli series, the spoof *Casino Royale* (1967) and *Never Say Never Again* (1983), a remake of *Thunderball*.

get up to speed for *licence to kill* with a james bond film festival, now playing on your vcr *compiled by Garry Kluger*

LIVE AND LET DIE (1973)	THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN (1974)	THE SPY WHO LOVED ME (1977)	MOONRAKER (1979)	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (1981)	OCTOPUSSY (1983)	A VIEW TO A KILL (1985)	THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS (1987)
Roger Moore	Roger Moore	Roger Moore	Roger Moore	Roger Moore	Roger Moore	Roger Moore	Timothy Dalton
Mc Big, a.k.a. Kananga, island diplomat and heroin producer	Francisco Scaramanga, lean, mean million-dollar hit man	Karl Stromberg, millionaire who wants to destroy the world and create a new one beneath the sea	Hugo Drax, head of Drax Industries and certifiable lunatic who wants to take over the world	Ari Kristatos, Greek smuggler and double agent	Kamal Khan, smooth European jewelry smuggler; General Orlov, tough, bitter Russian general	Max Zorin, genius businessman, ex-K.G.B. agent and product of Nazi genetic engineering	General Brad Whitaker, arms dealer who was never in any army
To find three British agents; to stop Big from distributing heroin	To recover the missing solar agitator (which makes solar power feasible)	To find missing Russian, English and American subs	To find Moonraker shuttle craft and stop Drax from destroying life on earth	To recover Britain's secret automatic targeting attack communicator	To stop Orlov from causing a nuclear accident	To find out who is selling microchip secrets and stop Zorin from destroying Silicon Valley	To find the Russian defector, General Kaskov, and to stop Whitaker from selling weapons
Solitaire (Jane Seymour)	Mary Goodnight (Britt Ekland)	Major Anya Amasova (Barbara Bach)	Dr. Holly Goodhead (Lois Chiles)	Melina Havelock (Carole Bouquet)	Octopussy (Maud Adams)	Stacey Sutton (Tanya Roberts)	Kara Milovy (Maryam d'Abo)
Miss Caruso, lady whom Bond questions intimately; Rosie Carver, double agent	Andrea Anders (Maud Adams), killed by Scaramanga after "contacting" Bond	Girl in lag cabin (Sue Vanner)	Carinne Dufour (Carinne Cley), Drax's pilot who makes pin-point landing on Bond	Bibi Dahl (Lynn-Holly Johnson), first girl Bond invites out of bed; Austrian Countess List	Miss Magda, assistant to Khan and Octopussy, who befriends Bond to steal a precious Fabergé egg	May Day (Grace Jones), Zorin's assistant; Pala Ivanova, Russian agent	Pretty, bored millionaires
Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny	Ever-faithful Moneypenny
Whisper, Big's gelatinous aide; Tee Hee, his one-armed henchman; Baron Samedi, voodoo figure	Nick Nack, nasty midget; Hai Fat, Chinese millionaire	Max Kalba, thief of microfilm; Fekkes, his aide; Jaws (Richard Kiel), huge steel-toothed killer	Chong, typical Fleming Oriental assassin; Jaws, steel-toothed monster (who keeps popping up)	Blotfeld; Hector Gonzales, Melina's folks' killer; Emile Locque, Kristatos' silent aide; Krieger, German skier	Gobinda, Khan's large, bearded, turbaned henchman; twin circus knife throwers	May Day (see <i>MAJOR SQUEZZES</i>); Dr. Mortner, a.k.a. Hans Glau, ex-Nazi who engineered Zorin	Kaskov, slick-talking K.G.B. defector in league with Whitaker; Necros, German assassin
Felix Leiter, CIA; Quarell, Jr. (see <i>Dr. No</i>)	Lieutenant Hip, Chinese police	General Gogol, top Russian brass	Manuela, Bond's contact and main distraction in Rio	Luigi Ferrara, Italian agent; Milos Columbo, Greek smuggler	Vijay, British-intelligence agent; Sadruddin, head of Indian intelligence	Sir Godfrey Tibbett, British spy disguised as Bond's valet; Chuck Lee, CIA agent	Saunders, British agent; Pushkin, K.G.B. head; Kamran Shah, Afghan resistance leader
Speedboats	Scaramanga's mock-Chinese junk	Sports car that turns into submarine	Motorized gondola/hovercraft; space shuttles	Lotus	Boat disguised as an olligator; AcraStar minijet	Blimp	Updated Aston Martin with lasers and rockets
Magnetized buzz saw/watch; transmitter in a brush; shark gun with compressed-air pellets	Latex superfluous nipple	Ski pole/gun; cigarette case/microfilm viewer; car/submarine (see <i>MODES OF TRANSPORT</i>); water sled	Wrist-watch dart gun with poisonous armor-piercing darts; X-ray safe opener; speedboat with hang-glider escape	None	Microchip homing device and microphone; fountain pen with acid and listening bug; watch with homing device	Ring/camera; check imprinter (reprints last check in checkbook); electronic credit-card lock opener	Key ring/gas bomb and explosive; Aston Martin (see <i>MODES OF TRANSPORT</i>)
The United States; San Monique	Lebanon; China	Egypt; Sardinia	The United States; Italy; Brazil	Spain; Italy; Greece; Albania	Germany; India	France; the United States	Gibraltar; Czechoslovakia; Afghanistan; Austria; Morocco
Big: blown up with pellet; Carver: shot; Whisper: tossed into airtight drum; Samedi: tossed into snake-filled coffin; Tee Hee: tossed off train	Scaramanga: shot by Bond; Nick Nack: jammed into a suitcase (Gucci) by Bond; Hai Fat: shot by Scaramanga	Stromberg: shot by Bond; Jaws: escapes; Kalba: killed by Jaws; Fekkes: killed by Jaws	Drax: shot by Bond and jettisoned into space; Chong: thrown from a second-story balcony (through a piano) by Bond; Jaws: falls in love, turns to good and escapes	Blotfeld: dumped into chimney from helicopter; Kristatos: killed by Columbo; Gonzales: shot with crossbow by Melina; Locque and Krieger: shoved off different cliffs	Khan: blown up in own airplane; Gobinda: falls off plane during fight with Bond; knife twins: killed with their own knives; Orlov: killed at West German border	Zorin: falls off Golden Gate Bridge; May Day: blown up failing Zorin's plans; Glau: blown up in Zorin's blimp	Whitaker: killed by a falling statue of Wellington; Kaskov: sent back to Russia; Necros: falls off airplane
Underground lab guarded by voodoo cemetery	Golden gun, golden bullets; solar station; car/plane	Oil tanker/submarine station, underwater complex	Poison orchids	None	Yo-yo blade for killing from above	Electronically enhanced race horses	Latest high-tech weapons
4 to 5	5 to 3	7 to 5	4 to 4	7 to 2.5 (Bibi = .5)	7 to 3	6 to 4	7 to 3
(As Bond leaves Solitaire in bed) SOLITAIRE: "Is there any time for lesson number three?" BOND: "Absolutely. No sense going off half-cocked."	MARY: "I'll keep the wine properly chilled. . ." BOND: "And everything else warm."	(When Bond is presented one evening with a harem girl) BOND: "When one is in Egypt, one should delve deeply into its treasures."	(As Bond and Holly make love in an orbiting spacecraft, observed on monitor by Minister and Q) MINISTER: "What's Bond doing?" Q: "I think he's attempting re-entry."	(As Bond watches Melina disrobe) MELINA: "For your eyes only, dear."	(While Magda and Bond are in bed) MAGDA (referring to empty wineglass): "I think I need refilling." BOND: "Of course you do."	(Bond tells Stacey to be still) STACEY: "I can't. Do you know what I'm sitting on?" BOND (looking at her backside): "I'm trying not to think about it."	(As Kara enters her dressing room) BOND (kissing her): "You didn't think I'd miss this performance, did you?"

"Teach your kids when they're young. Show them how to mix that drink and work that blender."

lucky to be here with these people.

There have been times that a movie hasn't done so well and I, personally, have done well in the reviews. We refer to that as "skating," from our old SCTV days. It doesn't happen that often. It's up to the individual critic. It's based on his taste. There have been other cases when the movie has gotten great reviews and I've gotten killed. They just haven't liked me. So it works both ways.

10.

PLAYBOY: Explain the snack.

CANDY: Snacks are important. I'm a healthy-snack fiend now. Your body needs fuel all day. We're taught that candy bars are a great snack and that they'll get you through to dinner. I think you should graze all day. Celery, carrots, fruits, vegetables. Then blow out every now and then on Ding Dongs. I can't do that anymore. I'm reading more labels than I ever did before. I know that some of the things put in there sure don't belong. No more edible oil products for me.

11.

PLAYBOY: For what food product would you consider being a spokesman?

CANDY: Brussels sprouts. Sure, they give you gas, but they're good for you. Nobody pushes Brussels sprouts. They're forgotten. They're cute little guys on your plate. There's not a lot you can do with them. Brussels-sprouts pie. Brussels-sprouts tarts. Brussels-sprouts pudding. Stuffed Brussels sprouts. Lima beans don't get much publicity, either. Nobody pushes summer squash. Jicama. Who deals with jicama? A lot of forgotten vegetables out there. It's sad. John Candy for jicama—"You know, when I wake up in the morning, there's nothing like a nice fresh slice of jicama. It goes down well in the morning, afternoon or evening. Heck, we can't keep enough jicama in our house. Eat jicama once a day."

12.

PLAYBOY: How does one become a man of stature?

CANDY: By stepping on people, climbing that ladder as ruthlessly as possible. Having no feeling toward people whatsoever. Planting the tip of your boot firmly in someone's eye socket and then kicking up. Clawing, begging, stealing.

13.

PLAYBOY: How large is your erotica collection and tell us where it's housed.

CANDY: It can be seen at the Smithsonian. I was brought up in a Victorian-style house. It was very hard to hide the stuff under the mattress. It was very lumpy. Actually, it was a relief when I got rid of it, because it was uncomfortable. The Smithsonian was very glad to get it. They hadn't seen one in centuries. It had been passed on from Candy to Candy. I'm not quite sure how old it was.

It was harder with children. I had to take an apartment. After my second child was born, I had a moving van come in and take it all. There was a celebrity erotica auction for charity to which I gave a lot of it. It did quite well.

14.

PLAYBOY: Reveal a big man's sex secrets.

CANDY: Patience.

15.

PLAYBOY: To what extent is size a love weapon?

CANDY: The size of your wallet is very important. It should be bulging at all times. I think that usually speaks louder than anything else. Green stuff should be hanging all over the place.

16.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time a woman wanted you for your mind?

CANDY: A nurse at the hospital was setting me up for a CAT scan. She was wearing a very revealing outfit.

17.

PLAYBOY: How do you juggle being a father and a party monster?

CANDY: You've got to teach your kids when they're young. Show them how to mix that drink and work that blender. How to keep things real cool on ice. Keep that fridge stocked. How to use a credit card.

My daughter has never seen the mud-wrestling scene in *Stripes*. She would think it was silly. Just Dad wrestling in the mud. It would look kind of fun.

The two roles are so separate to me. We entertain a lot at the house. There's always a party going on. The music's up and everybody's having a good time. Both kids like a lot of people. When my daughter was three weeks old, she was at a major party. My wife had her in a Snuggli and the child was having a good time. She's all right. The kids have logged so many miles between them. They've been on sets. They're little gypsies. That's just the lifestyle. They see people at their house who are on TV.

18.

PLAYBOY: What was a typical menu at your parents' house?

CANDY: We had a combination of ethnic cooking. We lived with my grandparents. My grandmother was Polish, so we had a lot of cabbage rolls and coffee. There was the North American diet and my grandmother would cook that roast until it got good and gray. I never knew meat was pink until I was twenty-three. Ooooo, what's this? Pink. Ooooo, send it back. Boil those vegetables down.

Now my mother cooks Pritikin a lot. In summer, there's always stuff from the garden. Take-out food. A lot of barbecues. It depends on the occasion.

