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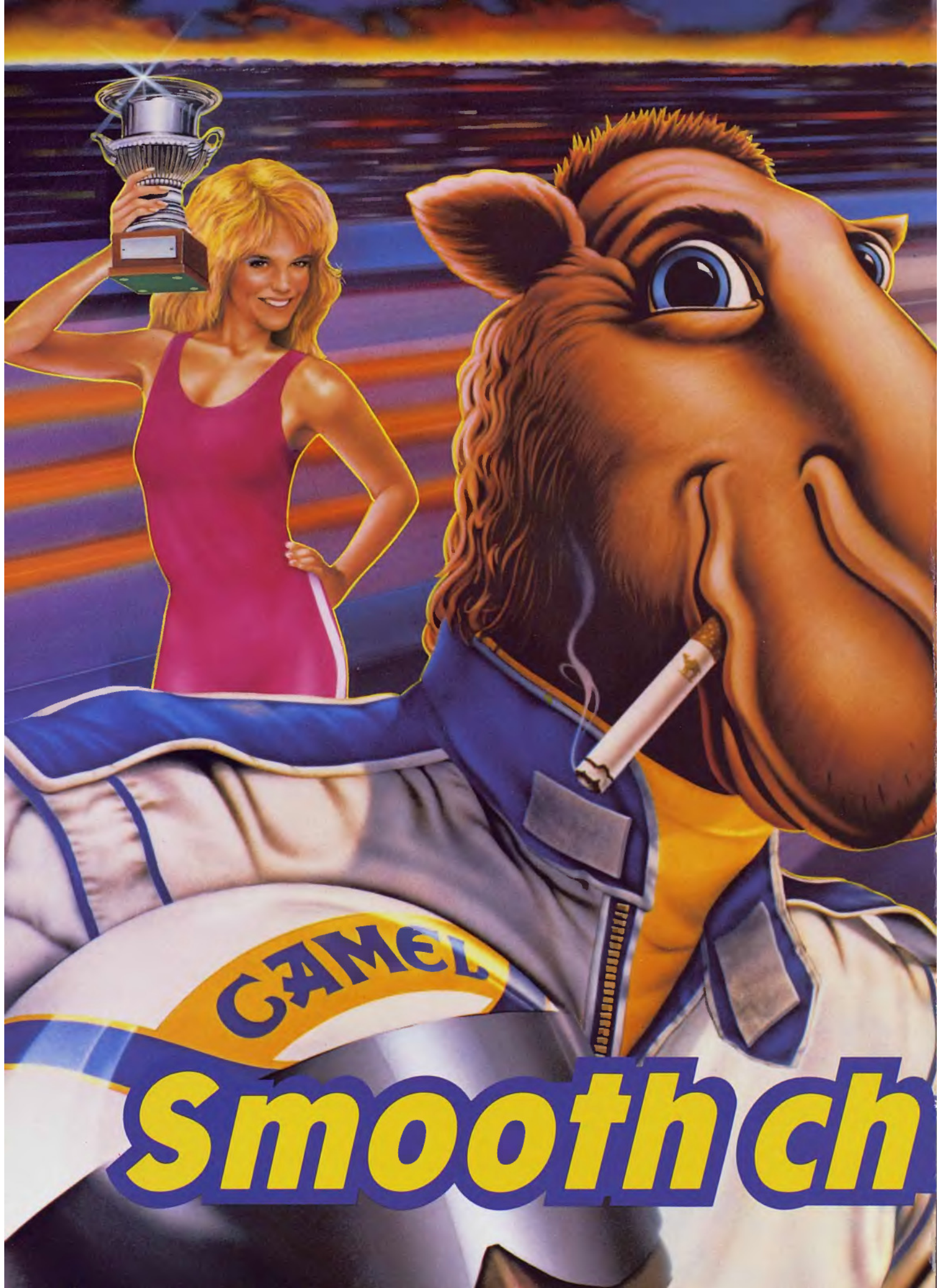
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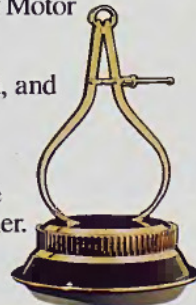
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PLAYBILL

WERE TALKING TWINS! No, not **Danny DeVito** and **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, though they're cute, too. The perfect pair on our minds this month is **Mirjam** and **Karin van Breeschooten**, Rotterdam natives who have us in Dutch in the best possible way—with a dazzling Playmate pictorial and special twin-sized gatefold. Double vision has never been this much fun. (Or at least not since October 1970, the last time we featured twin Playmates.)

We also invite you to share some visions of the prophetic kind. First, in *Future Stuff*, **Malcolm Abrams** and **Harriet Bernstein** take a glance at all the neat gadgets heading for market by the year 2000—from levitating cars and uphill skiing to high-fiber cupcakes and musical toilets. The article, illustrated by **Dave Calver**, is excerpted from the book of the same title, to be published by Viking Penguin. Also on the predictive front, our sports prognosticator (and Photography Director), **Gary Cole**, takes his annual look ahead in *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast*, illustrated by **Jim Evans** and **Richard Duardo**. As part of the package, you'll also meet Green Bay's bruising 6'6", 315-pound draftee **Tony Mandarin**. Smile when you call him rookie.

While we're on the subject of bruises—not to mention choke holds, broken arms and lacerated kidneys—we'd like you to meet **Rorion Gracie**, the jujitsu master profiled in *Bad*, by **Pat Jordan**. Rorion claims to be the toughest guy in America, but he's not even the toughest guy in his own family; his brother **Rickson** claims the title of toughest guy in the world. And they've offered huge sums of money to anyone who dares to fight them. Hear that, **Mike Tyson**?

With summer's end, the baseball pennant races heat up, and who better to stoke those fires than **Morganna**, the busty kissing bandit who, in the words of **Vin Scully**, "precedes herself by five minutes"? Keeping us abreast of her outstanding developments in *Ode to Morganna* is **Curry Kirkpatrick**. You'll also want to check out the *Playboy Interview* with the Mets' **Keith Hernandez**. He spoke with **Larry Linderman** about his recent injury and the more lasting hurt delivered last year by the Dodgers. And **Jeff Daniels**, the loose-limbed star of *Something Wild* and *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, delivers expert commentary on softball in **Bill Zehme's 20 Questions**. When you play for a team called the Clams, you'd better know your stuff.

Rounding out our outdoor coverage this month is *Wind Dummy*, a breath-taking first jump into paragliding—being lofted from a hillside by a winglike parachute—by Contributing Editor **Craig Vetter**. He looked before he leaped and still got into trouble. The problem: Wind is invisible.

Even passing acquaintances of *Playboy* know that some of our favorite sports are of the indoor variety, and we never tire of analyzing our game. So when we heard that **Gregory Stock**, author of the million seller *The Book of Questions*, had prepared a sequel—*Love & Sex: The Book of Questions*—for Workman Publishing, we snapped up an excerpt. This provocative volume gives new meaning to the term multiple choice. What *would* you do if your wife or girlfriend agreed to relax the rules of sexual fidelity?

Our fiction offering this month, written by Contributing Editor **Walter Lowe, Jr.**, and illustrated by **Ernie Barnes**, is called *An Ounce of Luck*, about a little bag of fortune that threatens to throttle the gamblers who possess it. We struck a bit of luck ourselves in a gambling capital a few months ago, and the result is *Reno Confidential*, a political pictorial with **Leslie Sferazza**, twice the first lady to hizzoner **Pete Sferazza**, Reno's mayor. Bet you'll like it.

This is the time of year when you look into your closet to see what, if anything, you've got to wear in the fall. Before you make up your sartorial shopping list, do yourself a favor and consult Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne's Back to Campus** feature, photographed by **Dewey Nicks**. Wayne has divided the country into regions for a tailor-made fit.

That brings us back to the Van Breeschooten twins. They're so nice, we have to mention them twice. Enjoy. Enjoy.



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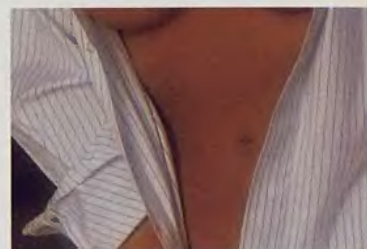
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vol. 36, no. 9—september 1989

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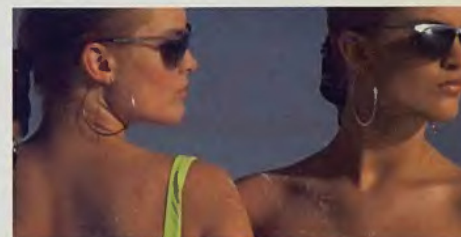
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COVER STORY

We serve up a scrumptious double Dutch treat for you this month featuring twins Karin and Mirjam van Breeschooten. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the cover, which was produced by Michael Ann Sullivan and styled by Lee Ann Perry. Thanks go to John Victor for styling the twins' hair and to Pat Tomlinson for make-up. Now and then, we enjoy taking a face-to-face meeting with our Rabbit.



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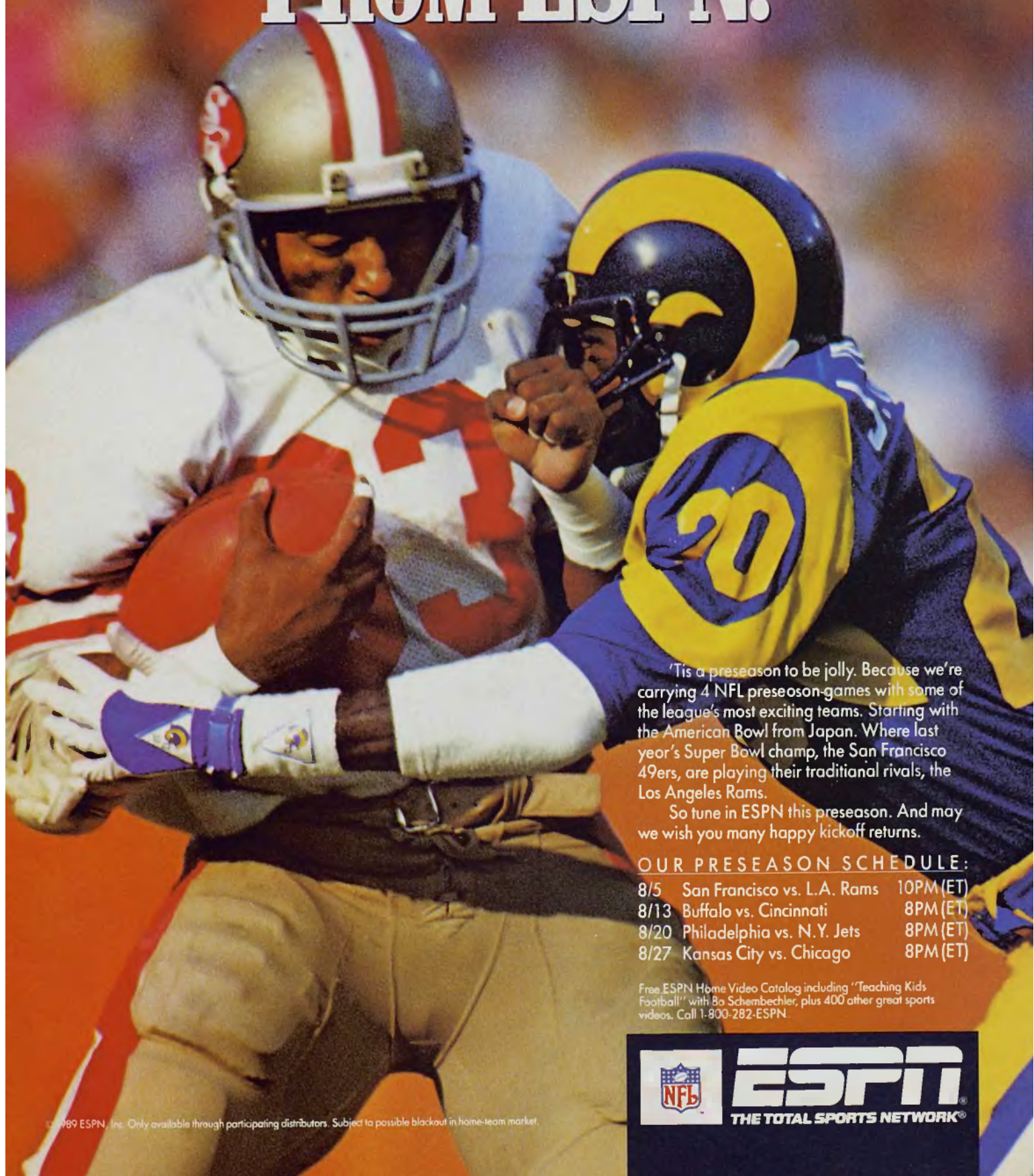
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CAMPUS RACISM

Having read your special report on campus racism, *Disillusioned in the Promised Land*, by Trey Ellis, and *Reassessing the Roots*, by David J. Dent (*Playboy*, June), I have much sympathy for the attitudes expressed by both writers, who support the notion that blacks are more successfully educated and happier at all-black universities. I wonder, however, whether white reporters could have expressed the same sentiments without being labeled racists. Wouldn't black students be up in arms if the Government forced all-black colleges to accept large numbers of white students? Why is it, then, that the several minor incidents on college campuses—mean-spirited though they are—elicit such strong reaction from your writers when they merely encourage greater black-college enrollment, which so many blacks are in favor of to begin with?

Lawrence W. Schonbrun
Berkeley, California

Trey Ellis' *Disillusioned in the Promised Land* is interesting but full of unsubstantiated claims and faulty logic.

Ellis points to ARYAN BY THE GRACE OF GOD T-shirts as examples of racism but fails to mention the BLACK BY POPULAR DEMAND T-shirts that have popped up at the University of Michigan. Are whites, unlike blacks, supposed to be ashamed of their skin color? Ellis details the story of Regina Parker, a black U of M student, who spent months squabbling with her white roommate, but he fails to give any reason (save for the fact that the woman was white) for his assumption that Parker's roommate was disagreeable because of Parker's race. And, of course, he refers to Peter Steiner's now-infamous speech but quotes him out of context. What Steiner was saying is that the U of M should try to recruit more minorities without lowering its standards. Steiner worded his speech very poorly, but his point can hardly be seen as racist.

I noticed other omissions and flaws, but it makes little sense to enumerate them here. The point is that I cannot trust the

rest of Ellis' article. Where else has he twisted words and events? Where else does he give us only half the story?

Marc I. Whinston
Ann Arbor, Michigan

I am a well-educated and proud black man from the South now living in Chicago. I was very pleased to see your latest issue focusing, in part, on racism.

However, I was disappointed in the article *Disillusioned in the Promised Land*, by Trey Ellis. There is no doubt that Ellis is a talented writer, but this piece lacks substance. I read it with the hope of gaining insight, but what I received was just several individual accounts of racism. Most educated blacks can speak on that topic, and I can give you a first-person perspective that could fill a book.

Anthony Gibbs
Chicago, Illinois

I'm not sure why the articles on campus racism were written other than to inform people that it still exists. My experience at the University of Washington in the Seventies was that 80 to 90 percent of the white people I came in contact with were racist. They were in every aspect of campus life, from the dormitory in which I lived to the marching band in which I participated to the department of political science, in which I studied my major subject.

The advice I would offer to the Regina Parkers across this country is, first, the best way to stop racism is to challenge at every turn those who practice it. Most racists are cowards who, when challenged, will crawl back into the slime whence they came. Second, always assume every white person is a racist until he proves himself otherwise. Finally, do not give up on your education. They can't win if you don't let them.

Vincent Stewart
Sierra Vista, Arizona

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including both sides?

Explain why minority students have access to all kinds of financial aid and scholarships and why white kids from lower-income families can't get aid. Explain why standards are lowered to get minority students into programs for which they can't qualify.

Explain why at two Big Eight schools, Colorado and Oklahoma, black athletes are constantly in trouble. Explain why, when a black athlete has problems, he always blames racism rather than himself.

Jim Walker
Denver, Colorado

We have two thoughts in response, Jim. One is that white kids from lower-income families can get financial aid from a number of sources. The second is that people who use such terms as always and constantly in reference to people of other races are making dangerous and unfair assumptions. That holds true for both you and the guy who wrote the letter preceding yours, with whom you have more in common than you may think.

CAPTAIN X

Playboy is guilty of publishing some poor and uninteresting articles at times, but *Confessions of Captain X*, by Captain X and Reynolds Dodson, in your June issue cannot go without comment. If you want some stories about airline flying, you should get an author who is knowledgeable about the subject! It's easy to see why this pilot (I will not call him a captain) didn't want his name used.

I flew for North Central/Republic for almost 30 years, and I flew the DC-9 and Boeing 727 in and out of Saginaw, Michigan, many times. Our training at Republic was superb, and we were accustomed to flying into smaller airports with sophisticated jet aircraft. Saginaw is a safe airport. The tower personnel there is the best.

It is very simple to tell when the approach to a runway is correct. Your pilot, accustomed to using full instrument landing guidance available at all large airports, sat there fat, dumb and happy and almost killed his passengers. He should be grounded and the aircraft should be inspected for hard-landing damage. I will call the FAA's attention to this landing 30 inches from the end of the runway. Poor top management and frugal pilot training can be lethal for the passengers.

Vern Loehndorf
Wauconda, Illinois

KIMBERLEY: NO CONTEST

Kimberley Conrad, the 1989 Playmate of the Year (*Playboy*, June), is pure perfection. The lady and the layout are outstanding. The picture of Kimberley in the white lingerie on page 132 is the most beautiful I've seen in your magazine. The pictures on pages 136 and 137, with the miles of dripping pearls, are absolute masterpieces, capturing the sensuousness of feminine beauty.

Bravo to Mrs. Hefner and to the magazine that gives a little of her beauty to us all!

Anthony M. Mendolia
Kansas City, Missouri

Congratulations to Miss Conrad on being chosen Playmate of the Year. She is truly captivating. Mr. Hefner is a lucky man, indeed.

Rick Clarke
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

You have outdone yourself this time. Your cover photo of the beautiful Kimberley Conrad in lingerie is your sexiest ever. Best of luck to Hef in his marriage to Kimberley and thanks for sharing her with us.

George Landis
Visalia, California

I know Kimberley Conrad is mortal by her spoken words published in the Playmate of the Year article, but she is certainly



a perfect piece of work visually and worthy of my reverence. By her existence, I know God lives and cares about us to provide such a lovely creature to gaze upon and enjoy. Not since the Vargas Girls graced your magazine has there been one so lovely as Kimberley, but Kimberley is real, isn't she?

Maurice Carter
Van Nuys, California

If it doesn't work out between Hef and Kimberley, put her on a bus and send her up this way.

Gordon Atchison
Parry Sound, Ontario

The selection of Kimberley Conrad as the 1989 Playmate of the Year is pretty predictable. It does surprise me, however, that Mr. Hefner didn't withdraw her from the competition.

Richard B. Brostrom
Toronto, Ontario

I've been an avid reader of *Playboy* for many years and I have always enjoyed it, but I'm going to comment on one thing.

I don't think that Kimberley Conrad

should have been allowed to compete in the Playmate of the Year contest, since she was engaged to Hugh Hefner at the time. It's not that I don't think she's pretty, but I think that Kimberley should have disqualified herself.

Roy W. Denman
Hurst, Texas

We can't put it any better than Hef has: "It's an honor she clearly deserves. I can't take it away from her just because we've fallen in love."

Hey, guys, this Playmate contest was easy. There's only one Playmate with a belly button like Kimberley's. Of course, you could have really made it easy and showed her engagement ring. I bet even Hef dialed 1-900-720-6061 a few times.

Mr. Hefner, you sure can pick 'em.

Lis Nandria
Merced, California

Aha! That explains why, every time we tried to call Hef back in November, his line was busy.

GRAZIE, GIUGIARO!

When I saw Richard Izui's pictures at Italdesign, I was sure that *Playboy's* story on my company (*Design by Giugiaro*, May) would be great! Now, after having read it, I have to say that it is more than great: It is a perfect "fresco" of both my activities and company. I am struck speechless by how accurate and deep your look inside my professional life is: so perfect that if I didn't know better, I would think *Playboy* was based next door to Italdesign and had followed my company since 1968. It was really a pleasant surprise to discover how precise your reporting is.

With 20,000,000 thanks.

Giorgetto Giugiaro
Turin, Italy

PLATO'S REPLETE

Talk about the girl next door: I was showing my friends in our dorm my junior high school yearbook and I pointed out to them that Dana Plato had gone to my school. My friend Scott ran to his room, grabbed the June issue of *Playboy* from the top of the stack and opened it to *Diff'rent Dana* as he placed it on my yearbook so we could admire the beautiful pictures of her. Please tell Dana for me that I wish her and her son all the luck and happiness in the world. Also, I would like to join her fan club.

Ken Zelinka
Santa Rosa, California

DAVE MARSH: DEAD OR ALIVE?

I resent Dave Marsh's vicious comment in the June *Music* column about the Grateful Dead's being "the worst band in creation." Marsh obviously doesn't know what he is missing.

Michael Johnson
Reno, Nevada



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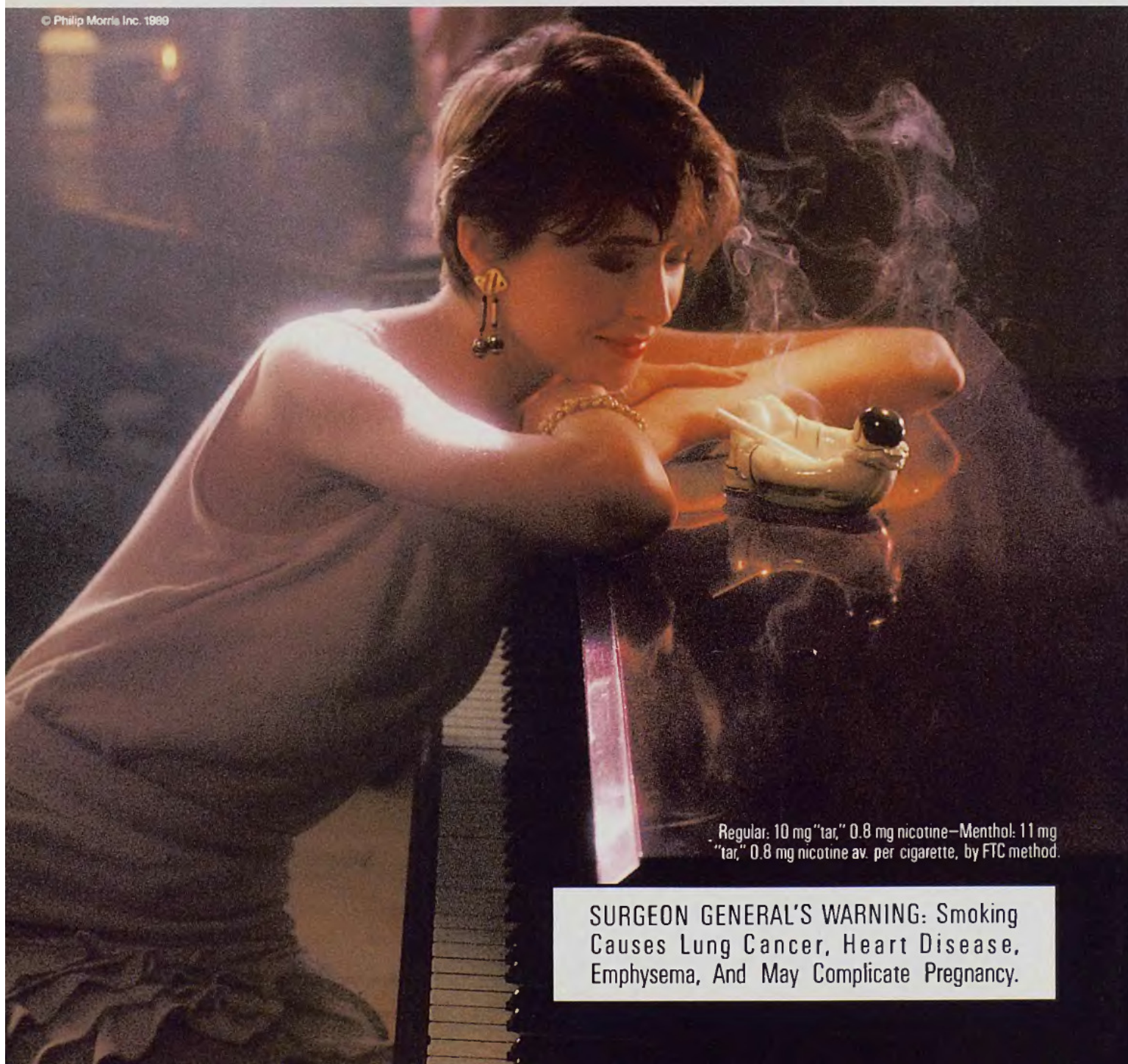
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WHOOOPS IN PARADISE

A light adventurer we know reports:

At the prime seat in the prime bar in the prime hotel in Tahiti, single and under 30, I craved an evening of adventure. The bartender had the perfect idea. A taxi was summoned, and after a 20-minute drive into Tahiti's capital city of Papeete, it dropped me outside a Vegaslike neon façade with a sign that blinked THE PIANO BAR. The men in line looked as if they had just exited Camp Beverly Hills: in their 20s and early 30s, with acid-washed blue jeans, pastel camp shirts and requisite high-top sneakers. The women were tall, leggy unescorted Tahitians, with large hair and fabulous sequined ensembles.

Then one of them scooped me up, charged to the front of the line and dragged me past the wide-eyed bouncer with little more than a dismissive flick of her wrist.

"I am No-No," she purred in my ear. "Like the little mosquito. Welcome to The Piano Bar!" Whereupon she gripped my wrist and heaved forward on her stiletto heels into the mass of sweaty dancers.

No-No was wildly popular. She knew all the customers, introduced me to half of them and danced with the rest. Pulling me close, she pointed across the room to one woman who, she alleged, had been Marlon Brando's mistress.

We danced until dawn, then No-No deposited me into a taxi headed for my hotel. It was the next day, poolside, that a more experienced traveler told me who—or, rather, what—No-No is. "The Piano Bar is a notorious hangout for *mahu*," he snickered. *Mahu*, he let me know bluntly, are Tahitian men who have been raised as women since infancy.

It seems that for the past 1000 years or so, some boys in daughterless Tahitian families have been brought up as females. No sexual politics here, just pragmatics: The men wanted an ample supply of "women" to handle all the household chores so that the males had *beaucoup* time to fish, play the bongos and have sex. The *mahu* were noted by a slightly befuddled Captain Cook when he visited the island in 1769, and many Tahitians were convinced

that Paul Gauguin's flamboyant hair style and preference for unusual hats proved that he was a *mahu*.

As it turns out, there are hundreds of *mahu* in Papeete, a community slightly smaller than Ottumwa, Iowa. Everyone knows them. The young ones are accepted, the older ones, respected. And all of them dress with more splash than the real women. Most of the waiters and housekeepers in Tahiti are *mahu*. Some dress as men during the day. Most do not. Some have undergone surgical alterations. Most have not. Either way, they are, like most Tahitians, achingly beautiful, dignified and proud.

And they dance well, too.

PUUUSH THAT RECORD

The miracle of birth is a wonderful thing, but what it really needs is a state-of-the-art sound track. Fortunately, Grateful Dead percussionist Mickey Hart has produced a new compact disc and cassette titled *Music to Be Born By*, designed to fill the delivery room with the earthy rhythm of drums, bass harmonics, a wooden flute and a fetal heartbeat. The soothing strains are intended to have a calming effect on



the mother, the spectators and, of course, the little guest of honor. We hear that if this project takes off, Jerry Falwell plans to produce *Music to Be Born Again By*.

EAT MY WHAT?

There's a new cheap-tix theater movement springing up in the Midwest. In April, Chicago's Theater Oobleck previewed a salute to free speech titled *Eat My Fuck*, with a "free if you're broke" show. Not surprisingly, it sold out. Cotton Chicago's show *Coed Prison Shuts* admitted theatergoers for free—then charged them five to ten dollars to get out, depending on their whim. Could be an important new trend—or maybe we just like the title *Eat My Fuck*.

SCRATCH AND SNUFF

Robert Duvall and fans of *Apocalypse Now* might be irked if they saw—or, rather, smelled—the new scratch-and-sniff ad from BEI Defense Systems International. The ad, for the Hydra 70 antihelicopter rocket, comes with the special scent of cordite (burnt gunpowder, more or less) and carries the headline "THE SMELL OF VICTORY." Wrong. As Duvall says, "I love the smell of napalm in the morning. . . . It smells like victory."

GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD

You probably thought that recent improvements in relations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union have reduced the chance of nuclear war significantly. Not according to the Church Universal and Triumphant (CUT). Its members, based in Glastonbury, Montana, are building bomb shelters in preparation for what they see as an imminent nuclear attack—possibly as early as this October—by the Russians.

CUT's newsletter, *Pearls of Wisdom*, has noted that the Soviets are readying a first-strike nuclear attack on the United States and church members should "prepare to survive underground."

But underground prices are soaring. Reportedly, 126 missile duckers have signed on with one shelter group at a cost of \$1000

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"ABC has a juvenile mentality, trashy trash, CBS is sophisticated trash. And NBC wavers between the two, probably not going as far either way."—THE REVEREND DONALD WILDMON on network trash in the *Chicago Tribune*

WHAT ABOUT ESPERANTO?

Number of languages spoken in the world: almost 3000. Number spoken in 50 percent of the world: 15.

The language that is the official tongue of the most nations: English (more than 40 countries). Frequency of other official languages: French (27 countries); Arabic (21 countries); Spanish (20 countries).

Most frequently spoken language: Mandarin Chinese, with 806,000,000 speakers.

The next-most-common languages, by number of speakers: English, 426,000,000; Hindi, 313,000,000; Spanish, 308,000,000; Russian, 287,000,000; Arabic, 182,000,000; Bengali, 175,000,000; Portuguese, 166,000,000; Malay-Indonesian, 132,000,000; Japanese, 123,000,000.

YUMMIES

Style of cooking enjoyed by the most Americans: home-style American (68 percent).

Percentage of Americans who like Italian cooking, 57; who like Mexican cooking, 48; who like Chinese cooking, 48; who like Cajun/Creole cooking, 21; who like French cooking, 19.

Percentage of American women who do not like to cook, 14; of American men, 25.



FACT OF THE MONTH

In households with a TV remote control, women control it only 34 percent of the time.

Percentage of American women who almost never cook, seven; of American men, 35.

READ OUR LIPS

Number of days an average American works annually to satisfy all Federal, state and local tax obligations: 124 (he's paid up by May fourth).

Date by which taxes were worked off in 1950: April third.

M.P.G.

Federally legislated average fuel-efficiency rating for all new cars required by 1990: 27.5 miles per gallon.

Required rating this year, 26.5 m.p.g.; in 1988, 26 m.p.g.

Actual average for Chrysler Corporation cars in 1988, 28.4 m.p.g.; for General Motors cars, 27.6 m.p.g.; for Ford Motor Company cars, 26.4 m.p.g.

STATES OF HEALTH

Based on a survey in *Prevention* magazine, state where citizens practice the healthiest behavior, Florida; the least healthy, Minnesota.

Other health-conscious states: Virginia, Massachusetts, New York and California.

LOTTO MANIA

Percentage of Americans who have bought a ticket for a state-run lottery in the past year: 42.

State where residents spend the most money per capita on lottery tickets per year: Massachusetts (\$226).

Percentage of Americans who gambled in a casino last year, 12; who played cards for money, 12; who bet on a sporting event, eight; who bet on a horse race, seven.

per person. Private two-bed modules are planned at an additional cost of \$4295—meals not included. Guess we'll have to put our faith in *glasnost*.

PHOTO FLASHBACKS

The makers of *Making Sense of the Sixties*, a series in the works for public television, think they can do so in a mere six episodes. They have asked *Playboy* readers for photos, film footage and other audio or visual materials that capture the events and experiences of that tumultuous decade. While many believe that if you can remember the Sixties, you weren't there, those who managed to record the era using whatever medium—and we don't mean the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi—should contact the producers, Varied Directions, Inc., at 207-236-0711.

SPOTLIGHT

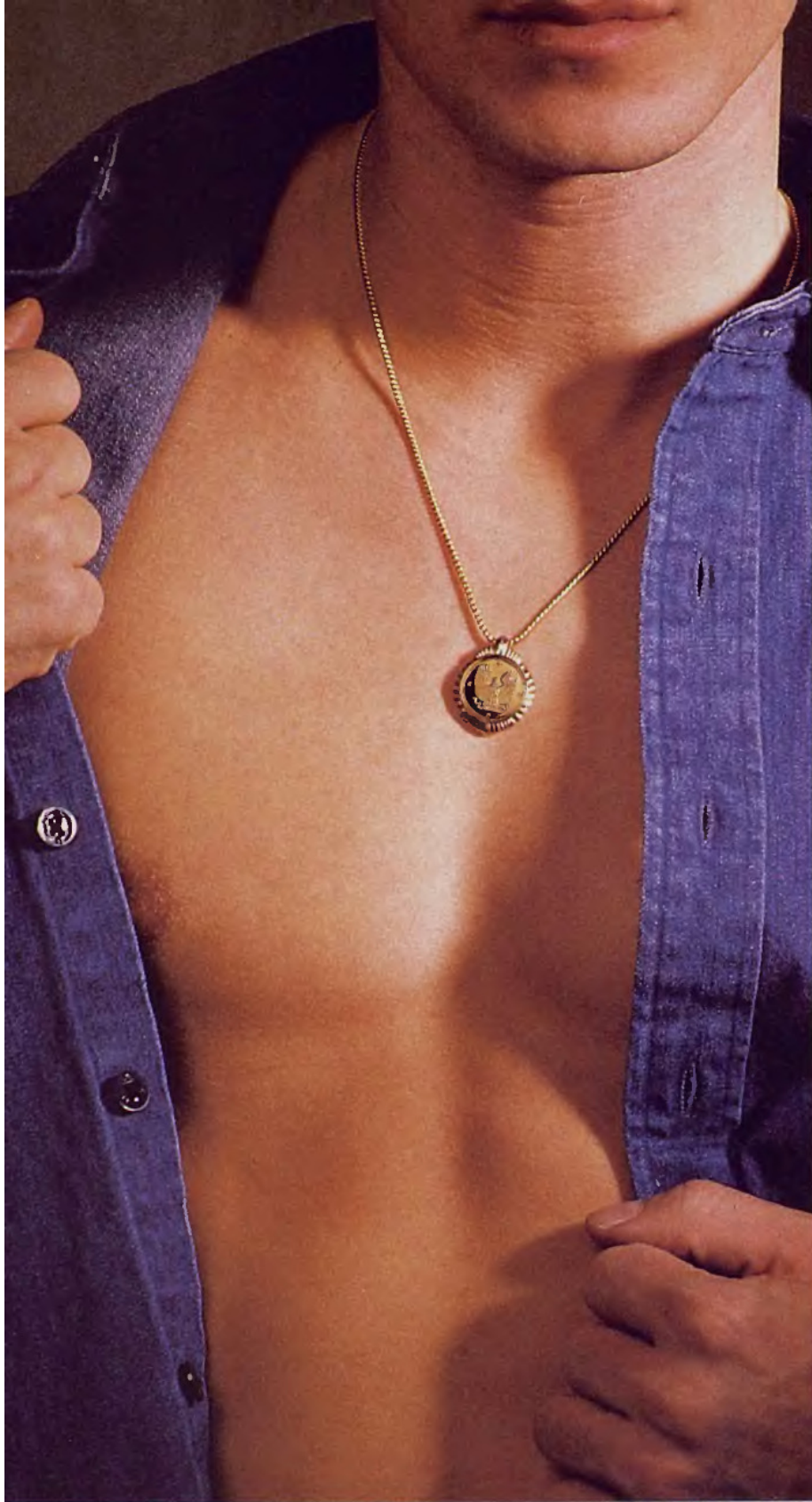


Time leaper Bakula.

NBC's new show *Quantum Leap* stars **Scott Bakula** as Sam Beckett, a scientist from the present who, due to a foul-up in his time-travel experiment, gets lost in the decades between his birth in the mid-Fifties and the present. Actually, Beckett's *body* doesn't go anywhere; only his mind does. As a result, he inhabits the bodies of people in other eras.

"In one episode, I play an old black man in a small Southern town just before the start of the civil rights movement in the Fifties. In another, I get transported into the body of a woman—a secretary in the Sixties—just before the beginning of the modern feminist movement," says Bakula. "Just the other day, the costume people showed up in my trailer with their designs for that show and said, 'This is the look, the Jackie Kennedy look. The jacket with the fur-lined collar. What do you think?' I said, 'It's gonna be a bizarre episode.'"

With such oddball goings on at work, what does Bakula do in his spare time? He's a sports fanatic. "There's a scene with Jeff Bridges in *See You in the Morning*," he says, "when every possible pressure you could imagine is on him; then he opens the sports section in the newspaper, looks up to heaven and says, 'Thank you for sports.' I feel that way a lot," says Bakula.



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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MURDEROUS, MOVABLE farces about shuffling dead bodies from place to place are an old Hollywood tradition. *Weekend at Bernie's* (Fox) has a corpse that hosts a cocktail party, gets buried in the sand and is resurrected to go water-skiing. Dead or alive, Bernie is played by Terry Kiser as a financial charlatan who invites two naive young insurance executives (Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman) to his beach house, planning to have them bumped off lest they expose the details of a multimillion-dollar scam. The lads arrive to find their host mysteriously murdered; the rest is body-snatching spoofery. Why *rigor mortis* never sets in we aren't told, but the actors—with Catherine Mary Stewart as Bernie's attractive neighbor—work hard to pump life into a broad comic premise clearly ready for last rites. Rude and dopey as *Weekend* is, you'll probably catch yourself laughing a lot. ★★★½

No more the suave superguy whose fans have grown accustomed to his pace, Timothy Dalton's earthy 007 in *Licence to Kill* (MGM/UA) is a new man for a new era. He's tough but vulnerable, hardly a sartorial trendsetter but still true to form in wanting his martini "shaken, not stirred." Much of his latest in the marathon Fleming series looks like *Miami Vice*. It's hard-edged action-adventure with the customary hell-and-gone stuntwork on land, sea or aloft, mostly triggered by Bond's personal vendetta with a ruthless Hispanic drug lord named Sanchez (Robert Davi), in and around Key West. The bad guy's resident moll is exotic Talisa Soto, somewhat upstaged by Bond's preferred babe-de-camp, a blonde pilot played with fresh all-American zest by former model Carey Lowell. As usual, after a lot of nasty business involving sharks and machines with cutting edges, there's a dynamic finale—a symphony of masterfully synchronized destruction. While 007 hasn't lost his touch, he has lost some of the worldly wit that separates the Bond classics from the series' second-string successes. ★★★½

Grab a crash helmet and go for *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* (Paramount). No, it's not as fresh and exhilarating as *Raiders*, but how could it be? Here's an antidote for anyone who sensed sequel sluggishness in *Temple of Doom*. With Harrison Ford back for his third outing as Jones—and River Phoenix briefly playing Indiana as a boy wonder in a rousing sequence aboard a train full of wild beasts and badmen—director Steven Spielberg has done it again. One of the best ideas in this second sequel was recruiting Sean Connery to play Indiana's father, a crusty professor who mysteriously vanishes on a



Silverman, Stewart *Weekending*.

When it comes to lazy,
hazy-day movie fare,
summer hot, summer not.

quest for the Holy Grail. Connery and Ford are a testy father-son duo, sharing quips, imminent danger, even the favors of a gorgeous Nazi (newcomer Alison Dooly). And why not, argues Connery as the elder Jones: "I'm as human as the next man." To which Indiana retorts, "I was the next man." *Last Crusade* is an adult comic strip, hyperkinetic high adventure that scarcely pauses for breath. ★★★

The press coverage and favorable reviews it richly deserves may become a handicap for *sex, lies, and videotape* (Miramax) if audiences are led to expect too much. What they get is plenty—a small, bold, titillating and penetratingly intelligent first feature by 26-year-old writer-director Steven Soderbergh, who hereby takes a giant step from obscurity to overnight success. This trendy and intensely personal domestic drama beams in like a laser on four bright young people in Baton Rouge whose lives are not quite what they seem. Ann, played in a moving minor key by Andie MacDowell, is the mildly malcontent wife of John, a successful lawyer (Peter Gallagher; see "Off Camera"). While their sex life has lost its zing, Ann tells her shrink that she doesn't much care. She also doesn't know that John is getting it on with her kid sister Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's a bartender and a sultry, predatory sibling rival. Everyone's lies are exposed after the return of Graham (James Spader), a former school chum of John's, who professes a passion for

honesty—to the point of admitting that he's impotent and can get his gonads jump-started only by making video tapes of women confiding their darkest sexual secrets. In an austere, laid-back and deadpan comic style that curiously enhances its impact, *sex, lies, and videotape* examines the values of smart young media-saturated moderns who combine late-Eighties amorality—anything goes if you can get away with it—with the emotional depth of Beautiful People in TV commercials. Although Soderbergh himself is the real find, his movie puts all its actors into orbit and marks a major career breakthrough for actress-model MacDowell, who, as Tarzan's well-bred mate in *Greystoke*, once had all her dialog dubbed by Glenn Close. On her own here in first-class company, Andie is dandy. ★★★

Everything from Bellini to Mozart to Verdi is splendidly sung in *The Music Teacher* (Orion Classics), last year's Belgian entry for an Oscar as best foreign-language film. Another movie won, probably because operatic excerpts are insufficient cause to celebrate pretty period schmaltz about a great singing star (bass-baritone José van Dam, an excellent actor as well as a voice often resounding through the Met and La Scala) who retires to train two younger talents. One (Philippe Volter) is a petty thief unaware of his potential as a leading tenor, the other (Anne Roussel) a shy soprano. The two are destined to fall in love and triumph in a vocal competition almost at the very moment their old master is dying. Music lovers may lend an ear, but haven't we had enough of broken hearts accompanied by crashing cadenzas? ★★

Think again before rushing off to the French-made *Kung Fu Master* (Expanded Entertainment) in the mistaken belief that it's a martial-arts epic. The title refers to a video game favored by a 15-year-old who looks 13 but manages to excite a 40ish divorcee (Jane Birkin) with two young daughters. She and the boy slip away for a romantic idyl that has all the erotic impact of a tutoring session in algebra. France's esteemed writer-director Agnès Varda casts her own son, Mathieu Demy (director Jacques Demy is his father), as the *garçon* who's supposedly irresistible. Maybe it makes more sense to the French. Over here, *Kung Fu* looks like fair game for charges of child abuse. ★

According to *Young Einstein* (Warner), the famed scientist who came up with the theory of relativity was the son of a Tasmanian apple farmer. When he inadvertently launched the nuclear age, Albert's real intention was to find some way of putting bubbles into beer. Later he invented rock



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Oh, Mr. Gallagher.