I guarantee you, no one ever walked into the house who didn't get fed. There were some fine meals. I look back now and that house was so small. How could twenty people fit in there? We did. There were Christmas and New Year's parties. It was great. Good memories.

19.

PLAYBOY: How rigorous is the John Candy workout regimen?

CANDY: My weight fluctuates drastically. I'm trying to keep it on an even keel. Diet and exercise are very important in my life. My metabolism is slow, so exercise is very important for me to burn fat. I can eat a normal fifteen-hundred-to-two-thousand-calorie-a-day diet and put on lots of weight. If I exercise, I can keep it down. I try to use the treadmill twice a day—at least an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening. A cardiovascular workout is very important for me. I work with weights now. My goal is to learn to discipline myself. It'll become a daily part of my life. I've never liked exercise. Pain was never fun for me. Some people get a real kick out of it and I respect those people. I know what I have to do if I want to lose weight and stay healthy—eat a proper diet and exercise. All I've got to do is apply it. Therein lies the rub.

20.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were embarrassed?

CANDY: Eugene and I were flying from L.A. to New York on the *Splash* junket and there was an actor who came on board whom we knew, and I thought it was Michael Ontkean, who was in *Slap Shot*. Toward the end of the flight, I went over and said, "Jeez, I just laughed at *Slap Shot*. I thought you were great in it." He said, "That was Michael Ontkean. I was in *Missing*. I'm John Shea." Oh. And Eugene's laughing. I could die. I was fumbling all over the place. And then I was in line with him all the way down to the baggage claim.



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THE GENEVA SEX ZOO

in which u.s. nuclear negotiators drink and screw their way to accord with the soviets

Kenneth Adelman
Director,
U.S. Arms Control
and
Disarmament Agency

"[Tower's] lack of discretion proved troublesome. . . . It did raise questions about his over-all judgment and probity."
—Kenneth Adelman, February 15, 1989

Lilla Burt Cummings Tower
A woman scorned

Darothy Heyser
Rich blonde
Texas widow
and companion
to Tower

John Tower
Arms consultant and negotiator



Darla Shapely
housemaid

Susan*
Secretary with
wide portfolio

"Tower's secretary, Susan, after a July fourth function at the chief of the U.S. mission's house had . . . a K.G.B. agent back at the Noga Hilton to dance."
—Moser's interview with Energy Department

Laura*
Secretary with
equally wide
portfolio

After leaving the Senate, Tower was named to the negotiating team in Geneva in 1985. He was accused of having affairs with both of his secretaries and his housemaid there, and resigned from the team in 1986. Senate rejected his candidacy for Secretary of Defense after reports of drinking and womanizing.

"Moser was also reported as being a regular visitor to the Pickwick Pub and Jimmy's Bar in Geneva, both known K.G.B. hangouts. [Arms Control and Disarmament Agency investigator Berne] Indahl said, 'There have been a number of reported incidents of Soviets "hitting hard" on U.S. delegation secretaries at Jimmy's Bar.'"—investigative report, U.S. Office of Personnel Management

Chief of U.S. mission in Geneva
Party thrower

Marine commander
Party pooper

Manakov
Cute
K.G.B. thug

"On 14 August 1985, the Pickwick Pub, Geneva, was placed 'off limits' by the Marine Guard detachment commander for patronage by members of the U.S. Marines, Geneva."—Office of Special Investigations, United States Air Force, March 21, 1986

Marine guards
Party animals

By MARK HOSENBALL Heeding the Sixties directive to make love, not war, former Senator John Tower, his executive secretary Colonel Robert Moser and various Marines, bureaucrats, secretaries and members of the K.G.B. apparently made a rollicking party of their nuclear-arms talks four years ago in Geneva. This chart and the drawings on the next two pages are based entirely on secret Government documents obtained by *Playboy*. We thought it would be fun for you to see your tax dollars and Government servants at work, especially in the high-pressure, high-prestige realm of those who would preserve our world from nuclear destruction.

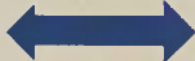
Strange love, indeed.

THE TANGLED WEB

SUPERVISORY



ESPIONAGE



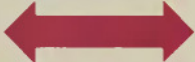
ALLEGED BUT UNPROVEN ESPIONAGE



ACCUSATORY



SEXUAL



ALLEGED BUT UNPROVEN SEXUAL



Arrow color indicates type of relationship. One-way arrow indicates unrequited lust, supervisory role or attempted espionage.

*name changed

THE INVESTIGATORS

Senate Armed Services Committee
Tower hotchet men

Berne Indahl
U.S. counterintelligence sleuth who reported K.G.B. designs on American delegation



THE GENEVA PARTY BOYS

Colonel Moser reportedly told Max Kampelman and John Tower that he "was not going to be the moral scapegoat for the sexual escapades of the entire delegation." He calls these "a few examples" of their dalliances.

"A married Air Force colonel is having an affair with a secretary of the head of the NST [Nuclear and Space Talks] delegation.

"A married Air Force colonel . . . had a prolonged affair (over one year) with a married woman on the ACDA administrative staff.

"A divorced Air Force colonel . . . had an affair with the wife of a State Department communicator.

"A married Army colonel . . . had sexual relations with various foreign nationals.

"A married Army colonel . . . disrobed in front of several . . . secretaries.

"A married Air Force lieutenant colonel is having an affair with a married Defense and Space Talks negotiating-group secretary (now off the delegation).

"A married Army lieutenant colonel (now off the delegation) had an affair with a secretary of the START negotiator.

"A married Army lieutenant colonel (now getting divorced) had an affair with a married special assistant (now getting divorced) to the START negotiator.

"A married Army lieutenant colonel . . . had an affair with a secretary of the head of the old INF delegation and allowed himself to be photographed in a very compromising position.

"A married GS-14 CIA employee . . . had an affair with the some secretary and allowed himself to be photographed as well.

"A married State Department employee . . . is having an affair with a married secretary of the INF deputy negotiator.

"A married GS-14 DIA [Defense Intelligence Agency] employee had sexual relations with a married Defense and Space Talks negotiating-group secretary."

Of earlier escapades, Moser said, "These were never affairs; they were encounters. Some I'm not proud of; however, I will state that in each and every instance, my wife was aware of them."
—Moser's interview with Energy Department

Max Kampelman
Chief
U.S. arms
negotiator

Mrs. Moser
Neglected wife
of Colonel Moser

"I regard [Moser's] service as outstanding and his devotion to his country . . . above reproach."
—John Tower, March 25, 1986

Colonel Robert Moser
Executive secretary to John Tower



Moser's dental hygienist
Oral, sexual therapist

Barbara
Congressional observer to arms delegation

Moser, a career soldier, was selected to be Tower's chief of staff after a long career in sensitive assignments with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Defense Intelligence Agency. In Geneva, however, a sexual-harassment complaint prompted a major security investigation, which revealed his weakness for extramarital sex.

Patti*
Sexually harassed secretary to Moser

"There were men constantly in and out of our office drooling."
—Moser's interview with Energy Department

Irene
Tempress with Soviet-bloc ties

Secretary "Shredder"
Moser's designated document destroyer

Officer "Prick"
Unpopular Joint Chiefs officer, target of Moser's "dildagram"

"According to Indahl, Moser's misconduct in an extremely sensitive mission at [Geneva] involving high-level negotiations with the Soviet Union had the potential for developing into a major scandal and causing serious embarrassment to . . . the State Department and the Air Force."
—investigative report, U.S. Office of Personnel Management

Forced to work overtime, Patti* joked to Moser that she'd miss her date with the K.G.B.'s Demidov. Moser didn't get the joke: He called in security to interrogate Patti.

Demidov
Another cute K.G.B. thug

Nicholas Rostow
Intimidated Patti before testimony on Tower

The Swallows
Espionage bait for U.S. personnel

A congressional source says that the CIA tracked suspected female K.G.B. agents thought to be targeted on U.S. delegation members.

Congressman John Dingell
Character assassin

Senator Sam Nunn
Tower topler

THE INVESTIGATORS

from our very own government's files

NUCLEAR NEGOTIATORS AT WORK AND PLAY



"In general, the social atmosphere in Geneva was very lax. [At a well-known beer bash at the Pickwick [Pub] . . . certain delegation members and support personnel got smashed with the Marines. It was stated that it was so disgusting that not many people wanted to discuss it but that certain people drank from a delegation member's shoe and that several delegation personnel became very sick."—Patti's memo to Office of Special Investigations, U.S.A.F.



ENERGY DEPARTMENT SECURITY OFFICER: When you referred to "manstrasity," I take it we were talking about the [double-headed, two-foot long] dilda.

COLONEL MOSER: Yes.

SECURITY OFFICER: This was to be a gag gift to a Joint Chiefs of Staff officer?

MOSER: Yes. . . . We would always pass this place, Le Sex Shappe. . . . This guy . . . was a real prick in the eyes of a lot of people, OK? —Moser interview with Energy Department



"John Grassle, the Geneva Security Officer, told [ACDA investigator Berne] Indahl that Ambassador Tower's wife threw [Tower] out in February 1986 because of his involvement with his secretaries and Grassle helped Ambassador Tower find an apartment in a hotel in Geneva after Tower's wife had ejected him from their home. Ambassador Tower resigned a short time later and returned to Texas."—investigative report, U.S. Office of Personnel Management

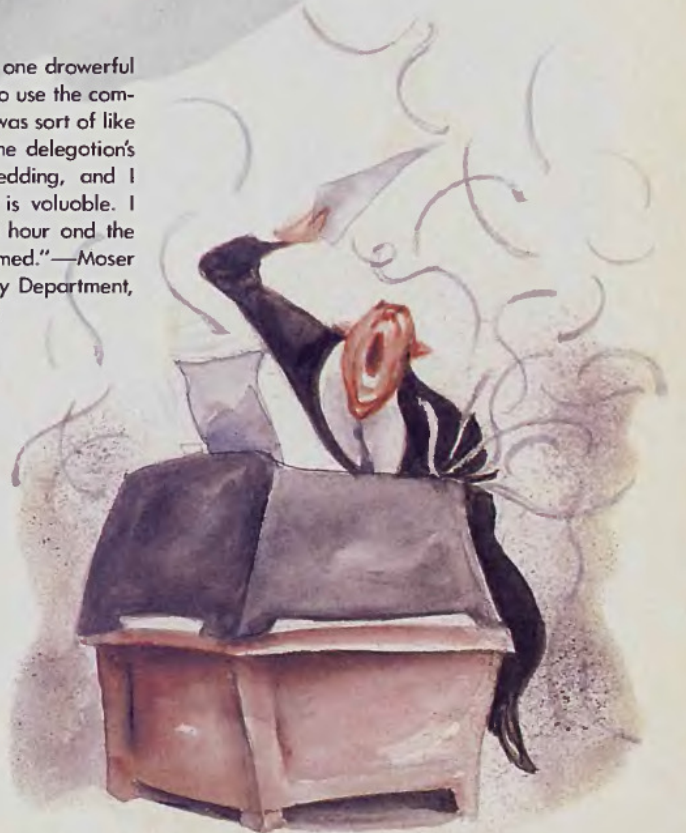
"Mrs. Tower was making a scene of the Marine desk. I . . . leaned over the rail to see what was going on. I saw Louro and Mrs. Tower arguing. I asked [Laura] why she put up with that. She stated, 'For Ambassador Tower, I put up with this all of the time.'"—memo from Patti to Office of Special Investigations, U.S.A.F., April 8, 1986



"Colonel Moser asked me on several occasions to have sex. I realize that this will be hard to prove, since it was all done in the secure conference room or in a car in Geneva."—sexual-harassment complaint to Equal Employment Opportunity Office, The Pentagon, January 3, 1986



"I destroyed only one drawerful of stuff. And I hate to use the comparison here, but it was sort of like Ollie North. I left the delegation's secretary there shredding, and I went, because time is valuable. I went back up in an hour and the shredder had jammed."—Moser interview with Energy Department, September 30, 1987



"The lifestyles of a number of people, including the rank of ambassador, are neither below mine nor above mine, [they] are similar. Since most people are aware that that goes on in Geneva, and that it affects all parts of the delegation from the lowest to the highest levels, I don't think any of them are subject to blackmail."—Moser interview with Energy Department

"Emotional dexterity is all. That's why she stands a good chance of winning any argument. Fortunately..."

SPEECH AND SILENCE

Conversation provides the locomotive power for most relationships. It must be assumed that you had something in common before you started sharing the TV. So talk with her. Better yet, listen to her.

But remember: You have the right to remain silent. You don't have to spill your guts all over the kitchen floor every night after work. This is your home, not the set of *Oprah*.

Everybody likes a little reassurance now and then, but don't make your girlfriend do heavy lifting by trying to boost your

sagging self-esteem. Remember, she's your lover, not your shrink.

FEELINGS, NOTHING MORE THAN FEELINGS

Just as bad money drives out good, so bad emotions drive out worthy ones.

Jealousy is a decent emotion, a sort of barometer of investment. Kept in perspective, it both reassures and comforts. Nurture it, though, and it grows like a radioactive rodent and eats you alive in the night. If groundless jealousy has gotten the best of you, there's something else wrong—likely some weirdness you're culti-



"No, I don't know anything about a burglary, but—hey!—it's great to know you guys are out there and on the job!"

vating—and you're ignoring it. If you have grounds for jealousy, then you have grounds for a confrontation.

Anger is our friend. Shake hands with your temper and get to know it well enough to control it if you quarrel with your lover. Letting off a little steam isn't always a bad thing (but see below). However, if the only way you can manifest anger is physically, then get help.

Depression: Every now and then, you or your lover will wake up to the existential cancer that gnaws at all of us. You become sullen and sore and really unpleasant company. When a woman does this, you'll feel somehow responsible. You're not. You can't make someone else happy. Period.

If your lover is unhappy, let her solve her own problem. The best way to deal with the unhappiness of your partner is to offer a good ear and almost no advice. Or get out of the way. Don't always volunteer to take it personally. Life's a bitch.

RULES OF COMBAT

Some simple battle plans:

- *Don't go blindly into battle.* Fighting, after all, is not worth while unless you are clear about what you wish to gain.

- *Cloak yourself in dignity and reason with a sense of law.* Don't raise your voice except to steer the argument in a reasonable direction. State as often as necessary the issue being argued; make sure you're fighting about the right thing and not about some silly misdemeanor. Men do pretty well at logic, while women do better at intuition. Therefore, when you fight, your job is not only to argue your case but also, in a way, to help her argue hers. Listen to what she has to say.

- *Don't bother refuting every point.* This isn't a debate, it's a fight. Facts will get you nowhere. Emotional dexterity is all. That's why she stands a good chance of winning any given argument. Fortunately...

- *Fights aren't about winning.* They're like nuclear war, complete with mutually assured destruction if things escalate too far. So, at the first opportunity, you should turn the fight into a conversation, then guide it to a resolution that will involve a mutual compromise. What's the point of winning, anyway? Most relationships have only one or two nonnegotiable points—having children, maybe, and fidelity, probably. After that, who cares, really? Give in whenever you feel it is just and right, and don't if you think doing so will endanger your relationship.

- *Don't hit.* Ever. No matter what.

SEX

Fighting is often what you do when you're too tired for sex. Do not confuse them. They only look and sound the same.

Don't leave all the responsibilities of romance to her. You owe it to yourself and to your lover to try to make some sexual encounters more electric than others. Make it a point to talk about sex every now and

then; create expectations and allow for a little drama.

Frequency: Sex has long been a source of fascination for statisticians, who, after all, probably have a limited sex life, anyway. But the numerical value of sexual frequency has a quality that beguiles us all, since it tells us how we're doing.

Once Dan Rather was beaten up on the street by two strangers who kept asking, "Kenneth, what is the frequency? Kenneth, what is the frequency?" Rather was unable to come up with the answer: 2.4 times per week, though that 4 will probably come up as often as the two. Don't worry about it. You'll know instantly if your frequency should be lower or if you should be aiming for something truly supersonic.

PRIVACY

• *Line of sight:* You're in for big trouble if you find that you have to keep your eye on your sweetie simply because there's no place else to look. Insist on privacy when you need it, and don't intrude on hers.

• *Separate but equal:* Use privacy in your home to enhance your individuality. If your partner doesn't demand much privacy, give her more than she asks for.

• *Bathroom etiquette:* Don't try to become as one in the bathroom. One at a time; don't allow her to shit while you shave.

HOUSEWORK

Careful here. Part of the deal with which you were seduced involved all that domestic-bliss action, remember? All those wonderful visions of hot dinners served on a clean table?

• *Born to be a bachelor:* If it turns out that the price you pay for domestic bliss is heavy housework, make your bargain with clear vision. If part of your domestic routine involved cleaning kitchens and the like before she moved in, then you're bound to do your part thereafter. But if you were always sloppy and liked it, stay that way. The limit here, of course, is one of consideration: If you were born a slob, don't take advantage of your birthright.

• *The exception:* the trash. Men were born to take out the trash. Figuratively, literally.

TIME TO MOVE ON

When you live with a woman, you are on a date that has no goodnight kiss, no clammy front-door handshake. But it's only a date. There are always other options—other places to live, other people to live with. When it's time to move on, the exit signs are obvious: You resent her presence and look forward to her absences and abhor the sound of her voice and marvel that she ever looked good enough to make you make a fool of yourself.

On the other hand, if you've been judicious in your choice of live-in lover, you just may want to alter the relationship slightly. In fact, you just may want to marry her.



Have you ever visited our oldtime distillery? If not, we hope to see you one of these days.

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CROOKS

(continued from page 104)

Diddums; you're just the messenger here. You think you know my job better than I do?"

I know I do, Dortmund thought, but it didn't seem a judicious thing to say aloud, so instead, he explained, "I just want things to go smooth, that's all. I just don't want bloodshed. And I was thinking, The New York City police, you know, well, they've got helicopters."

"Damn," the robber said. He crouched low to the littered floor, behind the broken doorframe, and brooded about his situation. Then he looked up at Dortmund and said, "OK, Diddums, you're so smart. What *should* we do?"

Dortmund blinked. "You want me to figure out your getaway?"

"Put yourself in our position," the robber suggested. "Think about it."

Dortmund nodded. Hands in the air, he gazed at the blocked intersection and put himself in the robbers' position. "Hoo, boy," he said. "You're in a real mess."

"We know that, Diddums."

"Well," Dortmund said, "I tell you what maybe you could do. You make them give you one of those buses they've got down there blocking the street. They give you one of those buses right now, then you know they haven't had time to put anything cute in it, like time-release tear-gas grenades or anything—"

"Oh, my God," the robber said. His black ski mask seemed to have paled slightly.

"Then you take *all* the hostages," Dortmund told him. "Everybody goes in the bus, and one of you people drives, and you go somewhere real crowded, like Times Square, say, and then you stop and make all the hostages get out and run."

"Yeah?" the robber said. "What good does that do us?"

"Well," Dortmund said, "you drop the ski masks and the leather jackets and the guns, and you run, too. Twenty, thirty people all running away from the bus in different directions, in the middle of Times Square in rush hour, everybody losing

themselves in the crowd. It might work."

"Jeez, it might," the robber said. "OK, go ahead and— What?"

"What?" Dortmund echoed. He strained to look leftward, past the vertical column of his left arm. The boss robber was in excited conversation with one of his pals; not the red-eyed maniac, a different one. The boss robber shook his head and said, "Damn!" Then he looked up at Dortmund. "Come back in here, Diddums," he said.

Dortmund said, "But don't you want me to—"

"Come back in here!"

"Oh," Dortmund said. "Uh, I better tell them over there that I'm gonna move."

tent, focused, almost hungry, like a row of cats looking in a fish-store window. "Uh," Dortmund said.

"He's it now," one of the robbers said.

Another robber said, "But *they* don't know it."

A third robber said, "They will soon."

"They'll know it when nobody gets on the bus," the boss robber said, and shook his head at Dortmund. "Sorry, Diddums. Your idea doesn't work anymore."

Dortmund had to keep reminding himself that he wasn't actually *part* of this string. "How come?" he asked.

Disgusted, one of the other robbers said, "The rest of the hostages got away, that's how come."

Wide-eyed, Dortmund spoke without thinking: "The tunnel!"

All of a sudden, it got very quiet in the bank. The robbers were now looking at him like cats looking at a fish with no window in the way. "The tunnel?" repeated the boss robber slowly. "You know about the tunnel?"

"Well, kind of," Dortmund admitted. "I mean, the guys digging it, they got there just before you came and took me away."

"And you never mentioned it."

"Well," Dortmund said, very uncomfortable, "I didn't feel like I should."

The red-eyed maniac lunged forward, waving that submachine gun again, yelling, "You're the guy with the tunnel! It's your

tunnel!" And he pointed the shaking barrel of the Uzi at Dortmund's nose.

"Easy, easy!" the boss robber yelled. "This is our only hostage; don't use him up!"

The red-eyed maniac reluctantly lowered the Uzi, but he turned to the others and announced, "Nobody's gonna forget when I shot up the switchboard. Nobody's ever gonna forget that. He wasn't *here*!"

All of the robbers thought that over. Meantime, Dortmund was thinking about his own position. He might be a hostage, but he wasn't your normal hostage, because he was also a guy who had just dug a tunnel to a bank vault, and there were maybe 30 eyeball witnesses who

PHOTOTRON
STATE OF THE ART IN BIOTECHNOLOGY

Hello, my name is Jeffrey DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil to roses and tobacco. In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the world's most extensive, non-academic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive, scientific bibliography ever created. Then I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically". The Phototron is not presented to the public as a piece of paraphernalia intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at one time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances. If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results. In fact you will grow the plant six (6) to nine (9) months with average six (6) inch internodal length, (the distance between fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plants equal to only ten percent (10%). Ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable and the plants are killed off after harvest in preparation for planting the next crop. Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine (9) months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree growing in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron measures only 36 inches tall by 18 inches wide. Its potential is completely masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size. On average, the Phototron draws only \$4.00 per month in electricity. I guarantee you will grow six (6) plants, three (3) feet tall in forty-five (45) days, while maintaining a one (1) inch internodal length. I guarantee that in your Phototron each of your six plants will produce over one thousand (1000) fruiting sites from top to bottom. Mine is the only system in the world which will allow you to harvest and reutilize the same plants every forty-five (45) days. You will remove from the system everyday. Beginning on DAY 20 after seed germination, an average of six (6) to eight (8) ounces of plant material, such as tobacco, can be harvested every forty-five days. Please, do not allow the technical sounding nature of the Phototron to scare you away. I personally service back and guarantee each unit sold. The instructions are clear and simple; the system comes to you complete. All you must do is select your seeds, plug in the system and water it routinely. Then, if you have any questions, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get your answer. And carry on about your business. You can not fail with my Phototron. I do not allow any of my Phototrons to fall below showcase. I personally have guaranteed every Phototron ever sold and I have never had one returned, ever, and I'm not starting now. Call me at 1-619-451-BUDS. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call?

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"Make it fast," the robber told him. "Don't mess with me, Diddums. I'm in a bad mood right now."

"OK." Turning his head the other way, hating it that his back was toward this bad-mooded robber for even a second, Dortmund called, "They want me to go back into the bank now. Just for a minute." Hands still up, he edged sideways across the sidewalk and through the gaping doorway, where the robbers laid hands on him and flung him back deeper into the bank.

He nearly lost his balance but saved himself against the sideways-lying pot of the tipped-over Ficus. When he turned around, all five of the robbers were lined up looking at him, their expressions in-



BUTLE BROWNE

"Why, Caleb, this is so sudden!"

could identify him. So it wasn't enough to get away from these bank robbers; he was also going to have to get away from the police. Several thousand police.

So did that mean he was locked to these second-rate smash-and-grabbers? Was his own future really dependent on *their* getting out of this hole? Bad news, if true. Left to their own devices, these people couldn't escape from a merry-go-round.