OFF CAMERA

He's an award-winning young star on Broadway (for Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing*), but dark, handsome **Peter Gallagher**, at 32, has been less lucky with movies. In *The Idolmaker*, a 1980 also-ran but now a cult favorite, he played a rock star. Critics scoffed when he swam nude on a Greek island with Daryl Hannah, who tied him down and dripped candle wax on his bare chest, in *Summer Lovers* (1982). Things were looking up as he headed for the Cannes Film Festival to hype his sixth film, the definitive study of Yuppie love called *sex, lies, and videotape*. "It feels great to be with something hot," says Gallagher, who plays a philandering young lawyer who sleeps with his wife's sister. At one rendezvous, he waits for her in bed with a potted plant covering his groin. "That was my idea," says Gallagher. "I thought the character would look silly lying there with a sheet pulled over his *schwanz*." Early reports indicate that the movie could put Gallagher's screen career in gear. After one L.A. screening, he got a phone call from Jack Lemmon, who, he says, "couldn't wait to tell me what he'd overheard a woman saying about me on the way out: 'He has such a subtle way of being a complete asshole.'" After Cannes, Gallagher was heading for Prague to film *Milena*, starring Valerie Kaprisky as a Czech who translates Kafka. "I play her first husband, a notorious womanizer." Is he leery of being typecast as a rake? "That's not the worst thing that could happen," says Gallagher, grinning, "but we're losing the candle wax and potted plant."

this exuberantly madcap biographical spoof that bursts at the seams with innocence and good will. Down under, Yahoo broke box-office records and became a pop idol with crossover appeal rivaling that of vintage Monty Python or the Beatles at their peak. He's neither as funny as the former nor as musical as the latter, but he is Seriously hard to resist. **YYY**

What's missing from *The Tall Guy* (Vestron) is probably the fine, frenzied hand of Mel Brooks. Midway through this British-made comedy starring Jeff Goldblum as a Yank actor in London, we're treated to glimpses of the opening night of a big hit show called *Elephant!* It's a musical version of *The Elephant Man*, with Goldblum, in the title role, sporting a tiny trunk and thick skin to dramatize his deformity. Brooks, whose manic energy once made movie history with *The Producers'* song-and-dance classic *Springtime for Hitler*, might have managed another *coup de théâtre* here. *Tall Guy* just isn't funny, despite dogged efforts by Goldblum as a straight man itching to be a star while making out with a Polish nymphomaniac (Joanna Kanska), a nurse (Emma Thompson) and his leading lady (Kim Thomson). Goldblum stretches his own talents, but this screwball comedy finally comes up short. **YY**

Near the end of World War Two, an American soldier (Gary Graham) and his Japanese counterpart (Cary-Hiroyuki Tagawa) confront each other on an isolated South Pacific island. *The Last Warrior* (SVS Films) has a sparsely worded, occasionally strained screenplay about a GI nonplused by his encounter with an enemy who dreams of dying gloriously by the sword, samurai style. Despite credibility gaps, the movie is made memorable by superior camerawork, stylish scoring and editing, plus inventive, edge-of-your-seat direction by writer-director Martin Wragge, clearly a guy with the gift of gab when it comes to film language. Another discovery is Maria Holvøe, who plays a beautiful blonde religious novice, the untouchable virgin who gives the American something to think about between *mano-a-mano* battles with his foe. (There was no such diversionary eroticism for Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune, who made essentially the same movie, *Hell in the Pacific*, in 1969.) **YY½**

A skip tracer who likes to assume disguises meets a bail-jumping blonde in *Pink Cadillac* (Warner), which has counterfeiters, \$258,000 in contraband cash, white-supremacist hoodlums, the blonde's baby—and that car. Taking turns behind the wheel are Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters, the long and short of it, evidently having a very good time with a screenplay more wordy than witty. Beclouded or not, the stars glitter. **YY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Chocolat** (Reviewed 7/89) Some French colonials' hang-ups about color. **YYY**
Comedy's Dirtiest Dozen (8/89) Raunchy stand-ups TV won't touch. **YY½**
Comic Book Confidential (Listed only) A panel discussion, with balloons. **YYY**
Do the Right Thing (8/89) Spike Lee on racism, wryly recycled as showbiz. **YYYY**
Field of Dreams (7/89) Baseball players from a diamond in the sky, with Kevin Costner as the beautiful dreamer. **YYY**
Getting It Right (7/89) Jolly English farce features Lynn Redgrave making waves with a virginal hairdresser. **YY**
How to Get Ahead in Advertising (7/89) Rachel Ward's the baffled wife of a chap promoting a cure for zits. **YY½**
Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade (See review) Ford in a solid sequel. **YYYY**
Kung Fu Master (See review) He's still very wet behind the ears. **Y**
The Last Warrior (See review) New look at a familiar World War Two story. **YY½**
Lawrence of Arabia (5/89) All this and hail Peter O'Toole. Masterful. **YYYYY**
La Lectrice (8/89) Erotica by the book with France's grand Miou-Miou. **YYY**
Licence to Kill (See review) Bond's back, and Dalton has him. **YYYY½**
Little Vera (5/89) Sexual revolution one steppe at a time, with Russia's Natalya Negoda leading the way. **YY½**
Lost Angels (8/89) Troubled teen Adam Horovitz meets Donald Sutherland. **YY½**
The Music Teacher (See review) Melodic, but we've heard this song before. **YY**
Pink Cadillac (See review) Needs work, but Clint and Bernadette deliver. **YY**
The Rainbow (7/89) Early D. H. Lawrence done to a turn by Ken Russell. **YYY**
Road House (8/89) Patrick Swayze's the bouncer and the whole show. **Y½**
Scandal (5/89) Bad little girls go everywhere with naughty Brits. **YYY**
Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills (8/89) Socially irrelevant—and lots of wicked fun. **YYY**
sex, lies, and videotape (See review) Busy foursome involved with all three. **YYYY**
Shell Shock (8/89) Postwar blues. **YY½**
The Tall Guy (See review) Yankee doodling with an actor in London. **YY**
Weekend at Bernie's (See review) Body snatchers with a sense of humor. **YY½**
Young Einstein (See review) With love from down under, a Serious comedy. **YYY**

YYYYY Outstanding

YYYY Don't miss

YY Worth a look

YYY Good show

Y Forget it



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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



"I am so easy when it comes to the videos I enjoy," says X-flick-queen emeritus Marilyn Chambers. Indeed, her VCR hit list ranges from psychological mysteries to screwball comedies starring Carole Lombard to anything by Ingmar Bergman ("My favorite director, no question"). And while lush romances—*Casablanca*, *The African Queen*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*—score high marks with Chambers, she's a pushover for steamier love stories such as *The Big Easy* and *Two Moon Junction*. Which brings us to the real question: Does Marilyn (whose recent *Party Incorporated* is R-rated) ever rent the types of videos she used to make? Absolutely. "But when I sit down to an X-rated film, I honestly don't want to see a story and all that shit," she admits. "I just like to see the actors getting into it like I did—really having a good time." —LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEO ROCK

Woodstock is 20 years old; *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* has faded into late-night oblivion; MTV caters to the Clearasil crowd. But fear not, there is a niche in videoland for rollicking live concert films in the tradition of *Monterey Pop* and the Stones' *Gimme Shelter*. Namely:

The Last Waltz: Robbie Robertson leads the Band's 1976 farewell concert, joined by Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton and Ringo Starr. Martin Scorsese's direction—with intimate close-ups and personal interviews—set the standard for all rock flicks to follow.

Stop Making Sense: Jonathan Demme captured this 1984 Talking Heads gig by focusing on the performance, which includes a slide show of bare body parts and Byrne cavorting about in his big suit. The real scorcher: *Burning Down the House*.

Sign 'O' the Times: The dynamic imp of sex rock, Prince, brings his steamy road show—complete with ladyfriends—to your home. For every yin of his hips, there's a bone-cracking yang from Cat Glover. You'll also see a pumped-up Sheena Easton, and drummer Sheila E.'s snare is beyond compare. The music ain't bad, either.

The Everly Brothers Reunion Concert: One of the more quietly received events of this decade was the 1983 reunion of Don and Phil. But video never forgets, and the legendary duo proves that its harmonies survived the test of time. By the way, if watching with your lady, fast-forward to *Wake Up, Little Susie*. Remember how it worked for you back then? It still will.

Led Zeppelin: The Song Remains the Same: Take some dry ice, mix in thousands of

shrieking fans hoisting their butanes, splice in shots of the Zep's golden tour jet, throw in a few long-haired maidens, add a handful of joints tossed on stage by a generous crowd—and you have only half of this video. Sheer madness.

—CHRIS NAPOLITANO

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Lately, we've been seeing a lot of straight-to-video films—movies that never quite made it at (or to) your neighborhood theater. This can mean a good film that fell through the cracks or, more frequently, a dog that deservedly died at the box office. Here's a guide to a few of them:

Cohen and Tate: His fans may object, but Roy Scheider is effective as a hired killer whose partner (Adam Baldwin) wants to waste a kid they have just orphaned. Have a six-pack handy.

The Experts: This Travolta film went straight to video and you'll see why. He's a disco-club-hopper shanghaied to Russia, where there's a fake Nebraska town used by the K.G.B. to train agents. Got it? *Glasnost* killed off this turkey. Good riddance.

Secret Obsession: Would you believe Julie Christie singing torch songs in a North African gin mill? Ben Gazzara's her lover, tortured by guilt over a bastard son. Atmospheric but asinine. Poor Julie.

Stealing Heaven: Elegant 12th Century erotica about classic star-crossed lovers Héloïse and Abélard. Denholm Elliott is the vengeful uncle who has his niece's tutor castrated. Sexploitation in high style.

Under the Gun: Sam Jones (who once played

Flash Gordon) plays a Dirty Harry-ish cop opposite former dethroned Miss America Vanessa Williams—lookin' good, acting adequately. Both deserve better things.

White Hot: Not very. Director and star Robby Benson has mostly himself to blame for his poor showing as a "temp" drug dealer who just wants to clear up his debts. Tawny Kitaen is his wife with a bad habit.

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Remote Possibilities: OK, thanks to Magnavox, now you'll never have to get off the couch. Yep, its new four-head VCR (VR9846AT) has a 49-function remote control. Included with this hand-held masterpiece are full on-screen function displays and bar-code programing.

Childproof TV: Tired of your kids' watching slasher films? JVC's Telstar Master Command II line comes with a feature that lets you lock out three channels with a code known only to you. —MAURY LEVY

SHORT TAKES

Best Let's-Pray-You'll-Never-Be-This-Bored Videos: *The Magic of Paper Folding* and *Tissue Paper Art*; Best Building Videos Not Inspired by Donald Trump: *Building Mr. Universe Thighs* and *Building Your Own Rod*; Most Pathetic How-to Tapes: *How to Party*; Favorite Video Conversations: *How to Talk to the Elk*, *How to Find and Call the Wild Turkey* and *Soliloquy to a Salmon and the Atlantic Salmon*; Best It's-a-Living Video: *Boning and Carving*.

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING INTENSE	<i>Mississippi Burning</i> (1964 civil rights murder case in Deep South; flawed history but explosive drama); <i>Dangerous Liaisons</i> (serious bed-hopping in 18th Century France; Pfeiffer at her loveliest, Close at her wickedest); <i>Child's Play</i> (kid's dall on murder spree; silly, scary as hell).
FEELING FUNNY	<i>Twins</i> (Schwarzenegger and DeVito as long-last sibs; directed by Ivan [Ghostbusters] Reitman); <i>The Best of Gilda Radner</i> (remembering S.N.L.'s funniest lady; Roseanne Roseannadanna, Baba Wawa, et al.); <i>The In-Laws</i> (Arkin as harried dentist, Falk as crazy CIA agent; a riot).
FEELING LOW-KEY	<i>The Accidental Tourist</i> (quiet, quirky love story with a powerhouse cast topped by Oscar winner Geena Davis); <i>Bird</i> (Clint Eastwood's tribute to the life and music of Charlie Parker; best for jazz buffs); <i>The Great Whales</i> (whale-watching on your VCR; from <i>National Geographic</i>).
FEELING SPORTY	<i>Dirty Tennis</i> (Dick Van Patten on how to humiliate your court rival; a nasty, funny crash course); <i>Grand Slam!</i> (replays and recollections of 37 baseball greats; Billy Crystal guest-stars); <i>AWWF Premiere</i> (top lady wrestlers in "steamy one-on-ones" and "titillating tag teams").

I love museums.
I've been to Cooperstown
three times.



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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

THERE ARE a handful of writers who dare to wrestle larger-than-life themes, pursue extremes and transcend the normal limitations of prose to reach for a personal vision of The Great American Novel. Thomas Pynchon, Norman Mailer and Robert Stone come to mind. With *Mile Zero* (Knopf), Thomas Sanchez joins them.

His bold, vividly imagined novel set in Key West skillfully intertwines half a dozen story lines into the central tale of a Cuban-American cop searching through the wildly diverse collection of Conchs, Haitians, drug runners, Vietnam vets, gays, crazies, burnt-outs, barflies and idealists to find a killer. The plot, an absorbing phantasmagoria in itself, is a way of exploring the history and culture of Key West, the southernmost extreme of the United States: "Mile Zero" of Highway One. This symbolic place is also our deepest territorial incursion into the worlds of the Caribbean and Latin America—the end of the road and the start of the American dream for legal and illegal refugees.

Sanchez embellishes the natural metaphor of this island in dazzling passages of poetic prose: the kind of language to give you a late-night literary high. Then he brings you back to earth with a rich cast of Faulknerian folk characters—people such as St. Cloud, the burnt-out Sixties radical forgetting his losses in bottles of rum; MK, the Vietnam vet turned drug runner; Evelyn, who spent her youth sleeping with soldiers to persuade them not to go to Vietnam and now turns to women for love; Angelica, a sexy antifeminist who won't take yes for an answer; Isaac, the dying painter, who is a brilliant portrait of the artist as an old man; and Justo Tamarindo, the son of a Cuban cigar maker, who seeks moral truth in a town full of blurry ethical accommodations.

Beyond the powerful storytelling and rich characterization, there is a spiritual dimension to *Mile Zero* that is rare in American fiction. Conjuring with Key West images of Santeria, voodoo and Catholicism, Sanchez takes us to the metaphysical core of every character. He embraces a swirl of philosophical ideas and themes on a big canvas and suggests through his island oddballs that each of us, no matter how mundane our lives, embodies a cosmological struggle. This novel is a rare and exhilarating experience, a brilliant wide-angle metaphorical treatise on modern American life.

If *Mile Zero* is a poetic distillation of reality, Jonathan Coleman's *Exit the Rainmaker* (Atheneum) is the nonfiction version of everyone's secret fantasy. One day in 1982, a respected and beloved 47-year-old college president, who lived in a 23-room Georgian house in southern Maryland with his



Mile Zero: a Great American Novel.

Explore Key West,
indulge your secret fantasy
and laugh your ass off.

wife of 14 years, simply disappeared. Although about 600,000 missing persons are reported to the FBI each year, few are successful men who walk away from it all with \$28,000 in their pockets. Fewer still are located by a writer who tells the story of such a Walter Mitty fantasy in detail.

The book begins with a step-by-step recounting of how Jay Carsey's wife, colleagues, family and friends were shocked to learn that he had disappeared, leaving only some brief, unenlightening farewell notes. Despite speculations, fears and even pursuit by a private investigator, Carsey could not be found. Coleman then details, often in the fugitive's own words, how Carsey had planned this disappearance over a period of six months, though the motivation for it was not clear, even to him. (Later, we learn about the pressures of his job, the problems in his marriage, his first infidelity and his suspicion that people liked him only for his position, not for himself.) Jay headed for El Paso, Texas, where he started tending bar, eventually remarried and spent years traveling.

The New Yorker's Italy correspondent, William Murray, describes himself as a race-track degenerate who supports his habit by writing novels. Personally, I hope he never wins big enough to stop writing, because the comic capers of his alter ego, horse player/magician Shifty Lou Anderson, "The Poor Man's Houdini," become more hilarious with each book. In his fourth Shifty novel, *The King of the Nightcap* (Bantam), our hero becomes the owner of

a horse with a belly so big it looks pregnant. He also gets mixed up with a beautiful female jockey, a priceless Mayan artifact and ends up performing in a porno film as "Bram Stoker." Murray has the lighthearted touch of a contemporary Damon Runyon and surrounds himself with a cast of eccentrics to match.

Speaking of comedy, *The Fireside Treasury of New Humor* (Fireside), edited by Al Sarantonio, is an uneven but occasionally hysterically funny collection of comedy writing from the past 15 years. This anthology is worth having for P. J. O'Rourke's "How to Drive Fast on Drugs While Getting Your Wing-Wang Squeezed and Not Spill Your Drink" alone, but there are outrageous contributions from Ian Frazier, Roy Blount Jr., Joe Bob Briggs and Tom Bodett. At long last, some women have broken into the comedy club, including Delia Ephron, Merrill Markoe, Fran Lebowitz, Cynthia Heimel and Stephanie Brush (whose "Can You Be Friends with Your Brain?" is a gem).

Finally, Robert Olen Butler has written a heart-wrenching, bittersweet novel about a Vietnamese teenager called *The Deuce* (Simon & Schuster). Vo Dinh Thanh lives with his mother, a drug addict and prostitute, in Saigon until his American father comes to take him just before the collapse in 1975. He is renamed Anthony James Hatcher and tries to live in middle-class Point Pleasant, New Jersey. But torn by personal demons and cultural conflicts, he runs away to 42nd Street in New York, known as "the Deuce" in street lingo, and takes on that nickname as his third identity. His struggle to survive in that slum nightmare and to come to grips with his Vietnamese heritage is told in the street-wise voice of a hurt, scared kid. This is a tough, moving book.

BOOK BAG

Running the Amazon (Knopf), by Joe Kane: Few places are as wild as the 4200 miles of the Amazon River. If you remember Martin Sheen's boat ride in *Apocalypse Now*, add drug smugglers, subtract Brando and prepare for an adventure.

The Legend of Chris-Craft (Write Stuff), by Jeffrey L. Rodengen: For the better part of the past 115 years, Chris-Craft has been the name in American boating. This epic volume charts its course in pictures and words. Prepare for a long cruise through waters sometimes less than calm.

How to Abuse and Insult Everyone!, by Fred Reiss: If you've ever been a few seconds too late with a comeback, buy Reiss (\$6.95 to P.O. Box 1523, Pacifica, California 94044). "Nice shirt—didn't realize Domino's had springwear!" is a favorite.

DAVE MARSH

NO ROCK-AND-ROLL story can be complete without a healthy smudge of vulgarity, but despite what Sam Kinison and his wrestling cronies seem to believe, vulgarity by itself is never sufficient. That's why the priorities of great rock and roll are far better fulfilled by N.W.A.'s *Straight Outta Compton* (Ruthless/Priority) and Sandra Bernhard's *Without You I'm Nothing* (Enigma).

N.W.A.'s musical settings first slice current R&B fashion to ribbons and then go on to pretty up the latest in gang-culture bad-mouthing. There's not a track here to give a radio programmer comfort, and a whole bunch of what the group has to say (about women, drugs, cops and the sanctity of private property) will make any moderately civilized soul squirm. But that's the point: N.W.A. establishes its turf within Southern California's gangland street culture by not just eschewing but eviscerating middle-class morality. This isn't a bohemian stance; it's the real thing—music to make the blood run cold, and for no better reason than just to make sure it fits into the culture that produced it. The group says its initials stand for Niggas with Attitude.

Sandra Bernhard is N.W.A. with a smiling face. Sort of. From the first number, in which she guts cabaret singing, to the last, a riotous female-but-not-feminist reading of Prince's *Little Red Corvette*, she batters everything she loathes in contemporary culture, which is almost everything. Bernhard is the perfect hipster, which means she reserves her deepest animosity for other hipsters. And so, in the grand tradition of Lou Reed, as a brassy comedienne with attitude, Bernhard is a rock-and-roll star even if her covers of *Zombies* and *Marvin Gaye* tunes veer off in the direction of the night-club ditties she loves to loathe.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

One reason nobody knew what the Beastie Boys were going to do for an encore is that *Licensed to Ill* redefined rap as music. In a cutthroat world predicated on the insult, you don't do that twice. But if *Paul's Boutique* (Capitol) doesn't jump you the way great rap usually does, it announces that these guys aren't about to burn out on their vaunted vices—not cheeba, not pussy, certainly not fame. With producer Rick Rubin now turning out hard rock full time, *Paul's Boutique* skips the expansive pop-metal hooks that made the Beasties rich and famous. It's not as thick and threatening as *Public Enemy* or as waggish as *De La Soul*, but the Beasties and *Tone-Loc's* *Dust Brothers* have worked out a sound that sneaks up on you with its stark beats and literal-minded samples, sometimes in a disturbing way. And while I



Bernhard rock.

Tough titters from Sandra Bernhard and even tougher stuff from N.W.A.

don't hear a *Fight for Your Right*, I also wasn't smart enough to handicap *Wild Thing* as the biggest rap single in history. Bearing down on the cleverest rhymes in the biz—"Expanding the horizons and expanding the parameters / Expanding the rhymes of sucker m.c. amateurs"—the Beasties concentrate on tall tales rather than boasting or dissing. In their irresponsible, exemplary way, they make fun of drug misuse, racism, assault and other real vices fools may accuse them of. And because they're still bad boys, other bad boys may take them seriously.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

As a press agent's concept, "Donny Osmond leaves his repressively inane past behind" is compelling. Unfortunately, as the idea behind his comeback, *Donny Osmond* (Capitol), it doesn't work. Escaping sister Marie to pose for pictures with Billy Idol and to become a less explicit George Michael—with black-leather jacket and stubble—does not qualify as liberation in my dictionary. But if your heart is heavy with nostalgia for Flock of Seagulls-type synthesizer riffs, maybe it will in yours.

Lately, I've been reaching for *Bombs Away* (Rykodisc), by Evan Johns and the H-Bombs, when I need a shot of adrenaline from my cassette player. A seventh-degree black belt in Texas twang, Johns plays ferociously exuberant guitar and sings in exuberantly ferocious voice. Note that this is rock and roll, not the usual

aerobic recycling of virtuoso blues that seems to be the norm in Texas. Johns and his H-Bombs are truly explosive (aided by the incendiary production of Gary Tallent from the E Street Band) and deserve a hearing beyond the roadhouse.

NELSON GEORGE

The O'Jays are back but without the legendary writer-producers Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff. Once an unknown Ohio trio, the O'Jays became Gamble and Huff's favorite mouthpieces. But this is 1989, not 1975, and Eddie Levert, Walter Williams and Sammy Strain have moved on to control their destiny. Levert, Williams and friend Terry Stubbs produced most of *Serious* (EMI), with other cuts contributed by Gerald Levert and Marc Gordon of the O'Jays' off-shoot trio, LeVert, and by Los Angeles-based producer Dennis Lambert. While the songs aren't as distinctive as the classic O'Jays hits, the singing is as soulful and stirring as ever. In fact, one of

GUEST SHOT



ALTHOUGH still best known for his guitarwork in the *Police*, **Andy Summers'** career as a composer, a producer and an instrumentalist has taken off with "The Golden Wire," his second solo LP. He was eager to hear the latest from some other multitalented music makers, the *Neville Brothers*.

"*Yellow Moon*, in spite of a few flaws, is a great record. The outstanding thing—as always—is Aaron Neville's singing. It's the tone quality, the phrasing—all those things. His is a God-given gift—an extremely sweet sound—and the way he breaks into falsetto is spine-tingling. And the production here is great; I've never heard his voice so clearly on vinyl before. He and the band bring amazing interpretations to Bob Dylan songs, like *With God on Our Side*—very powerful, very soulful. Some of the material sounds a little too much like their usual New Orleans stuff—then again, they're the kings of that genre. I recommend *Yellow Moon* highly. It solidifies the Nevilles' place in American music in a big way."

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Beastie Boys <i>Paul's Boutique</i>	9	2	8	1	7
Aretha Franklin <i>Through the Storm</i>	7	7	9	4	7
Kingdom Come <i>In Your Face</i>	3	6	5	3	3
N.W.A. <i>Straight Outta Compton</i>	6	0	8	7	8
Donny Osmond	1	3	6	2	3

SEE ME, FEEL ME DEPARTMENT: Writer **Danny Sugarman**, who moonlights as the *Doors'* keeper of the flame, turned down a request from Trojan condoms to use the *Doors'* 1969 hit *Touch Me* in a commercial. Ah, life; ah, art!

REELING AND ROCKING: **Smokey Robinson** is working out a deal to bring his autobiography to the big screen. . . . Former **Blaster Dave Alvin** is writing songs for the next **John Waters** film, *Cry Baby*, a fantasy about the birth of rock and roll. The movie stars **Johnny Depp**, with appearances by **Iggy Pop**, **Traci Lords**, **Patty Hearst** and that Fifties icon, **Troy Donahue**. . . . *Depeche Mode 101*, the band's movie, is raking in big bucks without any newspaper advertising. . . . Look for **Dolly Parton**, along with **Shirley Maclaine** and **Sally Field**, in *Steel Magnolias*. . . . We're crossing our fingers: *The Rock 'n' Roll High School* sequel will likely have the **Ramones** involved again. . . . Yes, that's **Tiffany's** voice doing **Judy Jetson** in *Jeltons: The Movie*.

NEWSBREAKS: **Jason Bonham** and his band will have a debut album in the stores any day now. . . . **Laurie Anderson** is planning a concert tour from October to April, doing a week in each place. . . . Among the artists who will have boxed sets out before Christmas are the **Bee Gees**, **Van Morrison**, **Simon and Garfunkel**, the **Byrds**, **Moody Blues**, **Bob Marley** and the **Who**, to name a few. Last year's **Eric Clapton**, **Dylan** and **Bruce Springsteen** sets each sold more than 250,000 copies. . . . **Jimmy Jam** and **Terry Lewis** are too busy starting up a record label and producing the likes of **Janet Jackson** to participate in reuniting their former band, the **Time**. . . . **John Cougar Mellencamp** has produced the debut album of **James McMurtry**, son of novelist **Larry (Last Picture Show, Lonesome Dove) McMurtry**. Mellencamp says producing other people isn't

his thing, but "this kid is such a wonderful writer." Like father, like son. . . . Newcastle-Under-Lyme College in England will offer a 15-week summer course on the **Beatles**, free to students, thanks to a grant from the band's record company. . . . **Hall & Oates** are gearing up for their 18th album. . . . **Natalie Cole** and **Dionne Warwick** are appearing together in Las Vegas right about now. . . . In other Dionne news: She, **Patti LaBelle** and **Gladys Knight** are planning another HBO special and a possible tour and record. . . . Rock merchandising is finally moving out of concert halls and record stores to malls and 7-Elevens. Aside from the ubiquitous T-shirt, look for socks, beach towels and nightshirts. . . . **Boy George** says he's writing songs for a **Culture Club** reunion. . . . The Sixties group **Moby Grape** has reunited to produce a video documentary and an album. Only one problem: Legal snarls bar them from using the name that made them famous. So they're calling themselves the **Melvilles**. Get it? . . . The CBS ten-part series *The Masters of R&B* should be in full swing by now. Why can't this last past the summer? . . . Motown plans to merchandise its logo on clothes, hats, glasses and watches starting next year. . . . **INXS** won't begin recording a follow-up to *Kick* until November. . . . Finally, here's one for all you frustrated performers, off-key singers and rhythmless dancers: The International Association of Whistlers and **John Ascuaga's Nugget** in Reno, Nevada, invite you to The World's 12th International (foreign competition, even!) Whistle-Off on October 14-15. Work on something technically difficult. How about the *Orange Blossom Special*?

—BARBARA NELLIS

the pleasant things about *Serious* is how it showcases not only Levert's passionate lead voice but Williams' mellow tenor. On the ballad *Out of My Mind* and the slow-tempo *Leave It Alone*, the interplay between the flashy Levert and the supple Williams makes the songs work. But *Have You Had Your Love Today?*, a hip-hop-R&B track, wants to be on the cutting edge of black pop but comes off contrived. It is the more mainstream material that makes *Serious*, well, serious.

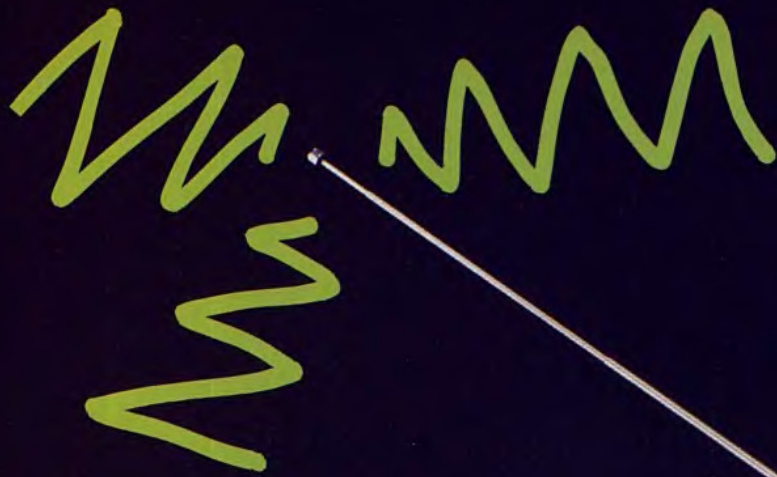
Soul II Soul (Virgin) is the latest assault by the black British invasion. A concoction of two writer-producers, Jazzie B and Nellee Hooper, *Soul II Soul* attempts to present a U.K. interpretation of a wide range of African-American musical genres (rap, house, R&B). Mostly, the music is more interesting than compelling. The exception is *Keep On Movin'*, on which Caron Wheeler's vocal floats over a track that blends a hip-hop drum-machine beat with a swirling string arrangement. The tension between the two sounds is exhilarating.

VIC GARBARINI

Most fans willing to shell out almost \$60 for such box sets as **Eric Clapton's Crossroads** or the **Santana** retrospectives expect to get all their heroes' hits, plus some rare or previously unreleased material. **Dreams** (Polygram), an Allman Brothers extravaganza, is the latest four-CD/six-album opus, put together by the same folks who brought you *Crossroads*. **Duane and Gregg**, aided by **Dickey Betts**, were arguably the best white blues-rock aggregation to come out of the South. And while *Dreams* may be a musicologist's delight, its many minor faults add up to a major irritation. Unlike *Crossroads*, where the hit version of the title tune was presented along with an invigorating slow-burn alternate take from the **Dominoes** period, *Dreams* offers decidedly inferior takes of the band's two most incendiary, tight blues-rock romps, *One Way Out* and *Statesboro Blues*, and leaves out the classic originals. That's infuriating! Also, the remixes from the *Eat a Peach* session add nothing; they just fiddle with the originals enough to be pointlessly irritating. Why fix what doesn't need fixing?

What *does* work is the quad-to-stereo remixes of the *At Fillmore East* live material, which clarify and enrich without skewing the songs' dynamics. Rare highlights include a moving **Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.** tribute by Gregg from 1968, *God Rest His Soul*, in which he truly finds his own voice. Ditto an astonishing **Duane** solo piece from the same period, *Goin' Down Slow*, which features the most profound white-blues guitar playing I've ever heard—as if all of Clapton's **Bluesbreakers** sessions were squeezed into one song. Not so an almost 20-minute **King Curtis** tribute that highlights the **Allmans'** worst fault, interminable jams that tend to nod out in the middle. *Dreams* could have been fascinating at half the length and price.





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PUMP IT UP

DOUBLE DUB! DUB!!

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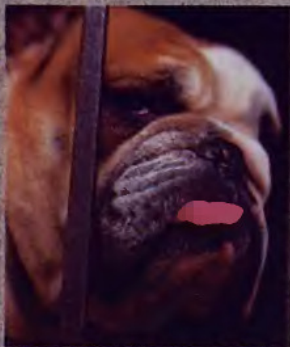


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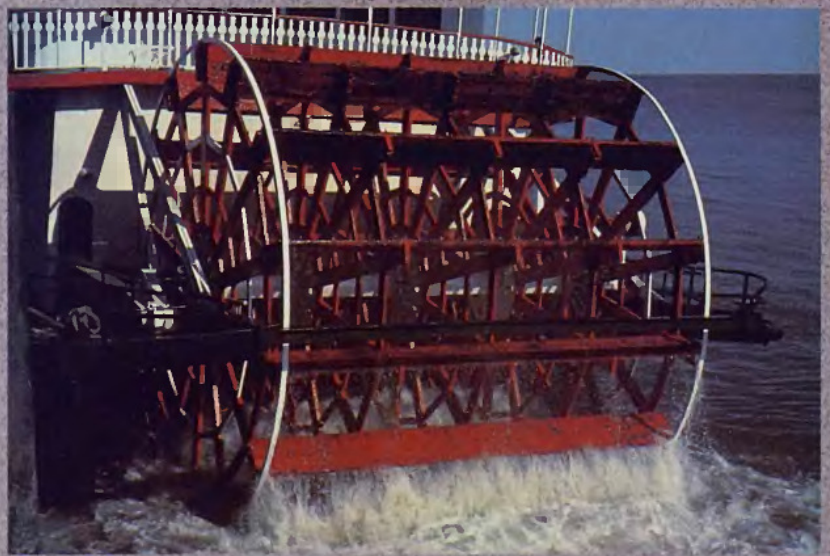
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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Each time college football season rolls around, I begin to ponder whether people can hold their own against wild animals, pets, colors and elements. Bears, Wildcats and Tigers abound, as we know, but there are plenty of people out there, make no mistake. Sooners are people, for instance. So are Cornhuskers, Mountaineers, Trojans, Rebels, Deacons and Tarheels. Even an Aggie is a person.

Other people happen to be Cavaliers, Volunteers, Hoosiers, Cowboys, Spartans, Middies, Crusaders, Illini, Black Knights, Jayhawkers and Boilermakers.

Which brings up something. Nothing against Purdue, a fine institution, but can you imagine a time in our nation's history when a student body would actually *choose* Boilermakers for a nickname?

Was it during the Industrial Revolution?

The Fighting Irish are also people, though in the interest of accuracy, today they might better be known as the Notre Dame Fighting Ethnics.

Frankly, there are too many Tigers, Wildcats and Bears around, as I see it.

Tigers can be found at Clemson, LSU, Missouri, Auburn and Princeton, not to forget Memphis State, Jackson State, Texas Southern, Doane, Occidental, Sewanee, Trinity (Texas) and Morehouse.

Wildcats are in evidence at Kentucky, Northwestern, Arizona and Kansas State, not to forget Villanova, Davidson, New Hampshire, Baker, Culver-Stockton and Abilene Christian.

Bears hibernate at Cal, Baylor and Brown, but there are Bruins at UCLA as well as Grizzlies at Montana and Polar Bears at Bowdoin. Berkeley's Bears are golden, by the way, which doesn't explain why their alums are Old Blue.

There are numerous pets in existence in the form of Georgia and Yale Bulldogs, Washington Huskies, Oregon Ducks, Oregon State Beavers, Minnesota Gophers, Wisconsin Badgers, Virginia Tech Gobblers, Boston U Terriers, Texas Longhorns, Rice and Temple Owls, and some might even concede TCU Horned Frogs and Maryland Terrapins, which are Terps to headline writers and Turtles to people who live in lagoons.

What about elements, you may ask? I'll give you elements. There are Hurricanes at Miami and Tulsa, though how a Hurricane would get to Tulsa is unclear, and there are Cyclones at Iowa State.

At the same time, there are at least three oceans that I know of. There is the Crim-



THE NAMES IN THE GAME

son Tide of Alabama, the Green Wave of Tulane and the Waves of Pepperdine, but none has ever scheduled a game against the Stoned Surfers.

Why? Because there are no Stoned Surfers, officially, just as there are no Alpacas, Armadillos, Boobies, Camels, Thistles, Dachshunds, Orangutans, Porcupines, Whippoorwills, Ruffed Grouses, Gnus, Iguanas, Egrets or Fighting Rodents.

Of equal interest is the fact that in a modern society, there are no Fighting Sheetrockers, Fighting Tree Planters, Fighting Pest Controllers, Fighting Roofers, Fighting Plumbers or Fighting Wallpaperers to suit up on Thanksgiving Day and do battle against their traditional rivals, the Fighting Pool Cleaners, the Fighting Appraisers, the Fighting Real Estate Agents, the Fighting Loan Officers, the Fighting Defense Attorneys and the Fighting Sportswriters.

Much is left to be done in this country.

Among people, a study shows that many of them are Indians. Bands of Indians roam the campuses of William & Mary, Arkansas State, McMurry, Catawba, Northeast Louisiana and Juniata, while bands of Redskins are at Miami of Ohio and Redmen roam the campuses of Ripon and Carthage. In addition, there are Seminoles at Florida State, Aztecs at San Diego State, Sioux at North Dakota, Chippewas at Cen-

tral Michigan, Choctaws at Mississippi College, a Tribe at Huron and, don't kid me, the Orangemen at Syracuse used to be Savages before they became a color.

All this despite Stanford's efforts to stamp out Indians a few years back.

In Palo Alto one swell day in the early Seventies, a small group of "Native Americans"—I say they were led by Sitting Bull's eighth ex-cousin by marriage—brought pressure to bear on a spineless administration, saying that the name Indians "de-meant their heritage."

The administration arranged a "student referendum" (at least six students out of 12,000 are known to have voted), and the once proud Stanford Indians, who used to go to the Rose Bowl a lot when they were Indians, suddenly became a silly color, the Stanford Cardinal.

This change still doesn't sit well with the school's old grads, nor has it ever been anything but a joke to the students, who from time to time will try to arrange another referendum and get the name changed to something more appropriate, such as the Wealthy Few or the Robber Barons. I happen to have a daughter who graduated from Stanford, and it was she who once said, "If we want to be like the Harvard Crimson, why not go all the way and become the Stanford Harvards?"

There are other colors around, to be sure. There is a Big Green at Dartmouth, which also used to be Indians, a Red and Blue at Penn, a Big Red at Cornell, a Big Red at Denison and some Maroons here and there.

Probably not many kiddies around who remember that the University of Chicago Maroons used to play football in the Big Ten when it was the Big Nine.

That was before the intellectuals on the campus decided that college football was a beastly endeavor, something that ought to be dropped so they could devote full time to inventing the atomic bomb.

Mississippi State once had Maroons, too, before they became Bulldogs. For years they were Maroons, but I'm not entirely sure it ever was a color.

My *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* says a maroon is "a fugitive negro slave of the West Indies and Guiana in the 17th and 18th Centuries."

Get back to me on that.



If you think people might think you order Chivas to show off,
maybe you're thinking too much.



12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 43% ALC./VOL. (86°) • © 1988 CHIVAS BROS. IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

What are you saving the Chivas for?



By ASA BABER

Are you ready for this, men? In just a few months, the Eighties will be dead and gone. We'll say farewell to the decade that brought us Ronnie and Nancy and Ollie and Madonna. Gosh, what titans they were, too! Isn't it awful to lose them like this?

What's ahead for us in the Nineties? Will Bill Bradley capture the White House in 1992? Will the Chicago Cubs finally play in the world series in 1995, exactly 50 years after their last series appearance? Will communism crumble before religious fundamentalism in 1999?

Wait a minute; this is a *Men* column. I almost forgot what I was writing here. These questions don't cut it. These questions aren't at the center of men's hearts.

Face it; the major question for men as they enter the Nineties has nothing to do with politics or sports or religion. No way. Us guys will be asking only one question as this decade passes: Will I get laid in the Nineties? is all we'll be thinking about on January first.

You've come to the right place to find out about your sexual future, men. Because "The Nineties Sex Quiz" that follows is a true indicator of your chances and possibilities. The men who take this test and pass it will be drowning nightly in the liquids of love, all the way from 1990 to the year 2000. But those who fail this quiz face a very dry ten years in the desert. Tough choices for tough guys, right?

If you're man enough, take the quiz. If you're chicken, pass it by. And please note: If you're a woman, do not read it. You would learn too much about us, and you know enough already, thank you.

1. The best opening line for the Nineties will be

- A. "Hi, I'm an investment banker."
- B. "Hi, I'm a commodities broker."
- C. "Hi, I'm a lawyer."
- D. "Hi, I'm not in debt."

2. The new dance of the decade will be

- A. The Donald Trump jump
- B. The George Bush surf 'n' glide
- C. The Frank Zappa fox trot
- D. The ayatollah stomp

3. To get in shape for sex, men will

- A. Pump iron
- B. Play golf
- C. Play tennis
- D. Pump fur

4. To get in shape for sex, women will

- A. Take aerobic-dance classes
- B. Practice yoga
- C. Take aikido



THE NINETIES SEX QUIZ

- D. Invent a nuclear-powered vibrator
- 5. The percentage of women who reach orgasm with you while having intercourse during the Nineties will be
 - A. 25 percent
 - B. 35 percent
 - C. 75 percent
 - D. You'll never really know, asshole
- 6. The sexiest gift for a woman will be
 - A. A dozen roses
 - B. A red Ferrari
 - C. A diamond necklace
 - D. All extant copies of your prenuptial/palimony agreements
- 7. The sexiest scent that will appeal to women in the Nineties will be
 - A. Eau de cologne
 - B. Eau de sperm
 - C. Eau de musk
 - D. Eau de surrender
- 8. The best sexual lubricant will be
 - A. K-Y jelly
 - B. Exxon sludge
 - C. Coconut oil
 - D. Penis butter
- 9. The favored sexual position for women during intercourse will be
 - A. Woman astride/man below
 - B. Man above/woman below
 - C. Side by side/belly to belly
 - D. The one she tried while she said she was visiting her sister, with three baseball players, a trucker and a trapeze
- 10. As a sign that she is your love slave

during the Nineties, your woman will

- A. Give you a hand job any time, anywhere
- B. Give you a blow job nightly
- C. Compose a pornographic poem about Mr. Happy and read it unannounced at the next city-council meeting
- D. Go pantiless every day of the week

11. The sexiest clothing a man can wear during the Nineties will be

- A. A gray three-piece suit
- B. Sweat shirt and jeans
- C. A short pink skirt and a cute little blouse with shoulder pads
- D. Nothing at all

12. The sexiest clothing a woman can wear during the Nineties will be

- A. An open Eisenhower jacket, a red garter belt and red pumps
- B. A very thin leopardskin leotard
- C. A SIZE COUNTS, WIDTH MATTERS, SO LET GO OF MY EARS, BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING T-shirt
- D. Nothing at all

13. By the year 2000, men and women will be

- A. Feuding and fighting
- B. Shucking and jiving
- C. Swinging and slinging
- D. Just plain doing it

14. The ideal woman of the Nineties will be

- A. Tall and sensuous
- B. Short and erotic
- C. Medium and carnal
- D. Indecent, improper, racy, suggestive, exciting, seductive, sexy, tantalizing, hedonistic, luscious, lusty, earthy, bawdy, amorous, fervent, eager, provocative, humorous, impassioned, romantic, torrid, turned on, wanton, orgasmic, risqué and X rated

15. To compute your score on this quiz, you should

- A. Multiply the number of "A" answers by your age
- B. Divide the number of "B" answers by pi
- C. Ask your mommy to figure it out
- D. Unilaterally declare that you passed it, toss it out and go play

An early Happy New Decade to you, men. The Nineties will be filled with challenges, but we all know the one that is at the top of our list. May the bluebird of sexuality visit your doorstep on a regular basis and may the new decade bring you all love, peace and wonderment.





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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I just had the most fabulous bath. I used perfumed oil with egg, honey and vanilla in it. I am now moisturized and smell like a cross between a garden and a cookie.

Does this mean I'm a designing woman? I've just read the July *Playboy*, within which I found a story about how there is a new strain of woman. A woman who wants to be taken care of, who looks for a rich man by going to fancy health clubs, who wants to have many babies and to be supported. A woman who manipulates, who flatters, who will do anything to get that wedding band. So I take a sweet bath to, let's face it, become optimally attractive. Is this playing fair? Is this what my column's about? No, my column is explaining stuff we do and know that men don't have a clue about. Like trying on a bathing suit.

1. Trying on a bathing suit.

You don't know. You think we just grab a few suits, take them to the dressing room, decide which one makes us look most like the cover of *Sports Illustrated* and buy it.

Hah. Wear a bathing suit, and we may as well be naked. So what if our genitals are covered? Those small yet disgusting pockets of flab about the waist are visible, the cellulite pocks are screaming for attention, those saddlebag thighs glow like beacons. When trying on bathing suits, we, who have spent two or so decades learning how to use clothes creatively to mask body flaws, immediately become suicidal.

It's early June, and I just got a call from Cleo.

"I'm going shopping for a bathing suit," she said in a voice of death.

"Have you taken a Valium?" I asked.

"A double dose. But you still have to come with me."

"No, I don't. Just remember that the overhead lighting in the changing booths is the most hideously unflattering light there is. With overhead lighting, you may as well have neon arrows flashing at body flaws. You'll be fine."

"Fuck you, I will not. Last time, I became so despondent that I bought nothing, went right to Häagen-Dazs, gained twelve pounds from one double hot-fudge sundae and stayed in my room all summer."

"OK, I'll be right over."

(Should I be telling this? Is this just giving ammunition to the enemy? Like when I told my last boyfriend the only thing that drove me crazy was infidelity and he immediately went out and fucked everything he saw? Are men the enemy? What's my



THINGS WE DO

position here?)

2. Clothing.

It drives us slightly insane that, when going out to some fancy restaurant for dinner in our great new jump suit, even the most sophisticated man will say, "Is that a new dress or what?" We women, who could all be awarded honorary doctorates in outfits, become despondent at our mates' lack of discernment and vocabulary. We would be thrilled if men knew what a bolero was, what a peplum was, but we would be satisfied if they could tell a dress from a skirt from a jump suit.

Dress: One item of clothing that goes from neckline to hem. Never pants.

Skirt: A garment that starts at the waist and goes downward to anywhere from thigh to ankle. Again, not pants.

Jump suit: Pants and a top made into one garment. Think gas-station attendant.

Bolero: A jacket no longer than waist length.

Peplum: A sudden, slightly mentally ill flare at the waist that goes to or past the hips. Especially helpful if the hips are mammoth or the stomach protrudes.

(There I go again. Now when a man goes out with a girl wearing a peplum, he will smirk knowingly.)

The thing is, dear masculine reader, that there is a method to my columns. I am out to prove that women are not Martians, that the glossy, peplum-wearing creature with highlighted hair is just another hu-

man being full of insecurity and weirdness. Some are smart, some are stupid, none come from another planet. I figure if I do this, I am bridging the abyss. That men won't be so afraid of and, therefore, so angry at women, that they will empathize. So I trust you enough to take you into the bathing-suit changing room. I am a saint. But maybe I don't belong in this magazine at all. Maybe it's like a clubhouse where men can be rowdy and mean and sexist and nobody will bother them.

3. At the hairdresser.

It is true that women will tell their hairdresser anything. We live in fear that he will make us look like Margaret Thatcher, so if he wants to know about our sex lives or tax crimes, fine. Some of us go to a hair colorist, too. We're just as afraid of him. There are two types of hair coloring—single process and highlighting. Single process is getting your hair colored one color all over. This lasts for about three days and then the dreaded roots appear. So we try highlighting, which costs a week's salary and involves having your hair wrapped in tin foil for hours. Only the odd strand is colored, so we can often last with highlighting for months. This is why you see many zebra-striped blondes around.

While we're wrapped in foil, we may have bikini waxing, so we can (ha, ha) look good in a bathing suit. That entails lying on a table while a woman in a white uniform paints hot wax on your pubic hair. She then covers the wax with a strip of cloth and rips the hair out. This hurts intensely, but we want to be beautiful.

(Yes, yes! We do try to trap men with our wiles! We do! And we do usually want a commitment, something solid and lasting! So sue us! Would you be happier if we all went around in sneakers and hairy legs, getting fatter and fatter? You'd kill us.)

I kind of liked that article about designing women. Because the underlying message—so subtle you could have missed it, so I'm telling you—is that men blew it. Women wanted to be out in the work force, the author says, but men never even picked up their socks, so women ended up working two jobs, home and office. Now women are giving up and looking for a provider. The message: Do your chores or you'll be turned into a meal ticket, and it may already be too late.

4. Birth control: what it feels like.

Maybe next month.




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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

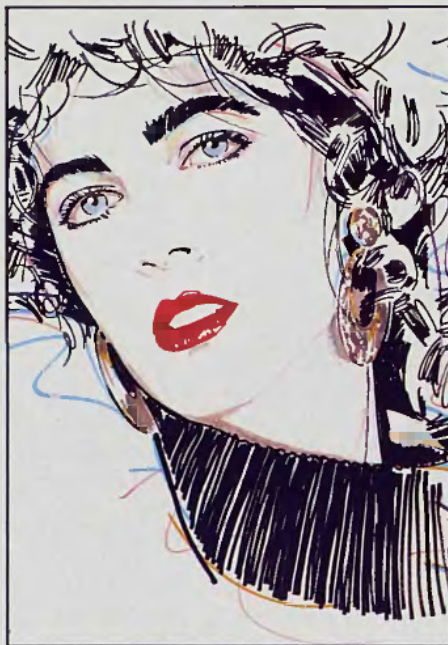
Have you ever heard of something called a Coney Island whitefish?—E. K., Dallas, Texas.

It's another name for a condom. And, for those of you looking for le mot juste, here's a dictionary of condom synonyms, from Susan Zimet and Victor Goodman's "The Great Cover Up: A Condom Compendium": American letter, American tips, armor/armor bag, armorial guise, assurance caps, baby balloons, bag/baggie, balloon, baudruche, bishop, bladder policies, buckskin, cabinet of love, calotte d'assurances, capote anglaise, cheater, chemisette, circular protector, coat, condrum, Coney Island whitefish, cover, cundum, Cutherean shield, diving suit, dog, dreadnought, eelskin, English cloak, English hat, English overcoat, English riding coat, envelope, fearnought, fishskin, French baudruche, French letter, French male safe, French safe, Frenchy, frog, frogskin, gant des dames, garbage bag, glove (Old English), goody bag, gossy, Grecian cap, gun, hat, Hefty garbage bag, instrument of safety, Italian letter, jo-bag, Johnnie, joy bag, kinga, latex, letter, luble, machine, male pessary, male safe, Malthus cap, manhole cover, meat casing, neurodh (Hindi), never-failing engine, nightcap, one-fingered glove, one-piece overcoat, peau divine, penis, penis wrapper, phallic, Port Said garter, postocaplyptrons, potent ally, propho, prophylactic, protective, protector, raincoat, receptacle for wild oats, redingote anglaise, rubber, rubber balloon, rubber duckie, safe, safety, safety cap, safety sheath, scum-bag, sheath, shield, shoe, shower cap, skin, Spanish letter, special-lies, sweater, thumble, thing, trousers and, finally, very tight trousers.

A couple of the guys at the local tennis club have switched to wide-body rackets. They claim that the thicker rackets give them more power. Is this bullshit or physics?—A. K., Skokie, Illinois.

If you hold a regular tennis racket in a forehand grip, the width of the side is about 18 millimeters. The rim provides a place to stretch gut, taking away your only valid excuse for missing a shot. When you hit the ball, there is some flex to the standard-size head. The new designs increase the width of the rim from 18mm to between 25mm and 38mm: The shift from narrow to wide rims gives extra stiffness and less flex. (In the past, this was accomplished by changing the material in the rim.) The result is greater power and more depth to your shots. Power is fun, but then, so is finesse. Ask to borrow one of the rackets for a weekend or try to find a demo. The new design could change your game into a form of limited warfare or shred it completely.

My girlfriend says that she can reach orgasm from nipple stimulation alone. Since I never engage in nipple stimulation alone,



I haven't witnessed the phenomenon firsthand. Have you ever heard of such a thing?—S. D., Chicago, Illinois.

Kids today. Whatever happened to heavy petting? It sounds to us as though your girlfriend has just given you a subtle hint that you are rushing your foreplay. Give her breasts an hour or so of your undivided attention and see what happens. Or take along a feather duster, oils or a vibrator. Consider drawing a string of pearls across her skin. Try finger painting or drawing with felt-tip pens. Everything you need you learned in kindergarten. It pays to periodically rehearse the basics. When was the last time you simply kissed for an hour?

In Japan, I was introduced to a delicious seafood item called *uni*. The outside shell was spiny, like a small porcupine. The meat inside was something like salmon caviar but silkier and more luscious. I haven't been able to find it here. What's the English name? Can you tell me whether it's available in the U.S., and where? I would also appreciate information on how to handle, prepare and serve this spiny sea creature.—E. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

The English name for the *uni* you enjoyed in Japan is sea urchin. About 500 species of this spiny creature can be found in coastal waters around the world—including our own. While sea urchins are appreciated in countries such as Japan, France and Italy, they're still rather exotic in the U.S. However, the demand is gradually rising, as people like you encounter and savor them in foreign countries.

The edible parts of the sea urchin are the fingers of orange roe, which line the inside of the shell. They have a very delicate, sweet saline taste and a rich, smooth consistency. Sea-

urchin fanciers prefer to eat the roe raw, perhaps dressed with a squeeze of lemon juice or with finely chopped onion. The Japanese also use the roe as a topping for sushi or mixed with seasonings to make a savory spread. Fancy restaurants here and in France may use the roe as a sauce ingredient or as the basis of a special dish. Le Bernardin in New York offers an exquisite preparation called Baked Sea Urchins in the Shell with Their Own Butter, in which whole roe fingers are baked, then dressed in a creamy, buttery sauce that incorporates puréed roe. Fournoi's Ovens Restaurant in San Francisco's Stanford Court Hotel used to serve a sea-urchin timbale as a side dish. It's a kind of unsweetened custard flavored with puréed roe.

Sea urchins can be found in Oriental or Italian fish markets, particularly in ethnic neighborhoods. Preparation isn't difficult. After thoroughly washing the outside of the shell in salt water, remove the membranous circle at the bottom. Clean out and discard the liquid and the dark strands left in the shell; rinse lightly. Pour any dressing directly into the shell, then scoop out the roe fingers; or take them from the shell first and dress them on your plate. Either way, it's an adventure in eating.

I am a 27-year-old man, and while I rarely do the singles-bar scene, I did meet a woman through mutual friends at a night club recently. We had a very enjoyable evening together. I took her home and, largely at my urging, I spent the night. Now, here's the problem. After seeing this woman a few times after our encounter, I've realized that she is the kind of person I would like to get to know better and maybe even have a relationship with. I feel, however, that something is missing because we slept together before we really knew each other. Is there any way to get that "something" back, or have I just learned an important lesson about human sexuality?—M. R., Chicago, Illinois.

You're suffering from what we call Groucho Marx syndrome, named after the comedian who said, "I refuse to belong to a club that would have me as a member." Do you think that this woman was easy because she liked you enough to sleep with you first and ask questions afterward? Do you think she has bad taste because she was persuaded by your pushy seduction? Lighten up. If you think of sex as the carrot you hold out for someone as a reward for the incredibly complicated job of discovering the real you, then you have sort of reversed the process. We have always thought sex was a way of finding out something about the other person. From the sound of it, you are already having a relationship—you just got a head start on the good part.

Have you ever heard of the Thai body scrub? One of my friends who visited

Bangkok started to describe it as the most erotic thing he had ever experienced, but then his girlfriend walked back into the room and I didn't get the details.—Q. J., Boston, Massachusetts.

And so, rather than call your friend the next day, you decided to write to the fount of all sexual wisdom and see if we were awake? What if our response had gotten lost in the mail? Luckily for you, we're in a good mood. The Thai body scrub is the ultimate in personal hygiene. You perform it in a shower room, at the bottom of an empty pool or in a basement—wherever there is a floor drain. Inflate a small air mattress. You lie on the mattress. Your girlfriend rubs your body with bath oil, then rubs her own body with bath oil, then dumps a bucket of soapsuds over the mattress. She scrubs your body with her body. It's called slipping and sliding. The inevitable happens. Then you hose everything down and wait until the next wash day.

I have a rather extensive collection of audio cassettes and, consequently, I don't play the same tape often. It seems that because of disuse, something happens to the tapes—many of them screech. Can you tell me what causes this, what I can do, if anything, to correct the malfunction and what may be done to prevent it?—A. G., Stormville, New York.

Squeal on prerecorded cassettes is a common problem, often due to the shells themselves. Inexpensive shells warp because of

heat and humidity, causing the reel hubs to bind slightly, giving off the annoying noise you hear. Sometimes, after a cassette is played quite a bit, the slip sheets on it wear away and create a squeal. You can remove the tape from the shell and transfer the music to a high-quality cassette (available in kit form from music shops, but it's a somewhat tedious job; take it to an audio specialty shop for repair). Or you may find it cheaper to replace the tapes that squeal. In the future, you may want to copy undamaged tapes onto high-quality cassettes. Keep them away from extremes of temperature and humidity, as well as from magnetic fields.

For a little more than a year now, I have been employed as a retail-store clerk while pursuing a musical career. I don't get out very much and do not have a lot of confidence about meeting women anyway. However, there is a woman who works with me for whom I have developed very strong feelings. Over the past several months, I have gotten to know her better, as we have been working late together. After several weeks of being very close to her, I began to feel as if I were getting signals from her. Not necessarily sexual signals but those that might indicate she was interested in me as a person. Eventually, I decided to ask her to dinner. Well, as it happened, those signals I'd been reading were nothing more than wishful thinking on my part. When I did ask her out, her reaction was

one of astonishment. She became very flustered, saying she never expected any such proposal from me. When she did gather her thoughts, she told me she would feel very uncomfortable going out with a co-worker, as she had dated co-workers before and had had bad experiences. I told her it was simply a friendship date with no strings attached and asked her to at least give me a chance. She said she would think about it. A few weeks later, I asked her if I could take her to lunch. Again, I caught her off guard. She finally said that she just wouldn't feel comfortable going out with me, but she didn't want to hurt me by dragging her final answer out any longer. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to let go. I see this girl every day and have fallen deeply in love with her. We are still able to communicate on a professional level, even though I'm sure she knows I am still carrying a torch for her. I think that spilling my guts or asking her out again would make her feel awkward, embarrassed and perhaps a bit frightened. This is definitely a case of unrequited love. I truly am crazy about this girl. Any suggestions?—P. C., Baltimore, Maryland.

Yes. Lighten up. We've never met a woman who held a principle of office politics higher than personal attraction. Our guess is that her rejection was a polite way of telling you that there was no mutual attraction. However, on the off chance that she meant what she said, offer to quit. Find another job. That



Stoli. For the purist.

Not just smooth, silky smooth. Not just vodka, Stolichnaya.

way, she may date you; but if not, you will have at least replaced the stage-set for this soap opera with a new cast of characters. Since you are a musician, write a couple of songs about unrequited love. Sing them until you are bored silly or rich and famous. Look for dates in the area of your greatest passion (music), not your day job (salesclerk). What you have here isn't true feeling but a fantasy. It's nice to indulge, but real life is a lot more interesting.

Over the years, I have enjoyed reading the *Advisor* guidelines for tipping. I don't believe that you have ever covered a wedding or a reception. I know that tips for the waiters and the bartenders are included in the catering charges. However, for all the other services, in addition to the agreed-upon price, should there be a tip for the florist who will provide flowers at the church, the reception and the dinner; the photographer who will be present at the ceremony, the reception and the dinner; the musicians who will play and sing during the ceremony; the band that will play and sing during the reception and the dinner; the choirmaster at the church; the wedding coordinator at the church; the officiating minister; the limousine driver; the catering manager at the hotel that is the venue for the rehearsal dinner; and the catering manager at the other hotel that is the venue for the reception and the dinner dance? If so, how

much?—R. R., Beverly Hills, California.

What? No tip for the father of the bride? The only person on this list whom you'd want to tip would be the limousine driver. The other professional participants of your wedding should be paid an agreed-upon fee that should be negotiated in advance.

I recently met a man who is into obscure Oriental sex techniques. He says that a Taoist master once suggested harnessing the energy of the sun for sex by walking into a garden with an erection and pointing it at the sun. You're supposed to imagine the power coming into the organ, filling it with warmth and then, when you finally make love, radiating into your partner. Is this guy pulling my leg?—Miss D. W., San Francisco, California.

Something like this is mentioned in "The Taoist Secrets of Love," by Master Mantak Chia. It takes all kinds to fill the freeways. Our research staff says that the technique is a great way to tell time and that the only benefit to sex comes when you ask your partner to apply the sun block.

I've been told that tequila has hallucinogenic properties. Is there anything to that?—J. T., Detroit, Michigan.

No . . . but there's a story behind that belief. Tequila is made from the blue-agave plant (which, contrary to popular belief, is not a variety of cactus). The Aztec name for all agave plants was mezcäl, and to this day, spirits

made from agaves other than the blue variety are called mezcäl. Now, here's where the plot thickens: Mezcäl is frequently misspelled mezcäl by Norte Americanos. As it happens, there is a cactus called mezcäl from which a hallucinogenic substance, mescaline, is derived. The mix-up in spelling and pronunciation (and a good measure of gullibility) has fostered the myth of tequila's hallucinogenic properties.

What are the odds of a condom's breaking during sex?—S. P., New York, New York.

Consumers Union surveyed 3300 lovers and calculated that during normal intercourse, one condom in 165 breaks. The breakage rate for anal sex is one condom in 105. Concern over condom performance has sent manufacturers back to the drawing board. Carter-Wallace, the maker of Trojans, has introduced an extra-strength condom with more durable latex for those of you who want better mileage and performance from your rubber or who want a little subliminal advertising on your bedside table.

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



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STYLE THAT FITS.

Fruit of the Loom® fashion underwear has all the styles that fit his style. Bold colors. Vivid prints. Sexy stripes. In fly-front briefs, low rise and bikini cuts. Fruit of the Loom fashion. Style that fits America's men.



We fit America



CENSORING

TOBACCO ADS

By Barry W. Lynn

If Oklahoma Congressman Mike Synar has his way, it will be illegal to hold the Kool Jazz Festival; it will be unlawful to produce a baseball cap with the word WINSTON on it; it will be illegal to picture a woman in a Virginia Slims ad; it will be unlawful for a bus with a cigarette advertisement displayed on its side to be driven near a school.

Synar has introduced legislation in Congress to ban the use of models, logos, scenes or colors in tobacco advertisements. If the bill passes, tobacco ads will be limited to black type on white paper and the only picture allowed will be a life-size one of the product package. Even these advertisements may not appear in certain locations, such as sports arenas or within 500 feet of a school.

The "words only" approach to tobacco ads is nothing less than a ban in sheep's clothing, providing potential consumers with virtually nothing to alert them to the existence of legal products. Apparently, Synar intends to censor speech by making tobacco ads as dull as most speeches on the floor of Congress. Indeed, he and his supporters have tried unsuccessfully in the past two sessions of Congress to ban all tobacco ads. They concede that their "long-term goal—a total ad ban—hasn't changed."

The effort to have the Federal Government micromanage advertising imagery does butt up against one major legal impediment—the First Amendment. Although the Supreme Court recognizes some differences between traditional political speech and commercial speech, it takes a hefty reason to justify Government regulation of advertising. In order to determine what kind of commercial speech is protected, the Court developed a test with several parts. The first part asks whether

the ad is about a lawful product. Tobacco products are, of course, legal for adults, though the majority of states bar purchase by minors. Synar has focused on the children's issue—even naming his bill The Children's Health Protection Act (the same tactic that Congressional and state lawmakers use in order to ban pornography). He is convinced that cigarette marketers target young people to take up a habit he finds loathsome and dangerous. His allies in the

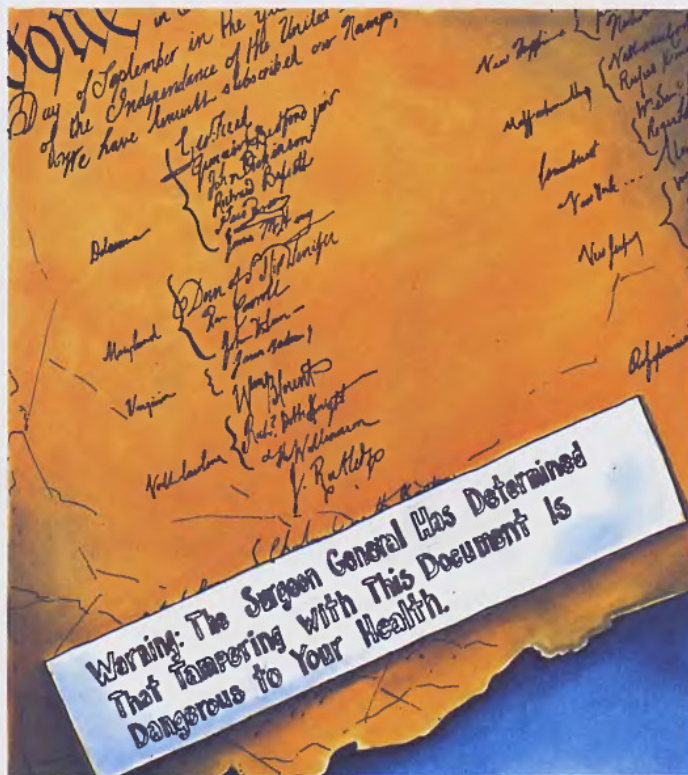
for children."

The second part of the Supreme Court test questions whether ads are misleading. Synar recently sent a letter to all members of Congress seeking their cosponsorship of his legislation, saying that tobacco ads should be regulated because they "[link] smoking to a successful, healthy and active lifestyle. . . ." This is nothing more or less than what advertising does for any other product. How many ads can you

cite that send the message that the person who uses a certain product is a miserable failure? Furthermore, all you have to do is check out the postswimming activity on the beach at Daytona at spring break or visit a Virginia stream on the opening day of fishing season to find plenty of successful, active people who happen to smoke. There is nothing misleading about depicting the truth.

The third part of the Supreme Court test asks if there is a substantial Government interest that is directly advanced by the regulation. In this case, will neutering the Marlboro Man or Virginia Slim really cause some people not to pick up the smoking habit and thus be healthier? The available evidence suggests that it will not. In countries with bans on tobacco advertising, there is

no significant decline in use. In Norway, which banned tobacco ads in 1975, four times more children between seven and 15 smoke than in Hong Kong, where there are no advertising restrictions, and 42 percent of adults smoke, one third more than in the United States. Wally Snyder of the American Advertising Federation notes, "If your best friend smokes, you might smoke. If Mom and Dad light up after every meal, you might learn to do the same. But you're certainly not going to start because you went to the Virginia Slims



antismoking war, such as The Coalition on Smoking OR Health, like to point out that Camel cigarettes' 75th-birthday ad campaign is geared to teens. In the ad, a comic cartoon camel wearing sunglasses on its forehead and a World War Two bomber jacket is shown with a cigarette dangling from its mouth. It is hard to imagine any kid raised in the Eighties finding this a turn-on. Even if he did, the Supreme Court has made it clear that regulations are unconstitutional if they "reduce the adult population . . . to reading what is fit

tennis tournament.”

The bill's proponents argue that the effect of tobacco ads is subtle, a kind of subliminal mind control that works its pernicious magic on the young and impressionable. Given that we were all young once, wouldn't everyone be walking zombielike to the nearest cigarette machine? They also condemn advertising campaigns geared to “children, women, minorities, the low-income and undereducated.” Presumably, only well-educated, upper-middle-class, white males are not impressionable enough to be swayed by advertising.

With typical born-again flair, Patrick Reynolds, grandson of the founder of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, has testified against tobacco advertising: “Why do cigarette companies want to go on pouring more than two billion, three hundred million dollars annually into advertising? . . . Why don't the cigarette companies just save their two billion, three hundred million dollars each year if the number of smokers will be truly unaffected?” The answer is obvious. For every one percent of the market that shifts from one company to another, the winner makes \$240,000,000. Moreover, as the Tobacco Institute notes, “A company is not just trying to shift customers away from some other brand; it is trying to retain the loyalty of its own users.” It makes very good economic sense to advertise.

As with all would-be censors, anti-smoking activists don't like to bother with the Constitution when they have some other self-righteous principle on their side. Despite the claim of anti-smoking groups that tobacco is “the only product which kills when used as intended,” there are plenty of other consumer groups equally convinced that alcohol, red meat or sodium are close to satanic.

What it all boils down to is this: Are we better off with Government control of information or with a free market place of ideas—including those in tobacco ads? You would have had to be living in a cave for the past decade not to know that the majority of people in the medical establishment believe that smoking is bad for your health. But if you want to use tobacco anyway, for the flavor, the comfort or—dare we say it?—the image, that is a right we need to preserve.

The debate over tobacco use will continue, but it is fundamentally unfair not to allow those who advertise tobacco to be participants in the fray.

Barry W. Lynn is legislative counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union.

PEPSI

SODA POP OF PURITANS

Someone other than Ployboy has finally taken note of the Reverend Donald Wildmon and the New McCarthyism. Richard Yao, cofounder of Fundamentalists Anonymous, recently wrote a letter to D. Wayne Calloway, chairman of the board of Pepsico, chastising him for submitting to Wildmon-inspired fundamentalist pressure to pull the Madonna Pepsi ad.

“Remember how people succumbed to the intimidation of Joe McCarthy in the early Fifties? And how only a handful dared to speak out? History repeats itself. In the Fifties, people were labeled Commies or pinkos and blacklisted. Today, TV ads and programs are labeled offensive or objectionable and pulled off the air.

“Censorship in the name of religion is still censorship. It is inherently un-American and is repulsive not only to liberals and moderates but also to conservatives who are against any unnecessary intrusion into private lives. What is more intrusive than the attempt by fundamentalist censors to dictate what we can watch in the privacy of our own homes?

“The zealots have concocted the myth that most of middle America



agrees with them. They have tried to convince corporate America that what they want to censor would be missed only by liberals, secular humanists and pornographers. The reality is otherwise. For what do they find objectionable? If they had their way, daytime soap operas would be out. Oprah and Donahue would be banished from the air and Dallas and Dynasty would vanish—and that's only the beginning.

“Fundamentalists Anonymous wants to show that middle America is not on the side of the fundamentalists. Therefore, in order to protest Pepsi's capitulation to censorship, we are calling for a boycott of Pepsi. Our slogan is ‘No Madonna, no Pepsi.’ We are also conducting a counter media campaign with the theme ‘Pepsi—the choice of the fundamentalist generation.’ We are lining up the most uncool people in the country to endorse the drink. We are enlisting TV-evangelist look-alikes to advertise it. Being caught drinking Pepsi will soon be as bad as having an endless outbreak of acne or a terminal case of bad breath. Only losers will drink Pepsi.”

Pepsi wanted to avoid a controversy. It didn't want anything to get between its product and your teeth. Now it has a tiger by the tail.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DIRTY DANCING

A 31-year-old Florida woman is suing the local police for false arrest, false imprisonment and harassment after she was jailed and lost custody of her daughters



for two days for allegedly dancing in the nude to a Gladys Knight music video. According to the woman, she had rushed out of the shower to dance to "Love Overboard." Neighbors looking through her third-floor apartment window called the cops, who arrested her on three counts of lewd and lascivious behavior in the presence of children.

NOT A FULL MOON

SALT LAKE CITY—The Utah Court of Appeals reversed the conviction of a woman who had mooned her son's algebra teacher to protest his keeping the boy after school. The court found that—because she was wearing underpants—the act was not, in fact, lewd.

ROILY RELIGION

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA—Jerry Falwell's Liberty University expelled the student hosts of a late-night campus-radio comedy show ostensibly for using obscene language. The students had parodied the rap song "Wild Thing" by describing sex between a dog and a cat and had talked about a fictional church whose members got drunk on Communion wine. But what

really cooked their goose was satirizing Chancellor Falwell's tithing order requiring all employees to kick back ten percent of their income to the church-owned school. The university spokesman denied that the tithing parody had anything to do with the expulsion, but the students don't agree. One of them had been closely questioned about whether he was the author of a letter to the local newspaper critical of the policy.

RANCHO MIRAGE, CALIFORNIA—Evangelists Oral Roberts and his son Richard responded to criticism about their lavish lifestyles by selling two California vacation homes valued at more than \$1,000,000. The pressure to sell came after Oral, who had previously raised millions by warning that God would "call him home," began pleading with his followers to sell unneeded valuables to keep his ministry afloat.

BIG BROTHER, INC.

CHICAGO—A study of 126 Fortune 500 companies reveals that 42 percent of them secretly collect information on employees, more than 50 percent use private investigators for background checks and 56 percent do not allow employees to see all of the information collected about them. The University of Illinois researcher who conducted the study called for a comprehensive national policy to protect workers' privacy, saying that employees are often not told of files containing sensitive and confidential information and, therefore, have no opportunity to challenge incorrect information—even though it may be shared with credit bureaus, landlords and other outside agencies.

NEWS ABOUT NECKING

PAVILION, NEW YORK—About forty students who protested their high school's new rules against hugging and kissing have been suspended. The students staged a sit-in over a student-council-approved code of discipline that forbids "overt displays of affection beyond hand-holding" anywhere on school property, which they complain would forbid hugging to celebrate a sports victory or to console someone in time of grief.

NEDERLAND, COLORADO—The teachers at the local high school adopted a "day-light rule," which stipulates that students

engaging in affectionate behavior must leave enough room between their bodies for adults to see daylight.

SLACKING UP ON SHACKING UP

DENVER—After a heated debate, the Denver City Council narrowly voted down the city's 36-year-old "living in sin" law, which prohibits unmarried couples from living in the same house. The zoning ordinance was enacted in the Sixties, when residents feared that hippies would establish communes and ruin neighborhoods. "Zoning laws are to regulate density, not relationships," said one anti-ordinance councilwoman.

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

LOS ANGELES—A woman who absolves men's sins through the act of sex instead of the act of contrition sounds more like a prostitute than a high priestess to a Los Angeles prosecutor—especially since the abtution involves a \$150 donation from the sinner. Accordingly, the city attorney's office has charged a 51-year-old man and his 46-year-old wife with operating a



house of prostitution, even if they call it the Church of the Most High Goddess and insist that sex is a rite of the church and thus protected by the First Amendment. The couple was arrested after an undercover vice officer refused to donate money to participate in the "sacrament" of oral sex and was excommunicated.

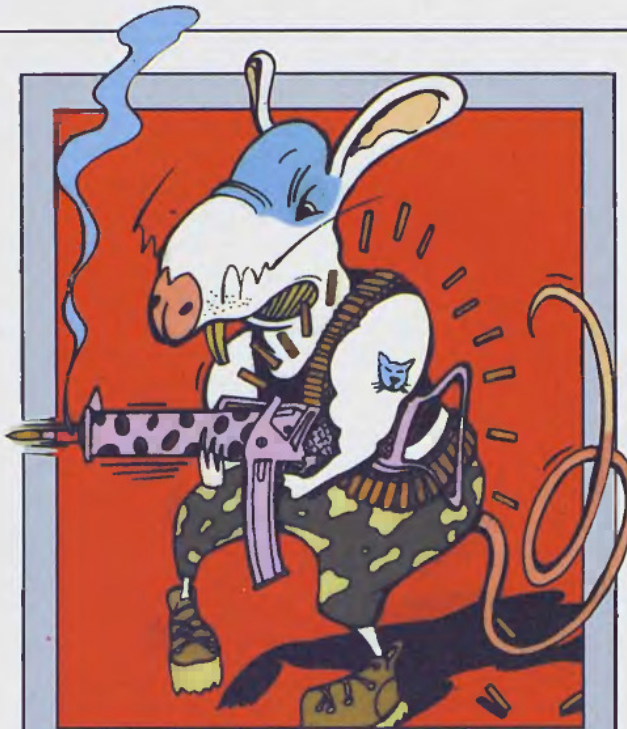
R E A D E R

WILDMON AND ADVERTISERS

I was amused by the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon's campaign to pressure advertisers to withdraw from the made-for-TV movie *Roe vs. Wade*. Without having seen it, the Tupelo ayatollah decided that it had a pro-abortion stance and asked viewers to boycott the companies that had purchased advertising time. Having seen the movie, I can only hope that the advertisers who pulled out are ashamed. The docudrama was objective and it humanized a moment of history; Wildmon apparently can't abide history—he would have us see only his version of the truth. We may as well go directly to theocracy.

J. Freeman
Cincinnati, Ohio

I paid attention to the ads in *Roe vs. Wade* and thought they were interesting. One was for Vagisil, a feminine-hygiene product—which makes sense, given the subject of the movie. Another was for Murphy's Oil Soap, a household cleaner. The ad pictures a number of elderly cleaning ladies polishing pews in a church, and the tag line is, "If Murphy's Oil Soap is good enough to clean this house, it's surely good enough to clean yours." I found that ad offensive. It suggests that in God's house, the only role for women is domestic servitude—an attitude apparently shared by Wildmon and his minions but, I hope, not by the women who tuned in to the movie. Was Murphy's Oil Soap trying to sell to the fundamentalists who tuned in to *Roe vs. Wade* so they could subsequently complain that the movie was propaganda? Did Wildmon object to using religion to sell household cleaner? In all probability, he'd like to see more Christian ads such as the one for a Subaru four-wheel-drive station wagon, whose tag line is, "When Father Jones has to get somewhere to perform last rites, he doesn't take chances." Or one of Wildmon himself saying, "When I'm taping *Saturday Night Live* to record the number of references to penises, I use Memorex." Or



FOR THE RECORD

CIVIL RIGHTS FOR RODENTS

voices from the fringe

"We feel that animals have the same rights as a retarded human child, because they are equal mentally in terms of dependence on others."

—ALEX PACHECO, chairman of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, regarding animal experimentation

"I had become friendly with the cows; I knew them as individuals. . . . I first realized something was ethically wrong with the milk industry and I was right in the middle of it. You don't really know your relationship with an animal until you're making your living off of it."

—COLMAN MC CARTHY, *Washington Post* columnist and former dairy worker

"When I stopped eating them, I realized animals have a right to life separate and equal to ours."

—"ANGIE," animal-rights activist

"Personally, I think that if Jesus was divine, he has to have been a vegetarian."

—KIM BARTLETT, editor of *The Animals' Agenda*

"Sony Trinitron allows me to be offended in living color."

Wildmon showed his true colors in the *Roe vs. Wade* debacle—and so did corporate America—by putting profit and appearances before principle.

Nathaniel Bynner
Evanston, Illinois

Once again, television networks and sponsors have knuckled under to pressure from Wildmon and others who don't believe viewers should have the option of being treated like adults.

It's about time for those of us who believe in freedom to back up our brave talk with a little action. If networks and sponsors are so sensitive to economic pressure, maybe we should start a "Boycott the wimps" campaign of our own in order to protest both the resurgence of censorship and the antisex attitudes reflected in some of the shows now on the air. If those of us with a mature attitude toward sexuality aren't willing to stand up for what we believe in, why should society bother to take us seriously?

Marc Desmond
Brooklyn, New York

See our box "Pepsi: Soda Pop of Puritans." Fundamentalists Anonymous is sponsoring a boycott of Pepsi—the choice of the fundamentalist generation. F.A.'s address is P.O. Box 20324, Greeley Square Station, New York 10001.

BEDTIME FOR BUNDY

Dr. James Dobson should not use Ted Bundy as a machine for his views and, most of all, should not try to generate sympathy for him ("The Making of a Monster," *The Playboy Forum*, July). We owe that to the victims and their families.

Michael Toebe
Grand Junction, Colorado

I oppose the death penalty, but given that Bundy was legally executed, it seems we should get something out of his execution. Why wasn't his brain studied? We could have possibly learned something regarding brain damage and chromosomal defects.

Pat Gallant Weich
New York, New York

An autopsy of Bundy's brain apparently found no abnormalities. Because Bundy refused to will his brain for scientific study, no further research was conducted.

THE WAR CONTINUES

I was both amused and vexed by Junior Bridge's and Mary Ruthsdotter's

R E S P O N S E

protests against U.S. combat crews' adorning their flying machines with seminude or nude paintings of females ("War Veterans," *The Playboy Forum*, June). Those women see male exaltation of female sexuality as negative and don't understand that soldiers who are told to fight and, perhaps, die for their country wish to have frequent reminders of what makes it worth stopping a bullet—in this case, the girl back home.

Grant Winston
Frankfort, Kentucky

Many soldiers die defending our country—which includes the women they love. Who are Bridge and Ruthsdotter to tell our veterans and Servicemen that they may not pay honor to their love? They apparently don't realize that if it were not in part for the men who fly our military aircraft, they might not be able to ask the absurd question "Why do they do this to us?"