Dortmunder sighed. "OK," he said. "The first thing we have to do is—"

"We?" the boss robber said. "Since when are you in this?"

"Since you dragged me in," Dortmunder told him. "And the first thing we have to do is—"

The red-eyed maniac lunged at him again with the Uzi, shouting, "Don't you tell us what to do! *We* know what to do!"

"I'm your only hostage," Dortmunder reminded him. "Don't use me up. Also, now that I've seen you people in action, I'm your only hope of getting out of here. So this time, listen to me. The first thing we have to do is close and lock the vault door."

One of the robbers gave a scornful laugh. "The hostages are *gone*," he said. "Didn't you hear that part? Lock the vault door after the hostages are gone. Isn't that some kind of old saying?" And he laughed and laughed.

Dortmunder looked at him. "It's a two-way tunnel," he said quietly.

The robbers stared at him. Then they all turned and ran toward the back of the bank. They *all* did.

They're too excitable for this line of work, Dortmunder thought as he walked briskly toward the front of the bank. *Clang* went the vault door, far behind him, and Dortmunder stepped through the broken doorway and out again to the sidewalk, remembering to stick his arms straight up in the air as he did.

"Hi!" he yelled, sticking his face well out, displaying it for all the sharpshooters

to get a really *good* look at. "Hi, it's me again! Diddums! Welsh!"

"Diddums!" screamed an enraged voice from deep within the bank. "Come back here!"

Oh, no. Ignoring that, moving steadily but without panic, arms up, face forward, eyes wide, Dortmunder angled leftward across the sidewalk, shouting, "I'm coming out again! And I'm *escaping!*" And he dropped his arms, tucked his elbows in and ran hell for leather toward those blocking buses.

Gunfire encouraged him: sudden burst behind him of *ddrrritt, ddrritt*, and then *kopp-kopp-kopp*, and then a whole symphony of *fooms* and *thug-thugs* and *padapows*. Dortmunder's toes, turning into high-tension steel springs, kept him bounding through the air like the Wright brothers' first airplane, swooping and plunging down the middle of the street, that wall of buses getting closer and closer.

"Here! In here!" Uniformed cops appeared on both sidewalks, waving to him, offering sanctuary in the forms of open doorways and police vehicles to crouch behind, but Dortmunder was *escaping*. From everything.

The buses. He launched himself through the air, hit the blacktop hard and rolled under the nearest bus. Roll, roll, roll, hitting his head and elbows and knees and ears and nose and various other parts of his body against any number of hard, dirty objects, and then he was past the bus and on his feet, staggering, staring at a lot of goggle-eyed medics hanging around beside their ambulances, who just stood there and gawked back.

Dortmunder turned left. *Medics* weren't going to chase him; their franchise didn't include healthy bodies running down the street. The cops couldn't chase him until they'd moved their buses out of the way.

Dortmunder took off like the last of the dodoes, flapping his arms, wishing he knew how to fly.

The out-of-business shoe store, the other terminus of the tunnel, passed on his left. The getaway car they'd parked in front of it was long gone, of course. Dortmunder kept thudding on, on, on.

Three blocks later, a gypsy cab committed a crime by picking him up even though he hadn't phoned the dispatcher first; in the city of New York, only licensed medalion taxis are permitted to pick up customers who hail them on the street. Dortmunder, panting like a Saint Bernard on the lumpy back seat, decided not to turn the guy in.

His faithful companion May came out of the living room when Dortmunder opened the front door of his apartment and stepped into his hall. "*There* you are!" she said. "Thank goodness. It's all over the radio *and* the television."

"I may never leave the house again," Dortmunder told her. "If Andy Kelp ever calls, says he's got this great job, easy, piece of cake, I'll just tell him I've retired."

"Andy's here," May said. "In the living room. You want a beer?"

"Yes," Dortmunder said simply.

May went away to the kitchen and Dortmunder limped into the living room, where Kelp was seated on the sofa holding a can of beer and looking happy. On the coffee table in front of him was a mountain of money.

Dortmunder stared. "What's *that*?"

Kelp grinned and shook his head. "It's been too long since we scored, John," he said. "You don't even recognize the stuff anymore. This is money."

"But—From the vault? How?"

"After you were taken away by those other guys—they were caught, by the way," Kelp interrupted himself, "without loss of life—anyway, I told everybody in the vault there, the way to keep the money safe from the robbers was we'd all carry it out with us. So we did. And then I decided what we should do is put it all in the trunk of my unmarked police car in front of the shoe store, so I could drive it to the precinct for safekeeping while they all went home to rest from their ordeal."

Dortmunder looked at his friend. He said, "You got the hostages to carry the money from the vault."

"And put it in our car," Kelp said. "Yeah, that's what I did."

May came in and handed Dortmunder a beer. He drank deep, and Kelp said, "They're looking for you, of course. Under that other name."

May said, "That's the one thing I don't understand. Diddums?"

"It's Welsh," Dortmunder told her. Then he smiled upon the mountain of money on the coffee table. "It's not a bad name," he decided. "I may keep it."



"That cloud, too? Gee, Harvey, what doesn't remind you of oral sex?"

FIRE & FEAR

(continued from page 122)

he said. "Life is shit. One minute you're here, the next you're gone."

When I got home that night, there were a number of messages next to my bed. One read: DON KING CALLED. PLEASE CALL HIM WHENEVER YOU GET HOME. AT ANY TIME. When I returned the call, King pressed me for the details of Jacobs' funeral—date, place, time—and my flight number going out to Los Angeles, where the services would be held.

The following day, at J.E.K. Airport in New York, the conspicuous figure of Don King could be seen making his way to the American Airlines terminal. In the V.I.P. room, King embraced each of us: Tyson, Loraine Jacobs, Bill and Doris Cayton, Steve Lott and Kevin Rooney. Most of us were wondering why he was there.

Givens and Roper, on the other hand, were nowhere to be seen. They had decided not to attend the funeral.

When we arrived at L.A.X., Tyson had some trouble getting a limo right away. "These people don't know how to deal with this kid," King complained, but loud enough for only me and Tyson to hear. "There should have been not one but a couple of limousines waiting for the champ before you people got here. I'll tell you something, Muhammad Ali never waited this long in any airport. Never!"

King was a master opportunist, and sowing subtle seeds of doubt and suspicion was just one weapon in his psychological arsenal. He was never averse to using unorthodox methods if they got him somewhere. Although an uninvited guest, he seemed to fit in with the mourning party. Of course, he himself had no trouble arranging for a proper conveyance from the airport. He even had space for whoever had been "careless enough" not to be prepared. After a few idle minutes, we were all on our way to the Beverly Hilton.

On the morning of the funeral, King and I ate at a restaurant near the hotel. He seemed to be testing my loyalty to the Tyson crew and expressed reservations

about Givens and her mother. He wasn't sure how to secure a place in Tyson's future. Accustomed to maneuvering tough men in a rough game, King had to be careful. Givens and her mother weren't puppets; they had minds of their own.

Three thousand miles away, in fact, the pair was hard at work. While Tyson and his entire boxing family mourned Jacobs, mother and daughter were visiting the Merrill Lynch office, this time exhibiting power-of-attorney papers authorized by Tyson. Again, they met with strong resistance from Brady, and a clamorous shouting match resulted. "I want my money! Where is my money?" Givens yelled. "You're one of Cayton's boys. We're going to take our money out of here."

boxers he and his son controlled.

Tyson had answered, "Why should I take five easy fights when I can make the same amount of money in *one* easy match?"

Tyson's lack of respect for Spinks, along with all the other distractions in his boxing family, lent a carnival atmosphere to the preparations for the richest fight of his career. The media frenzy intensified on May 8, 1988, when Tyson, in the company of Givens, was driving his silver Bentley on Varick Street in downtown Manhattan. He lost control and hit two parked cars. Two Port Authority cops quickly arrived on the scene, and Tyson handed over the keys to his \$185,000 automobile in an attempt, some would say later, to smooth things over. Reporters had a field day speculating

about the reason for Tyson's largess, as well as the cause of the accident itself.

I asked Mike about the wreck soon after it happened. "Tell me the real story behind the car you gave the cops," I said. "I heard you had a fight with Robin when she found condoms in your pocket and, as a result, you crashed against a parked car. I know you're not fooling around. Why did you have the condoms?"

"It's funny," Mike told me. "No one would believe the story." He had been making a commercial that day and wanted to have a quiet dinner with Robin afterward. "A friend of mine was carrying these condoms and he said to me, 'Hold on to these so I won't get into trouble.' I'm se-

rious. Honest truth. My friend gave me the condoms because he didn't want his wife or his girlfriend—whoever it was—to bust him with the condoms."

"And you put them in your pocket?"

"That's right," said the champ. They were at dinner "and my wife went into my pocket to take some money and she found the condoms. You know, there are some situations when the truth just won't work. I had to lie because the truth just didn't sound like the truth." He closed his eyes. "I had to lie like I was cheating. It killed me, because I'm lying to myself and to her. It hurt. I'm lying to myself! I'm saying to myself, I didn't screw anybody. If I'm going to make love, it would be to her. But

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In early May 1988, the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world was a bit *too* heavy. He'd been eating an enormous amount and was wearing it poorly. His 20-inch neck now seemed to be part of his back, and he was walking differently. He had no respect for his next opponent, Michael Spinks. Consequently, he wasn't training hard.

Shelly Finkel, a fight manager and friend of Jim Jacobs', told me that after Jacobs' funeral, King had tried to talk Mike out of the Spinks fight, saying, "I can give you five easy matches for five million each instead." What King had failed to mention was that the five matches would be against

then she hit me."

"She what?" I said. "Where?"

"In my face. Can I tell you somethin'? My sweet, loving wife doesn't take any shit."

They left the restaurant quietly, but Mike knew she was fuming. He was nervous. "As I was driving," he said, "I saw a cat in the middle of the street and I swerved to the right and *bang!* I hit a parked car and also two guys who were near the car——"

"Wait a minute; you hit two guys, two human beings?"

"Yes," he said, "I hit one guy; he hurt his arm and I gave him five hundred bucks and he ran to the O.T.B. parlor near there. Then the cops came and I signed autographs, and they got rid of the other guy I hit, so he won't bother me.

"Then I told the officers, 'Whitey don't think you can own these kind of cars, because you're black, right? I want you to keep this one.' I didn't want them to ask for my driver's license. I don't have one. So before I could panic, I said, 'Fuck it. The car

is not worth shit. Take it!' And I gave it to them. I don't think it's their fault they took the car. It was *my* fault.

"You know," he continued, "as they drove away, I started to think, They are two; how in hell are they gonna split the fucking car in half?"

June 1988 was a month of torment for the heavyweight champion. Roper and Givens joined the all-too-public struggle for control of Tyson that was being waged between King and Cayton.

On Wednesday, June 15, King and his black limousine were waiting for me in front of the Trump Plaza, in New York. I had recently warned Tyson not to sign an exclusive contract with anyone, promoter or otherwise, and King was angry with me. "We lost the chance of our lives," he grumbled. "I wanna know why you told Mike not to sign the contract with me."

How could I tell a friend of mine who happened to be the world heavyweight champion to sign an exclusive contract?

"You'd be giving ammunition to Cayton by signing that exclusive contract," I told King.

"Legal matters? I handle that. That's *my* business," he said, shaking his head in disgust. "We had Tyson, and because of you, we lost him."

"You mean *you* lost him," I clarified.

"You know very well, José," he said, "that the Jews want to control Tyson . . . the Jacobses, the Caytons, the Finkels. You know it."

The next morning, I visited Tyson at his penthouse with my tape recorder. It was around ten A.M. and he was in the kitchen, sitting at a small table, leafing through the morning newspapers. Kevin Rooney was next to him; Steve Lott was in the living room.

"How do you feel?" I asked Tyson, who moved his head from side to side. "Anything wrong?" I asked. "I didn't like that wordless answer."

"I feel like killing someone," he snapped, his face contorted with anger.

"That's good," I said. "That's the way you should feel two weeks before an important fight."

"I don't mean it that way. I mean, I'm going to kill someone, maybe today. Please visit me in jail."

Finally, after all the ballyhoo, all the gossip, all the tension, June 27 mercifully arrived. A mixed crowd—show-business personalities, high rollers and hustlers—overwhelmed the front seats, with only a scattering of boxing people among them. I visited the dressing room and was impressed by Tyson's self-confidence. He seemed almost too much at ease.

When the boxers were finally in the ring, Tyson looked at Spinks's eyes. He saw panic. For Tyson, the last seconds before the bell—waiting to justify that panic—were probably more of a hardship than the fight itself. It was the biggest mismatch I'd ever seen in a championship fight.

A few days later, I was watching television and heard comedian Jackie Gayle describe the most intriguing aspect of the fight. "Don King and Donald Trump shook hands on the fight," he said. "It will take five years to find out who's the screw and who's the screwee."

Early last September, Tyson drove his BMW into a tree—in a suicidal panic, or not, depending on whom you listen to. He fell unconscious for a time and was rushed away by ambulance. When the champ was installed in Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in upper Manhattan, Givens and her mother made a list of who would be able to visit him there. It didn't include Bill Cayton, Steve Lott, Kevin Rooney, Lorraine Jacobs or me. In short, none of the people from Tyson's past, none of the pre-Givens people, none of the people who



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knew him from when Cus D'Amato molded a kid from Brooklyn into a champion.

But Donald and Ivana Trump didn't have to worry. They were on the list.

Every now and then, pictures of Tyson and his life run uncontrollably through my mind. The savage childhood, the perverse boyhood, the spoiled adolescence, the crazy adulthood. The deaths of his mother, his mentor, his manager and his marriage. He didn't have a fighting chance.

When Cus D'Amato first saw Tyson in action, his heart pounded with euphoria. He saw the raw anger, the determination to inflict pain, the will to win, the lack of grace and tolerance, the meanness and the killer instinct. No boxing man could've asked for more. Cus took this kid's ghetto instincts and honed them. He didn't take Tyson away from his blood family, he took him away from the street, from reform school, from a violent, dead-end life.

But when Cus and Jim Jacobs died, Tyson became an orphan. His civilizing influences were gone. People trying to survive in the street often say they have no friends, just acquaintances. If Tyson were not the champ, worth untold millions of dollars, would 1989 have found King constantly at his side?

In Tyson's fight against Frank Bruno last February, the champ ignored the trio of new corner men who'd been hired to manage his title defense. It was as if *no one* were in his corner. In the fifth round, Tyson put Bruno away with a barrage of unsynchronized punches; his natural speed and power concealed his inadequacies. That night, Tyson was a great puncher but not the great fighter he could be. Not even close. The complex championship skills Cus had drilled into him—the timing, the patience, the lightning combination punches, the side-to-side moves and even the basic left jab—were missing. And so were Tyson's last links to the grand old man of boxing.

A man I know recently told me to leave Mike Tyson alone, to forget him. "I was in a concentration camp and I know what it is to survive," he told me. "You should only know what I did in order to pull through. I cheated and I lied and I robbed; I wounded and killed people. I had six nice, decent brothers and sisters, and they all went straight to the ovens. I was the only one to survive. But I have never recovered. Bedford-Stuyvesant and Brownsville were Tyson's concentration camps. Only a very few recover, and Tyson is not one of them."

The realist in me suspects the man may be right. But the young, starry-eyed fighter who remains in me—the part that still yearns for those special moments in the ring—says it cannot be. Fight fans have waited too long; Mike Tyson has struggled too hard for him not to get up off the canvas.



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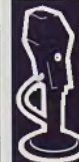
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SPEAKING BESPOKE

(continued from page 78)

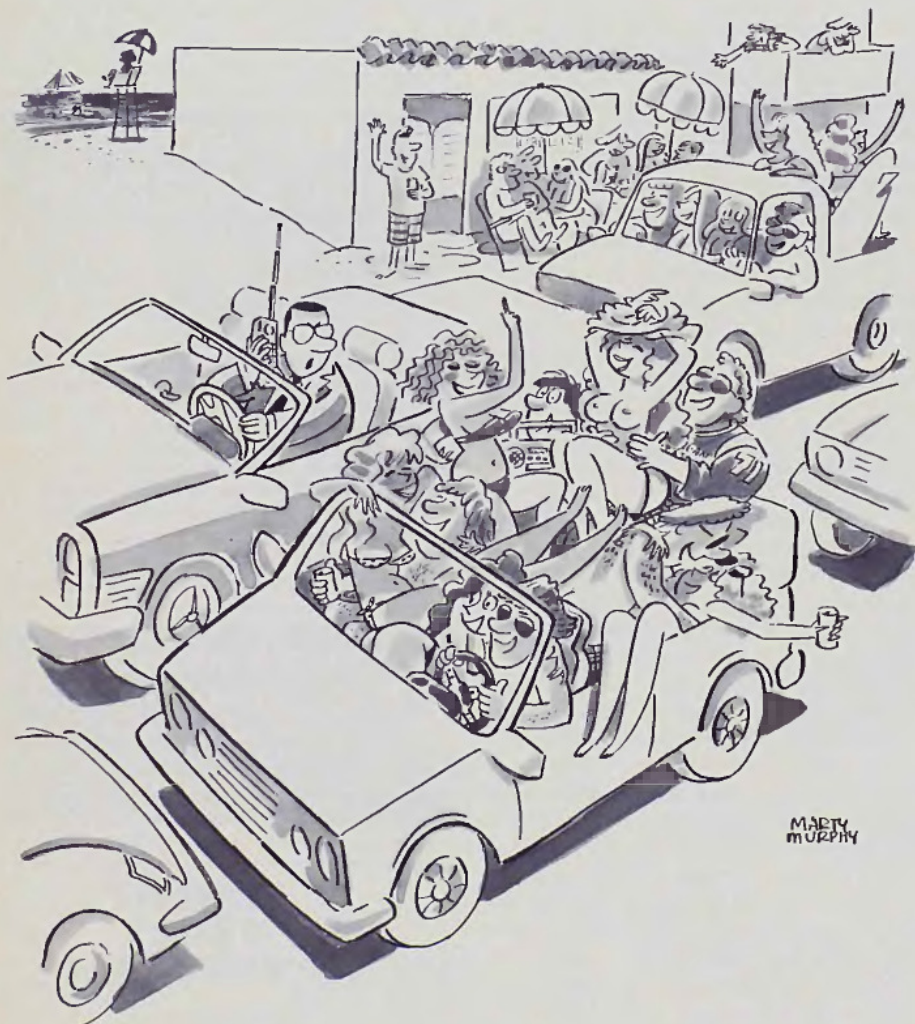
his waist."

Dickerson's English-influenced suit was designed by Alan Flusser, an entrepreneur/innovator who has developed a new type of tailoring shop. Flusser trained as a designer rather than as a tailor, and for a few years he had his own line of manufactured menswear. But he developed a special love for the dashing, full-bodied English blade suit (one that's well draped in front and especially full in the back, above the shoulder blades), which wasn't available in America. He studied the style and several years ago opened a Savile Row type of custom-suit salon in a midtown-Manhattan office building. Like the suits, the ambience is decidedly British and clubby, with mahogany-and-glass cabinetry, striped Regency armchairs and a cozy bar. Also on hand is Rafael Raffaelli, Flusser's head tailor, who takes the measurements. The suit is cut and sewn, under Flusser's instructions, by expert craftsmen.

The charcoal chalk-stripe model Flusser created for Dickerson is, like Dimitri's, a double-breasted style. (Double-breasteds

are very hot this year.) Similar to the suits Flusser designed for Michael Douglas in *Wall Street*, it's fuller and more formal than Dimitri's. But it's also easy to wear. Flusser deems it highly correct business attire that's appropriate "for a guy who definitely doesn't like to wear a constricting suit." Its details include a natty ticket pocket, side vents, a comfortably high egg-shaped armhole, a lapel that's rolled to the bottom button (giving a long, slender look and removing much of the boxiness a double-breasted jacket can have), double forward trouser pleats that spread out nicely and buckle side straps for cinching the waist. A unique feature is the sleeve cuffs, à la *Wall Street*, which Dickerson loves.

If you want to be fitted for a Dimitri or Flusser suit, you have to make appointments. Dimitri is at 110 Greene Street, New York 10012, 212-431-1090, and Flusser is at 16 East 52nd Street, New York 10022, 212-888-7100. Flusser plans to open a second shop in Washington, D.C., this fall. But be warned: A suit from either of them, or from any other superb custom tailor, is bound to be habit forming.



"Could you try to hold it down a little? I'm making a very important call!"

COCKTAIL SHAKERS

(continued from page 82)

and Limelight clubs were reported to be slipping, while Live Bait, World, Cadillac Bar, Mars and MK were sizzling. Smart operators keep up by concocting a distinctive style to separate themselves from the field. Live Bait, for instance, projects a Fifties feel with tacky vinyl booths, Formica tables, plastic glassware and blues. Tacky is manager Charles Milite's word, and he glories in it. His showbiz connections lure such personalities as Charlie Sheen, Tom Cruise and Angie Dickinson into Live Bait. The U.S. volleyball team partied there after copping the Olympic gold.

The latest phenomenon in Manhattan clubdom is Mars, a futuristic multitiered former meat warehouse. The concept was developed by club impresario Rudolf (one name only, please). Each level (there are six, including the basement) offers its own music, dance floor and theme. The basement, for example, is "Afrotech," decorated with primitive war masks and leopardskins. Each tier has its own full bar. According to manager Peter Toale, vodka- and liqueur-based drinks are the most popular. His personal favorite is the B-52 (Bailey's Irish Cream, Kahlúa and Grand Marnier).

What about sours, manhattans or old fashioned? On Mars? Hey, man, you kidding?

ABSOLUT WRECK

From the West Beach Café in Venice, California—a meeting place for the sleek young art crowd.

1½ ozs. Absolut Citron

Grapefruit juice, chilled, preferably fresh

Grand Marnier

Over ice in highball glass, pour Absolut Citron, then add grapefruit juice to within ¼ in. of rim. Stir. Float a little Grand Marnier on top.

BERMUDA TRIANGLE

From Houlihan's in Weehawken, New Jersey, a bright new bar/restaurant in a gentrified neighborhood.

¾ oz. Bacardi gold rum

¾ oz. Bacardi white rum

1 oz. orange juice

1 oz. sour mix

½ oz. grenadine

151-proof rum

Shake all ingredients but 151-proof rum with cracked ice. Strain over fresh ice in highball glass. Float a little 151-proof rum on top.

ROSA'S POMEGRANATE MARGARITA

From Rosa Mexicano in New York, the connoisseur's margarita. It combines the piquancy of pomegranate and the snap of Herradura tequila. The distiller of

Herradura attributes its distinctive taste to the fact that it's made 100 percent from the blue-agave plant.

2 ozs. Herradura tequila

½ oz. triple sec

½ oz. pomegranate juice, fresh or bottled

1 oz. fresh lime juice

Combine all ingredients with ice in blender and blend just until slushy. Don't overblend. Serve in salt-rimmed wineglass or margarita glass.

SEX ON THE BEACH

From Slim's in San Francisco, an R&B club that offers live music seven days a week.

1½ ozs. Stolichnaya vodka

Dash Chambord liqueur

Dash peach schnapps

Dash cranberry-juice cocktail

Stir all ingredients with ice. Strain into chilled stemmed glass.

SNOWSHOE

From Chicago's Thunderbird Bar & Grill (better known as T-bird's), where there's classic rock and roll played during the week and dancing on weekends.

1 oz. Jim Beam bourbon

2 ozs. DeKuyper peppermint schnapps

Lemon twist or orange twist, for garnish

Pour ingredients except garnish over ice cubes in rocks glass. Stir to chill. Garnish with lemon twist or orange twist, if desired.

BLUE MART

From the Washington Square Bar and Grill in San Francisco, a martini with a lift.