Randy D. King
Eddyville, Kentucky

LIABLE FOR LIBEL

The April and May issues of *Playboy* appeared on British newsstands with a sticker reading, FOR LEGAL REASONS, CERTAIN PAGES HAVE BEEN REMOVED. Pages of the April *Playboy* Interview with the I.R.A. were missing, as were pages in the May issue of the *Scandal* pictorial and the article *Burning Desires: Sex in America*. Who censors *Playboy* in Great Britain?

Roger Bridson-Babbitt
London, England

England's libel laws dictate that the distributor of a magazine will be held liable if the contents of any magazine he distributes are found to be libelous. Therefore, the ever-cautious lawyers for English distributors often advise their clients to delete material that under American standards of free speech would be blameless.

SEX RESEARCH

It's too bad that Paul Okami is so ill-informed about those of us who work in the area of sexual addiction ("The Betrayal of Sex Research," *The Playboy Forum*, June). Many of us have the same concerns that he does that our research can be used to bolster those who would label any sexual behavior they dislike as "addictive" and, hence, bad. We know that one of the risk factors for developing sexual addiction is growing up in a rigid, sex-negative family environment. We un-

derstand that it isn't enough to have people give up destructive patterns of sexual behavior; they also must learn positive ways of relating sexually.

Okami's portrayal of clinicians who treat sex addiction as fun-hating people who turn formerly sex-loving clients into sexless wood carvers indicates to me that he has never talked with a

clinician or interviewed someone who is sexually addicted.

Jed Diamond
San Rafael, California

One of the steps of Alcoholics Anonymous is that the addict acknowledges he's an addict and can never drink again. It's difficult to relate to sex positively if, to cure the so-called addiction, one has to give up sex.

UNITED WAY

VERSUS

PLANNED PARENTHOOD

UNITED WE STAND reads one of the United Way's fund-raising posters. The 100-year-old charitable organization claims that "United Way-supported services benefit individuals and families by making possible the help and expert care needed when critical problems arise." Not always—not when the critical problem is an unwanted pregnancy.

Consider the situation in Seattle, Washington. In 1987, Planned Parenthood of Seattle-King County decided to establish an abortion clinic. Last year, United Way requested that if Planned Parenthood wished to continue to receive its funding, it divide itself into two corporations—one that would provide abortions and one that would not. United Way would fund the latter. Planned Parenthood agreed. Unfortunately, that plan did not work. Two Seattle Roman Catholic powerhouses, Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen and Coadjutor Archbishop Thomas J. Murphy, wrote to the Planned Parenthood board of directors, accusing the affiliate of declaring itself "ready to become the abortion factory of western Washington." Seattle anti-abortionists conduct-

ed an aggressive campaign to remove Planned Parenthood from United Way.

The United Way board passed a resolution stating that United Way would not fund abortions or organizations that provide abortions. Seattle Planned Parenthood was forced to withdraw from United Way. "Our mission is to provide reproductive-health services to people who need them," explained Lee Minto, Planned Parenthood's president. "We could accept United Way's policy of not funding abortions. We couldn't accept its policy of not funding any organization that provides abortions."

The Seattle situation is not an isolated occurrence. Planned Parenthood affiliates in Illinois and Hawaii lost their United Way funding when they elected to include abortion as part of their reproductive-health operations.

Women complained in the Seventies that United Way was too heavy with funding for male programs. United Way tried to rectify that. Now it looks as though it's trying to short-shrift women again—this time by denying funds to Planned Parenthood. It's time it rectified *that*.

—LISA PAGE



TOP-SECRET CLASSIFIED

naval cadets learn a



Last March, the midshipmen at the U.S. Naval Academy published a parody of *Playboy* called *Playmid*. The issue contained a centerfold of a female midshipman (please salute), pages of company cuties (suggesting that the uniform still works) and various articles. Rear Admiral Virgil L. Hill, superintendent of the school, declared the parody inappropriate and ordered all 5000 copies destroyed. The members of the brigade, in training to uphold democratic principles, weren't even allowed to see the magazine or decide for themselves. Now they can. Destroy 5000 copies, end up with 18,000,000 readers. That's the lesson in censorship.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

lesson in censorship



WHAT KIND OF MIDSHIPMAN READS PLAYMID?



Profile: James Theodore Wellington, XX
 ECA. Attending high society banquets with nubile debutantes
 Ambition: To gain membership into the international society of pleasure seekers

James is typical of the upwardly mobile type of midshipman who reads in his position as head restrictee. James enjoys the simple pleasures of life and masters myself these days. There are quite a few Second Class who seem to have overcharged their Midstore accounts. "I like to stay," he says with a gleam in his clear brown eyes. "I cleared, James takes pleasure in cruising the coast in the Yacht Club. I regularly invite my friends to Notre Dame to join me for a party. I use the wake of the yacht to my advantage. I go to matches, I like to time it.

PLAYMID ADVISOR Life, Love, and Leave at the USNA

Dear Playmid,
 I've got a big problem. My parents are coming next weekend and I'm on restriction for drinking and other "misadventures." Should I tell my parents that no, I can't spend the weekend with them?
 —Eternally Innocent

Dear Innocent,
 This is easy—just tell your parents that you have a lot of homework to do that weekend. This will earn points besides generating any chance of you spending a night with your folks. Next, plan your time with them to be in uniform, and in the area. (Show them the Liberty Tree; parents like that stuff.) I fail them you have a "touring" inspection in Europe Hall, and report them afterwards.

Dear Playmid,
 This is really a bad situation for you—but I have no idea what to do. You see, I live in a room of three Marine Corps wannabes and between their grunting, coughing and the occasional sound of their boots on the deck I can't get any sleep. I'm beginning to have dreams of flying a Harrier over around their necks and throwing them out my airlock window or smacking in their room and tying their boots together so that they fall on the cold deck face first when they get up to run in the morning. Please help me before I do something rash.
 —Gunged-Out

Dear Gunged-Out,
 Stay calm—there is a way out of this situation. Be very careful; you can't disgust these babies so much that you will never have to show your face to them again. First, they are all Blue-Gas addicts. Second, they are all out of their minds. Third, they are all out of their minds. Fourth, they are all out of their minds. Fifth, they are all out of their minds. Sixth, they are all out of their minds. Seventh, they are all out of their minds. Eighth, they are all out of their minds. Ninth, they are all out of their minds. Tenth, they are all out of their minds. Eleventh, they are all out of their minds. Twelfth, they are all out of their minds. Thirteenth, they are all out of their minds. Fourteenth, they are all out of their minds. Fifteenth, they are all out of their minds. Sixteenth, they are all out of their minds. Seventeenth, they are all out of their minds. Eighteenth, they are all out of their minds. Nineteenth, they are all out of their minds. Twentieth, they are all out of their minds. Twenty-first, they are all out of their minds. Twenty-second, they are all out of their minds. Twenty-third, they are all out of their minds. Twenty-fourth, they are all out of their minds. Twenty-fifth, they are all out of their minds. Twenty-sixth, they are all out of their minds. Twenty-seventh, they are all out of their minds. Twenty-eighth, they are all out of their minds. Twenty-ninth, they are all out of their minds. Thirtieth, they are all out of their minds. Thirty-first, they are all out of their minds. Thirty-second, they are all out of their minds. Thirty-third, they are all out of their minds. Thirty-fourth, they are all out of their minds. Thirty-fifth, they are all out of their minds. Thirty-sixth, they are all out of their minds. Thirty-seventh, they are all out of their minds. Thirty-eighth, they are all out of their minds. Thirty-ninth, they are all out of their minds. Fortieth, they are all out of their minds. Forty-first, they are all out of their minds. Forty-second, they are all out of their minds. Forty-third, they are all out of their minds. Forty-fourth, they are all out of their minds. Forty-fifth, they are all out of their minds. Forty-sixth, they are all out of their minds. Forty-seventh, they are all out of their minds. Forty-eighth, they are all out of their minds. Forty-ninth, they are all out of their minds. Fiftieth, they are all out of their minds. Fifty-first, they are all out of their minds. Fifty-second, they are all out of their minds. Fifty-third, they are all out of their minds. Fifty-fourth, they are all out of their minds. Fifty-fifth, they are all out of their minds. Fifty-sixth, they are all out of their minds. Fifty-seventh, they are all out of their minds. Fifty-eighth, they are all out of their minds. Fifty-ninth, they are all out of their minds. Sixtieth, they are all out of their minds. Sixty-first, they are all out of their minds. Sixty-second, they are all out of their minds. Sixty-third, they are all out of their minds. Sixty-fourth, they are all out of their minds. Sixty-fifth, they are all out of their minds. Sixty-sixth, they are all out of their minds. Sixty-seventh, they are all out of their minds. Sixty-eighth, they are all out of their minds. Sixty-ninth, they are all out of their minds. Seventieth, they are all out of their minds. Seventy-first, they are all out of their minds. Seventy-second, they are all out of their minds. Seventy-third, they are all out of their minds. Seventy-fourth, they are all out of their minds. Seventy-fifth, they are all out of their minds. Seventy-sixth, they are all out of their minds. Seventy-seventh, they are all out of their minds. Seventy-eighth, they are all out of their minds. Seventy-ninth, they are all out of their minds. Eightieth, they are all out of their minds. Eighty-first, they are all out of their minds. Eighty-second, they are all out of their minds. Eighty-third, they are all out of their minds. Eighty-fourth, they are all out of their minds. Eighty-fifth, they are all out of their minds. Eighty-sixth, they are all out of their minds. Eighty-seventh, they are all out of their minds. Eighty-eighth, they are all out of their minds. Eighty-ninth, they are all out of their minds. Ninetieth, they are all out of their minds. Ninety-first, they are all out of their minds. Ninety-second, they are all out of their minds. Ninety-third, they are all out of their minds. Ninety-fourth, they are all out of their minds. Ninety-fifth, they are all out of their minds. Ninety-sixth, they are all out of their minds. Ninety-seventh, they are all out of their minds. Ninety-eighth, they are all out of their minds. Ninety-ninth, they are all out of their minds. One hundred, they are all out of their minds.

staying for the first time and you will never see them again.

Dear Playmid,
 I recently selected Marine Corps during service selection, and they has presented me with a dilemma. You see, my advisor was with a Marine and they have in their bathroom their toilet paper dispenser that puts the Marine Corps flag whenever you pull on the toilet paper. My question is: should I stand during the Marine Corps hymn or not?
 —Droopy Dan

Dear Dan,
 Well, one way I see it, you have two choices. One, you could just avoid going to the bathroom while at your apartment, which could be tough during a weekend stay or here. Take your own paper in to the bathroom nevertheless, do not use your ship's dispenser but disposed, take measures to avoid a messy situation.

Dear Playmid,
 I think that my girlfriend loves my uniform and not me. Everyday we go somewhere, she wants me to be in uniform—again for a movie or just running to McDonald's. I'm seriously beginning to doubt that she really has an interest in me—what should I do?
 —13th Company Color Man

Dear Color Man,
 I hate to break it to you, but this is not uniform that only affects you. It seems that the naval uniform has a marked effect on young women and some guys that wouldn't normally be given a second glance are pursued relentlessly by girls. It's not your problem—then you will have to evaluate your relationship. It could be that all that because of your girlfriend's secret desire to be in uniform which could give her a lot of fun. Use the 8 years for help. If not—then show her in a pair of trousers—and she'll already meet the way to a cold ride home.



Girl Back Home



Wind Sigh



7 items included



Five



Freddie and a Smiley

13th Company Cuties

The LOO, March, 1988

13



Rugby Queen (Spring Smokey)



Poind for 117



Piebe's Babe



You want to take "my" picture?



12th Company Cuties



Hey Mike, she likes it



Yank's Corner



Smoked with Dave



Let's hurry up, Dave

14

The LOO, March, 1988

CARTOONIST'S SKETCHBOOK

The Reverend Donald Wildmon has been getting so much press recently that you would think he is the only person in America who knows what we should read and witness. But there are other names on the right-wing Rolodex, other contenders for the title of all-American ayatollah. Yes, we have certain inalien-

able rights—the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—as long as we lead the life these puppetmasters want us to lead. Cartoonist Keith Robinson provides us with the nine-least-wanted list, a rogues' gallery of repression. Next thing you know, they'll be telling you when to laugh.

MAKING IT

A SURVIVAL GUIDE FOR TODAY
By Keith Robinson

RELAX! LET OTHERS THINK FOR YOU!

Tired of making decisions all day? Don't worry - there are plenty of people who are eager to do your thinking for you! Here are a few and their specialties...



NKR 4/30

WHAT TO READ...



ISLAMIC LEADER AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI, CRITIC OF THE SATANIC VERSES.

Philosophy: Books which insult Islamic beliefs must be avenged.

Tactics: Offending author put to death, offending author's agent beaten to within 15% of his/her life.

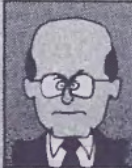
WHAT TO WATCH...



MICHIGAN HOUSEWIFE TERRY RAKOLTA, CRITIC OF MARRIED WITH CHILDREN AND OTHER "ANTI-FAMILY" TV SHOWS.

Philosophy: Parents shouldn't have to monitor what their children are watching, even late at night.
Tactics: Pressure major companies with minor guts not to sponsor "offensive" shows.

WHAT TO SEE...



CHRISTIAN LEADER REV. R.L. HYMERS JR., CRITIC OF MOTION PICTURE THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

Philosophy: Films should not be made which portray Jesus as less than the Savior of the World, the Prince of Peace, who offered love and forgiveness to all.
Tactics: Blame Jews.

WHAT TO LISTEN TO...



POLITICAL WIFE TIPPER GORE, CO-FOUNDER OF THE PARENTS' MUSIC RESOURCE CENTER (PMRC).

Philosophy: Teens learn anti-social behavior from rock lyrics.

Tactics: Pressure record companies to print lyrics on album covers, making lessons much faster and easier.

WHAT TO WEAR...

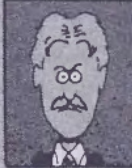


FASHION CRITIC MR. BLACKWELL, PUBLISHER OF ANNUAL "10 WORST-DRESSED WOMEN" LIST.

Philosophy: Decline of civilization is both reflected in and aided by poor fashion choices.

Tactics: Humiliate offenders by using their famous names to further the publicity of the world's most pseudo pseudo-celebrity.

WHERE TO LIVE...



LOUISIANA STATE LEGISLATOR DAVID DUKE, FORMER GRAND WIZARD OF THE KU KLUX KLAN.

Philosophy: Tell him your race, religion and sexual preference, and he'll tell you where (and if) you can live.

Tactics: Part of the system now, but probably still has a buddy or two to carry on traditions...

WHAT TO CONSUME...



FORMER FIRST LADY NANCY REAGAN, "JUST SAY NO" ANTI-DRUG SPOKESPERSON.

Philosophy: Why fight mindless pro-drug peer pressure with logic when you can use mindless anti-drug peer pressure to simply make drugs well...unfashionable?

WHEN TO REPRODUCE...



"OPERATION RESCUE" FOUNDER RANDALL TERRY, ANTI-ABORTION ACTIVIST.

Philosophy: No human life is worthless.

Tactics: Taunting, insensitive, borderline-violent abortion clinic blockades prove that some human lives are worthless.

WHAT TO BELIEVE...



PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH, LEADER OF THE FREE WORLD.

Philosophy: Accuses those who disagree with him of being victims of media manipulation and partisan politics.

Tactics: Fights for his policies using media manipulation and partisan politics.

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Traffic radar doesn't say which car is being clocked, it merely flashes a number. The radar operator must then try to determine which vehicle produced the reading.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

Although nine different errors have been documented for traffic radar, the most common source of wrongful tickets is mistaken identity.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed being displayed. It shows only a speed number and nothing else. The radar operator must decide who is to blame.

How radar works

The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Each moving object within range reflects these invisible waves back to the radar gun. Using the Doppler principle, the radar calculates speed from the reflected waves.

Traffic radar is blind

Traffic radar works differently from military, air-traffic-control, and weather radars. The others use rotating dish antennas in order to track many objects simultaneously.

Traffic radar uses a far smaller, far cheaper, gun-shaped antenna. This simplification requires traffic radar to ignore all reflections but the strongest. The number displayed is speed calculated from the strongest reflection.

The best guess

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

The truth is, he can't be sure in many cases. The result is mistaken identity. You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection.

Self defense

The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you. Others agree with this method. In his verdict upholding a citizen's right to use a radar detector, Judge Joseph Ryan, Superior Court, District of Columbia, wrote:

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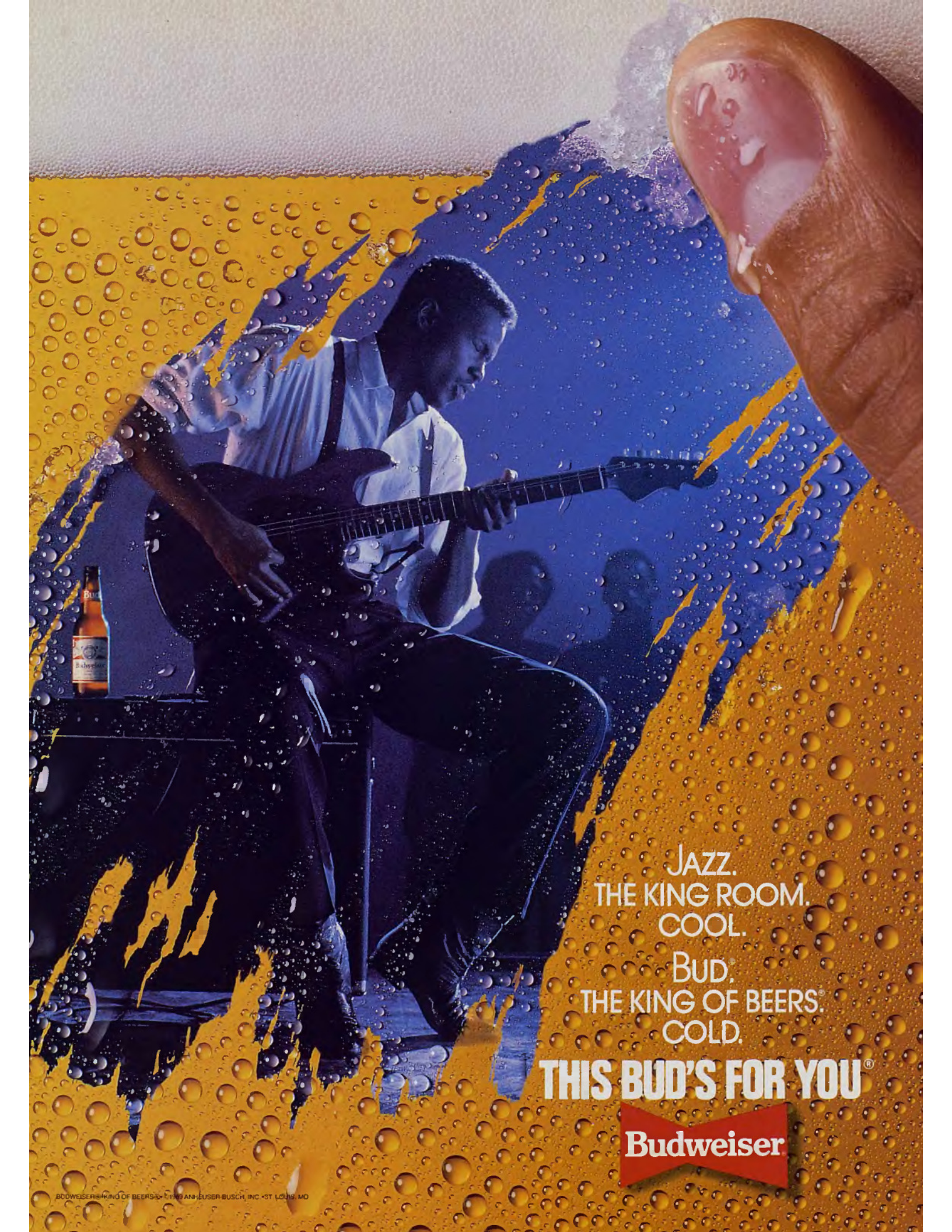
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

KEITH HERNANDEZ

a candid conversation with the mets' infielder on baseball's now-standard topics: money, cocaine, injuries, fistfights—and, yes, love of the game

He is the ultimate professional. Since 1974, when he broke into the big leagues with the St. Louis Cardinals, Keith Hernandez has been perhaps the most consistently productive player of his era. After 15 seasons in the majors, Hernandez, the diplomatic elder statesman of the New York Mets, has compiled a lifetime batting average of exactly .300. Many baseball purists believe he's the finest first baseman of all time and that he has almost singlehandedly redefined that position. Before his emergence, first base was often the outpost of good hitters who couldn't field a lick. Not for Hernandez. Uncannily adept at digging up throws in the dirt and having almost patented the three-six-three double play—first base to shortstop to first base—the slick-fielding southpaw has won National League Gold Glove awards for the past 11 years.

In 1983, after eight and a half seasons with St. Louis, the Cardinals traded Hernandez to the New York Mets, then the worst team in the National League. He became the catalyst that transformed a pack of perennial losers and unproven rookies into a confident—some say overconfident—group of winners. "That's the great bonus we got," Mets general manager Frank Cashen told writer William Nack three years ago. "We knew he was a great fielder, a great hitter, but nobody knew that he was a leader."

When Davey Johnson was hired to manage the Mets in 1984, he encouraged Hernandez to help out in any way he could, and the six-foot, 205-pound first baseman took him up on it. Because he knew every hitter in the league, Hernandez took over the positioning of the Mets' infielders. He also, when invited, advised young Mets pitchers on what to throw to whom. Says former Mets hurler Ed Lynch, "If Einstein starts talking about the speed of light, you better listen to him."

Hernandez believes that his chief contribution to the team's pitching staff has been his willingness to act as its cheerleader. "When the game's on the line and there are runners on base, some of our pitchers like me to walk over to the mound and pump 'em up," he says. "They don't need it, but they enjoy having me tell 'em things like, 'You're the best—now get this son of a bitch and let's nail this down!' It's a rah-rah macho thing, but everybody likes some positive support."

Hernandez' value as a steadying father figure was so obvious that in 1987, Johnson appointed him the first team captain in the history of the franchise. The Mets continue to call on Hernandez to act as guidance counselor: Last September, when New York called up prize rookie Gregg Jefferies from the minors, the team deliberately assigned him a locker next to Hernandez'. "Osmosis," explained Mets vice-president Joe McIlvaine.

"Keith's got a lot of baseball in him. Gregg can pick some up just sitting next to him."

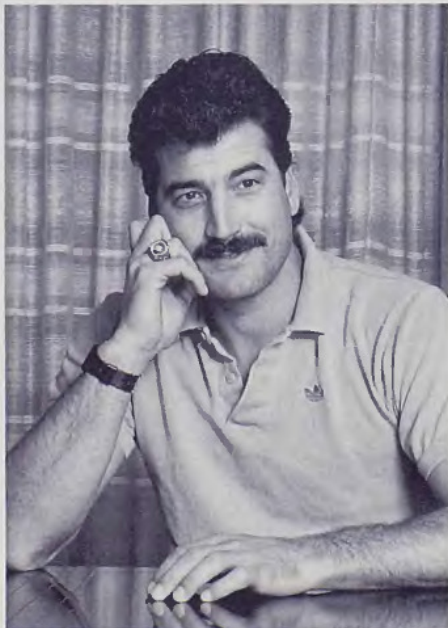
Although he seemed like a throwback to a time when the nation had a kinder, gentler notion of baseball, in September 1985, Hernandez—testifying at the trial of a Pittsburgh drug dealer—revealed that he'd used cocaine for three years. "I was very ashamed and worried about how the fans at Shea Stadium would react when I returned to New York after the trial," he recently recalled. "But when I came up to hit for the first time, the crowd gave me a standing ovation. I'm never going to forget that."

Born in San Francisco in 1953, Hernandez became an ardent New York Yankees fan at the age of five, when he discovered that he and Mickey Mantle shared the same birth date—October 20th. By then, John and Jackie Hernandez and their two sons, Keith and his older brother, Gary, had moved to nearby Pacifica. Keith's favorite sport was basketball. After reading Oscar Robertson's biography, he took a tip from the Big O and, every day, dribbled a basketball to and from grammar school—one mile away—using his right hand. "I wanted to be as good with my right as I was with my left, and it worked. I became a very good ball handler."

By the time they reached Capuchino High School in Millbrae, California, both Hernandez boys were accomplished athletes. Gary's



"Financially, I should be set for life, but I got ambushed, waylaid by the past. When I got divorced, I got clobbered. There were other problems. I was set, but that option's not there anymore. And I'm pissed."



"Do I have doubts about picking up where I left off? Sure I do. When you miss two months, forget about exercising to get back in shape—there's just no substitute for playing nine innings every day."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

"I'd stopped enjoying the coke high by '81. But I was still snorting in '82, and I'd sit there and say, 'Why am I doing this?' I was down to minimal use by '83, but the urges stayed with me through '85."

little brother eventually became a big man on campus: Keith was the first athlete in the school's history to be named all-league in baseball, basketball and football. He was offered combined baseball/football scholarships to Stanford and the University of California at Berkeley but declined both. In 1971, after his high school graduation, Hernandez was signed by the St. Louis Cardinals and sent to St. Petersburg, Florida. St. Louis called him up to the majors for the last couple of weeks of the 1974 season, and a year later, he became the Cardinals' starting first baseman.

To interview Hernandez, Playboy sent Lawrence Linderman to meet with the Mets' first baseman shortly after the season started. Linderman reports:

"Keith Hernandez has the swarthy good looks of a Latin screen idol, even though he's not Latin and has a broken nose. (The break occurred in the early minutes of a high school football game. Too proud to retire to the bench, Hernandez, a quarterback, went on to complete 23 of 36 passes for 353 yards and three touchdowns. He got a lot of ink even as a teenager.)

"This is a sophisticated man whose interests reach far beyond the center-field wall at Shea Stadium. A student of military history, particularly the Civil War, he's a great admirer of Confederate generals—especially Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson—primarily because they were tactical geniuses who had more than their share of colorful idiosyncrasies. A couple of years ago, Hernandez delivered a speech on aspects of the Civil War to the history faculty of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

"Also, Hernandez, true to his Northern California roots, is something of a wine maven. His inventory now numbers more than 200 bottles, but he insists he's not a collector; his consumption, which is moderate, has just never kept pace with his purchases. His latest enthusiasm is politics—the process, not the idea of becoming a candidate. He's had two lunches with Richard Nixon. The first time out, Nixon milked him for baseball lore; the second, Hernandez got Nixon to open up about his perceptions of China and Russia. 'Once I got him going, he went on for about an hour. It was just totally fascinating and enlightening. Nixon is very sharp—he hasn't lost anything to age.'

"The big question in the Big Apple these days is whether Hernandez has lost anything to age. That topic popped up twice this year—initially, when he was mired in an early-season slump (from which he extricated himself), and then, much more seriously, after he fractured his kneecap in a game at Shea Stadium on May 17. We'd already scheduled our interview when that injury occurred, and I was concerned that Hernandez, who's intensely private and who measures his words as carefully as Manhattan bartenders measure their drinks, might just clam up on me. He didn't. Instead, we had a series of wide-ranging conversations that touched on sev-

eral subjects—including his bout with cocaine—that he'd never previously discussed.

"I met Hernandez at the two-bedroom apartment he shares with model Sheri Montgomery high above Manhattan's East Side. Hernandez, his right knee immobilized by a splint, was already able to move around without crutches. His injury provided the opening subject for our interview."

PLAYBOY: Last year, the first serious injury of your career—a torn hamstring—kept you out of action for eight weeks, and this season, your broken kneecap will also sideline you for as much as eight weeks. In October, you'll be thirty-six; could these injuries be nature's way of telling you it's time to retire?

HERNANDEZ: No, I don't think so. If my kneecap had been shattered or broken in a few places, and if they'd had to operate instead of just putting it in a splint, then, yeah, it would have been the end of my career. But what I've got isn't debilitating; it's just a very clean horizontal break across the patella. The X rays show a slight

*"Much as I'd love
to stay in New York,
baseball is a business.
I'll be negotiating
my next contract
at a base salary
of two million."*

separation that's so straight it could have been caused by a guillotine. Dr. James Parkes, our team physician, told me I'll be fine as soon as it heals, though I'll probably lose what little speed I have.

PLAYBOY: Exactly how did you break your kneecap?

HERNANDEZ: It was a freak collision. In a game against the Dodgers, I was on first base when a ground ball was hit to their shortstop, Dave Anderson, who went across second base to field it. He wanted to tag me and then throw to first for a double play. In that situation, I'm supposed to bump the guy so that he can't complete the double play. When I did that, my right knee collided with Anderson's left knee. The doctors said it was like a diamond cutter tapping a diamond perfectly and getting a perfect stone. To me, it felt more like two rams butting heads.

PLAYBOY: Did you immediately know the severity of your injury?

HERNANDEZ: No. I got up, ran off the field and played two more innings. The knee had swelled up by then, but I wasn't in too much pain until my next at-bat. I was kneeling in the on-deck circle, and when I started to get up—I couldn't. I had to use my bat as a crutch, and that's when I told

Davey Johnson, our manager, to take me out of the game. But the pain wasn't really more than what you'd get from a sprained ankle. That night, I slept with ice on the knee. At six-thirty the next morning, I called Dr. Parkes and said, "Send an ambulance. I can't walk." He rushed me to the hospital for X rays, and that's all she wrote.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction upon learning you'd again be out for at least eight weeks?

HERNANDEZ: Total frustration. I got off to a bad start this year, but I hit .339 in my last sixteen games, and I was swinging the bat great. This is an important season for me, because I'm in the final year of a five-year contract, and the Mets are looking to make a decision about whether or not they want me back. And then *this* happens. But after I thought about it awhile . . . I mean, what can you do? What's done is done.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any doubts about whether you can come back this season?

HERNANDEZ: And pick up where I left off? Sure I do. When you miss two months, forget all the running and exercise you do to get back in shape—there's just no substitute for playing nine innings every day. When I came back from my torn hamstring last year, I was getting tired by the seventh inning of our games. Stamina is one of my two main concerns.

PLAYBOY: What's the other one?

HERNANDEZ: The Mets' feeling about Dave Magadan, who now has his chance to show what he can do. This hasn't affected my relationship with Mags—I mean, I got my chance when Joe Torre sprained his thumb and the Cardinals called me up, and after I did well, they traded Torre. Now the shoe's on the other foot; that's baseball. This is Magadan's big break, and if he's to have a big career in the majors, he has to make the most of it. And if he does, I'll have to move on. But it's not like I'm out in the cold. I'll be a free agent next year, and as much as I'd love to stay in New York, baseball is a business. I'll be negotiating my next contract at a base salary of two million dollars a year, and if Magadan does well, the Mets may not want to offer me another contract—it'll be their call. We'll just have to wait and see what happens.

PLAYBOY: While you were on the disabled list last year, the Mets won twenty-six games and lost twenty-three games, but while you were with the team, New York's record was 74–36. Do you believe you're that valuable to the club?

HERNANDEZ: Well, some players certainly are key to a ball club, and I feel that I'm one of the Mets' key players, but not to that extent. The real answer to your question is that I don't think the team as a whole handled my absence well last year. I don't know if I should say this, but I've always felt that one of the Mets' weaknesses has been the inability of certain players—I'm not going to name names—to accept responsibility for failure.

This team can make excuses with the

best of them. Last year, my being out of the line-up seemed like an excuse for the team to lose. At first, the typical quote from them was, "Oh, my God, we lost Keith—what are we going to do?" And as the season progressed and they were playing .500 ball, they continued to say, "We miss Keith, we miss Keith."

This year, they're handling the situation a lot better. This year, the guys are telling reporters, "Hey, we've got to take the responsibility on our own shoulders and hold the fort until he comes back." And I think they will. Right now, the National League East is like a horse race with everybody jockeying for position. No one's really run away with the division race, and I don't think any team *will*. When it's time for me to come back, I expect the Mets to be right there in the running. I should be playing again by the time this interview comes out, so by then, we'll know for certain what they've done without me.

PLAYBOY: Bumping knees with a random Dodger isn't nearly as painful as your run-in with that team last year. In fact, you've continued to claim that the Mets' 1988 play-off loss to Los Angeles is too painful for you to discuss. Has the pain subsided?

HERNANDEZ: [*Big sigh*] I suppose so, but it was a major disappointment. We were big favorites, but I knew it was going to be a tough series even though we'd beaten the Dodgers every time we played them during the regular season. We were 10-1 against Los Angeles, but a lot of those games were very tight and competitive and could have swung either way. The fact that we won all of them was misleading, but that, I suppose, is the beauty of baseball.

PLAYBOY: Was there a moment in the play-offs that still seems especially ugly to you?

HERNANDEZ: [*Another sigh*] Yes, the second inning of game seven, which the New York press calls our gold-glove inning. I screwed up a bunt play, Wally Backman tripped on a double-play ball and then Gregg Jefferies made an error with the bases loaded. There were three ways to fuck up, and we found them. That was the most agonizing game of my career. You play 162 games and errors happen, but you're there for the world series, and if you lose the play-offs, you don't *go* to the world series. And seeing the sun go down on our season because of errors—it was demoralizing. After giving up five runs in the second inning, we were behind 6-0, and once Orel Hershiser got that early six-run lead, forget it—he just painted the corners of the plate. He never gave us an opportunity to peck away and get back in the game. He just shut the door, like all good pitchers do.

PLAYBOY: What makes him so tough?

HERNANDEZ: The guy may look like a schoolteacher, but he's got guts and he's a great competitor. There's a fine line between those who have brass balls and those who don't; Hershiser's got 'em. And he got hot last year. He put together a fifty-nine-inning scoreless streak to close out the regular season. When pitchers are on a roll,

they have a direct line to where they want to throw the ball, and they don't make mistakes. After my first at-bat, Hershiser did not give me a pitch over the plate that whole game. He was just working the corners, inside and out.

PLAYBOY: How hard did you take losing the play-offs?

HERNANDEZ: Hard enough so that I couldn't watch game one of the world series. That Saturday night, I was just sitting home with my girlfriend, and when we finally turned the game on, Kirk Gibson was walking back and forth in the dugout and we heard the whole spiel about his injuries. Dennis Eckersley was on the mound and I said, "I have to stick around and watch this." When he hit the home run—well, from that point on, I felt a little better about our loss. Tell me that wasn't a Hollywood script: Ninth inning, the Dodgers are down, 4-3, a man on second, two out and the count is three and two. Seeing Gibson hit that homer was like watching John Wayne take on the entire Mexican army with eight bullet holes in him.

PLAYBOY: Were you at all surprised that the Dodgers went on to beat Oakland in the world series?

HERNANDEZ: No, I think it was *meant* for the Dodgers to win it all. They got hot at the right time, and when that happens, a team can be impossible to stop. But I also think some of the A's didn't help themselves by telling reporters that the Mets were the best team in baseball and that they were disappointed we'd lost. To me, that was the kiss of death. Rules one, two and three: Keep your yap shut, let your bat do your talking and don't piss anybody off. You do not want to give your opponents a banner or a flag to rally round.

PLAYBOY: Funny, but the way we hear it, the Mets offend *all* of their opponents and are the least popular team in the National League. Do we have it wrong?

HERNANDEZ: We're *not* well liked around the league, but there are a lot of reasons for that. You know, everybody loved the Mets when they were the bums who always finished last, but now that we're king of the mountain, everyone is trying to knock us off. People like to beat us, and I understand that.

I remember when I was young and with the Cardinals in the mid-Seventies, and we were a fifth-place team. Whenever the Dodgers or the Reds—the Big Red Machine—came to town, it was like our world series. We'd play our asses off against those teams, and then, when we faced a second-division club like the Cubs, we'd fall back down to earth. You get up for the teams that are on top.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the real knock on the Mets that they're braggarts who aren't above taunting their opponents?

HERNANDEZ: Look, I don't think we're different from any other team in baseball. We have quiet people, characters and, yes, some players who've said a lot of things about our opponents. The real difference

is that what you say in New York goes over the news wires, and the next day, it's everywhere. So I think you have to be extra careful about what you tell the press here, and the team's finally gotten a lot smarter about that.

But not everybody will watch what they say. For instance, Wally Backman—he was traded to Minnesota over the winter—was always outspoken. He happens to be very gutsy and cocky, and he had a tendency to mouth off—that's Wally. We'd go into a three-game series against somebody and he'd say, "We're gonna kick their ass. They can't play with us." I'd go, "Oh, Wally." Meanwhile, we'd kick the shit out of them. But you don't want to incite other teams or give them extra reasons for wanting to beat you. I think you have to follow that line about letting sleeping dogs lie.

PLAYBOY: Let's focus on the current pennant race: Even with the Mets' leader out with injuries, most baseball experts still believe New York will win the National League pennant. St. Louis Cardinals manager Whitey Herzog says, "If you put the Mets' pitching staff with *any* team in the league, that team would win." Do you agree with him?

HERNANDEZ: Yes, I do. Pitching's the name of the game. Good pitching will always keep you in the game. There's not a lot of pressure on our offense to score five runs a game—a lot of times, three or four will be enough for us to win, so we're always in the game. Conversely, our offense has led the league in runs scored the past three years in a row, and that takes the pressure off our pitchers—it's kind of like each hand is washing the other. Still, if I had to pick a team with a mediocre pitching staff and a great offense or a great pitching staff with an average offense, I'd take the pitching any day of the week.

PLAYBOY: Is the Mets' pitching staff the best in baseball?

HERNANDEZ: I haven't seen any that are better. Dwight Gooden has awesome stuff—he throws extremely hard. He and David Cone are the same type of pitchers: power pitchers. Both basically have good, hard fast balls and great curve balls. Bob Ojeda, a crafty left-hander—sinker, slider and great change-up—and Ron Darling are in a different category: They're control pitchers. They work on a batter's timing and have stuff to throw him off, whereas Gooden and Cone will just overpower you. Sid Fernandez is kind of in his own world. He's got this amazingly slow rainbow curve and sneaky fast ball. He's also got a weird motion and his pitches are always hard for hitters to pick up. He's the unique one.

PLAYBOY: Pitching aside, if you were scouting the Mets for another club, how would you describe them?

HERNANDEZ: I'd stress the fact that we're a slugging team, a power team. Our lead-off hitter and our second hitter kind of set the tone. Our two center fielders, Mookie Wilson and Lenny Dykstra, are unhappy with their platoon roles, but they're

indispensable to our club, because they're both sparkplugs. Either Mookie or Lenny, who has a swagger and a cocky air about him, leads off. The young kid, Gregg Jefferies—good bat—hits second. They're the table setters. From that point on, we've got a power-hitting middle of the lineup—me, Darryl Strawberry, Kevin McReynolds, Gary Carter and Howard Johnson. Kevin Elster, our shortstop, hits eighth, and anything he does offensively is a big plus; his glove is that important to the team. We win a lot with our power and, obviously, pitching has been our strength.

PLAYBOY: This will come as no surprise to you: Even managers of other teams have begun saying that this year's Mets are vulnerable because the team's two aging and injured veterans—you and Gary Carter—may be over the hill.

HERNANDEZ: Look, Gary is hurting; we all know that. He's probably the guy I feel for more than anybody else. His arm is shot from wear and tear, and his knees have just deteriorated on him. Gary and I are both thirty-five, and I know that I've got aches and pains that I didn't used to have, and I'm just out there playing first base. Gary has to squat down on every pitch, and he also has to call the pitches, and that's a tremendous burden. Gary's in the same spot I am—he'll also miss a couple of months because of a knee injury—and I'm just hoping he comes back and finishes strong. Gary's been such a great player that you can't help but have a little compassion.

PLAYBOY: What about yourself? You may have won another Gold Glove last year, but you also missed sixty-five games and your average fell to .276, your lowest in a decade. Do you think that was a signal that the end of your career is imminent?

HERNANDEZ: No, because I look at last season—and this season, too—in terms of how I was hitting at the point I got hurt. I got off to a terrible start in '88; I was hitting about .170 for the first three weeks and then came out of it with a bang, and when I got hurt, I was up to .298. This year was almost identical in that I got off to the same slow start. A lot of New York sportswriters were doing stories that began with "Is Her-

nandez over the hill? Is he too old to hit any more?" But then I got red-hot in May, and when I had this freak accident, I was up to .282 and really wearing pitchers out. So I think I've put to rest all that talk about my being through. I can still hit.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, how do you explain the nose dive you went into after returning from your injury last year? And will it happen again *this* year?

HERNANDEZ: I hope it doesn't, but it might. The problem I had was that, after missing all those games, I kind of felt like I was trying to turn over an engine in winter, and I just couldn't get going again. I wound up hitting .240 for the second half of the season.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you picture yourself

HERNANDEZ: You think panic, and you hit panic. When you're in a slump, you're not picking the ball up out of the pitcher's hand; therefore, it looks like it's going five hundred miles an hour. It's just the opposite of what happens when you're red-hot: Instead of thinking in slow motion, you go, Oh! A curve! I better swing! The key to hitting is seeing the ball leave the pitcher's hand and not making a move until you identify the pitch.

PLAYBOY: At what point can you do that?