3 ozs. gin

¼ oz. dry vermouth

4 drops blue curaçao

Lemon peel

Place first three ingredients in pitcher filled with cracked ice. Stir well. Strain into stemmed martini glass or wineglass. Twist lemon peel over glass and discard.

CROCODILE BLENDÉE

From Live Bait, a popular Manhattan boite with a busy bar.

2½ ozs. white rum

1½ ozs. dark rum

3 ozs. Coco López

5 ozs. pineapple juice

Ice, about a cup

1½ ozs. Kahlúa

Fruit garnish

Blend first five ingredients. Pour into 16-oz. glass. Trickle Kahlúa over. Decorate with cherry and pineapple chunk.

CUERVO CRANDADDY

From Daisy Buchanan's on Newbury Street in Boston. Daisy's attracts collegians from nearby Boston University and other local colleges, as well as an occasional Celtic.

1½ ozs. Cuervo tequila, white or gold

1 oz. triple sec

3 ozs. cranberry-juice cocktail, chilled

½ slice orange, for garnish

Pour first three ingredients over ice in highball glass. Stir to chill. Garnish with orange slice.

GRAND SLAM

From Mickey Mantle's Restaurant and Sports Bar in New York, where the decor consists of Mantle memorabilia.

½ oz. gin

½ oz. vodka

½ oz. tequila

½ oz. white rum

½ oz. triple sec

½ oz. peach schnapps

2 ozs. lemon juice

Cola, chilled

Pour all but cola over ice in tall glass. Stir to chill. Add cola to fill—2 to 3 ozs. Stir once.

HAIRY NAVEL

From Dick's Last Resort in Chicago, a popular variation on the Fuzzy Navel. Adding vodka makes it a Hairy Navel.

¾ oz. vodka

¾ oz. Peachtree Schnapps

5 ozs. orange juice, chilled

Pour all ingredients over cracked ice in tall glass. Stir to chill.

KAMIKAZE ROYALE

From Mars, the hottest club in the Big Apple, an out-of-this-world drink, courtesy of the manager, Peter Toale.

2 ozs. Stolichnaya Cristall vodka

1 oz. Cointreau

2 tablespoons Rose's lime juice

Splash dry sparkling wine

Pour first three ingredients over ice in champagne flute. Stir to chill. Add splash sparkling wine. Stir once.

PRICKLY-PEAR-CACTUS MARGARITA

From the Depot Cantina in Tempe, Arizona, a former 19th Century railroad station. The walls are hung with robotic portraits whose eyes follow you around the room.

1½ ozs. Sauza Conmemorativo tequila

½ oz. triple sec

1 oz. fresh lime juice

¾ oz. prickly-pear pulp (see below)

Prickly-pear slice, for garnish

Frost rim of large margarita glass with sugar and reserve. Place all ingredients except garnish in chilled blender container. Add scoop of crushed ice and blend 5 to 10 seconds. Pour contents into prepared glass. Garnish with slice of prickly pear. Serve with short straws.

Prickly-pear pulp: Peel ripe prickly pear, remove seeds and blend in blender until smooth.

Cocktails are coming back; no, they are back, and the nice thing about today's creations is that they taste good. Sample them at your local watering hole or at home, and taste what the excitement's all about.



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tHERE WAS
A YOUNG
LADY . . .

By

JOHN
DEMPSEY

compiled and disavowed
By ROBERT PIERCE



*There was a young damsel from
Chichester,
Whose curves made the saints in their
niches stir,
One morning at matins
The heave of her satins
Made the bishop of Chichester's
britches stir.*



*There was a young girl named Felicity
Who was deeply involved in complicity
With a fellow named Hobbs,
Who pushed all the right knobs
To turn on her body's 'lectricity.*



*A trollop who worked up at Yale
Had her price list tattooed on her tail.
As an aid to the blind,
Just above her behind
Was a duplicate schedule in Braille.*



*There was a young girl from Nantucket
Who washed out her things in a bucket,
But the winds and the breezes
Blew away her chemises
So she threw up her hands and said,
"To hell with it."*



*There was a young lady from Thrace
Whose corsets grew too tight to lace.
Her mother said, "Nellie,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in through your face."*



*There was a young man named McCall
Who possessed one cylindrical ball.
The cube root of its weight
Plus his penis plus eight
Was three-fifths of five-eighths of fuck-all.*



*A pirate, so history relates,
Was scuffling with some of his mates
When he slipped on his cutlass,
Which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates.*

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WALL STREET

(continued from page 112)

and financial carnage can testify, that would be going a bit too far. But the women of Wall Street are now in Act III of an ongoing drama.

Act I saw the first brave pioneers appear on the scene. When Mary Wrenn, of Merrill Lynch Capital Markets, was being allowed in the early Sixties actually to present her own opinions as a drug analyst, the event was considered so newsworthy that it was covered in a front-page article in the financial section of *The New York Times*. Julia Walsh tells me that when, in 1972, she became the first woman member of the American Stock Exchange elected to its board of governors, it was viewed as such an amazing historical breakthrough that "I received more flowers than at any other time of my life."

But if, in the Sixties, the prominent women in Wall Street could be counted easily on two hands (with a couple of fingers left over for pointing shame), a battalion of high heels started kicking down the mahogany doors in the Seventies. Act II, though, was not without its own bizarre conflicts.

Elizabeth Dater, now a crack managing director of Warburg, Pincus Counselors, tells me that 15 years ago, as a junior analyst, she inadvertently created a scene while accompanying an aerospace analyst

to a major defense plant in the Midwest. "An extremely nervous plant manager made me put on a trench coat seven sizes too big," she recalls, "so the workers wouldn't be distracted by the sight of a genuine woman. I was given the impression that that would have been the end of national defense."

Sometimes it was impossible to hide the women's gender, which to some men apparently was even more disconcerting. Gail Dudack, who represented the triple curiosity of being young, female and a technical market analyst, remembers the luncheon presentation she gave about ten years ago at a private club in San Francisco: "As I entered the front door, the manager rushed up to explain that it was a club for men only. After being told that I was the speaker, he guided me to the service elevator, which took me directly to the private room for our talk. The rest of the men took the guest elevators. Some of them were very embarrassed; others thought it was the best joke of the year."

That final comment illustrates a theme that ran through many of the talks I have had on this subject with the women of Wall Street; somehow, they are not as amused as most males by the passing slights women have encountered in asserting their right to a piece of the action. Which takes us logically to Act III, today's Wall Street scene, and the question—hotly debated—of whether women have truly changed the

character of the financial markets.

Aesthetically, there can be no doubt. It's nice to have a woman around the brokerage house. Smart women have understood and taken advantage of this. As Susan Skinner, a top-notch researcher who has worked for four firms, candidly acknowledges, "The plus of being the only female to cover bank stocks—not cosmetics or apparel—was that I was remembered . . . not another guy in a gray suit. It meant I had to be better prepared, but at least I was remembered."

The question of physical attractiveness is more delicate, but Skinner finds (what else?) a double standard. "Wall Street is show business," she admits. "When one markets, one is always successful if one is attractive. However, the key difference—not just applicable to Wall Street—is that the attractiveness ratings are not so generous for women. Men are 'stocky,' women are 'fat.' . . . A woman has to be more attractive, more articulate and more intelligent to make it in Wall Street."

Exterior appeal is more important on the marketing side, of course: What rational human being cares about the sex of the person who runs money profitably? But women are still more often found in "staff" than in "line" functions; Skinner, now director of research and strategist for S. G. Warburg and Co., says, "Somehow, women analysts are OK, but find me more than a handful of women portfolio managers and



I'll buy you a case of champagne."

Women remain similarly sparse in the heat of the action on the trading floor. The New York Stock Exchange's 1366 members now include 69 women, but only 24 work on the floor. And while about 25 percent of Wall Street executives are now female, Mickie Siebert insists that "it hasn't changed that much—you have no women on the executive committees of most firms, few women specialists [making the markets in individual stocks], and most of the women who have become members don't actually own their own seats."

Other women are more content with the script of Act III: Beth Dater believes that Wall Street today has become "one of the most liberated businesses in America," and Bernadette Murphy, who this past year became only the second woman to head the prestigious Financial Analysts Federation (formed in 1947), told me flatly that Wall Street has lately become "an excellent industry for women. If you can impact the bottom line of a company in a positive way, you are an asset and you will be compensated for your efforts. While titles may still be in short supply, financial compensation makes the disadvantage worth while. Money is power—eventually."

In Wall Street, in short, the shape of the bottom ultimately becomes less important than the numbers on the bottom line. And even some women who remain surly about the petty pace of progress admit that it's

difficult to engender much public sympathy for a person who is making \$250,000 a year. Indeed, the very slowness of promotions in some areas—such as top-level deal making—may have saved women from being involved in the worst of the insider-trading scandals. But women are moving steadily into power positions; by now, three firms have carried the names of women: Muriel Siebert, Laura Sloate (who bears the additional handicap of being blind) and Julia Walsh. Julia, in fact, adopted my favorite title in all of American finance: chairman (not chairwoman or chairperson or chair) of Julia M. Walsh & Sons. Nobody ever had to explain to Julia where the power lies, or how to get it.

The persistent question has been how ordinary women could do in Wall Street: whether they had the same chance as mediocre men. In the early years of *Wall Street Week*, we went out of our way to present women, because they were such rarities; for some years, that has not been necessary, because enough competent females now deserve an invitation strictly on their professional merits. Similarly, in a book published in 1974, I wrote that if you were able even to discover a woman "who has been tough and smart enough to buck the established order, chances are you might be on to an exceptional broker."

Wall Street's slowness in accepting women was particularly foolish for another

reason. The simple fact—hidden as well as possible by generations of pompous males—is that those women, professional or amateur, who have dared to try their hand at investing have generally done better at it than their fathers, husbands, lovers and sons. The National Association of Investors Corporations routinely finds that the all-women's clubs do best. There are a number of possible reasons for this, but I think the most important is that women get early training in skepticism. By the time the average female is 14, she has learned to look through the pitch for the motive. It is a trait that can be as helpful in finance as in other human activities.

In the end, let us never forget what bright women have always known: Money is sexy. If it cannot buy happiness, at least it can make misery more entertaining. Women understand money for what it is: not as an extension of one's masculinity, as wild risk-takers sometimes mistakenly assume, but as the stuff with which you buy things, including security. If women have thus been drawn a bit more to value than to the passing get-rich-quick schemes that so often end on the rocks, they have made a contribution that goes beyond civilizing Wall Street to increasing the wealth of the nation. As it becomes ever less surprising to find them in the board rooms, the profit is one worth contemplating—in every way.



PATIENT WOMEN *(continued from page 103)*

"'God is trying to humble me,' I said after one failure. 'She is succeeding,' my partner replied."

me, "I know you're not impotent, because you want to talk about it. Men who are impotent deny it and won't talk about it."

These women showed me it was true; they do love to snuggle, to cuddle, to touch, to laugh and to whisper. Sometimes they like those pleasures even more than straight-ahead sex. They know, too, that there are quite a number of enjoyable things two people can do that don't involve an erection.

It helps to keep a sense of humor. "God is trying to humble me," I said, sighing, after one failure.

"She is succeeding," my partner replied.

When I told one woman how much I'd appreciated her patience, she said, "It was the best thing that happened to us. I went to bed with you right away because you expected it, but I really wasn't ready to have sex with you. This way, we got to know each other first."

It was not a problem I would wish on anyone, yet I came to see it as a blessing.

I won't claim to have learned humility, but I did learn something about patience and tenderness, about my own needs and about women.

When I became single, I was overwhelmed by the number of available women. There is a part of me that is still 18 and eager to jump into every bed at the earliest possible moment (and God bless that plucky lad). But another part of me knows I should go slow, both for my sake and for others'.

In time, I saw my lapses as a defense mechanism, wherein the prudent part of me was struggling to hold back the runaway-train part of me that was hell-bent for disaster. And out of this struggle, I was learning what I really wanted.

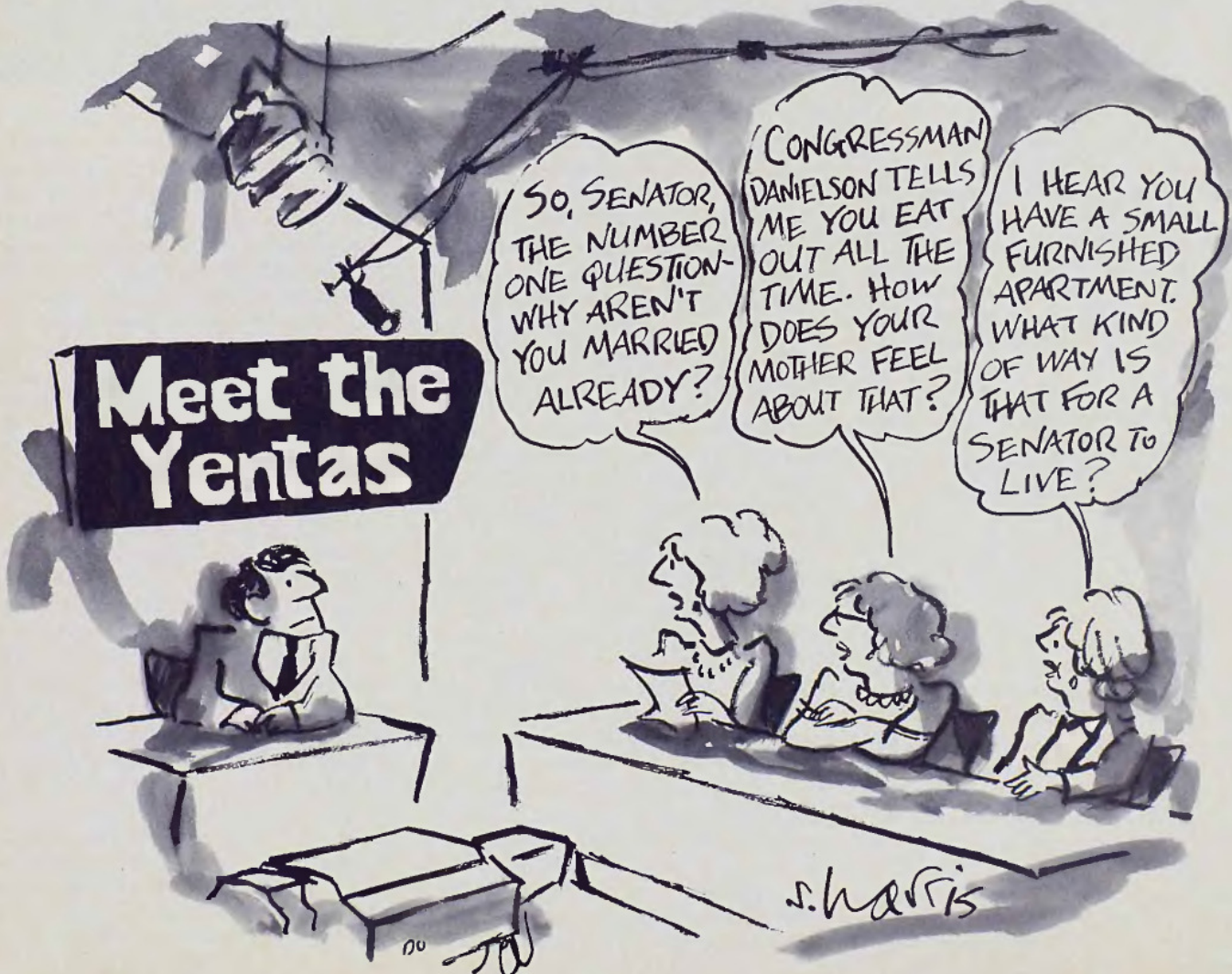
I came to imagine a little ON-OFF switch in my head that controlled my sex life. As long as it was at OFF, nothing much helped. But, in time, my subconscious would flip the switch to ON, then everything would be fine. Sensational, in fact.

That happy moment came, as best I understood this mysterious process, when I was comfortable with a woman, when I trusted her and was ready for intimacy. Usually, that meant I was focusing my attention on her alone.

I was learning that multiple relationships are not my thing, however tempting they may seem. I found juggling two or three women too emotionally demanding, too complicated, too damn duplicitous. If it works for you, brother, go to it; but I'm a simple man, probably doomed to a life of serial monogamy. Making one woman happy is challenge enough.

When I returned to singledom, like Rip van Winkle awakening, the world had changed. There were hard questions out there, questions about honesty and trust and fairness, about hurting and being hurt. The hell of it is, sex is the easy part.

Looking back, I think the women in my life understood me better than I understood myself. They knew I was a little crazy, but they thought I had a potential for sanity, and they nudged me gently in that direction. For me, the moral was this: Find the right woman, and the rest will take care of itself.



"The Mickey Mouse phenomenon is compelling not in spite of, but because of, its authoritarian aspect."

is racially and socially homogeneous, which may, to a large extent, be a function of its geographical reality. But there is, more importantly, a slight atmosphere of *oppression* in the park. There is the nagging feeling that one is being watched.

And, of course, one *is* being watched. One is being watched by those interested in crowd control, both to extract the utmost in dollars from the visitors and to ensure their safety. The atmosphere and oppression come, I think, partly from this: that the park's concern for *extraction* far outstrips the concern for *safety*, but the regimentation is *presented* as, foremost and finally, a desire to *care* for the visitor—to *protect*, to *guide*, to soothe.

One creates for oneself the idea that things at Disneyland are being done for one's own good. And, *far* beyond obeying the rather plentiful signs forbidding one or another thing, one finds oneself wondering, "I wonder if this is *allowed* here . . ."—"this" being, for example, smoking, eating in line, etc.

At Disneyland, one creates (with a great deal of help) the idea that Everything Not Required Is Forbidden. And so we see, as in any other totalitarian state, the internalization of authority and its transformation into a "Sense of Right."

We see the creation of a social Superego, which is sometimes a handy tool, but perhaps out of place at an amusement park. That is, (A) the Id says: "Well, hell, I'm going to cut in line and get to Space Mountain sooner"; (B) the Ego says, "Don't *do* it; they will get you and, in some way, punish you"; and so, to overcome the anxiety and humiliation of being subject to a superior force, (C) the Superego is created and says, "No, it is not that you are *afraid* of authority, not at all; you are just concerned with right and wrong, and *you* want to go to the back of the line because it is the correct thing to do."

And it is *this* feeling that one is celebrating, I think, in singing paeons to Mickey Mouse, the feeling that I am a good person. I am one of the good, and *happy*, people, and I would never do anything wrong. It is this feeling that is being sold in the park. As an amusement park, it just ain't worth the money—far from being Riverview, it's not as much fun as a video arcade. The Mickey Mouse phenomenon is compelling not in spite of, but because of, its authoritarian aspect.

A cow was born on a farm near my home in New England. We saw its picture in the local paper. The cow was notable for this: On its white side was found that conjunction of three black circles internationally recognized as the silhouette of Mickey

Mouse. The silhouette was rather large, perhaps three feet across, and was perfect. Mention was made that representatives of Disneyland were coming to look at the cow.

I later saw a news item to the effect that the park had purchased and was displaying this wondrous cow, and that only a fair retail price had been paid for the creature.

My first thought was, "Well, that's as it should be." And then I thought, "Wait a second. What is going on here? That blankety-blank cow is worth a vast *fortune* to the Disney folks." As, of course, it is, and, I wondered on sober reflection, one, why in the *world* the cow's owner would consider parting with the beast for *less* than a vast fortune; two, why the Disney people would find a value in advertising that they (from another, and rather defensible, point of view) had *stolen* this cow; and, three, why I was going along with their plan and endorsing not only their purchase but their proud announcement of *what they elected* was the right thing to do.

The Disney people were telling me that in paying only a fair market price, *they were*

protecting my interests. Absolutely. That's what they were doing, and that's how I took it. How? In what possible way were my interests being protected?

The Disney people bought the freak cow for its publicity value. It was going to *create income* for their company. *If* the cow were going to bring enjoyment to the visitors in the park (and, so, income to the company), in what way would that enjoyment be affected by the price the Disney company *paid* for the cow? Is it not in the best interests of show business, on the contrary, to proclaim, "Brought to you at Great Expense?"

Why was I asked to be an accomplice, finally, to a lie? What was I being sold? Not entertainment, not amusement, not a thrill, I was being sold the idea that I am a good, right-thinking person.

Well, I am capable of my own estimation of my own worth, and I don't need to be sold such an idea; and, difficult as it is—and it *is* rather difficult—I find that I have to admit that I don't *like* Disneyland; I think it is exceeding the job description for an amusement park to sell its product by appealing to—perhaps even by finally *questioning*—the self-esteem of the people who are paying the freight. There is no Mickey Mouse; and as to "Why? Because we *like* you!"—I'll be the judge of that, and thank you very much.



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BluesBerry Blue Lagoon: 1½ oz. DeKuyper BluesBerry™ Schnapps; 4 oz. lemonade; 1 oz. Blue Curaçao; serve over ice.

WilderBerry Pink Flamingo: 1½ oz. DeKuyper WilderBerry™ Schnapps; 2 oz. cranberry juice; 1½ oz. sweet and sour; serve over ice.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

LINKS TO THE FUTURE

Until recently, the only way to recall how central the cuff link was to a man's wardrobe was to watch a vintage flick starring Adolphe Menjou on *The Late Show*. This fall, however, the cuff link is returning as a way to make a personal fashion statement—and there are plenty of French-cuffed shirts to choose from. (It's sort of like wearing

your psyche on your sleeve.) Just remember to tailor your selection to your wardrobe; a tweed suit, for example, calls for an antique look, while your power business threads command more contemporary hardware. But whatever you choose, remember that your finely turned French cuffs will say more about your savoir-faire than a legion of old movies.

Clockwise from 11: Antique enamel-and-sterling-silver cuff links, from Alice Kwartler, about \$285; on a shirt by Lazo, \$115. Sterling-silver medieval cuff links, by Lisa Jenks, about \$165; on a shirt by Ermenegildo Zegna, about \$140. Hematite-and-sterling-silver cuff links, by Paul Morelli, from Sointu, New York, \$240; on a shirt by Jeffrey Banks, about \$110. Sterling-silver cuff links, by Kerry MacBride, \$160; on a shirt by Ronaldus Shamask, \$200. Enamel art-deco cuff links, from Bizarre Bazaar, New York, \$275; on a shirt, by Geoffrey Beene Couture, \$70.





© MARK LEVOAL

**She Has
a Knockout
Punch**

SARA MONTAO is working on getting the same thrill from acting that she does from kick-boxing. Sara has appeared in videos and in the feature film *Relentless Fighter*. We would want to mix it up with her, if we dared. Meanwhile, we get a kick out of Sara!