HERNANDEZ: When the ball is around six feet out of the pitcher's hand. The reason a baseball is white with red seams is to give us a chance to identify the pitch. For instance, when a pitcher throws a slider, the red seams make a tiny circle in the middle

of the ball. A curve ball spins like a moon in orbit over a planet. A fast ball doesn't spin at all—it does nothing. A screwball has a different kind of spin. Each pitch has its own identifying mark, except for the split-finger, and that's what makes it so tough, because coming up to the plate, it looks like a fast ball. The way I deal with it is to pretend it's a sinker—I can hit sinkers. This game is all in your mind and, like anything else, if you doubt that you can do something, then you'll have a hell of a time doing it.

PLAYBOY: Rusty Staub, your friend and ex-teammate, has said that he has never seen a hitter with your ability doubt that ability as much as you do. In fact, he says that

when you get into a slump, you act more like thirteen than thirty-five. Is that an overstatement?

HERNANDEZ: Not really, because when I'm going bad, I tend to mope and pout and feel sorry for myself. The depression and self-doubt are still there, and it's the one thing I really don't like about myself. I wish I could have been a totally confident, cocksure piece of shit no one liked, and then, when my career was over, I could become what I am today. I would have done that in a minute. I finally go back to what Lou Brock—my guru when I broke in with the Cardinals—used to tell me: "If you're going to feel sorry for yourself, it's going to be a long, miserable season, and you're going to be out on the street working a job



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when you're hitting—as a finely tuned engine?

HERNANDEZ: Yeah, but when I'm *really* red-hot, the ball looks like it's coming at me in slow motion, and hitting then becomes a little like bowling. It's like I'm the seven pin—the corner pin in back—and this bowling ball is rolling down the lane. When you've got everything working, that's how big and slow pitches look coming up to the plate. Everything happens in a split second, of course, but when I'm really on a tear, I can actually see the ball hit the bat, the bat recoil and the ball leave the bat.

PLAYBOY: And when you're *not* doing so well?

from nine to five. Instead of channeling it internally, direct your anger at the pitcher, 'cause *he's* the one who's going to put you out on the street." The only good thing I can say about my self-doubt is that it's probably a motivator.

PLAYBOY: How depressed do you get?

HERNANDEZ: When I'm in a slump—and I've had only two years out of fifteen when I haven't had any—I won't want to go out to the ball park. Now, a slump is not an unlucky streak where you're tearing the cover off the ball but just not getting any breaks—that's frustrating, but you say, "Well, it could be worse; I could be striking out." A slump is when you *are* striking out or just not hitting the ball good, and those are the days you don't want to go to the park. And invariably, those are also the days when you'll go to bat in the eighth or ninth inning with the bases loaded and the chance to win it or tie it—and you feel like a piece of shit up there. I've always been better than a .300 hitter in clutch situations—I thrive on that—but when I'm in a slump, I'm thinking, Oh, God, why me? Why couldn't it be someone else up here? But you've got to just take a deep breath and go, Well, I've got to fight through it. You can't give in. You give in, you're done.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a tried-and-true formula for breaking out of a slump?

HERNANDEZ: Yes, and I got it from my dad, who played double-A ball in the late Forties. Dad was a first baseman, and everyone I've met in baseball who played against him said that if he hadn't been beamed—hitters didn't wear helmets then—his eyes wouldn't have gone bad and he probably would have made it to the majors. One year in the Texas League, Dad hit around .312 and was the star of the team—and he's got

the clippings to prove it.

Anyway, one time when I was in a deep slump, he said, "When that happened to me and it got to a point where it was so bad, I'd go out and get drunk." Dad's not a drinker, yet he told me to tie one on. He said, "If you go back to your hotel room, you're just going to dwell on the negatives

HERNANDEZ: My older brother, Gary—who later became an all-American first baseman at Cal Berkeley—and I were both raised to be baseball players. I knew the fundamentals of playing first base when I was six years old, including where to be in every cut-off situation. My father would hit me ground balls every day, and we'd also

work on scooping up throws in the dirt—he'd use tennis balls, so if the ball came up and hit me in the face, I wouldn't get hurt.

PLAYBOY: Sounds to us like the perfect father-son relationship. Was it?

HERNANDEZ: [Pause] Look, I don't want this to come out sounding bad, because up until high school, my father was just the greatest. Dad was a fireman who worked twenty-four hours on and forty-eight hours off, and during those forty-eight hours—when Gary and I were kids—he'd get all the parents in the neighborhood to take their boys down to the little-league and Babe Ruth-league diamonds that he had helped build on church property. When Gary and I got to high school, Dad started worrying that the high school coaches were gonna fuck us up and ruin us. He watched every football workout and every baseball workout, and that's when he started really pressing. He couldn't let go. Gary and I were both very uncomfortable about it.

PLAYBOY: Did you and your brother let him know how you were feeling?

HERNANDEZ: No one really spoke up. Dad was the master, and in our house, differences were not tolerated. Gary was the first one to tell Dad how we were feeling, and when he did, it was as if the earth had shaken. That was a major crisis.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember it?

HERNANDEZ: Yes, vividly. Dad had a temper



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and compound the problem. Go out and have a good time, don't think about the game, and when you go to the ball park, you'll have a fresh outlook. Give your mind a break." I must tell you that whenever I tried that, it always worked. I'm not saying it's the right thing to do, but I can't say it's the wrong thing, either.

PLAYBOY: How responsible was your father for your becoming a ballplayer?

and was a shouter, and Gary just screamed back at him and it turned into a shouting match and, of course, Mom was there to wave our flag. Mom was definitely the buffer, but it really didn't help. My big problem with Dad came years later, when I was in the major leagues and told him, "Hey, I am a man, and I want to go it on my own. If I get into a slump and it becomes critical enough, I'll ask for your advice. But I want to play ball by myself and not have you to lean on." That was in 1978, after I'd hit .340 the first half of the season and slumped in the second half. I wanted to pull away from him, which caused a big stir. He just couldn't let go. Some people have said we have a love/hate relationship, but I don't think of it that way; I know I've never hated him. And at this point, he's backed off. My father taught me how to hit, knows me better than anybody else, and I still go to him when I'm in trouble. And invariably, he always has something to say that's helpful. I think we're both probably very stubborn.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you have his temper, as well?

HERNANDEZ: Hmm. Well, I know that in 1973, when I was nineteen and playing double-A ball in Little Rock, Arkansas, I acted like a maniac. I got off to a .170 start, and I broke batting helmets, water coolers—I was very much of a red ass. It was the hottest summer anyone down there could remember—it was a hundred degrees every fucking day—and it took me two months to get to .300. I remember that one day in early August 1973, I went six for eight in a double-header and got to .300 and then went home and had an out-of-body experience.

PLAYBOY: Care to tell us about it, Miss MacLaine?

HERNANDEZ: I'm not kidding about this. After that double-header, I went back to the hotel and took a bath and I guess I went into a hypnotic state. All of a sudden, I was startled, because I actually felt something leave my body, from the tip of my toes to the top of my head. It really felt like it was a ghost of my inner self, and it just snapped me out of my trance. I opened my eyes and—*whoosh!*—it came right back in. I don't know what the fuck it was—probably a release of tension, 'cause I was a *maniac* when I played there.

PLAYBOY: What was the result of that experience?

HERNANDEZ: Within two and a half weeks, I was down to .260. I was emotionally spent. I'd had a 133-point climb over a two-month period, and when I finally got to .300, all the tension came out and I had nothing left. In the middle of that slump, Bob Kennedy, who was then the Cardinals' farm director, called me up to Tulsa, the Cards' triple-A club. The team was eight games out of first place, with a month to go in the season. I loved the weather there—there was always a breeze in Tulsa—and in thirty-one games, I hit .333, and we won

the championship on the last day of the season.

The next year at Tulsa, I hit .351 and won the American Association batting title. In August of '74—as I told you before—Joe Torre, the Cards' first baseman, sprained his thumb. I got called up and did well, and Torre was traded over the winter. I was the heir apparent, and that's when the pressure really came down on me. At the start of '75, I got off slow, my confidence really dipped and I definitely needed to get sent down again.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem?

HERNANDEZ: The pitchers were just flat-out jamming the piss out of me, and mentally, I was overmatched. I was in awe of being in the big leagues, and I'd go up to the plate saying things like, "Oh, my, I'm facing Tom Seaver." I had too many doubts about whether or not I belonged in the big leagues. I was my own worst enemy. I was with them through June—I hit .203—and then they benched me and sent me down to Tulsa again. That turned out to be a big break for me, because the new manager there, the late Ken Boyer, knew I'd been getting jammed, jammed, jammed. So he had me go out early every day, and he'd do nothing but throw me inside pitches and tell me to pull them to the right. All good hitters like the ball out over the plate—you like to extend your arms—but you have to be able to hit when pitchers go inside on you. Boyer really saved me. I hit .330 at Tulsa, and in 1976, my first full season with the Cardinals, I hit .333 after the All-Star game, when they made me the starting first baseman.

PLAYBOY: Was it smooth sailing from that point on?

HERNANDEZ: No, my average fell to .255 in 1978, and that's when Lou Brock really took me under his wing and became like a second father to me. He taught me everything, and I always told myself that when I got to be his age—Lou retired after the '79 season, when he was thirty-nine—I'd help out younger players the same way he helped me out.

PLAYBOY: What was the most important thing Brock taught you?

HERNANDEZ: How to hit left-handed pitchers. Up until then, I was dangerous against left-handers, but I really didn't start hitting .300 off them consistently until Lou told me, "You're standing too far away from the plate. Move one inch off the plate, and make it obvious to the catcher and everybody. That's significant and they're gonna notice, and they're gonna throw you inside fast balls." Lou always said that in your first at-bat in a game, you should always establish inside on the pitcher, and when you get the inside fast ball—and you will—it's OK if you rip it foul, because that pitcher's gonna go, "Damn, that's my best fast ball." He'll know that he can't get you on inside pitches, so for the rest of the game, he'll throw to your strength—the middle of the plate or outside—and now you've got him. That made a lot of sense to

me, and the following season, I went from .255 to .344, the highest batting average in both leagues that year.

PLAYBOY: And it was that simple?

HERNANDEZ: It wasn't simple at all. Lou told me, "When they see you ready for the fast ball inside, they're gonna start throwing breaking balls, but don't look for them—look for fast balls away and adjust to the curve." I did that, too. And then he got me in spring training the next year and said, "Now you're gonna start mixing the pitchers up, until they don't know *what* the fuck you're doing. You'll pick your spots." What it finally boiled down to is this: If I'm looking for an outside pitch, I can handle anything over the outside three quarters of the plate; I can't handle the inside quarter. When I'm looking for inside pitches, I can handle the inside three quarters of the plate; I can't handle the outside quarter. Every pitcher in the league—particularly left-handers—now knows that I'm an area hitter. I always have three quarters of the plate covered, but which three quarters is the question that pitchers—and, really, catchers—have to ask. The catcher has to say, "Is he looking inside or out?" And he's got a fifty-fifty chance of being right.

PLAYBOY: What part did your hitting play in the emergence of the Cardinals as a power to be reckoned with?

HERNANDEZ: Very little, I think. The Cardinals didn't really come together until Whitey Herzog got there in June of the 1980 season, and almost immediately, he made a top team out of us. Whitey's forte is that he gets the most out of his players. He was the first manager I ever really played for who talked to everybody on the team and made everyone feel he was contributing—that's difficult to do, but Whitey's a country bullshitter. And he knows the game. Whitey was the first manager who called the team's attention to all the minor fundamentals—like hitting the cut-off man—that nine times out of ten will win or lose you a ball game. He also molded a team to play on Busch Stadium's artificial turf. It's a big ball park, and you need rabbits in the outfield to cut down the gaps, and Whitey went out and got 'em. By '82, the team had gelled and we went on to win the world series.

PLAYBOY: Was competing in the series all you'd thought it would be?

HERNANDEZ: For me—no. The confidence factor again. The one thing I'd hate would be to go to the American League and have to learn every team's pitching staff. Brock always told me, "Hitting will get easier as you get older. You'll face pitchers like Don Sutton year after year, and when you go into a game, you'll know what they're gonna throw." Nothing worse than when September comes and teams call up their minor-leaguers and you've got to face these rookies and not know what the fuck they'll throw—I *hate* that! That's what would

happen to me in the American League. And that's what happened to me in the '82 world series.

PLAYBOY: You couldn't figure out Milwaukee's pitching staff?

HERNANDEZ: Not in the first four games, I couldn't. I went 0 for fifteen, and newspapers were running stories about how I was on a pace to break Gil Hodges' record of going 0 for twenty-one in a world series. I couldn't get angry at the reporters, because going 0 for fifteen in the series is a story. That's going to bother a younger player more than a veteran, and it really didn't get to me until I was taking batting practice in Milwaukee before game five. About seventy reporters were on the field and all of them were asking me the same question: "When are you gonna get a hit?" At that point, the pressure was overwhelming.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

HERNANDEZ: I took only one round of batting practice, walked out of the batting cage and went into the trainer's room—which is off limits to the press—just to get away from those negative questions. I was being my own worst enemy again. Hitting is a constant battle, and you really need to think positive. You've got to get angry at the pitcher and say, "I don't give a fuck what you throw. The count's 0 and two, bases loaded, pressure situation—throw me anything you want, I'll hit it." You've got to have the eye of the tiger, or, as Dad used to say, "When you're up at the plate, you've got to be a cold-blooded killer." I remember sitting in the trainer's room and thinking about the spaced-out tank commander Donald Sutherland played in *Kelly's Heroes*. He had this great line about how you've got to tune out all the negative waves.

PLAYBOY: Did that help?

HERNANDEZ: It must have. Even though we lost game five, I went three for four and I was on my way. In the last three games, I went seven for twelve, including a three-run homer off Don Sutton—and when Sutton was with the Dodgers, I'd never come close to hitting a home run off him. That shot contributed to what eventually became a 13-1 blowout in game six, a game we had to win. The next day, we won it all.

PLAYBOY: Did that feel like the climax of your career?

HERNANDEZ: No, and I was disturbed that it didn't mean that much to me. I thought that when we won it, I'd run over to the pitcher's mound and jump up and down and just go crazy—and I did that, but it felt like what I was supposed to do. At the time, I blamed it on having a child's viewpoint of winning the world series, but that wasn't the reason.

PLAYBOY: What was?

HERNANDEZ: I was burned out on baseball. People don't realize that after a while, you can get burned out. Major-league baseball is every day—it's not a Sunday slow-pitch softball league with beer in the dugout.

This is seven months out of the year with only twenty days off. You play a hundred and sixty-two games in a hundred and eighty-two days, and before that, you go through six weeks of spring training with no off days, and after enough years, the grind gets to you. In '82, because we were winning, I didn't realize it had gotten to me. The next year—when I went to spring training—is when it really hit.

PLAYBOY: What were you feeling?

HERNANDEZ: Well, I was twenty-nine years old, I'd been in the big leagues for almost ten years, I had maybe ten more left and, in a way, I'd attained everything I wanted. I'd been M.V.P., I'd won the league batting championship, Gold Gloves and I'd been on a championship team—what more was left but to do it again?

The following season, during spring training, I talked to Pete Rose about it, and he said the same thing had happened to him when he was thirty. He told me you have to remotivate yourself to go on. By coincidence, I met Julius Erving at this year's Super Bowl, and Dr. J thought I was thirty or thirty-one. Out of nowhere, he said, "Well, you're at the age now where you've

*"I think coke is bad,
and anybody who
does it recreationally
is taking a tremendous risk.
Cocaine will grab you
by the throat."*

got to remotivate yourself." When I told him I was thirty-five, he said, "Oh, then you've already been through that. I had to do the same thing." So I guess it must be a natural process.

PLAYBOY: You may have remotivated yourself at the start of the '83 season, but that June, you were traded to the New York Mets, a move that seemed to shock just about everyone in baseball.

HERNANDEZ: Everyone except me; I'd smelled a rat six weeks in advance. I could see that Whitey Herzog did not like me, and in baseball—unless you're the biggest airhead who ever walked the earth—you are the first to know when you are not a wanted commodity.

PLAYBOY: After you hit .299 and drove in ninety-four runs during the Cardinals' championship season, why didn't Herzog want you on the team?

HERNANDEZ: [A very long silence] I must tell you that I've never talked about this publicly, because I want this period of my life swept under a rug and forgotten. [Another long pause] The real reason I was traded? I've got to believe it was caused by my use of drugs. When I said I'd smelled a rat six weeks before the trade, what actually happened was that Whitey called a meeting

and said three players on the team were using cocaine. He said he knew who we were, and if we didn't come out and admit it, we were gone. But that was bluff. The Cardinals had suspicions, but they didn't have any proof.

PLAYBOY: But their suspicions were correct?

HERNANDEZ: Yes, and the three guys who were using it were me, Joaquin Andujar and Lonnie Smith—it's well documented, because later on, we all testified in court. Ironically enough, I'd stopped using the drug just a couple of weeks before I was traded in '83. I started using cocaine in 1980—that was the year of my greatest use. I never really used that much, and I only did it on the road, but not every day and not in every city. We would just do it and yap and tell each other our life stories. Two other players who were gone from the team by '83 were also involved, and since they're no longer in baseball, I don't see any point in mentioning their names.

PLAYBOY: What prompted you to quit using cocaine?

HERNANDEZ: Well, I'd stopped enjoying the high by '81. But I was still snorting coke in '82, and I'd sit there and say, "Why the fuck am I doing this?" I was down to minimal use at the start of the '83 season, when Whitey delivered his speech. And then early in the season, when we played the Phillies in Philadelphia, Lonnie came to the park too strung out to play. He talked to Whitey and turned himself in for rehabilitation—Lonnie went into the tank for a couple of months. That's when I told myself, That's it.

PLAYBOY: Did Smith tell the Cardinals that you and Andujar were also using coke?

HERNANDEZ: They knew. Lonnie had been at that meeting when Herzog said he knew three of us were using coke. The clubs know what's going on—they all know. We're their investments. They watch over their investments.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult for you to get off the drug?

HERNANDEZ: Yeah, it was. When I started using it, the biggest fuckin' lie about cocaine was that it's not addictive. Listen, it's tough to get off cocaine. The urges stayed with me for the rest of the '83 season, and I had those urges during all of '84 and '85, as well. I had to stay completely away from it. If there was cocaine in the room, wherever I was, I left. Now I have a whole new group of friends and I'm not around it. I think coke is bad, and anybody who does it recreationally is taking a tremendous risk. Cocaine will grab you by the throat, and the next thing you know, you're in trouble. You're in trouble.

PLAYBOY: When did you feel as though you were in trouble?

HERNANDEZ: Well, not in '80, when I started doing it—I was enjoying it and I wasn't doing it to the point where it affected my game. I don't know exactly when it started getting a hold on me; probably late '81 or '82. I think that if I'd kept it up, eventually

it would have torn me down. In a way, I suppose the trade was actually the best thing that could have happened to me, because no one on the Mets knew what I'd done.

PLAYBOY: Were you happy about being sent to the Mets?

HERNANDEZ: Oh, no, not at all. I was traded right at the deadline. On June fifteenth, I was out taking batting practice and I'm thinking, Well, I've got till midnight. It's five o'clock, we're hitting and I'm in uniform—only seven more hours till deadline. A few minutes later, Buddy Bates, the clubhouse man, came out and said, "Whitey wants you in his office." As soon as Buddy told me that, I knew I was gone. The only surprise was where I was going. The minute I walked into his office, Whitey said, "We traded you." I said, "What team?" and he said, "The Mets." I honestly think they traded me to New York just to bury me, because the Mets were then a terrible team. While I was in his office, Whitey called up Frank Cashen, the Mets' general manager, and put me on the phone with him.

PLAYBOY: What did Cashen say to you?

HERNANDEZ: That he was happy to have me aboard, and that the Mets were turning things around—and I was sitting there thinking, Oh, sure, the Mets have only been mired in last place for the past five years. I was also thinking that I had half a season left on my contract, which may have had a lot to do with the trade. I was finishing a five-year three-point-eight-million-dollar deal with St. Louis, and if I had signed a new five-year contract, it would have been for considerably more—probably for as much as the eight million, four hundred thousand dollars I got from New York. I don't think St. Louis really wanted to pay it. They're a very conservative organization; they're the ones who are always going to move last.

PLAYBOY: After talking with Cashen, did you feel better about the trade?

HERNANDEZ: Let me put it this way: As soon as I got home from the ball park, I called my agent and said, "Can I retire? Do I have enough money to quit?" And he said, "No, you don't—not if you want to lead the life you're used to." After that, I spoke to my dad, who really made me feel better about going to New York.

PLAYBOY: How so?

HERNANDEZ: My father, being the fan that he is, was very well informed about the progress being made by Dwight Gooden, Ron Darling and Walt Terrell, all of whom were then in the Mets' minor-league chain. He said, "You've got a pitching staff coming up." He also knew all about Darryl Strawberry and said, "This team's got some talent." My dad knows baseball, so I respected what he said.

PLAYBOY: You were traded to the Mets for pitchers Neil Allen and Rick Ownbey—a trade that delighted Mets fans but made Cardinals fans fume.

HERNANDEZ: It was a bad trade, especially

in retrospect. The Cardinals could have gotten a hell of a lot more for me, I think, because they didn't come out and tell the world about the drug thing. But there certainly were rumors floating around—when I talked to Cashen, he let me know he'd heard whispers of my having a drug problem. By the same token, if Whitey had really wanted me, he could have come to me and said, "Look, we know what you're doing; let's get you some help." That never happened.

And then, after the trade, the club suddenly went south, and St. Louis fans got all over Whitey for it. Still, he bit the bullet and didn't come out and say I was traded because of drugs and that I'd lied about not using them.

PLAYBOY: So Herzog was a stand-up guy?

HERNANDEZ: Yes, he was. But when Whitey started getting heat every day because of the trade and because the club had gone south, he became very critical of me, and I wish he'd kept his mouth shut. Herzog said I wasn't his kind of ballplayer because I didn't always run out ground balls—and that's a weakness in my game, I admit that. He finally came up with the ultimate criticism: He said I was a selfish player. That, to me, is the worst. I'd rather be called a dog than a selfish player. That's a player who goes four for four and the team loses, but he's happy; or when the team wins and he's 0 for four, he's pissed off. That really got to me.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked with Herzog since then?

HERNANDEZ: Yeah, we're fine now. I have the greatest respect for him as a manager, and because of that respect, it really did bother me when I read that I wasn't his kind of player. But as I've already mentioned, I also know that he could have gone public with the drug thing and didn't.

PLAYBOY: How did your drug use finally come to light?

HERNANDEZ: During spring training of 1985, I got a call from an FBI agent in Pittsburgh, who said, "We want you to come here and testify in front of the grand jury concerning Curtis Strong," who was a drug dealer. I thought, Oh, *fuck*. Something that ended two years ago, something that's behind me—and I get caught *now*? The trial didn't take place until September, and Lonnie testified the day before I did. He told the grand jury that he, Andujar, myself and the two other players I alluded to had used cocaine.

PLAYBOY: Were you upset at Smith for informing on you?

HERNANDEZ: No, because I understood what he was going through. I knew he was afraid that he would be suspended; I'm sure they threatened him with that. So I didn't hold it against him—we're still friends—and neither did Joaquin. There were no hard feelings. What Lonnie testified to was the truth, and when my turn came, I wasn't going to perjure myself. And I didn't.

PLAYBOY: After you and a number of other

players were granted immunity in return for your testimony, former baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth gave you a choice of being suspended for a year or paying a fine of ten percent of your yearly salary—which in your case came to a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars—and performing two hundred hours of community service. What did you think of Ueberroth's ruling?

HERNANDEZ: When he first came out with his announcement, I didn't like it at all. When Hollywood stars get caught doing cocaine and it appears in the papers, everybody just says "Oh," and it doesn't affect their box office and they continue to work. But then, I had to look at it objectively and I realized this was a big scandal, and Ueberroth had to do something, because the public was outraged. The public—and probably rightly so—said I should have been thankful that I wasn't suspended for life. Listen, I hate the fact that I'm part of "The Pittsburgh Seven," and that'll be baseball history, just like the Black Sox scandal: "The Pittsburgh Seven," and there is my name. Using coke was the biggest fuckin' mistake I ever made, because my reputation had been outstanding, and I blew it.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take before you were happy about having been sent to New York?

HERNANDEZ: Well, when I first got there, my perceptions of New York were what they'd always been: that it's all crime and muggings and don't go out at night. Like most people around the country, I was *terrified* of New York. I was still married in '83, and we had three daughters, so I lived in Greenwich, Connecticut, and commuted to Shea Stadium. But over the winter, my wife and I separated for the last time, and in 1984, Rusty Staub, who was my best friend on the team, insisted that I take a place in the city. And that's when I changed my opinion of New York.

PLAYBOY: What caused you to change it?

HERNANDEZ: Rusty and two other Mets who were also single, Ed Lynch and Ron Darling, were all living in the city, so the four of us hung out together. Rusty knew the city like the back of his hand, and being the gourmet that he is, we used to go out to great dinners after every game, and I liked that. Throughout my years in St. Louis, I'd always gotten bored in the off season, because there wasn't enough to do. In New York, you *can't* get bored—there's simply too many things going on, and not just party things. New York has great restaurants, Broadway shows, all kinds of entertainment, and good basketball, hockey and football.

PLAYBOY: Off and on the field, you're known best as "the Mex," but we've been told that that's more of an alter ego than a nickname. True?

HERNANDEZ: Yes, but it didn't start out that way. When I began playing in the minor

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leagues, the Caribbean, South American and Mexican players I met usually asked me where I was from. I'd tell them the truth: "I'm from San Francisco, and I'm Spanish." They'd always say, "Well, you're not Spanish, you're just ashamed to admit you're Venezuelan or Mexican." So instead of fighting it, at eighteen, I became the Mex.

As I grew older, the Mex became someone other than who I was away from the ball park. I remember that in 1987, I spent most of the season trying to get back together with my girlfriend; we'd been separated for a year, and when I realized I'd made a grave error in judgment, it affected my play and the way I carried myself around the team. I was moody and I was distracted, and I'm usually hyper. At the end of the season, Ron Darling came up to me and said, "We need you to be the Mex again."

PLAYBOY: And who is the Mex?

HERNANDEZ: The Mex is a ballplayer who enjoys being with his teammates and who doesn't act like an adult thirty-five-year-old male. He's not wild and crazy, but he certainly is youthful. When we're flying from city to city, the back of the plane is where everybody goes to have a good time. You go back and drink your beers and have some fun during the two- or three-hour flight to the next town. The Mex belongs in the back of the plane, but that doesn't mean I'm going to be getting drunk and abusive.

I'm really two different people: the ballplayer and the person I am during the off season. During the off season, I'm a fairly solitary man; during the season, I don't want to be solitary. I smoke cigarettes during the season; the rest of the year, I don't. During the winter, I get up early, like normal people do, and I enjoy the day. During the season, because we're nocturnal—the great majority of our games are played at night—I stay up till two in the morning and sleep till noon.

PLAYBOY: Is that the way you were spending most of your time that first season in New York?

HERNANDEZ: Actually, the first half of the season, I was living with a girl. The second half, I wasn't going out like Joe Namath and painting the town red, though I was staying out late. That's when I started thinking Davey Johnson was the greatest manager in the world. On Saturday nights, I'd usually stay out till five in the morning, and when I went to the ball park before our Sunday-afternoon games, I'd tell Davey, "I'm beat; I don't want to take hitting." And he'd let me go into the trainer's room and sleep till noon, and often enough, I'd go out and go four for five. That year—1984—was the best of my career. I hit .300 every month and I was never better in the clutch. To me, '84 was the initial challenge. The team had lost ninety-four games the year before; in '84, we won ninety games.

We turned it around in one year, and Davey was one of the major reasons for that.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize Johnson's approach to managing?

HERNANDEZ: Davey plays a lot of hunches—he operates on his instincts, rolls the dice and often goes against the grain. And Davey's great at developing new talent and instilling confidence in young players. He was perfect for the Mets job. Davey never put any of our young players in the position I was in when I started out with St. Louis: If they went 0 for four, he didn't bench them the next day. He nurtured those kids, especially the pitchers. During their first year with the Mets, whenever Dwight Gooden or Ron Darling got into a jam in the fifth inning or so, Davey would make them get out of it themselves, and only then would he yank them. And he would get tremendous criticism for not letting Dwight Gooden, at nineteen years of age, throw more than a hundred and ten pitches—or whatever the number was—because our trainer had seen a lot of young arms get blown out from overwork. Unfortunately, our bull pen couldn't hold a lead, so when we lost, Davey would catch a lot of criticism for it: "Well, why didn't you leave Gooden in? Doc was throwing a six-hit, one-run game and you pulled him in the eighth inning. Why?" And Davey would always say, "Because he threw a hundred and ten pitches." He took the heat. It's pretty clear to me that Davey's one of the new breed of managers.

PLAYBOY: Apparently so: He's known to rely heavily on computerized stats. Do you go along with that?

HERNANDEZ: Yes, but only to a degree, because there are some things the computer doesn't tell you. The first year Davey had the print-outs, I got curious and checked my average against every pitcher we faced. When I found out I was .345 against John Candelaria, I couldn't believe it, because he was one of the toughest left-handers in the league. What the computer can't tell you—at least not right now—is if I hit twenty bloopers and infield bleeders or if I got legitimate hits off the pitcher.

The numbers also can be deceiving in the other direction. The first time we faced Nolan Ryan, who was then pitching for the Astros, Davey called me into his office and said, "I'm going to rest you today; take the day off. The computer says you hit .175 against Ryan." I said, "No, no, Davey. I don't mind facing Nolan Ryan. Ryan's tough, but I've beaten him." I finally persuaded Davey not to rest me against Ryan, and in the eighth inning, I hit a three-run homer to beat him. My average against Ryan may have been .175, but he always walked me a lot and I was dangerous against him.

PLAYBOY: Former Cardinals catcher Tim McCarver, who's currently the hottest TV baseball broadcaster in America, says he has never seen a player do more than you

do to help his team win, and Frank Cashen agrees. Just what is it that you do?

HERNANDEZ: Exactly what Lou Brock did for me when I was a rookie. I remembered how Lou calmed me down and how much that meant to me. I'd never been on a team that had so many young players come up at once who were bona fide major-leaguers, but they were all going through what I had gone through—wondering whether or not they belonged in the big leagues. So all of a sudden, I'm Dwight Gooden, I'm Ron Darling, I'm Lenny Dykstra, I'm Roger McDowell, I'm Darryl Strawberry—particularly Straw. I had a special attachment to him because he was gonna be the next Willie McCovey and hit five hundred home runs, and he had intense, immense pressure put on him starting when he was nineteen years old. I remembered how I'd felt when I was twenty-one and had my picture in *Sports Illustrated*, which ran an article called "The Most Likely to Succeed." Darryl's still under much more pressure than I ever was.

PLAYBOY: Any reason for that?

HERNANDEZ: Oh, sure—he hits monstrous home runs. Darryl's got awesome power. And America much prefers a slugger like Darryl to a Wade Boggs, a .380 hitter who hits twelve home runs. We love home-run hitters because home runs are exciting. The closest thing to Darryl is Jack Clark, who also puts fear into the hearts of a lot of pitchers. Darryl's very intimidating.

PLAYBOY: When crowds in stadiums throughout the National League razz him by chanting "Dar—ryl! Dar—ryl!" does he ever get intimidated?

HERNANDEZ: No, I think he likes it. The reason they do it, of course, is that Darryl's a special player. A lot of people compare him to Reggie Jackson, but I think Darryl's very sensitive, whereas Reggie was just Reggie.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

HERNANDEZ: Reggie loved being in the spotlight. I mean, when he came to bat with the bases loaded, he would get a hard-on. Mr. All-Star-fucking-grand-slam-homer-in-Detroit-off-the-light-tower, Mr. October—his ego just thrived on things like that, and I know him, and I like him. Darryl's not Reggie. Darryl has this vulnerability that shows, and it's such that in New York, fans really love him, but they're befuddled by him, and I think at least some of that's been caused by the New York press, which always criticizes his defense. Darryl is not a Roberto Clemente in right field—Clemente won twelve Gold Gloves—but he's not a butcher in right field, either. Well, maybe he is just an average outfielder. So what? Listen, Darryl is the cornerstone of the Mets' franchise—he is the franchise player. You build teams around a Darryl Strawberry and his abilities. But even though New York fans are very bright and very knowledgeable, they get exasperated by him.

PLAYBOY: Why? Just because they think he

should be a great defensive player?

HERNANDEZ: No, it's the controversy that seems to swarm around him every spring. They really want to take Darryl into their hearts, and it's a very frustrating relationship. Darryl could have New York in his back fucking pocket, and, to a degree, he does, but fans always want him to do more. Listen, last year, he led the league with thirty-nine home runs, had a hundred and one R.B.I.s and hit .269. What do you expect from this man?

PLAYBOY: Let's focus for a moment on your mention of the controversy that always seems to surround Strawberry: This past spring, just about every TV station in the nation broadcast footage of the two of you fighting at spring training. You've thus far refused to reveal the cause of that fight, so we'll try to finesse this one out of you. What was the cause of that fight?

HERNANDEZ: [A long silence] Well, I've been highly critical of Darryl, and maybe too much so—in the newspapers—about things I should have said to him face to face. I've always had Darryl's best interests at heart, but there are things I've said about him publicly that I wish I hadn't.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

HERNANDEZ: I said that he quit on us in '84 and '85. I think I misjudged him back then, and Darryl is very misunderstood. I can tell you that he is a caring person who's got a good heart and who wants to be liked. He is not an asshole, which is to say he's not a self-centered piece of shit.

PLAYBOY: You still haven't told us what happened at spring training.

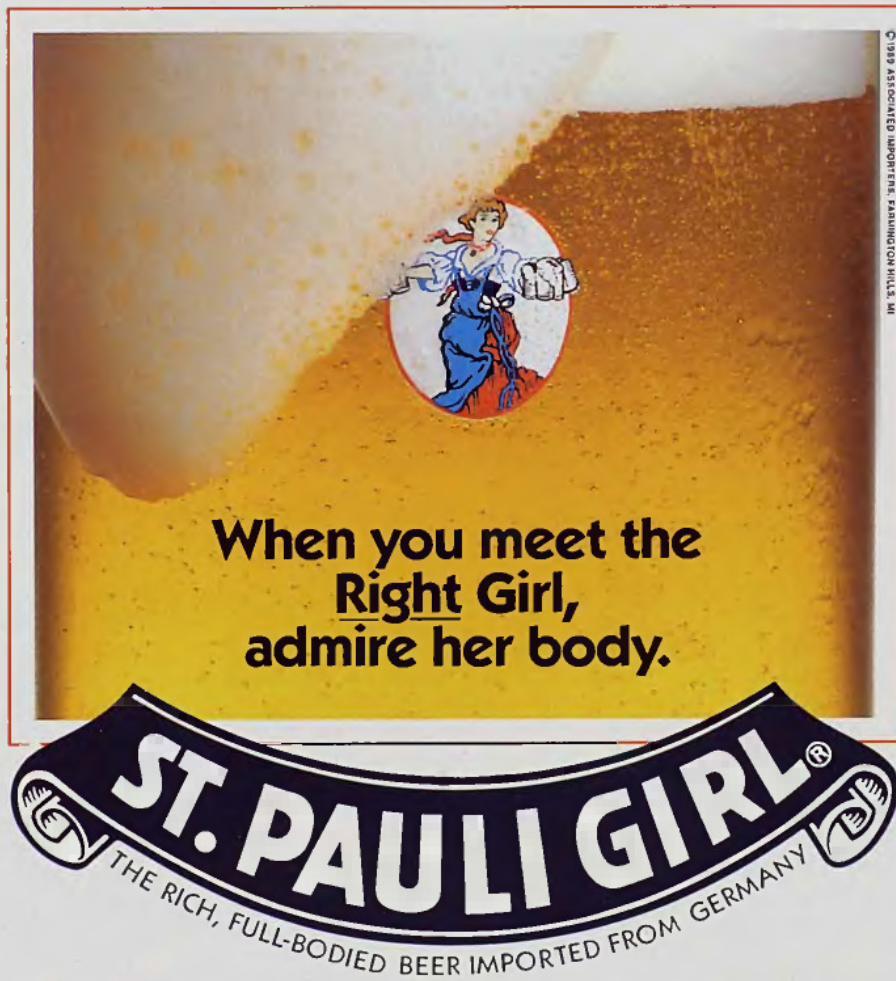
HERNANDEZ: What happened was this: Darryl had heard from a most unreliable source—don't ask me who, 'cause I won't tell you—that last fall, I had campaigned against him winning the league's M.V.P. award. He didn't hear this from anybody connected with the Mets, but he believed it, and that simply wasn't true.

PLAYBOY: The M.V.P. award is voted on by sportswriters. He was told that you had urged sportswriters not to vote for him?

HERNANDEZ: Right. The day before we got into the fight, we ran into each other and he asked me about it, and I said, "Darryl, no." And I thought we'd cleared that up.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, you hadn't.

HERNANDEZ: That's also right. But I think I really touched it off. Straw was then trying to get his old contract torn up, and I told some newspapermen I thought he was getting bad advice from his agent—which was not really blaming Darryl. Anyway, he picked the fight. There were all these cameramen around and I said, "Are you sure you want to do this right here, right now?" He wanted to, and I couldn't back down. But I didn't want to hit him, and I could have coldcocked him. We were laughing about this recently, because he hadn't really wanted to hit me, either. Darryl's also a lefty, and he threw a half-assed left hand and brushed my nose with the back of one of his fingers—it wasn't even a backhand



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slap.

PLAYBOY: Was that the end of it?

HERNANDEZ: Yes, but I couldn't sleep that night—I was *very* upset. The next day, I go to the park and, lo and behold, Darryl comes up to me and says, "Let's play catch, Mex." I can't tell you how relieved I was.

PLAYBOY: Why? Is camaraderie that important to you?

HERNANDEZ: Camaraderie is *very* important! In St. Louis, we were a tight unit, and after a game, you didn't have to say, "I'll see you at the hotel bar." Instead of going up to our hotel rooms after a night game and feeling claustrophobic, we would meet downstairs and talk to one another over a few beers. On my first road trip with the

Mets in '83, I took the team bus back to the hotel, and only three players were in the hotel bar. I went, "Holy fuck!" It stayed like that through the end of that first half season I played for New York.

The next year, in '84, on our first road trip, I made a point of going up to fifteen players and saying, "Hey, I'll meet you in the hotel bar after the game." All fifteen guys showed up, and I'll never forget that Hubie Brooks, who now plays for the Expos, came up the next day and said, "You know, I had a great time last night; let's do it again." A team becomes a team that way. And you don't just spend your time bull-shitting. For instance, let's say Hubie went one for four during the game. I'd ask him, "That one at-bat where you were awe-

some—what did the pitcher lead you off with? What did he throw you on three and one? What was on *your* mind at three and one?" The pitchers talk about pitching, the rest of us talk about hitting, and that's important.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk some more about hitting. Ted Williams once claimed that hitting a pitched baseball is the toughest single act in sports. Do you agree?

HERNANDEZ: Yes, I do. If a quarterback completes thirty percent of his passes, he won't make it to the N.F.L. You don't hear about quarterbacks with a thirty percent—or .300—completion average. If a tennis player gets in only thirty percent of his first serves, he's in deep shit. Same with a basketball player

who shoots thirty percent from the floor. But a baseball player who gets hits in thirty percent of his at-bats—only about a dozen guys in each league are able to do that. Check it out.

PLAYBOY: After fifteen seasons in the major leagues, your lifetime batting average is exactly .300. Can you tell us what it takes to be a .300 hitter?

HERNANDEZ: Mental discipline. *Total* mental discipline. Every year you have approximately seven hundred appearances at the plate. There will be times when you're in, say, St. Louis, and you're leading off the ninth inning, the score is 10-0, it's a week-end game and the temperature is a hundred degrees—and a hundred and forty

degrees on the Astroturf—and the heat is reflecting up in your face. And you can't give in, but once in a while, you're *going* to give in. There ain't a man alive who's gonna have seven hundred quality at-bats. He's gonna have that time when he says, "I'm tired, this game's out of reach, this pitcher gives me trouble—fuck it." Keep them at a *minimum*. And that's the difference between a .300 hitter and a .280 hitter.

PLAYBOY: Last year, even though you were only two hits short of it, the fact is that you did fall below .280. Aside from that statistic, are you aware of any inroads that time has made on your ability to hit?

HERNANDEZ: That's difficult to answer, because before I got hurt last year—and this year, too—I was having a normal season. Let me put it this way: When I slip, I'll be the first to know. I once asked [former Chicago Cubs slugger] Billy Williams when he first felt that he was slipping and what he did to compensate for it. Billy said, "When I was thirty-seven, I felt myself become a little slower—I didn't get the bat around as fast as I always had, so I looked for certain pitches." Billy and I talked about the pitches he looked for, and what he told me will remain strictly confidential. I'm not giving anything away that I don't have to.

PLAYBOY: At the start of the season, Mets vice-president Joe McIlvaine sounded as if he were ready to give you away. McIlvaine told a writer that if you don't play up to your usual level, it may be "time to sever the cord." How did you react to that?

HERNANDEZ: I took it for what it was: That's the business end of baseball. I was coming off an injury that put me out for sixty days and was getting ready to negotiate a new contract, and he was saying, "Show me." If I were in Joe's shoes, I would have said and done the same thing: I wouldn't have signed me to another contract until late in the season or until the season was over—I'd have waited to see if I'd had a good year or not. I think it's purely a business decision, and a good one, a sound one. They're doing the same thing to Carter—the spotlight's on both of us.

PLAYBOY: And how hot is that spotlight getting?

HERNANDEZ: This is a different sort of pressure than I've ever had to deal with, because I want to finish my career with the Mets. New York is my home, and if I didn't give a shit about living there, I wouldn't give two flips about playing somewhere else next year. My injury has changed the picture, however. Even though it's a freak injury, it's an injury nonetheless, and it's real easy to picture management saying, "OK, he's starting to get hurt now, and it will continue." But when I come back, and if I get back in the starting line-up, I think my destiny will still be in my own hands. Of course, it's certainly possible that come September—which is when this kind of

thing always happens—a contending team will want a veteran first baseman to help them in their stretch run for a division title. But at least I'm not at the Mets' mercy. I'm a ten-and-five man—I have ten years of service in the big leagues and more than the required five with the same team—which automatically means that they can't trade me to a club I don't want to play for. And if they can't trade me, then I become a free agent and can sign with anybody next year.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel about being traded?

HERNANDEZ: Right now, if I have to go somewhere, there's only one team I'd want to finish my career with, and it's in the National League. I can't tell you *which* team, because that could be interpreted as breaking baseball's rule against tampering, and I'd catch hell for it from the commissioner's office. But I'd still rather finish my career with the Mets.

So the pressure this year is unlike the usual variety, but it finally comes down to the same thing: I've got to continue to produce.

PLAYBOY: And what if you *can't* produce?

"There's not enough years left for me to have any shot at getting three thousand hits. I'm not gonna fuss and break my head over it."

HERNANDEZ: What do I do? I don't know. For the first time in my career, because of my divorce and some financial problems, I'm really playing for a new contract. I should be fucking set for life, but I got ambushed, waylaid by the past. When I got divorced, I got clobbered, and there were also problems with my former agent and the IRS. I had everything planned so that after this contract, I could quit, if I wanted to, and live off the money I'd deferred all these years. I was set, but that option's no longer there. And I'm very pissed about it.

PLAYBOY: Because of that situation, how many more years do you plan on playing?

HERNANDEZ: If I can stay healthy, I've got three years left where I can play a hundred and fifty games a season. Physically, I may have five years left, but the only thing that could keep me in the game that long is my shot at three thousand hits, which would just about ensure me a place in the Hall of Fame. Between last year's injury and this one, though, that's out: See ya. *Sayonara*. There's not enough years left and not enough games left for me to have any shot at getting three thousand hits. I'm not gonna fuss and break my head over it, though I certainly would like to get twenty-five hundred. But if it doesn't happen,

then it doesn't happen. I'll just have had a good career, and I'll take it from there.

PLAYBOY: Since you've already indicated that you probably won't be playing then, what do you expect to be doing five years from now?

HERNANDEZ: I'm not sure, and I'm worried about it. Do I want to broadcast? Do I want to manage? Do I want to stay in the game? You know what would be the most effortless job? Just coaching for the Mets, living in New York and throwing batting practice. I could do that for a while. Actually, I would love just to fade into the sunset.

PLAYBOY: Is it important to you how New Yorkers remember your years with the Mets?

HERNANDEZ: Well, I think it's already pretty much guaranteed that I'm a member of an exclusive club—only two Mets teams have ever won the world series, the miracle Mets of '69 and the '86 Mets—so we'll always be remembered. And no matter if my career falls apart this year—the worst possible scenario is that I'm not given a new contract—as time goes by, the fans will forget all that, and they'll remember '86. That's important to me, and I'm looking forward to old-timers' day in the year 2006—the twenty-year reunion of the 1986 Mets will be a fun day.

Other than that, I won't lose sleep over how people are gonna remember me when I'm through playing. Fans always expect you to be in a great mood, and there have been times when they've come up for an autograph and I've had a bad day or I've been in a slump, and I've been rude. Those people probably hate my guts, 'cause you remember those things. But if they think I'm stuck-up or unfriendly, they ought to think again. They don't know me. I have my own life.

PLAYBOY: It almost sounds as if, when you leave the game—aside from your desire for Hall of Fame membership—you don't want to leave any footprints behind you.

HERNANDEZ: That's not true. What's important to me is how I'm perceived by baseball people. When Whitey Herzog was my manager, he could drive to the park every day knowing I'd be in the line-up, that I wanted to play and that I'd always give him my very best. That's how I want to be perceived. Not as this guy who got twenty-five hundred hits and who was a lifetime .300 hitter. I gave it my best—that's how I want to be remembered.

And I know this much: When I retire from baseball, I will miss the guys much more than the game, and I think that's true for most ex-ballplayers. I won't miss having to drive in the clutch run with two outs in the ninth inning. But I will miss the three-a.m. bus rides from the airport into Cincinnati, where there's music going and everybody's singing and laughing. Those are the great times.





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SUPER BOWL XXIII, three minutes, ten seconds left in the game, Cincinnati up 16-13, San Francisco with the ball on its own eighty-yard line. Are the 49ers worried? Nah! After all, they have the best wide receiver who has ever played the game in Jerry Rice. And they have Mr. Clutch, Joe Montana, the guy who has been bringing teams back since his peewee-league days.

So often, potential Super Bowl magic turns out to be all hype and no drama, games more memorable for their commercials than for the final minutes. Not on this day, because Joe Cool is at the helm. Piece by little piece, he takes apart Cincinnati's zone coverage and unlikely dream. Eight yards, seven yards, then seven again. With the game on the line and the ball on the Cincinnati ten, Montana finds John Taylor uncovered over the middle and hits him for a touchdown. It's San Francisco's third Super Bowl ring in eight years and leaves Montana 34 seconds to rehearse "I'm going to Disney World."

Montana may not have proved that he's the best big-game quarterback ever, but then, he's not finished. Cincinnati receiver Cris Collinsworth summed up Montana's performance best: "Joe Montana is not human. I don't want to call him a god, but he's definitely somewhere in between."

Happily, fans whose reason for living ended with Montana's heroics had plenty of off-season action to keep them awake till fall. In fact, four events took place that changed the face of professional football.

Start with the patriarch of coaches over the past two and a half decades, Tom Landry, who was hustled out of Dallas and into the sunset by new Cowboys owner Jerry Jones, a feisty Arkansas millionaire who cracked heads as a player for the Razorbacks when offensive guards weighed only 185 pounds. Simultaneously, Jones brought in former Arkansas teammate Jimmy Johnson, he of the perfect hair and almost perfect record at the University of Miami (51-9) these past five years, to bring law and order and some wins to an America's team only a shadow of its former self.

Next, in a move that surprised even his closest friends, Pete Rozelle, the man most responsible for the wildly successful mating of pro football and television, stepped down after 29 years as N.F.L. commissioner. The man had

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

made his mark. It was Rozelle who persuaded the owners to split TV revenues equally, thus creating league stability and economic fortune; Rozelle who oversaw the merger of the A.F.L. with the N.F.L. and the inception of the Super Bowl; Rozelle who convinced Roone Arledge at ABC that football belonged in Monday-night prime time. And to think that it took the league 23 ballots back in 1960 to settle on compromise candidate Rozelle, then a 33-year-old PR man.

He quit, finally, "to spend more free time and stressless time" with his family. And who can blame him, after endless strife with the players' union and a decade-long legal squabble between the league office and Raiders owner Al Davis?

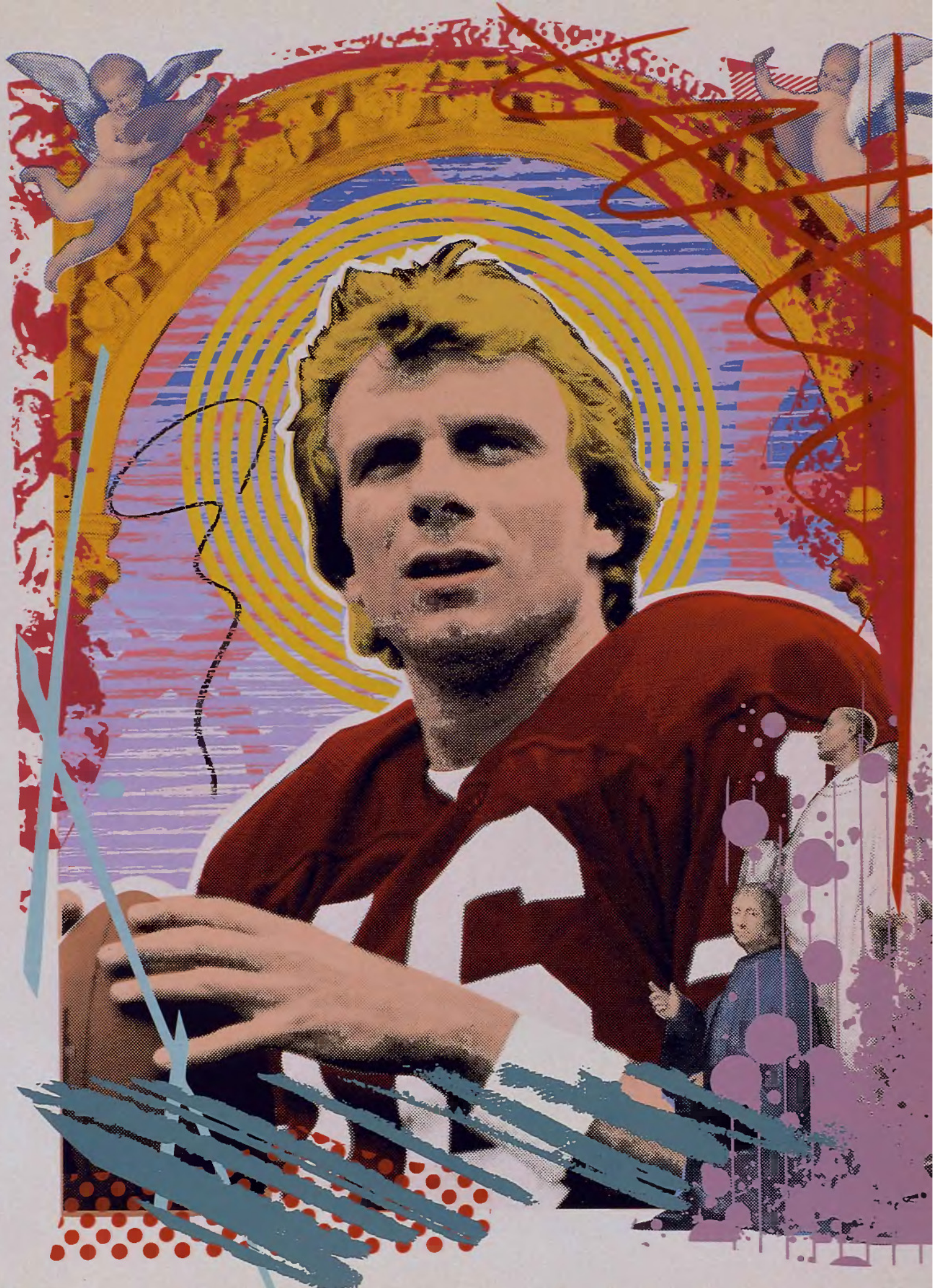
Then 229 players changed partners in the N.F.L.'s version of a Chinese fire drill. That's more guys than quarterback Custer had with him when the Seventh Cav played Sitting Bull State. When the league decided to short-circuit a lawsuit by the players' union by allowing each team to protect 37 players and give free agency to everyone else, no one imagined that more than a third of the unprotected players would actually switch uniforms.

The move, referred to as Plan B, probably benefited the weaker teams such as Green Bay (20 players signed), who helped themselves to the leftovers of talent-rich franchises such as Houston (15 players lost). It most definitely benefited the players who switched, a mostly mediocre crowd, who signed contracts for approximately 72 percent more than they were paid in 1988. Can Gary Hogeboom, who went from Indianapolis to Phoenix, really be worth \$3,400,000 over four years?

Finally, back in Dallas, Texas E. Schramm, the president and general manager of the Cowboys and the second-most powerful man in the N.F.L., handed in his badge after deciding there wasn't enough room in town for both himself and new owner Jones. It was Schramm who had originally pushed Rozelle for commissioner, who sat on the powerful rules committee and who, along with Rozelle, recognized the potential of pro football on television. It was no accident that Dallas became America's team. Schramm engineered it, along with five Super Bowl appearances, for his

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**"Joe Montana is not human. I don't want to call him a god, but he's definitely somewhere in between."
—CRIS COLLINSWORTH, wide receiver, Cincinnati Bengals**



THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Eastern Division	Buffalo Bills
Central Division	Cleveland Browns
Western Division	Los Angeles Raiders
Wild Cards	Houston Oilers Indianapolis Colts
A.F.C. Champion	Buffalo Bills

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Eastern Division	Philadelphia Eagles
Central Division	Minnesota Vikings
Western Division	San Francisco 49ers
Wild Cards	Chicago Bears Los Angeles Rams
N.F.C. Champion	Minnesota Vikings

SUPER BOWL CHAMPION MINNESOTA VIKINGS

PLAYBOY'S 1989 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

Randall Cunningham, Philadelphia	Quarterback
Eric Dickerson, Indianapolis	Running Back
Herschel Walker, Dallas	Running Back
Jerry Rice, San Francisco	Wide Receiver
Anthony Carter, Minnesota	Wide Receiver
Keith Jackson, Philadelphia	Tight End
Anthony Munoz, Cincinnati	Tackle
Gary Zimmerman, Minnesota	Tackle
Bill Fralic, Atlanta	Guard
Max Montoya, Cincinnati	Guard
Ray Donaldson, Indianapolis	Center

DEFENSE

Bruce Smith, Buffalo	End
Chris Doleman, Minnesota	End
Reggie White, Philadelphia	Tackle
Mike Singletary, Chicago	Inside Linebacker
John Offerdahl, Miami	Inside Linebacker
Andre Tippett, New England	Outside Linebacker
Cornelius Bennett, Buffalo	Outside Linebacker
Albert Lewis, Kansas City	Cornerback
Frank Minnifield, Cleveland	Cornerback
Joey Browner, Minnesota	Safety
Ronnie Lott, San Francisco	Safety

SPECIALTIES

Morten Andersen, New Orleans	Place Kicker
Jim Arnold, Detroit	Punter
Tim Brown, Los Angeles Raiders	Kick Returner
Ron Wolfley, Phoenix	Special Teams

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Barry Sanders, Detroit	Running Back
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beloved Cowboys.

Schramm left Dallas to take on the challenge of organizing the N.F.L.'s new International Football League, a developmental probe to test the viability of expanding into foreign markets. Never mind the outcome; Gil Brandt, the Cowboys' former director of player personnel and another victim of Jones's house cleaning, knows where Schramm's heart lies: "Tex will always wear a Cowboys star on his sleeve."

There were also a few less historic changes in the off season. Steroids are out; the instant replay is still in. All players will be tested for anabolic steroids and masking agents during a seven-to-ten-day period at the start of training camp. A positive test will result in a minimum 30-day suspension. A second positive test will result in a ban for the remainder of the season, including all post-season games. The use of the instant replay as an officiating aid was extended one more year by an owners' vote of 24-4.

And now, before any more N.F.L. legends resign or are fired, or the Redskins take off their paint to become Cowboys, let's take to the field to pick the winners.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Philadelphia Eagles	10-6
Washington Redskins	8-8
New York Giants	8-8
Dallas Cowboys	7-9
Phoenix Cardinals	7-9

When we predicted last year that the Philadelphia Eagles would win the N.F.C. East, we had no idea that a Buddy Ryan-coached team could finish dead last out of 28 teams in pass defense. It did, and the Eagles won the division anyway.

The credit goes to quarterback Randall Cunningham and N.F.L. Rookie of the Year Keith Jackson, who set an Eagles receiving record with 81 catches. Some credit also goes to the Washington Redskins and the New York Giants, who couldn't get their acts together.

Ryan says the Eagles are only eight players and a year's experience from being able to play with the big boys. Never believe Ryan's public expectations for his team. He won't be satisfied with anything less than a Super Bowl win.

Cunningham is talented enough to lead the Eagles anywhere except into a Soldier Field fog bowl with the Chicago Bears, as happened last season in the Eagles' first and only play-off game since 1981. Mike Quick is completely recovered from the broken leg that sidelined him for eight games in the middle of last season.

Ryan found a jewel at linebacker when the Bears left Al Harris unprotected under Plan B. The acquisition of Harris

TONY THE TERMINATOR

Tony Mandarich May Become the Best Pro Lineman Ever

Tony Mandarich is no ordinary man-mountain. He is a mountain range—Rocky thighs, Himalayan shoulders, tectonic plates of muscle so tight his pecs twitch when he clenches his fists. The 6'6", 315-pound Mandarich is volcanically strong. At an audition for N.F.L. scouts, he bench-pressed 225 pounds 39 times. He can dead-lift 780 pounds. In the course of a "psycho workout," he may hoist half a million pounds. And he may be the fastest man his size on earth. Mandarich is a preview of the N.F.L.'s future—when every player will be Schwarzenegger strong and scatback fast. Offensive tackle as Terminator.

"I'm the new breed," he says, dwarfing the dining-room table in his Whittier, California, condo 48 hours after the Green Bay Packers made him the number-two pick in the 1989 N.F.L.

draft. "Most of the offensive linemen in the N.F.L. are fatasses, twenty or twenty-five percent body fat. I'm eleven point four."

He grins. Currently embroiled in a bargaining war with the Packers (he wants more millions than number-one pick Troy Aikman got from Dallas), Mandarich knows that every colorful quote increases his fame and enhances his leverage. Publicity—"good pub"—is Tony's ammo. He cultivates his image as the Hulkster of football. Asked to compare himself with Brian Bosworth, another self-promoter who made a lot of noise before playing a down in the N.F.L., Tony sniffs. "The Boz," he says. Subtext: Bosworth turned pro with Tony-style hoopla but is now known for two things—Right Guard ads and a Boz-bash collision with Bo Jackson. "I don't like being compared to him. He's arrogant; I'm outspoken. And I won't lay an egg when I get to the N.F.L., like he did."

More inflammatory quotes:

"Bodybuilding is harder than football."

"Green Bay should not be called a city. A village, maybe."

"The N.C.A.A.? Amateurs. They don't know what they're doing."

"I don't use steroids. I worked my ass off in the gym to get big, and my family are big people. My brother plays for the Edmonton Eskimos. My mom is big. She used to body-slam me when I was thirteen, and I was over two hundred pounds then. But I'm not saying I *wouldn't* use steroids. I might. I'll do whatever it takes to be the best."

"Yeah, I want more money than Troy Aikman. [N.F.L. insiders] said that if Dallas didn't need a quarterback, they



would have picked me. So I should be paid more. If I don't sign, I won't cry. I'll sit out a year, work my ass off in the gym and get bigger, stronger and faster. I might fight Mike Tyson. Think of the pub *that* would be."

"Sex is better for someone my size. I am better than most people because I'm an athlete."

Most of these lines are delivered with the mountainous Mandarich grin. He hopes his fans understand that a lot of the noise he makes is harmless hype. He is still troubled by a recent national-magazine cover story, which he thinks misinterpreted him; he thinks he came off as a foulmouthed eating machine crazed on ego and heavy-metal music, pumping iron around the clock to the buzz-saw beat of his favorite band, Guns n' Roses. He does work out to the G&R anthems *Wel-*

come to the Jungle and *They're Out to Get Me*, but a guy's got to listen to something *loud* while pumping iron, Tony says. "I mean, Sinatra's OK, but he's not the most *rebellious* guy."

In a contemplative moment, he explains himself—just a normal giant trying to stir up a little pub. He is not dumb, he says, pointing out that his "fatass" quote was aimed at the N.F.L.'s offensive linemen, with whom he will never butt helmets. "If I'd said *defensive* ends were fat, then I'd worry," he says. He cites his media-star role model, Hulk Hogan, as an example of what hype is all about. "I've met the Hulkster," says Mandarich. "He's very low-key, even humble. But on TV, he yells, *I'm the greatest!*" and *Hulkamania!*" and all that. That's his thing. It's a show, and the show sells tickets. My show is Guns n' Roses. My show is being the madman, the big eater, the psycho. If I ate as much as people think I eat, I'd weigh five hundred pounds."

Man-mountain Mandarich sips a Diet Coke. "The public wants the crazy guy, the psycho," he says. "But I have a mellow side. I'm human. The weight room and the running and the lifting and the football take so much out of you—when I get home, I just relax and listen to my stereo. I guess this could ruin people's image of me—they'll think, Wow, is he mellow. . . ."

He shrugs. Whether he signs this year or sits out a year, Tony Mandarich will be rich soon. The moment he strikes N.F.L. gold, he will replace his old stereo with a truly righteous sound system, which he will install in the house he plans to build in Whittier.

—KEVIN COOK



allows Ryan to shift another former Bear, Todd Bell, to strong safety.

Keys to winning: Assuming the Eagles have signed defensive end Reggie White, the N.F.L.'s leading pass rusher (18 sacks), by the beginning of the season, Ryan's biggest problem will be improving the play of the Eagles' cornerbacks. A year of experience should help Eric Allen, who got burned too often in his rookie season.

The Washington Redskins are second only to San Francisco in winning percentage (.687) since 1981, when Joe Gibbs took over as coach. But they weren't immune from Super Bowl-champs disease last season, when they slumped to 7-9 and failed to make the play-offs. "It was no fun," understated Gibbs, who pointed to injuries, turnovers (their take-away-giveaway ratio was the worst in the league) and an inconsistent running game.

The Redskins obtained running back Gerald Riggs from Atlanta, which scared Eagles coach Ryan into ungraciously quipping, "He's almost as old as I am." Actually, Riggs is only 28 but probably does have most of his yards gained behind him.

Doug Williams and Mark Rypien will battle for the starting-quarterback job. Look for Jamie Morris, a welcome surprise at running back, to get more playing time.

Keys to winning: With Dave Butz's retirement, the Redskins have a huge hole to fill on defense. Charles Mann must bounce back from a subpar year. Gibbs should go with the younger Rypien at quarterback over the oft-injured Williams.

Did the New York Giants play over their heads three years ago when they dominated the opposition en route to the Super Bowl? Or were they a great team that got a little too old, a little too complacent and lost the chemistry?

After their Super Bowl-hangover season in 1987, the Giants appeared to be on the rise again last year. But a closer look reveals a cream-puff schedule and only one victim (New Orleans) that finished the year with a winning record.

And things don't appear to be improving. Linebacker Lawrence Taylor, once the scourge of the league, now dominates only occasionally. Both linebacker Harry Carson and defensive end George Martin have retired. And age and injury have slowed safeties Kenny Hill and Terry Kinard.

On offense, quarterback Phil Simms is at the peak of his game. But the running attack relies too much on 5'7", 195-pound Joe Morris. Tight end Mark Bavaro will try to return to his All Pro form after a disappointing season marred by a lengthy contract holdout.

The most courageous battle to be

fought this year by any Giant is that of tackle Karl Nelson, fighting a recurrence of Hodgkin's disease. He'll miss the season.

Keys to winning: The Giants need a super effort from the defense, particularly from Taylor and veteran linemen Leonard Marshall and Jim Burt. The beefy but inexperienced offensive line has to protect Simms and open some big holes for little Joe. And someone has to figure out where the magic went.

If it weren't for the stars on their helmets, you'd have a hard time recognizing the Dallas Cowboys. Gone is the implacable one in the porkpie hat, Tom Landry; gone is the most powerful pro football executive of the past 29 years, Tex Schramm; gone is Gil Brandt, the man who, as player personnel director, created the computer scouting methods that all other teams eventually copied.

Gone also are Cowboys stalwarts Randy White, Doug Cosbie and, of course, as of last year, Tony Dorsett. Only a few fossils remain, the most notable being Ed "Too Tall" Jones, returning for an unbelievable 15th season.

The new Cowboys will be the creation of the fusion between owner Jerry Jones and coach Jimmy Johnson. But they'll benefit from last year's poor finish, which netted the player Landry and Brandt had wished but dared not hope for: quarterback Troy Aikman. Brandt put it simply: "Aikman's got the best arm to come out since John Elway's."

The new Cowboys will also have the old Herschel Walker, and with a conference-leading total of 1514 yards, that ain't bad. Last year's number-one pick, wide receiver Michael Irvin, will benefit from rejoining Johnson, who coached him at Miami.

Johnson faces an ideal situation, since the Cowboys are unlikely to do worse than their 3-13 mark of last season. In fact, the Cowboys, who lost five games last year by three points or fewer, weren't really quite as bad as their record. Give Johnson three years to build his own winning tradition.

Keys to winning: While Aikman has been getting all the press, quarterback Steve Pelluer will probably be the Cowboys' starter. He'll need to get off to a good start to avoid the temptation to rush Aikman. The Cowboys must improve their take-away-giveaway ratio (-21) and cut down on penalties.

If you're looking for a sure bet, put some dough on Phoenix Cardinals quarterback Neil Lomax' not making it through the 16-game schedule. Lomax, one of the best passers in pro football, is dogged by an arthritic hip and a bad knee. When he is healthy, the Cardinals are almost a contender. They were 7-4 after 11 games last season, until Lomax went down and the bottom fell out.

Recognizing Lomax' vulnerability, the Cardinals picked up unprotected free agent Gary Hogeboom from Indianapolis. Even if Hogeboom can fill in adequately for Lomax, Phoenix has some other problems. The combined age of its two outstanding wide receivers, Roy Green and J. T. Smith, is 65. And at the end of last season, Earl Ferrell was the Cardinals' only healthy, productive running back.

On defense, end Freddie Joe Nunn had 14 sacks, second among N.F.L. linemen. But the linebacking corps is questionable and there is little depth at the corners.

Keys to winning: The Cardinals have to hope Lomax can limp through the entire schedule or that Hogeboom can fill in. Linebacker Eric Hill, taken as the tenth over-all pick, needs to step in as a starter, and Ricky Hunley must finally play up to his pro potential.

CENTRAL DIVISION	
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Minnesota Vikings	12-4
Chicago Bears	11-5
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	6-10
Detroit Lions	4-12
Green Bay Packers	4-12

The Minnesota Vikings have a different kind of quarterback problem. For most teams, the Q.B. quandary is who. For the Vikings, it's which one. Last season, Wade Wilson started, was relieved by Tommy Kramer after a loss to Buffalo in the opener, only to regain the job after game seven. The problem with this kind of tag-team match is that your team starts to resemble *Family Feud*.

The result for the Vikings was inconsistency, exhibited by their inability to concentrate on their weaker opponents. A loss to the Packers in week 15 cost Minnesota the Central Division championship.

The Vikings have enough talent to take them all the way to the Super Bowl if coach Jerry Burns can solve the Q.B. problem.

The Vikings defensive front of Keith Millard, Henry Thomas and Chris Doleman ranks with the best of any in the league. One nagging question is the status of defensive end Doug Martin, sidelined toward the end of last season with a knee injury.

The Vikings improved their linebacking corps by trading their number-one draft pick next year to Pittsburgh for Mike Merriweather, a talented but unhappy Steeler who sat out last season in a contract dispute. Another Minnesota strength is their wide receivers, led by Anthony Carter.

Keys to winning: The Vikings need the healthy return of Martin and linebacker Jesse Solomon. Burns must



"All right, switch to Plan B—rob from the poor and make ourselves rich."

solve the quarterback question decisively and early. The Central Division is a toss-up between the Vikings and the Bears, with the winner likely to be the team that fares best against the weaker divisional rivals.

Last season, Chicago Bears coach Mike Ditka crossed the line from man to living legend. He coached the Bears to their fifth consecutive Central Division title after they lost Walter Payton, Wilbur Marshall and Willie Gault, and after injuries sidelined key players such as Jimbo Covert and Richard Dent. Of course, this is no mere mortal; this is Iron Mike, a guy who takes only a week off in the middle of the season for a heart attack, never losing his competitive edge or sense of humor.

Ditka has surrounded himself with players who mirror his rather aggressive view of life. Linebacker Mike Singletary, after six Pro Bowls, hasn't lost the drive that saw him break three helmets during his career at Baylor. Dan Hampton and Steve McMichael, Chicago's veteran defensive linemen, still toss around motorcycle-gang members and offensive linemen when the mood hits them.

But as Ditka well knows, yesterday's victories aren't worth two tickets to Tom Landry's farewell dinner. And for all the Bears' ferocity, they've faltered three times short of their goal since Super Bowl XX. "They don't give accolades to runners-up," sayeth Ditka.

The Bears shunned the free-agent market and managed to lose linebackers Al Harris and Otis Wilson and cornerback Mike Richardson. However, three number-one draft choices will help dull the pain. The Bears picked up Donnell Woolford, who should make everyone forget Richardson, and Trace Armstrong, Hampton's likely successor.

As Singletary says, "The Bears can't survive without conflict." The conflict of the moment is who will play quarterback—Jim McMahon or Mike Tomczak. McMahon's propensity for injury has nullified his great leadership qualities; Tomczak is less spectacular but more dependable.

Keys to winning: McMahon's re-emergence as star quarterback and team leader could help the Bears go all the way. A more likely scenario has Tomczak leading a Bears team that will win plenty of games, mostly with an intimidating defense, but fail to surpass the team that lost to Montana and the 49ers in the N.F.C. title game.

Becoming a competitive football team has proved a matter of step by tiny step for the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. The process of watching a young team mature can be a painful one. Vinny Testaverde, heralded as the savior of the franchise, managed one N.F.L. record last season: passes completed to the opposition (35).

But Testaverde is a great talent and will finally sort out which jerseys belong to which team.

The Bucs' defense improved dramatically against the rush (second in the N.F.L.), only to finish 26th against the pass. Young players make mistakes, and Tampa Bay had 17 rookies on last season's roster.

The Bucs need some sort of pass rush from their linebackers. Winston Moss, whose strength is supposed to be his quickness, did not record a single sack last season. Look for something different from this year's number-one draft pick, Broderick Thomas.

The wide-receiver duo of Bruce Hill and Mark Carrier combined for more than 2000 yards, but the Bucs still need a deep threat. Second-round pick Danny Peebles may fill the need.

Keys to winning: Testaverde has to come of age. Running back James Wilder needs to return to form after missing nine games last season with a knee injury. The pass rush must come from Thomas or elsewhere. Coach Ray Perkins and the patient Bucs fans may finally see the Bucs begin to turn the corner this season.

One comforting thought for Detroit Lions fans and new coach Wayne Fontes is that the Lions probably can't sink much lower. Last season, they were the worst offensive team in football, beating only the likes of Atlanta, Kansas City and Green Bay (twice). The club languished under the uninspired coaching of Darryl Rogers, who was asked to leave at the 2-9 point, the ineffective quarterbacking of Chuck Long and a team attitude that was, at best, quiescent.

But Fontes, who got rid of the "interim" moniker during the off season, has hired a colorful coaching staff (Woody Widenhofer from Missouri, Frank Gansz from the Chiefs and offensive specialist Mouse Davis) and promises to field a more entertaining, if not better, team.

To start things off, Fontes and the Lions took Heisman Trophy winner Barry Sanders with the third pick in the first round of the draft. Sanders has the speed, balance and intelligence that should make him one of the game's true stars.

In the sixth round, the Lions picked up a steal in quarterback Rodney Peete, downgraded by most N.F.L. teams because of a weak showing in the N.F.L. combined workout. Peete could fit nicely into Detroit's new "Silver Stretch," Mouse Davis' version of the run and shoot, which calls for a mobile quarterback to throw short.

Finally, the Lions picked up some team speed in free agents Mel Gray and Bobby Joe Edmonds.

Keys to winning: Detroit is still missing several key ingredients on offense and

defense, but players such as Sanders and last season's rookie sensations linebacker Chris Spielman and free safety Bennie Blades should enable the Lions to pull a few upsets.

For the Green Bay Packers, the Plan B free-agency system was like the blue-light special at K mart. The Pack, lacking talent on both sides of the line of scrimmage, signed 20 free agents, the most of any team in the N.F.L. Executive vice-president Tom Braatz explained, "Some teams were cost-cutters. Others already had good football teams." Neither was the case for Braatz and the Packers, who spent \$850,000 on bonuses and committed \$5,400,000 on free-agent contracts.

Unfortunately for coach Lindsay Infante, the man they used to call an "offensive genius" when he was the offensive coordinator for the Cleveland Browns, none of the free agents was a quarterback, and the only Q.B. the Packers picked up in the draft, Anthony Dilweg, is projected as a punter, not a passer. Which leaves Infante with quarterbacks Don Majkowski and Randy Wright, neither of whom significantly distinguished himself last season.

Infante's problems don't stop there. Brent Fullwood, Green Bay's number-one pick a year ago, gained only 483 yards on 101 attempts. Not exactly a steam-roller ground attack. The Packers have little to commend them on defense other than linebacker Tim Harris, a household name if he were with any other franchise.

Of course, the Packers did get Michigan State offensive tackle Tony Mandarich (see story on page 67). Mandarich, already with a *Sports Illustrated* cover to his credit, will be either the prototype lineman of the Nineties or the biggest bust since Rob Lowe's singing career.

Keys to winning: Infante must find a quarterback around whom to build his offense. The Packers will be looking to next year's draft for the solution. The only other hope for the Pack this year is to schedule more games with the Vikings, who, for some reason, play patsy for Green Bay (2-0 over the Vikings last season).

WESTERN DIVISION	
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
San Francisco 49ers	10-6
Los Angeles Rams	10-6
New Orleans Saints	8-8
Atlanta Falcons	6-10

A cardinal rule of pro football prediction is never pick a Super Bowl champion to repeat. The Pittsburgh Steelers were the last team to turn the trick, in 1979 and 1980. Besides Pittsburgh, only the Washington Redskins have been back
(continued on page 78)

BACK TO CAMPUS

a coast-to-coast fashion report card
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE



GETTING HIGH MARKS for a collegiate wardrobe seems to have as much to do with *where* you go to school as it does with what you wear once you get there. This fall, a fashion war between the states is raging on college campuses. But never fear, Joe College, we've done your homework for you. We have the region-by-region fashion skinny from schools across the country to determine just what the hottest looks on campus will be. Ready? Sharpen your number-two pencils. Urbane style has returned to the urban schools of the **East**. Colors are darker, with splashes of mustard and

white. Chilly weather dictates turtleneck sweaters, oversized blazers and black biker-style leather jackets. Retro prints and antique clothing are the rage, with the peace symbol making a comeback. Cowboy boots and thick-soled oxfords prevail as pick hits to hit the bricks. On **Midwestern** campuses, the tone is a rugged country look. Heavy outerwear is a fact of life at these schools. Anything longer than waist length is the choice of the student body in the flatlands. A big colorful sweater and a pair of indigo jeans and you're ready to face the coldest weather this fall. Last but not least,



the backpack is back, this time in leather or leather trim. The Sun Belt campuses on the **West Coast** may be having all the fun. Shorts can be worn even on cool days, and the athletic look is the way to go. The length of your shorts is important. They should be walk-short or volley length, worn with an untucked camp shirt. We score points for color, remember; light pastel sun shades—coral, pink and blue—are the best. Speaking of shades, sunglasses are an essential piece of the Western wardrobe. Mirrored Oakleys are the hottest, in bright, interchangeable colors, with clip-ons a close runner-up. Add a faded blue-jean jacket, lace up the high-top sneakers and prepare to go out and score high fashion grades this season. Wear one for the old alma mater.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEWEY NICKS



Left: Oversized houndstooth wool jacket, by Tom Tailor, \$230; wool-blend knit mock-turtleneck sweater, by French Connection Menswear, \$70; cotton twill trousers, by JJ Cochran, \$28; and lizard-embossed leather belt, by Billy Belts, \$31. She's wearing his leather-sleeved Melton varsity jacket, from Guess? by Georges Marciano for Men, \$295. **Right,** clockwise from top left: Zippered leather jacket, by U2 Wear Me Out, \$400; cotton shirt, by Tom Tailor, \$59. Denim jeans, by Calvin Klein Sport for Men, \$46; cowhide shoe boot with gored inserts, needle toe and cowboy heel, by Code West, \$100. Soviet-style watch, by Gruen, \$100. Leather messenger bag with shoulder strap, by Sevestet, from Village Tannery, \$150.





Left: Quilt-lined wool coat with suede appliqués, by Poco Loco, \$400; cotton work shirt, by Nautica, \$47; and cotton turtleneck, by JJ Cochran, \$17. **Right,** clockwise from top left: Chukka boot, by Timberland, about \$157; cotton boot socks, by Davco, \$8; diving watch, from Guess? by Georges Marciano Watches, \$55. Canvas backpack, from British Khaki by Robert Lighton, \$145; wool-blend cardigan, by French Connection Menswear, \$95; oversized turtleneck, by PA. Company Boston, \$25. Leather belt, by Billy Belts, \$34; trousers, by Axis, \$96. Suede vest, by Reunion, \$95; shirt, by Boston Traders, \$54.50; mock turtleneck, by PA. Company Boston, \$25; sunglasses, by Ray-Ban/Bausch & Lomb, \$60.





Left: Button-front washed-out denim jacket, by Levi Strauss & Co., \$50; cotton double-pleated walk shorts, by Edgewear, \$41; short-sleeved button-down cotton sport shirt with skate-board print, by Jimmy'Z, \$36; and high-crew-neck cotton T-shirt, by PA. Company Boston, \$18. Right, clockwise from top left: Razor Blades sunglasses, by Oakley, \$100. Tortoise-shell sunglasses with tinted clip-on lenses, by Incognito, \$32. Air Flight high-top leather sneakers, by Nike, \$110; marled-cotton slouch socks, by E. G. Smith, \$13.50. Cotton volley shorts with elastic waistband, by Gotcha Sportswear, \$37; nylon zippered fanny pack, by Edgewear, \$14; cotton short-sleeved mock-turtleneck shirt, by Vuamet-France, \$30.



PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST (continued from page 70)

"In the past five years, no Super Bowl champ has won even a play-off game the following year."

to the Super Bowl following a win—in 1983, when they lost to the Raiders 38–9. In the past five years, no Super Bowl champ has won even a play-off game the following year; the last two teams, the New York Giants and the Washington Redskins, didn't even make the play-offs.

And yet, consider the San Francisco 49ers. They have the best big-game quarterback maybe ever in Joe Montana. Their number-two quarterback, Steve Young, is good enough to be most teams' number one. Then there's Jerry Rice, the wide receiver without peer. And Roger Craig, Ronnie Lott, Michael Carter, all as good as or better than anyone else in the league at their positions.

But while the talent on the field will all return, the brain on the sideline has moved upstairs. Bill Walsh, the self-effacing coaching genius, resigned four days after his third Super Bowl win of the decade, ensuring that he wouldn't suffer the fate of legends such as Tom Landry and Chuck Noll, who lingered too long. The unenviable job of replacing Walsh falls to former 49er defensive coordinator George Seifert.

Keys to winning: The 49ers have all the keys except, perhaps, the magic one, the luck to do it twice in a row. If Montana and Rice stay healthy, if Seifert can avoid looking over his shoulder, if the 49ers can replace tight end John Frank and center Randy Cross, who have both retired, maybe lightning can strike twice. But don't count on it.

The Los Angeles Rams remain a bit of an enigma: great talent, good coaching, little success in post-season play. In fact, they haven't made it to the Super Bowl since Terry Bradshaw and the Steelers cleaned their clock in Super Bowl XIV.

Several years ago, they switched strategy, abandoning the one-dimensional offense that featured Eric Dickerson for a more varied attack, with quarterback Jim Everett and speed receivers Henry Ellard, Ron Brown and last year's first draft choice Aaron Cox. The gamble appears to be paying off. The Rams had the third-best passing offense in the N.F.L. measured by yards gained.

Running back Charles White, suspended for part of the season for substance abuse, has retired. Greg Bell, who stepped in to gain 1212 yards last year, had the starting job won anyway. The Rams are hoping for a better showing from second-year backs Robert Delpino and Gaston Green.

On defense, the Rams are a bit suspect.

The line will rely on free agents Shawn Miller and Alvin Wright, plus defensive end Doug Reed. The linebacking is just adequate. The Rams have two excellent corners in Jerry Gray and LeRoy Irvin.

Keys to winning: The Rams, with five picks in the first two rounds of this year's draft, went heavily for defense. They have to hope that at least two of the players, particularly defensive end Bill Hawkins, break into the starting line-up. The Rams are well on their way to building a team that will contend in the Nineties. This year may be a struggle, however, as the Rams play 11 opponents who had .500 or better records last season.

The New Orleans Saints had them dancing in the streets through week 12 of last season as they sported a two-game lead in the N.F.C. West. However, a 45–3 drubbing by the Vikings two weeks later revealed their weaknesses, and by season's end, the Saints had gone marchin' out of even a play-off spot.

The cold reality of that late collapse is certain to haunt coach Jim Mora and general manager Jim Finks as they ready their team to take on the improving competition in the West. The Saints banked last year on running back Craig "Ironhead" Heyward, picked in the first round, and wide receiver Brett Perriman, taken in the second. Heyward missed four games because of a knee injury and didn't play very well when he was healthy. Perriman didn't contribute much either.