© NICK CHARLES

**We Want a Girl
Just like the
Girl Who Married
Dear Old Cliff**

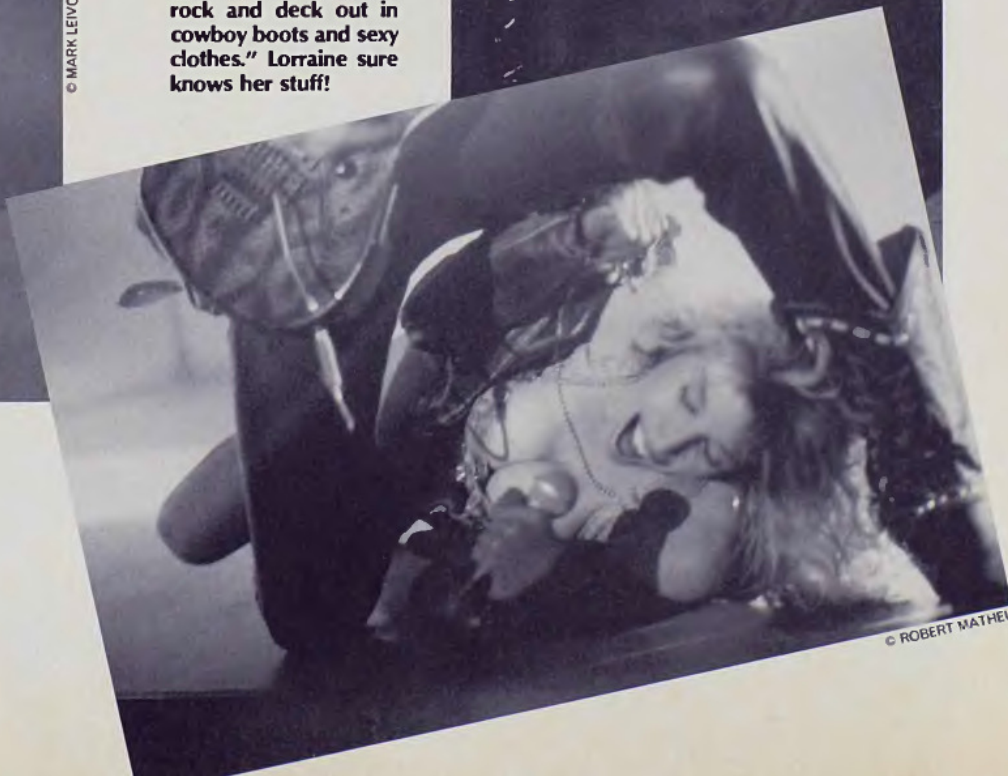
There's more to PHYLLIS RASHAD than being a nearly perfect mom. While on break from *The Cosby Show*, she'll be taking a song-and-dance act to both Atlantic City and Lake Tahoe. We're told the key words to describe her are glamorous and hot. Then, this fall, she'll be starring in an NBC movie of the week in a very different role. Her managers won't reveal any details, so keep checking your TV.

**Sing That
Funky Music,
Boys and Girls**

Our two favorite microphone grabs this month go to AL B. SURE! and Femme Fatale's LORRAINE LEWIS. Al's debut album, *In Effect Mode*, went double platinum and his next LP is due in November. He's also working on a movie, *Private Times*. Femme Fatale's debut album of the same name hit the airwaves in a rush. Says Lewis, "Girls are especially looking for something like us. Girls want to rock and deck out in cowboy boots and sexy clothes." Lorraine sure knows her stuff!



© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



© ROBERT MATHEU



© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Cool and Hot

This is how *Grapevine* kisses off the dog days of summer. Actress **CHRISTINA VERONICA** has been on the big screen in the movies *Bad Blood*, *The Party Girls* and *Thrilled to Death*. We know this one photo won't be enough for any of you, so head out to your video store and get *Sensual Stripping*, Christina's new instructional video. It's never too late to learn something new.

© MICHAEL LYNNE



No Substitutions

The **REPLACEMENTS** have been called the best band of the Eighties by more than one rock critic. If you're not up to date, check them out on tour through the end of the year or pick up *Don't Tell a Soul*. Says lead singer Paul Westerberg, "It's the music that really counts this time." Our advice? Listen up!



© GREG DE GUIRE/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Showing Swell

JANE FONDA looks terrific, works out hard, makes lots of cash and still has time for movie-making. Her two latest films, *Old Gringo*, with Gregory Peck, and *Stanley & Iris*, with Robert De Niro, are due out by Christmas. This is 50?



AN ANIMAL ON THE BEACH

This summer, when you're settling in for some serious tanning down beside the seaside, spread a Sandzoo beach blanket instead of your usual ratty towel and see if some of the more shapely wildlife on the beach isn't attracted to your sun spot. Bras-tex, which licenses the Sandzoo line, offers the 55" x 70" cotton-terry Jacquard blankets in three patterns shaped like a tiger, leopard or zebra skin at a price that should be a howling success—just \$40, postpaid, sent to Sandzoo, 328 West 77th Street, New York 10024. (The blanket even features a loop that enables you to wrap the tail around the blanket and use it as a handle.) But if some animal-rights activist comes over and kicks sand in your face, don't say we didn't warn you.

GET A WHIFF OF THIS

There's good news for all you lovers of the leaf. The luxurious Ritz-Carlton hotel in Laguna Niguel, California, has recently inaugurated a smokers' room (the Ritz-Carlton calls it the library) that's a clubby haven for cigar, pipe and cigarette puffers. In the afternoon, tea is served. In the evening, cordials, desserts and coffee are offered. And if you get a haughty look after lighting up, just tell the waiter to throw the blackguard out.



CHAMPION LIGHTWEIGHT CONTENDER

Mazda has introduced an all-new MX-5 Miata convertible, and for those of you who long for the good old days of top-down motoring in an Austin-Healey, an MGA or a Triumph TR3, all we can say is, well, guys, the good times are about to roll again. The Miata is a lightweight sports car (2182 pounds) powered by a work-horse 1.6-liter, 16-valve, four-cylinder engine. With two people aboard, it has an almost equal weight distribution that makes for sweet handling, as we discovered for ourselves when Mazda invited us to Hawaii to road-test the car. Acceleration is peppy (0 to 60 in 8.6 seconds), the top goes up and down with ease and the base price is right: about \$14,000. Let's hear it for top-down sun and fun.

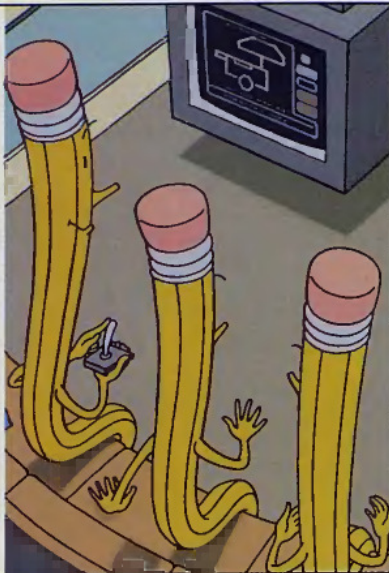
BALLS IN AN UPROAR

Your shrink probably wouldn't approve of them, but we found RX Freud balls to be a cheap and funny way to let off steam. Three battery-powered balls are available—a scream, an explosion and crazy laughter—and to activate the sound, all you do is touch two metal strips on each ball. Freud balls are sold at chain, novelty and gift stores for about \$12 to \$20 each, depending on the size. Hyman Products in St. Louis, Missouri (800-538-1066), is the manufacturer, in case you get stressed out looking for them.



SOMETHING TO ANTICIPATE

Nintendo has created an adult video board game named Anticipation, and, no, it isn't one more retreat that either questions your knowledge of trivia or asks you to make ethical decisions between money and your wife. Anticipation is a zany game that's a kind of electronic cross between connect the dots and hangman. The retail price is \$34.95. And when you're tired of outguessing an electronic phantom doodler, you can always get back to video reality by playing Super Mario Bros. 2.



MUSTANG STAMPEDE

As you may have heard, the famous Mustang Ranch, a brothel outside Reno, Nevada, has gone public with a \$23,300,000 stock offering. But that's not the, well, climax of the story, because a company named A Sign of Quality, at 9025 East Kenyon, Denver, Colorado 80237, has decided to get a piece of the action by having the front cover of the Ranch's prospectus reproduced in etched brass mounted to a 10½" x 13" solid-walnut plaque. The price for being well hung is \$80. Or, if you don't trust your friends, you can always screw the plaque to the wall.



PINBALL ACTION, PLAYBOY STYLE

There was no way we'd let our 35th Anniversary year slip by without doing something special, so we sent Data East Pinball in Chicago back to the drawing board, and one of its pinball wizards, Joe Kaminkow, designed a new Playboy Pinball Game that's like an electronic romp through Playboy Mansion West. During play, you hear Hef's voice, cooing Playmates and other sounds of Mansion West. The game sells for about \$2600, and a call to Data East at 312-345-7700 will get you more information. Or check it out at your local electronic arcade. You're up!



THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

As Ed McMahon would say, "Everything you ever wanted to know about Rolexes" is in *Rolex: Timeless Elegance*, a beautiful boxed coffee-table book, by George Gordon, containing hundreds of color photos of Rolex watches, plus a concise history of the company and vintage Rolex ads. The book's price, while not cheap, isn't something you'll have to hock your Rolex to afford: \$175, postpaid, sent to Timeless Elegance, One Old Country Road, Suite 330, Carle Place, New York 11514.



AS THE VERMONT SPIRIT MOVES YOU

Aside from offering some of the nation's most beautiful fall foliage, Waterbury, Vermont, is the home of an aptly named microdistillery, Vermont Distillers, which produces some tasty products. Veranda Gin and Veranda Light are for the man who likes his juniper flavorful and dry. Tamarack Liqueur is a bourbon that has been flavored with maple syrup and spices. And Sugarbush Maple Spirits is a double-distilled maple-syrup product that you won't want to pour over pancakes. (Vermont Distillers also makes a vodka.) All the above are sold only in Vermont and are priced about \$10 to \$20 a bottle. Drink up!



NEXT MONTH



DOUBLE VISION



PURE LUCK



CAMPUS CHIC



TOUGH GUYS

"AN OUNCE OF LUCK"—THE LURE OF GOOD FORTUNE PROMPTS A SHREWD BUSINESSMAN TO BUY A BAGFUL OF KISMET FROM A MYSTERIOUS NIGERIAN PRINCE. UNFORTUNATELY, HE FORGETS AN ANCIENT ADAGE: *CAVEAT EMPTOR*—FICTION BY **WALTER LOWE, JR.**

"TOUGH GUYS"—DON'T MESS WITH THE GRACIES. THEY'RE THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST FAMILY: NO-HOLDS-BARRED JUJITSU WARRIORS WHO CHALLENGE ANYONE, ANY TIME TO A DEATH STRUGGLE IN OR OUT OF THE RING—BY **PAT JORDAN**

JEFF DANIELS SHARES THE DETAILS OF A RUN-IN WITH A DIFFICULT LEADING LADY, REVEALS WHY HE CALLS HIS SOFTBALL TEAM **THE CLAMS** AND PLAYS KISS AND TELL WITH **WILLIAM HURT** AND **CHRISTOPHER REEVE** IN AN ENDEARING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"WORKING GIRLS"—*PLAYBOY* SALUTES SOME MAGNIFICENT WOMEN IN ALL-AMERICAN CAREERS. DON'T MISS THE DEBUT OF A NEW PICTORIAL SERIES

"FUTURE STUFF"—TAKE A WINDOW-SHOPPING EXPEDITION INTO THE 21ST CENTURY FOR A PEEK AT GADGETS THAT GYRATE, TRANSLATE AND LEVITATE—BY **MALCOLM ABRAMS** AND **HARRIET BERNSTEIN**

"THE LAST WORD ON LOVE AND SEX"—A TANTALIZING SELECTION OF THOUGHT-PROVOKING QUESTIONS THAT YOU WOULDN'T DARE ASK YOURSELF OR YOUR LOVER—OR WOULD YOU?—FROM THE NEW BOOK BY BEST-SELLING *BOOK OF QUESTIONS* AUTHOR **GREGORY STOCK**

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST"—GRIDIRON MANIA IS UPON US. HERE'S THE SCORE ON WHO'S HOT AND WHO'S NOT IN THE N.F.L.—BY **GARY COLE**

KEITH HERNANDEZ, THE MET WHO HOLDS DOWN FIRST, TALKS TURKEY ABOUT HIS BRUSH WITH COCAINE, HIS TRAINING-CAMP FISTFIGHT WITH **DARRYL STRAWBERRY** AND HIS BASEBALL-SEASON ALTER EGO, "THE MEX," IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"DUTCH TREAT"—IN OUR FIRST OVERSIZED GATEFOLD, WE PRESENT THE MISSES SEPTEMBER, TWIN BEAUTIES GUARANTEED TO DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

PLUS: A LIGHTEARTED LOOK AT **MORGANNA**, THE KISSING BANDIT, BY SPORTSWRITER **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**; THE BEST IN MEN'S KEY CHAINS; *PLAYBOY'S* BACK-TO-CAMPUS FASHIONS, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE



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