Quarterback Bobby Hebert has a lot of spunk but few downfield receivers to throw to. The running-back tandem of Dalton Hilliard and Reuben Mayes would be helped by a good year from Heyward.

The Saints' biggest headache is on the defensive line. All but three of their defensive linemen were unprotected under Plan B and no one even extended an offer to any of them. Linebackers Pat Swilling and Vaughan Johnson are underrated. Both have speed and the ability to rush the passer.

Keys to winning: Because they were so desperate for a defensive lineman, the Saints may have reached a bit when they selected Wayne Martin from Arkansas on the 19th pick of the first round. Martin must crack the starting line-up and several other defensive players will need to turn in career seasons to keep the music playing along Bourbon Street.

The Atlanta Falcons are in transition, the good kind, as in from lousy to com-

petitive. After kicking around the basement of the N.F.C. West for several years, they've put a couple of good drafts together, picked up free-agent running back John Settle, who did so well (1024 yards rushing) that the Falcons traded three-time Pro Bowler Gerald Riggs to the Redskins and generally served notice to the league that a trip to Atlanta isn't a guaranteed W in the win column.

Player personnel director Ken Herock deserves much of the credit. Eleven of the 12 players from last season's draft made the team, including starting outside linebackers Aundray Bruce and Marcus Cotton, wide receiver Michael Haynes and tight end Alex Higdon.

This year, Herock picked Deion "Prime Time" Sanders with the fifth pick in the first round. If the Falcons can sign Sanders, who threatens to become better known as the Mouth of the South, and get some of that gold off his neck, they'll have one of the best cornerbacks in football.

The Falcons remain very high on young quarterback Chris Miller, referring to him as a 23-year-old Joe Montana. Front-office hyperbole, sure, but Miller did manage 2133 yards passing, despite missing four games with an injury. Miller and Settle are helped by the presence of Pro Bowlers Bill Fralic and Mike Kenn in the offensive line.

Keys to winning: Franchises aren't turned around in one or two years, but they can be in three to five, given good drafting and consistent coaching. The Falcons are promising at a lot of spots but lack depth and thus are vulnerable to injury everywhere. Miller must live up to his press notices and the young players must continue to improve.

EASTERN DIVISION	
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Buffalo Bills	11–5
Indianapolis Colts	10–6
New England Patriots	9–7
Miami Dolphins	8–8
New York Jets	6–10

The Buffalo Bills are ready to make a run at the Super Bowl. And they'll get there, not on the arm of quarterback Jim Kelly but on the hard-nosed play of some defensive-line veterans and the best group of linebackers in the N.F.L.

Move over, Mike Singletary and Lawrence Taylor, because the toughest (and the fastest) kid on the linebacking block is Cornelius Bennett. And Shane Conlan isn't far behind. They'll be backing up Art Still, Fred Smerlas and Bruce Smith, who all add up to a dominating defense. In fact, the Bills should do even better than the A.F.C. low 237 points they allowed opponents in 1988.

Of course, you have to score points, *(continued on page 138)*



"Well, Miss Whitney—I don't see any reason why you can't write your master's thesis on how you spent your summer vacation."



AN OUNCE OF LUCK

THE NIGERIAN
WAS SELLING, WELL,
PARTICULARLY RISKY FUTURES

WHEN A SURFEIT of pleasure dulls an already mediocre mind, a man commonly begins to fancy himself a philosopher, always ready to expound his view of the world to a captive audience. Thus it was that Alfred Toomey III said one evening to the Nigerian with whom he was playing five-card draw, "Anything can be bought for money, my friend."

He was, at that moment, raking in nearly \$20,000 worth of chips. "The reason our friends"—he was referring to three men who had just pulled out of the game, having lost more than \$50,000 apiece since the five had begun playing six hours earlier—"the reason our friends had to leave wasn't that they weren't skilled card players. They were actually very good, don't you think?"

He didn't wait for the Nigerian to answer. "But they simply weren't rich (continued on page 88)

fiction

By WALTER LOWE, JR.



BODY BY

WINKLER

if this is not perfect, what is?

ON THE UNUSUAL DAY she devotes to relaxing, she drives her black-cherry Corvette to the beach at Marina del Rey, California, strips down to a microbikini and shows off the shape that made her famous. "This is *not* the perfect body," says KC Winkler, contradicting the evidence. "It ought to be, with all the working out I do, but it's not perfect yet." Her nearly perfect shape, golden hair and aqua eyes have dazzled viewers of TV's *Dallas*, *Growing Pains*, *Three's Company*, *Riptide* and *Crazy Like a Fox*, but KC first achieved name recognition as co-hostess of the game show *High Rollers*. She parlayed that dicey gig into more guest shots and movie credits, including *Night Shift*, *Armed and Dangerous* and the upcoming comedy *Say Bye-Bye*. And she just finished her first season as the paragon of the syndicated workout series *Body by Jake*—KC is the tanned beauty who performs fitness guru Jake Steinfeld's exercises while Jake jokes around with the camera. "He's very funny," KC says, "but you know something? I'm one of the few people who have never seen Jake work out. I'm the one looking at the floor while he gives instructions." Her on-camera regimen, backbreaking as it seems to Jake's viewers, is a warm-up compared with the daily grind she performs to keep her condition in the condition it's in. In the mirrored workroom of her palatial Marina del Rey town house, she catches up on her reading while spending hours on her exercise bike. She does lunges, calf work, trunk twists, flutters and crunches, and works out on an evil-looking contraption called a Paramount Fitness Trainer. Pinned to the wall of her workroom is a poster—KC in a hot-pink bikini that would show a gram of fat if one dared accumulate. "My motivation," she calls the poster. Worried



KC Winkler, the fitness boom's poster girl, wears a leotard on the cover of *Figure* magazine (upper left). She first became famous as Crystal Owens' co-hostess on the game show *High Rollers* (left) and wowed *High Rollers* fans with a sizzling poster (right). Next is a role in the film *Say Bye-Bye* (upper right), in which her character, she says, "is fully clothed." Readers who are distressed by that news need only turn the page.







that *Playboy's* cameras would detect any imperfection, she stepped up her workouts in May. She needn't have fretted. Now that her career is picking up speed, she plans to be selective about the parts she accepts. "You get a little tired of playing bimbo roles—ditzy blondes," she says. "I hope I can help show that there are good-looking women who can also walk and talk and think." Too late. She already has.



KC began sculpting this work of art in aerobics classes at The Sports Connection (her lower half appears in the club's ads). She now pumps iron at the ultrachic Sparts Club/LA and in her mirrored gym at home. Her regimen is designed to tone the feminine physique, not inflate it. "I don't want to look macho," she explains, as though the word *macho* might occur to an anlaaker.



There are sexual benefits and sexual drawbacks to being in near-perfect shape. "Sometimes all the working out makes you too tired," KC says. "But when you're not, you feel better about your body and you have more endurance." The benefits, she says, are well worth the trouble.



OUNCE OF LUCK (continued from page 81)

"You see," Alfred told the Nigerian, "even luck can be bought with enough money."

enough to take the chances that you and I can take. There is a price beyond which no man is willing to gamble. Am I right?"

The Nigerian smiled, nodded and pointed to the dealer for the cut. Five cards to each man. The Nigerian picked up his cards, arranged them in his hand, then stacked them face down on the felt. Alfred didn't even bother to look at his.

"So you see," he continued, "even luck can be bought with enough money. Anyone who saw me win the past five hands at this table would say I was lucky, but I wasn't lucky. I simply outbid everybody for the pot. Except you, of course. You had the good sense to fold."

The Nigerian was swathed in a striped tribal robe and wore a round flat white hat. He had tribal scars on his cheeks that Alfred found both disgusting and, in an odd way, stimulating. The black man was also missing the last third of the little finger on his left hand, which, Alfred had noticed, he raised above the surface of the table only when he had decent cards. His smile was benign, utterly polite, revealing nothing to Alfred except, possibly, a high level of craftiness. But then, people see what they want to see.

"To fold when you have little chance of winning is merely good judgment, my friend," said the Nigerian quietly. "And that as well as love and luck are the three things that are priceless."

"Well, I might agree with you about good judgment and love," said Alfred, finally picking up his cards to find a pair of deuces, a pair of tens and a seven, "but luck, no. Luck can definitely be bought. I just bought luck at this table, don't you see? Five thousand to you." He pushed five \$1000 chips into the center of the table, sat back and lighted a cigar.

The Nigerian smiled, still quite politely but with what Alfred interpreted as a hint of insolence around the corners of his mouth, and said, "I beg to disagree, my friend. You didn't buy luck. You merely bought power. They aren't the same thing at all. Haven't you ever heard the saying that an ounce of luck is worth more than a pound of gold? A man with much wealth may find his money to be a blessing or a curse. But the man with luck or, as the Moslems would say, kismet in his favor is blessed, indeed. I see you and raise you five thousand." Taken aback somewhat by the Nigerian's eagerness to increase the pot, Alfred pushed in another \$5000 and kept a close eye on the Nigerian's left hand, which, he suspected, would rise from the table as the

Nigerian discarded. But his opponent dropped four cards from his right hand, laid the remaining one face down on the felt and waited for Alfred to discard.

"Give me one," said Alfred. Then, looking at the Nigerian with a raised eyebrow, he asked, "Are you sure you don't want to take three instead? Tough odds."

"Please don't tell me how to play poker, sir," the Nigerian answered curtly.

Alfred's eyes locked with the Nigerian's and for a moment, anger glinted between them, but Alfred had gambled enough years to know better than to let emotions affect his game. He picked up his one card, a ten of clubs that gave him a full house, then stacked his hand in front of him and pushed 40 \$1000 chips into the pot.

"I kick forty," he said softly. He decided to clean out the Nigerian. He didn't like his attitude. The Nigerian would learn, the hard way, that luck *could* be bought.

The Nigerian examined the four cards he'd been given, sighed and leaned back to think. In a moment, he shrugged, then pushed nearly half of his chips into the center of the table. However, he kept his hand on them, reserving his right to withdraw them.

"What's the matter, chief?" said Alfred, laughing. "The pot too spicy for you?"

The man's dark eyes flashed and his lips curled into a sneer as he leaned over the table. "In my country, we are used to spicy things," he said, "and don't take the liberty of calling me *chief*. I am a prince in my land, not a chief."

"Well, hey," said Alfred coolly, "I didn't mean anything, you know. Just an expression. But what I want to know is, when are you going to take your hand off your chips so we can find out who has the better luck?"

"OK, but first I ask you one thing. If I lose this hand, you will play me another for the pot, double or nothing. If you win, you take all my chips. If I win, you still have a couple of hundred thousand to play with. What do you say?"

"Well. . ."

"Five cards, face up. What do you say?" urged the African, still leaning over the table.

"OK. Sure. That's next game. Just let's get on with *this* goddamn game, for Chrissakes," said Alfred, beginning to find the man annoying.

"Fine. I meet your forty and call," said the African, finally relinquishing his

chips and sitting back in his chair.

Alfred spread his hand on the table. "Full house, tens over deuces," he said smugly.

The Nigerian shook his head and threw in his cards, uttering an expletive in a tongue Alfred didn't recognize.

"And now," asked the dealer, "you want me to deal a five-card hand, face up?" Both men nodded in agreement. As the dealer shuffled the cards, Alfred noticed the African slip the fingers of his left hand into a little brown-leather pouch that he wore around his neck like a talisman. He caught a glimpse of something sparkling in the man's dark fingers just before he popped whatever it was into his mouth. Was it an electronic device? Was it a suicide capsule to be bitten open if the African lost the hand? The Nigerian's demeanor changed. Briskly rubbing his palms together, he appeared to anticipate owning the pot.

"You look like you're counting your chickens before they hatch," said Alfred, "so I hope you won't be disappointed." The black man smiled.

The first two cards were aces, the club to the African and the spade to Alfred. Alfred's second card was the ace of hearts; the Nigerian's, the king of clubs. Alfred's third card was the ace of diamonds; the Nigerian's, the queen of clubs. When all the cards had been dealt, Alfred had three aces, but the Nigerian showed a royal flush.

"Holy shit, I don't believe it," said Alfred as the Nigerian retrieved the chips.

"Would you care to play another hand?" asked the African, showing large white teeth.

"Goddamn right I'd care to play another hand," Alfred replied testily.

"But, of course, you won't win," the Nigerian said matter-of-factly.

"Bullshit. Luck goes around and comes around, buddy," answered Alfred. With that, he removed his suit jacket, loosened his tie and rolled up his sleeves.

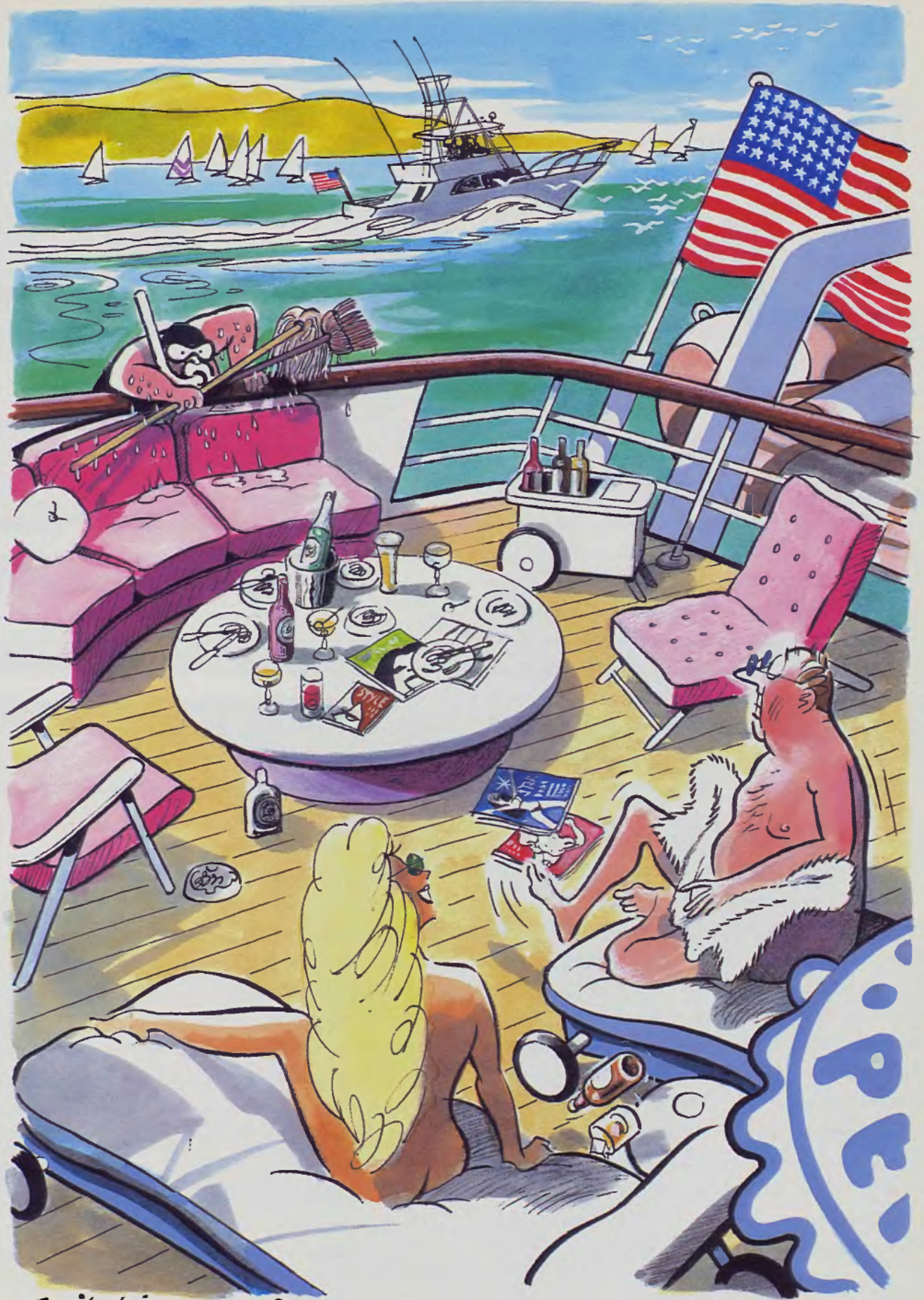
"Wearing fewer clothes has never improved a man's luck, as far as I know," the Nigerian remarked dryly.

"Deal," Alfred commanded the dealer. "Five-card draw."

Alfred lost the hand, a full house to four aces, and parted with \$100,000. He also lost the following hand and the next, parting with \$100,000 each time. A half hour later, it was all over. The Nigerian had taken nearly \$500,000 worth of chips from him.

"Damn!" exclaimed Alfred, slamming his fist on the table, as he lost the final hand, four fours to four fives. Then, pointing his finger at the African's face, he said, "Now, you wait right here, Prince whatever your name is, and I'll be right back with more chips. I want a chance to win my money back."

(continued on page 161)



mikevinicia S.

"Relax, Senator, it's only Mrs. Ortiz, our cleaning woman."

Rorion Gracie
is willing to fight to the death

B A D

to prove he's the toughest man
in the west

THE TOUGHEST MAN in the United States holds no official titles and has had only one fight in years. He lives with his pregnant wife and four children, three small sons and a baby daughter, in a modest ranch house on a tidy little street of similar homes in Torrance, California. He is 37, tall and skinny at 6'2", 165 pounds, and he does not look very tough. He looks more like Tom Selleck than like Mr. T. He is dark and handsome like Selleck, with wavy black hair, a trim mustache and a charming, self-deprecating smile. He spends more time in the kitchen than his wife does and wears a woman's apron. He has an idiosyncratic high-pitched laugh. He picks up a yellowed newspaper with an account of one of his father's fights, adjusts his bifocals and reads. "The most savage, stupid bloody desires of the audience were satisfied," he says. Then he laughs. "Heh-heh!"

Rorion Gracie, a native of Brazil, is a family man in an Old World sort of way. His wife, Suzanne, with pale skin and straight brown hair, moves through her day silently and without expression. Rorion, who is eager for lunch, snaps at her and his visiting daughter, Rose, 13, from a previous marriage. They move quickly and silently to his command. His young sons, ages seven, five and three, meanwhile, are tossing ping-pong balls onto the table. His baby girl, one, watches. He asks them, please, to stop. Rorion dotes on his sons the way his father doted on his sons. It is the way of fathers from *macho* countries in South America and the Mediterranean, where sons are treated like little princes.

"I never spank my sons," Rorion says, "because my father never spanked me." He spends as much time as possible with his sons. He drives them to their soccer practice in his station wagon. He spends the day with them at the beach.

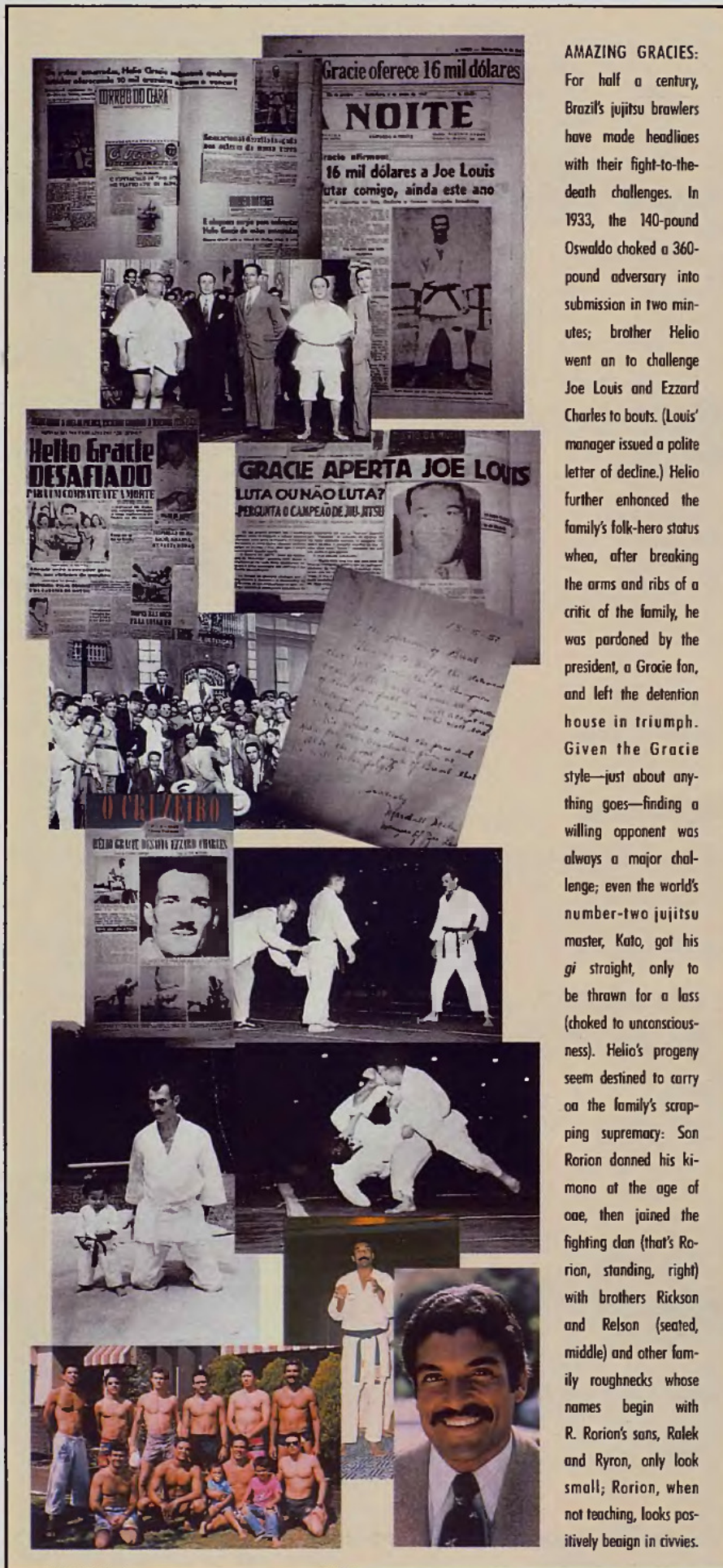
Rorion once fought a kick-boxing champion and made him beg for mercy in less than three minutes. Before the fight, the kick boxer had stood in his corner of the ring and flexed his muscular arms. He cut the air with savage kicks. The crowd oohed and aahed. Rorion, skinny and stoop-shouldered, stood in his corner and waited. Two minutes and 15 seconds after the bell sounded, he was straddling the kick boxer on the mat in such a way that, if the kick boxer had not surrendered, Rorion would have "choked him out."

Rorion has made a standing offer to fight anyone in the United States, winner take all, for \$100,000. So far, he has had no takers—for one simple reason. Rorion's fights are fights to the finish with no rules. His fights are merely street brawls in a ring bounded by ropes. Kicking, punching, head butting, elbow and knee hits are all fair play in a Gracie fight. Only the accouterments of a street brawl—broken bottles, ash cans, bricks—are missing. The only purpose a referee serves in a Gracie fight is to acknowledge his opponent's surrender when he taps the mat with his hand or passes out from a choke hold.

Rorion (pronounced Horion, in the Portuguese way) is a master of a kind of no-holds-barred jujitsu practiced by his family in Brazil for 60 years. Gracie jujitsu is a bouillabaisse

article By **PAT JORDAN**





AMAZING GRACIES:

For half a century, Brazil's jujitsu brawlers have made headlines with their fight-to-the-death challenges. In 1933, the 140-pound Oswaldo choked a 360-pound adversary into submission in two minutes; brother Helio went on to challenge Joe Louis and Ezzard Charles to bouts. (Louis' manager issued a polite letter of decline.) Helio further enhanced the family's folk-hero status when, after breaking the arms and ribs of a critic of the family, he was pardoned by the president, a Gracie fan, and left the detention house in triumph. Given the Gracie style—just about anything goes—finding a willing opponent was always a major challenge; even the world's number-two jujitsu master, Kato, got his *gi* straight, only to be thrown for a loss (choked to unconsciousness). Helio's progeny seem destined to carry on the family's scrapping supremacy: Son Rorion donned his kimono at the age of one, then joined the fighting clan (that's Rorion, standing, right) with brothers Rickson and Relson (seated, middle) and other family roughnecks whose names begin with R. Rorion's sons, Ralek and Ryrion, only look small; Rorion, when not teaching, looks positively benign in civvies.

of the other martial arts: judo (throws), karate (kicks, punches), aikido (twists), boxing (punches) and wrestling (grappling, holds). Its primary purpose is defensive; i.e., to render attackers immobile. Rorion believes that since most real fights end up on the ground 90 percent of the time, Gracie jujitsu is the most devastating of all martial arts, because it relies on a series of intricate wrestlinglike moves that are most effective when the combatants are on the ground. All a jujitsu master must do is avoid his attacker's kicks, punches and stabs until he can throw him to the ground and then apply either a choke hold to render him unconscious or a hold in which he can break his attacker's arm, leg, back or neck. A jujitsu fight is like a chess match, in that the winner is usually the one who can think the most moves ahead of his opponent.

Jujitsu originated in India 2000 years ago, traveled to Japan (via China) three centuries ago and was introduced to Brazil through Rorion's family 60 years ago, when a touring Japanese master taught Rorion's uncle some basic moves. His uncle taught Rorion's father and the two men grew enamored of it, as only two small men with monstrous egos could. They took Japanese jujitsu a step further than their teachers by introducing techniques that required less strength than the Japanese style and would make their family the most feared and famous in all of Brazil. Rorion's father, Helio, once fought an opponent in the ring before 20,000 screaming spectators for three hours and 40 minutes, nonstop, before the police finally separated the bloodied combatants. In another ring fight, he so savaged his opponent with kicks to his kidney that many attributed his subsequent death to the fight. When a rival martial-arts teacher once accused the Gracie family of fixing its fights, Helio, surrounded by a taunting crowd, confronted him on the street. He had broken the man's arms and ribs before the police arrested him. He was sentenced to two and a half years in jail for that beating, but the president of Brazil, a fan of the Gracie family, pardoned him within a week.

Rorion laughs and says, "Heh-heh! My dad kicked his butt." He is sitting in the den of his tidy little house, sifting through the many newspaper and magazine articles written about his family, while his sons wrestle, jujitsu style, on the floor.

Rorion holds up a photograph of his father in a kimono taken when Helio was 34. He is a small, slim man at 5'8", 135 pounds, with slicked-back hair, an aquiline nose and a pencil-thin mustache. He is hip-tossing his older brother, Carlos, in an open field. "That was the year my dad read a *Reader's Digest* article that said a boxer beat a jujitsu guy," Rorion

says. "Heh-heh! My father offered to fight five boxers in one night. At various times, he offered to fight Primo Carnera, Ezzard Charles and Joe Louis. He put up sixteen thousand dollars and told Louis he'd fight with Louis having no gloves, just taped hands. No one took up his challenge." Rorion shrugs. "Louis was on vacation and here was this little bee buzzing in his ear and giving him no peace. Heh-heh!"

Helio reigned as the self-proclaimed toughest man in the occidental world for 25 years. He fought 14 fights in the ring and lost only two of them, one to Japanese master Kimura and the other to a much younger man—in fact, his protégé—when Helio, at 42, was out of shape. Helio is 75 now, the patriarch of a family of nine children, including seven sons, and 18 grandchildren. Rorion has a photograph of his father at 73, still fit, gaunt-faced, with his aquiline nose and menacing pale-blue eyes. He is posing in his kimono with three of his sons, Rorion, Relson and Rickson, in their kimonos. Father and sons are standing identically—legs spread, arms crossed at their chests, eyes glaring at the camera—underneath a seal of the Gracie Jujitsu Academy, which Carlos and Helio founded in Rio in the Twenties. Helio's sons have all taught at the academy at one time or another. They are black belts. They are bigger than their father, darker, but the look in their eyes is only a parody of their father's truly menacing look. Except for Rickson. He has his own look. Not menacing but devoid of emotion. The blankness of the supremely confident. Rickson is 29, as muscular as a bodybuilder, with a Marine's crewcut, the high cheekbones of an Inca Indian and a square jaw. If Rorion is amiably handsome, Rickson is devastatingly handsome. Noted photographer Bruce Weber devoted 36 pages of his book on Rio (*O Rio De Janeiro*) to the Gracies and Rickson. Rickson as a baby being tossed high into the air by his father. Rorion and Relson as small boys on the beach, Rorion hooking his leg behind his brother's before throwing him to the sand. Rickson, in bikini shorts, on his back on a mat in a ring, his legs wrapped around the hips of a muscular black man, also in bikini shorts, who is trying to strangle him.

"Zulu," says Rorion. "A street fighter. He was thirty pounds heavier than Rickson. He threw Rickson out of the ring four times in their fight." Rorion gets up to put on a video tape of Rickson's fight with Zulu for the title of toughest man in the occidental world. A grainy image flickers on the screen. Zulu is sitting astride Rickson, on his back. He is trying to gouge out Rickson's eyes. Rickson keeps twisting his head left and right to avoid Zulu's stabbing fingers while, at the same time, he is kicking his heels into the

LET'S GET TOUGH

are you man or wimp?

CORPORATE TOUGH

Carl Icahn
H. Ross Perot
Merv Griffin

TOUGH LOVE

Givens—Tyson
Gitte—Gastineau
Sean—Madonna
Locke—Eastwood
Woods—Young

HANGING TOUGH

Manuel Noriega
Salman Rushdie
Jimmy Swaggart

DANCING TOUGH

James Cagney
Patrick Swayze
James Brown

TOUGH GUY WHO DOESN'T DANCE

Norman Mailer

TOUGHEST MEN ON ICE

Mario Lemieux
Jimmy Hoffa

NOT TOUGH ENOUGH

Debi Thomas
Frank Lorenzo
Cast of *thirtysomething*
Mike Dukakis

TOUGH CHOICES

"Do I ice her or do I marry her?"
—JACK NICHOLSON in *Prizzi's Honor*

"To be or not to be."
—HAMLET in *Hamlet*

TOUGH DAMES

Margaret Thatcher
Lauren Bacall
Ethel Kennedy
Mother Teresa

TOUGH

Richard J. Daley
John Poindexter
Joe Clark
Ted Koppel
Elvis Presley
Elizabeth Dole
Marilyn Quayle
Most people named Mike
(Ditka, Ovtiz, Tyson, Royko, Singletary, Wallace)

ICONS OF TOUGH

Lee Marvin
Robert Mitchum
John L. Lewis
Kate Hepburn

TOUGH ACTS TO FOLLOW

Kirk Gibson's series homer
First five minutes of any Bond movie

TOUGH ACT TO SWALLOW

Jim Bakker

COURT TOUGH

Rudolph Giuliani
John Gotti
Jimmy Connors

TOUGH TITTIES

Leona Helmsley
Nancy Reagan
Winnie Mandela
Yoko Ono

CRAZY TOUGH

Ayatollah Khomeini
G. Gordon Liddy
Billy Martin
Dan Rather

D.C. TOUGH

Senator Robert Byrd
Surgeon General C. Everett Koop
Sam Donaldson
Dexter Manley

TOUGH JACKSONS

Reggie
Jesse
Stonewall
Glenda

NOT-SO-TOUGH JACKSON

Michael

TOUGH JOHNSONS

Magic
Lyndon

NOT-SO-TOUGH JOHNSON

Ben

TOUGH LITE

Richard M. Daley
Oliver North
Sly Stallone
Morton Downey, Jr.
Elvis Costello
Bob Dole
Dan Quayle
Most people named Percy

sides of Zulu's back where his kidneys are. Rorion laughs and says, "Heh-heh! After the fight, Zulu was pissing blood for weeks."

The two men, locked in combat, roll toward the edge of the ring. The crowd surges forward. Hands reach out and slap at the combatants. The referee kicks at the hands, trying to drive the crowd back, while he grabs the combatants' legs and pulls them back to the center of the ring. A rain of crushed paper cups descends on the ring. The referee kicks the cups out of the ring like a soccer player.

"Wild people, huh?" says Rorion. "Brazil is a violent country. Watch here." Rickson stops kicking Zulu's kidneys, locks his legs around his hips and rolls him over so that now he is on top. He unleashes a barrage of bare-fisted punches to Zulu's face. Zulu tries to block the blows with his hands.

Zulu manages to roll Rickson over now so that he is on top of him, close to the edge of the ring again. Before Zulu can set himself, Rickson twists Zulu's body so that Zulu is lying on top of him, both men facing the overhead lights. Rickson gets Zulu in a choke hold and squeezes. Zulu's eyes begin to roll back into his head.

Rorion, smiling, turns off the video and says, "I used to change Rickson's diapers. Now he's the best in the world. Heh-heh!" It amuses him that he is the toughest man in the United States and yet he is not even the toughest man in his own family. "Rickson has never been beaten," he says. "No one will challenge him after Zulu. It's been three years. The Gracie family is the only family in history that will fight anyone with no rules. The Gracies don't believe in Mike Tyson. Rickson issued a public challenge to Mike Tyson, but he has not responded."

All the while Rorion has been talking, his three sons have been grappling on the floor, like monkeys, in a silent parody of their father and uncle Rickson. Their names are Ryron, Renner and Ralek. Nearby is his daughter Segina. Rorion has two daughters by a previous marriage in Brazil, Riane, 12, and Rose. Rorion believes that the letter R has mystical powers. He also shuns common names, like Robert, because they carry their own associations. "An original name has only the aura you give to it," he says. It is a belief, one of many, that Rorion inherited from his father, whom he worships almost as a god. (Rorion's other siblings besides his brothers Relson, 36, and Rickson are brothers Rolker, 24, Royler, 23, Royce, 22, Robin, 15, and sisters Rherica, 20, and Ricci, 12.)

Rorion's beliefs were fashioned out of Helio and Carlos' devotion to jujitsu, not merely as a martial art but as the cornerstone for a way of living that encompasses every aspect of a man's life, from morali-

ty and sex to diet. Rorion, for instance, eats only raw fruits and, occasionally, vegetables, and only in certain combinations as prescribed by his uncle Carlos, a nutritionist. His back yard is a greengrocer's market of boxes of apples, watermelons, bananas, mangoes and papayas he has bought in bulk. A typical Gracie meal might include watermelon juice, sliced persimmons and a side of bananas, and the talk around the Gracie dinner table between Rorion and his wife invariably concerns such questions as whether apricots should be combined with mangoes at a meal. His sons have only a passing acquaintance with foods other than fruits. They have had chicken maybe three times in their lives, and once, at a friend's birthday party, they were given lollipops, which they began smacking against the sides of their heads because they didn't know what they were.

If the Gracie family's belief in the efficacy of fruits and the letter R seems nutty, if harmless, then their devotion to warrior values such as courage, honor and chivalry borders on the fanatical. Gracie men *do* fight at the drop of an insult, with predictably savage results. When Carlos and Helio returned home one night and found a robber in their house, they offered him the choice of fighting or going to jail. He chose to fight. In minutes, his screams woke the neighborhood: "Jail! Jail! Jail!" When Uncle Carlos fought, he was not content merely to beat an opponent, he also wanted to teach him a lesson, or, as Uncle Carlos likes to say, "He's gonna get to dreamland all right, but first he must walk through the garden of punishment."

Rorion laughs and shakes his head. "Uncle Carlos was a bratty little kid. When he saw a Japanese guy carrying heavy loads of laundry, he liked to trip him. Heh-heh! He was very aggressive." When Carlos found opponents scarce for his ring fights, he advertised for them in the newspaper under a headline that read, "IF YOU WANT A BROKEN ARM OR RIB, CONTACT CARLOS GRACIE AT THIS NUMBER."

Rorion is not so aggressive as Uncle Carlos, but he has inherited the Gracie sense of honor and chivalry. And he likens "The Gracie Myth" to the myth of Sparta. "My purpose in life," he says, "is to keep the flame of Sparta alive." Although appropriate in a *macho* country like Brazil, this warrior mentality often seems out of sync in the more benign clime of Southern California. Nevertheless, Rorion is not one to ignore an insult. When he drove his wife and sons to a movie recently and inadvertently cut off another driver, he apologized. The man rolled down his window and yelled, "Asshole!" Rorion told the man he wasn't being polite. "Asshole!" the man yelled. Rorion followed the man until he

stopped at a light. He got out of his car and walked up to the man and said softly, "Your mother's an asshole!" The man rolled up his window and sped through the light.

"I can't go to sleep having swallowed frogs," Rorion says. "Jujitsu is my peace of mind. It's like having a forty-five-caliber gun in the drawer. Suzanne knows just enough jujitsu to use it in her dreams to come to grips with her fears. It's very therapeutic. It takes away paranoia."

Rorion will not teach Suzanne jujitsu, he says, because he already spends too much time in the kitchen. He laughs, then says seriously that it is a man's, not a woman's, duty to defend a woman's honor. It is another belief he learned from his uncle and his father. In fact, his relationship with Suzanne is a parody of the chauvinistic relationships his uncle Carlos and his father had with their wives, except for one significant point. Suzanne, who was raised in Southern California, does not see herself as a docile Brazilian wife.

Uncle Carlos had four wives and 21 children. When his first wife died, he gave seven of his children to Helio to raise. At the time, Helio was on his honeymoon with his wife, a chestnut-haired beauty named Margarida, who had been educated in Paris. Helio also had another family of sons with a woman who lived in Rio.

"When my mother couldn't have any more sons," Rorion says, "my father had six more kids with another woman. When my mother found out, she freaked. My dad told her he still loved her and he would never leave her. He just wanted more kids. When I heard this, I was only a boy and I thought my mom would get thrown out. But my dad told me not to worry. Then he said, 'How many brothers would you like?' I said, 'As many as possible.' He said, 'Good, you have three more.' Now I have six; two from my mom and four from my dad's other woman. We're all one family now." Rorion holds up a two-page magazine photograph of a Gracie family get-together in Rio. Helio and his wife are seated in the middle of a flock of their children and grandchildren, Carlos' children and grandchildren and Helio's children with his other woman. There are 48 beautiful, smiling Gracie offspring in that photograph, ranging in age from two to 52. Fifty-seven other offspring are missing from the photograph.

"I had the nicest youth you could ever dream of," says Rorion. "In summer, we lived on a ranch in the mountains outside Rio. It had twenty-four bedrooms and eighteen bathrooms for thirty-seven kids. All the meals were served three times each. The kids ate with kids and the adults with adults." He laughs. "You had

(continued on page 144)



"There will be an enormous fly in your future!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

FIRST THINGS FIRST. Mirjam van Breeschooten was born November 15, 1970, at 7:58 A.M. Karin van Breeschooten was born eight minutes later. When neighbors rushed to tell the father the news, he suspected what was coming: "Let me guess," he said. "Twins." It seems that the house in which the family resided had a history of producing twins as far back as the 1500s. The only question we have: Were they as perfect as the Van Breeschootens? Before we had a chance for a face-to-face chat, *Playboy* Associate Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan provided the significant information: Karin has a birthmark near her mouth and a boyfriend in Germany; Mirjam doesn't. Other than that, we were on our own. We



DOUBLE DUTCH TREAT

meet the misses september, the van bree Schooten twins

met the girls in a hotel room across the street from the Playboy Building. Mirjam was wearing a long jersey, with the sleeves pulled over her hands to use as mitts while she served a hot room-service breakfast. The first impression—adorable!—soared when her double, Karin, walked into the room. We started the interview by asking

"We don't really care about what people think of our posing nude. Every person is the way he or she is. If you are walking down the nude beach on a sunny day, they are also looking at you, so what is the difference? When we first looked at a copy of the American *Playboy*, we laughed at the tan marks on the girls' breasts," says Karin. "Even in privacy, they put their tops on?"





Mirjam her opinion of America. "We watch *St. Elsewhere*, *Miami Vice*, *Moonlighting*, *Hill Street Blues*. We only know the gangsters. Last night, we were awakened by police sirens. We thought we were in an episode of *Hill Street*. Then we took a walk. You have beautiful cars. Big, beautiful cars. So far, everyone we've met has been incredibly nice." Karin jumped in. "Holland is so small. It is a two-hour drive from one side to the other. It's like living in a dollhouse. Everything is under control.



There's never a big event. All the news from foreign countries is more exciting than what happens at home. Our newspapers can keep writing about a kidnaping for six months. We learn to talk about very small things for a very long time." They said they couldn't wait to eat at a real McDonald's. They wanted to go shopping for cowboy shirts and boots. They wanted to visit a school like the High School of the Performing Arts featured in *Fame*. They realize that their curiosity is shaped by entertainment, but then, most Americans, when they visit Holland, want to meet





Hans Brinker of *Silver Skates* renown. "What is this silver skate?" asked Mirjam. Karin: "Our characters are really quite similar but never at the same time. A few years ago, I was the wildest one in the house, and now Mirjam is." Karin was a model and Mirjam a nursing student when the opportunity arose to appear in the Dutch edition of *Playboy*. Mirjam recalls Karin pushing her in front of a mirror and Mirjam giggling at the idea, saying, "Oh, for sure, that's the girl who will be in *Playboy*." Mirjam giggled to the point of tears again at the memory, her dimples giving warning of a blush. "Yes," said Karin, verifying the story. "One day she was nagging that I was much more beautiful than she was. I dragged her to a mirror and made her look." They are disco crazy. In Holland, kids start to go to dance clubs just out of diapers. Mirjam snuck out at 13. Six months later, the two went out together. "I was helpless," Karin recalled, "but everyone knew Mirjam from the first time." Have they ever switched dates? Never. They shrugged off the inevitable twin questions. "We never could understand what's so special about it. We can't imagine what it's like not to be twins."



Mirjam believes that she and Karin share a psychic bond. Although she had her appendix taken out a year before Karin, when her sister had the operation, she experienced the pain. Do the two share pleasure? "No," says Mirjam. "Unfortunately not. We don't even share the same taste in boyfriends."









Mirjam told the editors of the Dutch *Playboy* that together they are brave, together they can do anything, but on their own, they are not exactly heroes. "I suppose every twin is shy when he or she has to do something alone. When I see a nice guy, I would not dream of approaching him. He has to come to me. By the way, let's get one thing straight. Karin and I don't do everything together." Except pose for us.



Karen and Breesheden

Morgan
Breesheden

MISSISSIPPI

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: KARIN VON BRESCHLOOTEN

BUST: 89CM WAIST: 59CM HIPS: 86CM

HEIGHT: 164CM WEIGHT: 47 KG

BIRTH DATE: 11-15-70 BIRTHPLACE: Rotterdam

AMBITIONS: I want to play in a movie.

TURN-ONS: FRIENDLY people, walking on the beach when the sun goes down, FINE RESTAURANTS

TURN-OFFS: SNEAKY people, bad MANNERS, DIRTY RINGERNAILS and jealous people

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Blue Lagoon, Dirty Dancing

FAVORITE MUSIC: Soul / slow music

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: MARILYN MONROE

WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT HOLLAND: NOT THE WEATHER - That's why I moved to Germany

WHAT I FOUND INTERESTING ABOUT AMERICA: AMERICAN cars, the buildings, the big shops, the nightlife

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MY SISTER: she is my best friend, she was born to shop



I was there 8 years old



16 years old with my boy friend



Playboy Holland shoot

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Miriam van Breeschele

BUST: 92 cm WAIST: 60 cm HIPS: 87 cm

HEIGHT: 168 cm WEIGHT: 53 kilo

BIRTH DATE: 11-15-1970 BIRTHPLACE: Rotterdam

AMBITIONS: to be a fashion model in the U.S.

TURN-ONS: friendly people, honest and real, horse-riding at sunset, champagne, a Mercedes

TURN-OFFS: Dirty, Singenails, impolite, sneaky people.

When the day starts with rain, jealousy

FAVORITE MOVIES: Purple rain, Dirty Dancing, Ladyhawke

FAVORITE MUSIC: Prince and Terence Trent D'Arby

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Marilyn Monroe and Prince

WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT HOLLAND: my family is there and the food is there very nice.

WHAT I FOUND INTERESTING ABOUT AMERICA: the people are generous, night life, big shops and tall buildings

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MY SISTER: She's always talking about her boyfriend, I love her very much



8 years old and on her way to becoming a model.



Biking in Curaçao



mystery woman!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Oil-fire-fighting expert Red Adair stopped off in Las Vegas for a few days of relaxation. While sitting in a lounge one night, he was engaged in conversation by a fellow who'd obviously had a few too many.

"Know who I saw yesterday?" the drunk said. "Fig Newton."

"You mean Wayne Newton, don't you?" Adair corrected him.

"Oh, yeah," he said, adding enthusiastically, "last week, I saw Benny Rogers."

"You mean *Kenny* Rogers."

"The best of all was when I saw Polly Darton."

"You mean Dolly Parton, fella."

Nonplused, the drunk asked his companion who he was. When he was told "Red Adair," the fellow perked up and said, "Yeah? You still fuckin' Ginger Rogers?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *psychosomatic* as Norman Bates's food processor.



A hooker spotted a fellow weaving out of a bar and thought he might be an easy \$20. "How about a blow job, Mac?"

"Nah," the fellow muttered. "I still have three weeks of unemployment left."

The man stranded on a desert island could not believe his eyes when a beautiful woman in scuba gear appeared on the shore. She smiled and said, "I'll bet you could use a cigarette." Unzipping the sleeve of her wet suit, she pulled one out and handed it to him.

"I'll bet," she continued when the man had finished his smoke, "you haven't had a nice, cold beer in a long time." Unzipping the leg of her wet suit, she pulled out a brew and gave it to the grateful man.

When he had drained the last drop, the shapely woman unzipped the front of her wet suit. "I'll bet," she purred, "it's been a long time since you played around."

"You mean," the man gasped, "you've got *golf clubs* in there?"

How many country singers does it take to change a light bulb? Four—one to screw it in and three to write about the old one.

Two dim-witted golfers found themselves at a foggy par three where they could see the flag but not the green. Each hit solid shots. When they had walked onto the green, they discovered that one of the balls was six inches from the cup and, after searching for the other one, found that it had gone into the cup. They then tried to figure out whose ball was whose. They had both played Titleist number threes. They decided to ask the golf pro to make a ruling.

After congratulating the men on their superb shots—and after being told that each of the men was playing the same brand and number ball—he asked, "OK, so who was playing the yellow one?"

A grasshopper walked into a bar, sat down on a stool and ordered a martini. "Hey," the astounded bartender exclaimed, "do you know we have a drink named after you?"

"No kidding," the grasshopper said. "Irving?"



What's the difference between a slut and a bitch? A slut screws everyone; a bitch screws everyone but you.

Responding to an ad in the paper for Bible salesmen, a man arrived for his interview. "I w-w-want to s-s-sell B-B-Bibles," he said. His interviewer was hesitant, but because the man's past sales performance was so good, he hired him.

To everyone's astonishment, within a few months, the fellow's sales were the best in the company. The president called a meeting to congratulate him and to inspire the other salesmen. "Son, tell us your secret for selling so many Bibles," he said.

"It's easy. I just go to the d-d-door and say, 'W-w-would you like to b-b-buy a B-B-Bible? Or I c-c-could c-c-come in and read it t-t-to you.'"

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.



"Leonardo is designing a line of colognes, too."

FUTURE STUFF

By MALCOLM ABRAMS and HARRIET BERNSTEIN

it gyrates! it
levitates! it sings
and it flushes! get
ready for 2001:
a shopping odyssey

INTRODUCTION

FUTURE STUFF is for consumers. Everything in this article should be in your supermarket, hardware store, pharmacy, department store or otherwise available by the year 2000.

Many of the technologies behind the products are new and developing, so it's doubtful that any one reader is going to be knowledgeable about all of them. For that reason, we have made *Future Stuff* light on scientific and technical talk and heavy on clarity.

Think of this as a window-shopping expedition into the future. Enjoy picking out what you'll buy tomorrow.

THE HEADINGS EXPLAINED

Below the title of each product, there are three headings: ODDS, E.T.A. and PRICE. A few words of explanation are needed for each.

ODDS: This is the probability, measured as a percentage, that the product will actually be on sale by the year 2000. When the odds are listed as 100 percent, the product now exists in a form that can be marketed and sold. For example, the levitation vehicle (odds: 100 percent) has a manufacturer who is ready to take the product to market.

In most cases, the odds of a product's reaching the market have been projected by the inventor or the manufacturer. In some cases, though, the authors have made this projection based on available information.

E.T.A.: This is the estimated time of availability—the year—that the product is expected to arrive in stores nationwide.

In many cases, when the E.T.A. is list-

ed as 1990, the product is already being sold in a limited fashion, usually by the manufacturer or through mail-order houses.

In most instances, the E.T.A. has been supplied by the inventor or the manufacturer. However, in some cases, the authors have made the projection.

PRICE: This is what the inventor or the manufacturer believes the product will sell for in today's dollars when it arrives on the market. Where the price is listed as N/A, that means it is not applicable, as the product will not be sold directly to consumers but will be incorporated into other products.



LEVITATION VEHICLE

ODDS: 100 percent

E.T.A.: 1991

PRICE: \$100,000

This is the stuff of comic books, *s-f* magazines and the dreams of generations of little boys who loved machines. It's called the Moller 400. In appearance, it's a sleek cross between a Corvette and a rocket ship. In function, it's a car, a helicopter and an airplane.

It seats four, takes off vertically, can do 400 mph, hover low, land softly and park in your garage. And it's almost as easy to operate as a video game.

The inventor of the Moller 400 is Paul Moller, one of those boys from the Forties who held on to their dreams. While earning his doctorate at Montreal's McGill University and through 15

years of teaching at the University of California at Davis, he worked to develop new types of aircraft.

Now head of his own firm, Moller International, he is putting the final touches on his masterpiece, which he modestly calls "an alternative to the family car."

Moller has already tested the technology for the Moller 400 in his earlier model, the 200X, which looks like a flying saucer. It operated successfully on numerous flights—both by remote control and with a pilot aboard.

Now the Moller 400 is about ready for take-off. It's six feet high, nine and a half feet wide and 18 feet long. It has a cruising speed of 225 mph and gets 15 miles to the gallon.

It's powered by 65-pound, 528-c.c. rotary engines, each of which generates 150 horsepower, or more than two hp per pound, four times that of a typical aircraft engine.

The Moller 400 is propelled by eight of these compact engines encased in four separate ducts. With no exposed blades, the craft is much safer to maneuver on the ground than either a helicopter or a small plane.

Moller has built the craft with safety in mind. Three on-board computers check one another's work and can back one another up. They'll also provide the aircraft with a sophisticated collision-avoidance system expected to aid air-traffic controllers by the year 2000.

At speeds above 125 mph, altitude can be maintained even if six of the eight engines should fail. If all the engines should die, the Moller 400 could land with the aid of an emergency parachute and its five-foot stiletto nose would crumple to absorb shock.

While leaving bumper-to-bumper traffic below may seem like the fulfillment of every commuter's fantasy, Moller believes that the craft's first application will be performing search-and-rescue missions in isolated areas.

Still, a lot of childhood dreamers are lining up for the craft. According to Jack Allison, marketing director for Moller International, 47 people have already reserved a Moller 400 by paying a fully refundable \$5000 deposit.



CONCERT HALLS AT HOME

ODDS: 100 percent
E.T.A.: 1990
PRICE: \$699

If you missed Sinatra at Carnegie Hall or the Beatles at the Royal Albert, the technology is now here to re-create such magical experiences.

Yamaha Electronics, applying digital technology, has come up with the DSP-100U, a device that can re-create dozens of acoustic environments, including jazz clubs, discos, outdoor arenas, churches and concert halls.

Controlled by a remote key pad, the DSP-100U requires a stereo system with a minimum of four channels of amplification and four speakers. It works with a CD player, a turntable, a tape deck or even a radio.

The DSP-100U is already available at many audio specialty dealers.



EYE BRACES

ODDS: 75 percent
E.T.A.: 1994
PRICE: \$2000

They're called intracorneal rings and they can eliminate the need for eyeglasses and contact lenses.

Quite simply, a thin corneal ring will flatten the cornea to correct nearsightedness. A tighter ring will increase the degree of curvature of the cornea to correct farsightedness. And any ring at all will round out the shape of the eye to correct astigmatism.

According to Thomas M. Loarie of KeraVision, the company developing it, the device is placed in the cornea much as braces are placed on teeth. The rings can be removed at any time, they will cause no interference with normal eye function and they can stay in indefinitely. That means no lost lenses, no cleansers, no discomfort.

The rings will be surgically implanted by a physician on an outpatient basis. The procedure will cost \$2000, which, compared with a lifetime's contact lenses or glasses, may be a bargain.

The rings are being tested successfully on animals and human testing could begin by late 1989.



THE MORE INTELLIGENT TOILET

ODDS: 80 percent
E.T.A.: 1992
PRICE: As much as \$3600

What's beyond toilets that sterilize themselves? Bottoms that wipe themselves!

Well, not exactly, but several companies in the Orient are marketing a version of a toilet that cleans you up automatically without toilet paper.

Besides the now-ordinary functions of sterilizing and preheating, these paperless toilets have a mechanical arm that appears underneath you after you have completed your business. The arm shoots up a stream of warm water and follows it with a blast of dry air that can gust for 60 seconds at a time. The full treatment is complete with a perfumed misting of your underparts. Some of these automated geniuses even play gentle music!

One advertisement in Japan claims

that it takes one half the amount of electricity needed to run the refrigerator to clean the bottoms of a family of four.

Who could ask for anything more?



PORTABLE VOICE-ACTIVATED TRANSLATOR

ODDS: 100 percent
E.T.A.: 1991
PRICE: \$2000

For the American in Paris—or anywhere, for that matter—the language barrier is about to come down with this portable translator.

Voice—that's what it's called—is a hand-held computer with software that can recognize more than 35,000 sentences. You simply speak to it in English and it will speak the words in French (or German, Spanish or Italian). You will see what you said in both languages on an LCD screen to make sure that Voice got it right. And when you say "Repeat," Voice will repeat the phrase in the foreign language, so you can be sure you heard it right.

"Voice makes a laptop computer with a keyboard look like a dinosaur," says Steve Rondel, president of Advanced Products and Technologies, the Redmond, Washington, company that makes Voice. "It fits in the palm of your hand and listens to and acts on your command." The translator weighs three pounds and is the size of two stacked VHS cassettes.

Voice is speaker-dependent. That means it has to be trained and that it will respond only to your voice. It will lead you through an interview in which it memorizes the way you talk. Others can use it by training their own cartridges.

Rondel sees Voice's first applications in the business community and the tourist industry. (Imagine Voice in every taxi, helping drivers and foreigners

comprendre.) And despite its high cost, Americans abroad will probably be carrying Voice, along with guidebooks and cameras, by the early Nineties.



HIGH-FIBER CUPCAKES

ODDS: 100 percent
E.T.A.: 1992
PRICE: N/A

Cupcake lovers will read this and say that cupcakes are perfect just the way they are. But we're telling you that cupcakes will *stay* perfect and be good for you. Yes, your favorite high-calorie, low-nutrition hunk of heavenly junk will actually be just what the doctor ordered. Years ago, we learned that certain forms of cancer may be prevented with fiber. Americans then averaged only 15 grams of fiber in their normal daily diet, while researchers told us we needed 30. About the time this research was reported in the press, Mike Gould and his team of U.S. Department of Agriculture biochemists had come up with a way to soften the nondigestible (fiber) portion of cell walls in farm products. Their mission was to find new uses for basic farm products such as oats, wheat and corn, and it occurred to them, "Hmmm. These grains also contain cellulose, and that's fiber!"

Indeed, it's 100 percent fiber. Experiments started immediately to replace some of the flour content in baked goods with their softened cellulose product.

The researchers knew that nobody was going to start eating twice as much fiber because it might help prevent cancer. So Gould et al. tried to put fiber into foods that people already liked. The trick was to do it without being detected.

And they succeeded! The cellulose fiber can replace as much as two thirds of the flour used in baked goods, depending on the product. "We made hundreds of cakes, brownies, doughnuts, pancakes and breads," says Gould. A cake was developed that substituted

the cellulose for 40 percent of the flour normally used in the recipe. A professional taste panel couldn't differentiate the cellulose cake from one made with the regular amount of flour. It compared taste, texture, mouth feel and seven other criteria. "There was as much fiber in one slice of that cake as in a half head of lettuce," Gould says. That was seven and a half grams, or one fourth of the minimum daily amount of fiber suggested by cancer researchers.

The cellulose can go into gravy, sauces, ice cream and any other products that require a bulking agent or a thickener, and it has no calories. Not one. It passes right through the body.

Mind you, it has no nutritional value, either. But if you like cupcakes, you won't care.



SURF FLYING

ODDS: 100 percent
E.T.A.: 1990
PRICE: \$1275

This is a toy that is definitely not for everyone. But if you're a surfer or a hang glider—or preferably both—this contraption is a dream come true.

It's called the Wind Weapon and it's the brain child of windsurfer Tom Magruder and hang-gliding expert Robert Crowell.

The Wind Weapon is a sailboard rig with a sophisticated aluminum-and-Mylar pivoting wing that enables the board and the rider to leap as high as 40 feet above the water's surface.

It is not a sport for novices. First, says Magruder, you should have windsurfing experience. Then expect to experiment for a good week before you get the hang of it.

These modern-day Wright brothers say that once you get good, you can stay in flight for as long as ten seconds.

The Wind Weapon is available at a few windsurfing shops or from Wind Weapon International, P.O. Box 89, Hood River, Oregon 97031.



GYRO EXERCISE MACHINE

ODDS: 100 percent
E.T.A.: 1990
PRICE: \$5850

Picture three giant concentric Hula-Hoops standing on end. Now imagine yourself strapped into the innermost hoop. Move a muscle and the three connected rings start to sway. Strain a little harder and you begin to spin. Nod your head and you somersault.

This is an exercise machine for people bored by exercise machines. The design is based on the gyroscope, a device that has been around since the 1850s.

Gyro stands nine feet high and is nine feet wide. The three rings—one green, one red, one yellow—are made of tubular steel and rotate around one another, each on its own axis. The rider is fastened into the innermost ring with a foot-binding system and a padded waist device that allows for minimal movement. There are handle bars overhead that help stretch and support the body.

Once you're in place, the slightest body movement will get the entire system turning. Through subtle shifts in weight and isometric muscle contractions, the rider can create and control the action, the speed and the duration of the exercise. The rings move in every direction—the outer ones keeping the entire apparatus in balance. It's possible to do forward dives, back flips, lateral rotations, cart wheels and more, all with the weightlessness of an astronaut in space.

"It's an exciting and exhilarating workout," says Julie Larsen, the public-relations director for Gyro North America. "Everybody who gets on this machine grins from ear to ear. They really enjoy every movement."

It's also safe, she reports, and no one gets sick. You can slow it down or stop it and return to an upright position simply by bending your knees. However,

Larsen does suggest that a monitor be nearby for beginners.

The benefits? Stress on the joints is minimal. The three-ring ride is great for toning the body and provides a whopping aerobic workout, or a moderate one, whichever is preferred.

It's even beautiful to look at.



UPHILL SKIING

ODDS: 100 percent

E.T.A.: 1990

PRICE: \$1300

How many times have you skied down a challenging slope, only to realize that the bigger challenge was getting back up to the top for another run? John Stanford and Phil Huff decided to use their parachuting and skiing experience to design a product that would solve that problem. The result is a lightweight parachute powerful enough to propel skiers up steep slopes yet small enough to be easily packed away for the trip back down.

Coming up with a prototype was fairly simple—since Stanford's company manufactures parachutes—but testing it was downright thrilling. "We realized that skiing uphill was more fun than skiing downhill," says Stanford. So once they received a patent, the sport of "upskiing" was born.

The parachute can be used on snow-covered lakes or steep mountain slopes, in winds as low as seven or eight mph. Friends of Stanford and Huff have upskied in 50-mph winds but describe the experience as "terrifying" and "dangerous" and strongly advise against it.

Like sailing, upskiing is a wind sport. After putting on your skis and strapping yourself into the harness, lift part of the canopy (with the help of control lines) so it fills with wind, lean back and go.

A control center attached to the harness allows you to increase or decrease your speed and, in the case of an emergency, release yourself from the equipment. The parachute itself is 28 feet in

diameter, and the entire system weighs a mere 13 pounds and folds up to the size of a backpack.

The product can be purchased from UpSki, Inc., P.O. Box 1269, Frisco, Colorado 80443. Customers are required to participate in a short demonstration of how the system and its emergency features work.



FROZEN BEVERAGE MUG

ODDS: 50 percent

E.T.A.: 1991

PRICE: One dollar

A lover of hot summer days, beautiful beaches and frosty brews, Saul Freedman is the creator of the frozen beverage mug—an all-ice container that keeps the drink cold until the mug melts.

Freedman, a Vineland, New Jersey, inventor, intends to mass-produce his mugs and market them as "perfect for the beach." His brain storm—putting liquid into ice rather than ice into liquid—was born out of frustration. He was tired of drinking warm beer and cola at the Jersey shore and of paper cups and cans littering the sand.

The frozen mug melts from the outside in. Except for the wooden stick that serves as its handle, it disappears without a trace—on a hot day at the beach, the mug is good for about 45 minutes.

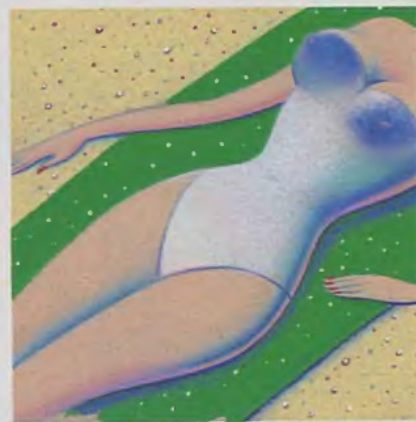
"It's a trash-free, self-disposing drinking container, and with the environmental problems we have today, the mug will help decrease the litter," Freedman says. Some seaside towns ban the sale of drink containers at the beach, but he thinks the ice mug can swim around this rule.

Although the frozen mug will stay solid for as long as two hours indoors, Freedman sees as his greatest potential market people who want fast refreshment in the hot sun. And he doesn't view the summer melt-down time of 45 minutes as a negative. "With ice cream,

if you don't eat it in five minutes, it will be all over your lap. Besides, how long do you hold a paper cup that's filled with soda?"

The ice mug is produced through a patented process that first takes the impurities out of water (making it freeze quickly and melt slowly) and then chills the molds.

Assuming that he finds investors who share his belief that ice is nice, Freedman will manufacture his mugs in New Jersey, near his potential customers. Franchising is a possibility, too.



MOOD SUIT

ODDS: 100 percent

E.T.A.: 1991

PRICE: Less than \$100

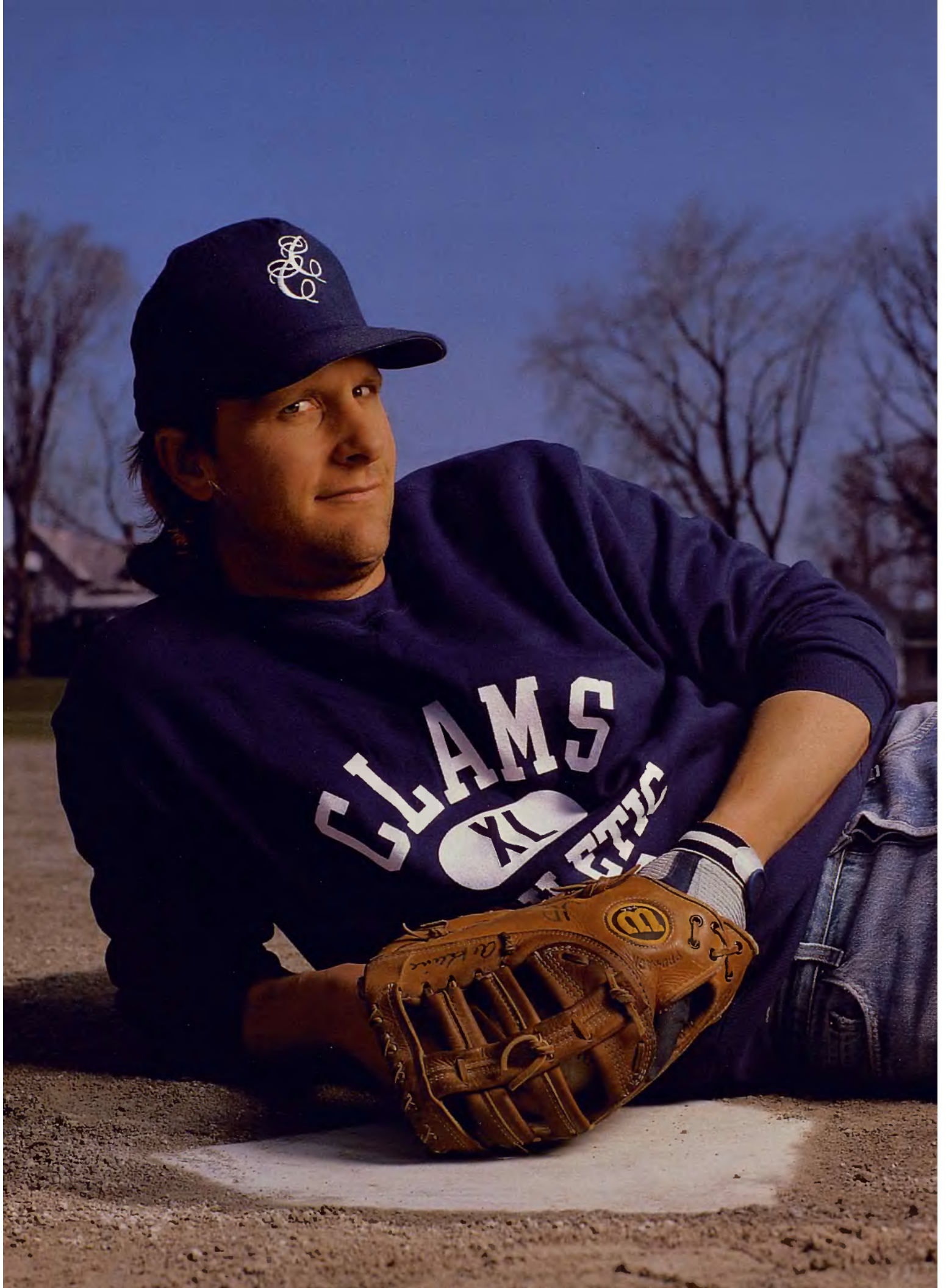
Bathing suits may be more revealing than ever in the Nineties if Donald Spector's invention becomes the rage. His swimming togs will do more than reveal parts of the body; they will reveal the temperature of some of the parts the suits are concealing.

Spector, a New York inventor who gave the world hydraulically operated exercise equipment, has developed thermally sensitive fabric that changes color in concert with the wearer's temperature. So if something embarrasses you, your suit may blush even if you don't.

As Spector explains it, the suits will turn dark blue or even black around an area that is heating up or where the blood is collecting. As the suit goes from hot to cold, it will pass through versions of black, blue, yellow and green before cooling off at moderate brown.

Expect to see only parts—that is, upper parts—of the suits made from the special cloth.

Thus far, Spector is working on marketing the Mood Suit to women only. A tank-style one-piece is already developed, but different styles are on the drawing board.



JEFF DANIELS

Here is Jeff Daniels, Michigan home boy, reluctant Hollywood actor-guy, grinning his sly, smirky grin. Barefoot and just slightly beered up, he paddles and puttlers his pontoon boat around the small lake on whose shores he makes his home. Daniels lives in the rural southeastern Michigan town where he grew up, a town whose name he prefers no one knew, because it is here that he likes to pretend that he is not a big-deal movie star. To the locals, he is just plain Jeff, tavern squatter, softball zealot. To the contrary, he is the fine laconic leading man whose quirky charms have enlivened such films as "Terms of Endearment," "The Purple Rose of Cairo," "Something Wild," "Sweethearts Dance" and "Checking Out." Due next is "Love Hurts," a tale of divorce and hope. Contributing Editor Bill Zehme spent one long afternoon on the pontoon and reminisces thusly: "We circled the lake roughly eight thousand times and drank many cold ones. Once, we went ashore to see the large house Jeff was building for his two small sons and wife, Kathleen. We watched workmen work. I asked him if he'd seen any signs of Elvis, who is rumored to be residing in the state. Daniels blanched and said that Elvis had recently stopped by, scrounging for money. 'He looked pale,' he reported, 'very pale. I told him to get lost.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: By living here in Michigan, you disprove the maxim that you can't go home again. Just how wrong was Thomas Wolfe?

DANIELS: It's not the same as when I was growing up here. I mean, this lake was the whole world. Now it's just a three-mile body of water in one of fifty states. But it's a very grounded existence. You get a cleaner outlook, which is better for the kids. The people are nine-to-fivers, very realistic and have a different sense

hollywood's
likable laconic
lunk on
softball,
small towns
and when love
hurts the best

of humor. I told the guy in the general store today that *Playboy's* 20 Questions was coming. He just stared at me blankly. I said, "I knew that would impress you." The real stars in this state are the guys who read the news in Detroit. For me, living here between movies is much healthier

than sitting around a pool in Los Angeles or being cramped up in a New York apartment, waiting for the next job. I can't rest in those two towns. There I'm an unemployed actor; here I'm on vacation. I also happen to live here.

2.

PLAYBOY: Twelve years ago, you left Michigan for New York. Take us on a tour of the hellish depravity only a Midwesterner sees upon moving there.

DANIELS: One of my favorite memories was the big blackout in '77. I lived in this not-so-safe building at Seventh Avenue and Twenty-third. To get to my apartment, I had to walk up ten flights of stairs in the pitch black. I kept thinking, God, what's up this next flight? *Is it my death?* In the same apartment, there was a hole in the door where a lock was supposed to be. One day, I looked up from the couch and saw an eye peering through the hole. Then—*whoosh!*—the eye was gone. I remember walking down the street and seeing some guy just explode, vomiting something like green radiator fluid. I remember sitting on a bench in a subway station next to two people. Suddenly, a screaming woman ran up, grabbed a hunk of hair from both of them and ran down the platform. Tore out a handful and just disappeared.

But New York's supposed to be a challenge. You're not supposed to be comfortable there. You're in the way. And they don't care whether you live or die. They don't care because *they're in New York!*

3.

PLAYBOY: You played a homosexual in Lanford Wilson's play *The Fifth of July* and shared a stage kiss, in successive productions, with William Hurt and Christopher Reeve. What did the folks at home think? And, more important, who was the better kisser?

DANIELS: Oh, man. I had been living in New York for two years when my mother came to see it. She was *very quiet* after the play. I said, "Well, you know, Mom, it's a love story." She said, "It's not a love story, it's *perverted!*" And all there was on stage was a brief kiss in the first act. I mean, it's either kiss the guy or get fired from the job. In her defense, though, I hadn't dated anyone in a couple of years and I was living down in the Village. So there was some *concern*, yes. But Mom had no problems with it when the play later opened on Broadway [*laughs*]. By then, I was married, and although I was still kissing

in the first act, that was considered, you know, *fun*.

As for who's the better kisser, both of the guys have tremendous pucker quality. It reminds me of the Hoover vacuum cleaners of the Fifties. Just fantastic. I mean, that's why they're where they are today.

4.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your dramatic television debut on *Hawaii Five-O*. Any theories as to why Jack Lord's hair never moved?

DANIELS: I was guest criminal—one of three college-guy jewel thieves—in the penultimate episode. We were standing on a windy cliff, shooting the "Book 'em" scene, as it was called. My hair is doing a dance. Everybody's hair is flying. Then you look at Jack's—*boom!*—it's as rigid as Mount Rushmore. It was amazing, a freak of nature, a genuine phenomenon.

I remember Jack liked to use a lot of cue cards because, you know, Brando did, too. But he was the king of Hawaii, a god, and he commanded total autonomy on that show. For this particular scene, he was ready to deliver his big speech. My line to him was, "What now, Mr. McGarrett?" And he says, "I'll tell you what now! *Prison for you punks!*" But this was the sixth day of shooting and things were getting a little relaxed. At this point, the director didn't care at all. And somehow, I accidentally read my line as, "What now, Mr. Garrett?" Jack shouts, "*Cut it!*" gives me a very angry look and says, "That's *Muhh-Garrett!*" He then turns and walks away. The other actors are doubled over, stifling their laughter. I figured, Fire me, man. I've already got my Hawaiian vacation.

5.

PLAYBOY: Any lingering scars from playing the lecherous weasel Flap Horton in *Terms of Endearment*? Do you think women still hold you in contempt?

DANIELS: Well, the worm is turning. A lot of people have been coming up to me, saying, "You know, I don't know how you put up with those two women for as long as you did." I think, *Yeah, yeah!* Because for a while there, it was tough to go outside. There was a driver who took me to the *Today* show and told me, in passing, "When I saw you in *Terms of Endearment*, I just wanted to beat the hell out of you." How does one respond to that? Say thank you? I went to see the movie in Times Square and (continued on page 146)

RISKY BUSINESS

tales of the outdoors

BY CRAIG VETTER

jump into the teeth of the wind and you might get bitten

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE the promise of solo flight to get you watching natural wind socks: treetops, tall grass, steam plumes, flags, birds. Especially the birds if it's a paraglider you'll be strapped to—a piece of cloth without frame or motor that you'll pilot through whatever gust and thermal earth and sun happen to cook up while you hang between them, a wind sock yourself.

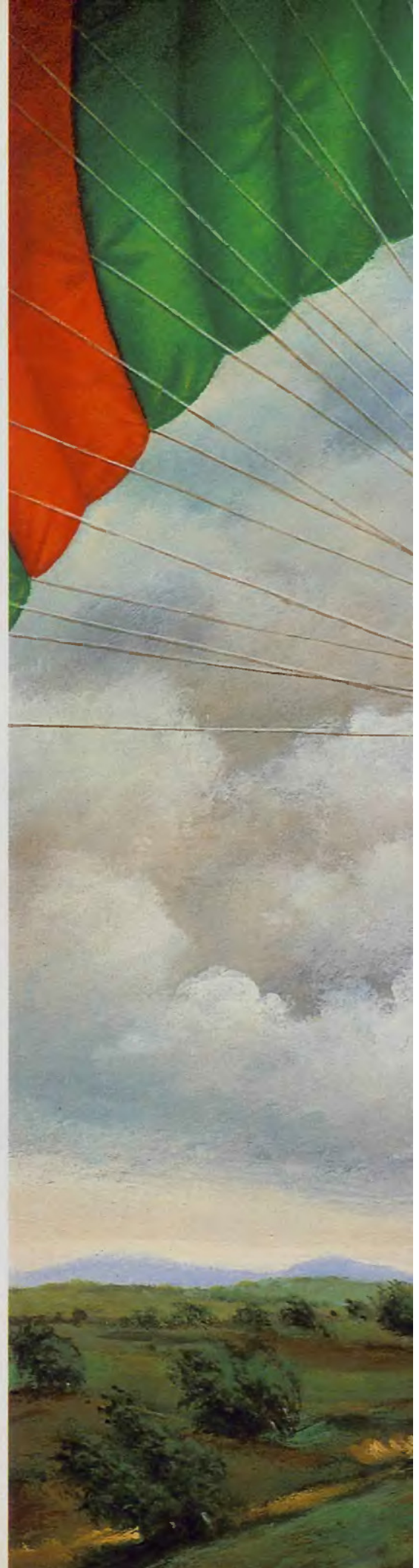
I watched the hawks and the turkey vultures on my way up the northeastern edge of the San Francisco Bay toward the hills of Vallejo. It was the middle of April, an overcast morning, and it seemed to me the big soaring meat eaters were working a little harder than usual—tipping, stalling, flapping—to keep from being blown off the ridge lines they were hunting.

Then again, I suppose any wind at all would have had my worried attention that morning. The birdman fever that overtakes some people had just never infected me. In fact, I'd always thought that Icarus was a snotty kid who pretty much got what he deserved.

My instructor, Mark Chirico, assured me that under the right conditions, paragliding was very safe and very easy. He had a 400-foot hillside picked out for us, and he thought that, working one on one, I'd probably be flying from the top by the end of the first day. In a normal class *(continued on page 154)*

WIND DUMMY

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI





Ode to Morganna

a words-and-pictures tribute to baseball's kissing bandit

text by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

OK. LET'S GET IT OVER with: Ladies and gentlemen, here they are . . . Morganna. Yes, they *are* real. That's right, John Candelaria, "The Candy Man," they're all her. All, indescribably delicious, her own Mounds. No, she doesn't have to saw twin cavernous holes in the mattress to



sleep at night. Yes, she eats gobs of junk food and then works it off on the rowing machine. No, she has never had her rib cage removed. Maybe they *are* the advertised, incredible 60 inches—that's six-oh, my goodness—all the way around. Most definitely, if not the eighth Wonder of the World, they have to be way, way out there with anything else you might nominate.

Want to get personal? The lady herself refers to the brassieres that cover the things as "my pup tents." Want an autograph? BREAST WISHES, MORGANNA, she'll write. OR THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES. Of course, long ago, she started spelling her name with two Ns to, she submits, "get more ink and fill up the marquees." But the more remarkable aspect of her signature is the capital M, the top of which she curls into two round mounds, just like the Golden Arches themselves, and then finishes with two dots at the twin peaks, so that the result resembles the view of her magnificent chest from the Goodyear blimp. "Just think," says Morganna, "if I ever get old and droopy, I can change my name to Wanda."



When the last great scorer comes to write against the game, when the time capsule is finally sealed up for baseball in our lifetime, let's be sure not to omit the true artifacts of the sport: Lite beer, arbitration, pine tar, tobacco, the split-finger fast ball, cocaine, maybe some tail feathers from the Chicken and a little piece, uh, a sigh and whisper of Morganna as well. Even as hard as they may be to come by, she'd undoubtedly offer up one of those pup tents—a tight fit, to be sure—but let's get it done anyway. For, as a distinguished participant in the national pastime once said—maybe it was one of the Parkers, Wes or Dave, or somebody else she has targeted on her splendiferously crowd-enthraling, rear-end-hauling,



Outtakes from Morganna's greatest hits: At a November 1988 Utah Jazz game, she sprints (top) toward Jazz coach Frank Layden. In the bottom photo, she gets her prey. Afterward, Layden fell to the floor. "I don't think he was faking it," she says. "I think he really passed out. He probably had double vision." She met Seattle Mariner Steve Yeager (center) on opening day in 1986. "That's his intellectual look," she says.



glamorous kissing forays—"Morganna great for baseball? Morganna is baseball."

Truth be told, Morganna has lip-sticked types of all stripes—football coaches, basketball people, a jockey, the Chicken himself, Tom Selleck, even a minor-league hockey coach, for God's sake. Not to mention a bedraggled cornucopia of your basic sleazeball kiss-and-tell journalists. She kisses, they tell. But her stock in trade remains the men and boys of summer: Pete Rose, Fred Lynn, Lance Parrish, George Brett (twice), Steve Garvey, Don Mattingly, John Candelaria, Nolan Ryan and Otto Velez, who, not long after the magic moment—he must have read *Paradise Lost*—upped and retired from his game. Then there's Mike Schmidt, who to this day insists he got smooched by a Morganna impostor. ("Mike probably wants seconds," says Morganna.)

All have felt the lollipop lips of Morganna brush their cheeks and then . . . alas, and then move on to other cheeks,



When Morganna met Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (above), she worried that "they could have injured him. I also tried to tell him that my kiss wouldn't grow hair on a bald head."

other parks. Having attempted a sneak attack last August on the Cubs' Ryne Sandberg—she was intercepted on the pitcher's mound during the first inning of the first night game at Wrigley Field, hauled off to the slammer, booked and fingerprinted before being released amid the shutter-popping dazzle of police-force Polaroids—Morganna has expanded her puckered-and-delivered roster to players from more than 20 teams. A picture of her reaching high on her tiptoes to kiss Frank Howard of the Washington Senators actually hangs in the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. The Washington Senators are no longer with us; Morganna—please keep your gasping to a low wail as

you peruse some of the portraits here—obviously, still very much is.

But let's not make molehills out of mountains. Morganna's self-description: "The chest of Dolly Parton, the face of Loni Anderson, the legs of Colonel Sanders." Miss Parton? C'mon. The score is 9–5 before the national anthem starts. All



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



seriousness aside, folks, if Dolly is, say, a D cup, Morganna whups her in the tale of the tape by *six* sizes. We're talking I here. Oh-me-oh-my.

Everything's relative, of course. Morganna says that if nudity were wrong, we'd all have been born in trench coats. She says no religious group or women's lib organization has ever protested against her—what's the big deal? She couldn't burn her bra, anyway, or half the major leagues would go up in smoke. Naturally, she must have those undergarments specially made—by the same guy “who builds domed stadiums,” according to Morganna, who calls her show clothes “skimpyp attire.” She calls her show not exotic dancing, not stripping but “a celebration of bobbing.”

Morganna and her husband, Bill Cottrell, as plain, uncomplicated and down to earth a couple as any dastardly duo in the eye of a maelstrom has ever been, are rabid TV watchers, especially of TV comedy. They are constantly trying to one-up each other in dialog borrowed from *Saturday Night Live's* inveterate fibber, Jon Lovitz. “Yeah, that's it,” Morganna says in wide-eyed imitation of Lovitz. “That's the ticket. I'm Morganna, the baseball showgirl, and I kissed Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb . . . yeah, sure . . . and then I, uh, I married George M. Cohan and went to live in, let's say Oahu, yeah, Oahu, and then I invented the microwave oven. Yeah, and these aren't really breasts, they're, uh, wings . . . yeah, wings . . . filled with helium . . . yeah, that's it. That's the ticket.”

Dallas Times Herald, August 3, 1984. “Metro Roundup.” “MORGANNA BUSTED”:

Morganna Roberts, known as “Morganna, the Kissing Bandit,” was arrested Thursday night at a Dallas night club on a public-lewdness complaint. Police said Ms. Roberts, 33, of Columbus, Ohio, was arrested after allegedly beating a customer over the head with her breasts during a striptease performance at about 11:30 p.m. at 10's for Gentlemen at 9410 Marsh Lane. The customer, identified as Kenneth Crowder, was arrested on the same complaint for allegedly cooperating with the stunt, police said.

Talkin' baseball, dum-de-dum.

Well, you can imagine how Bowie Kuhn might have reviewed this performance over his morning *croissants*, remembering how he once rode in a convertible with this same Morganna Roberts at a little-league parade. Or how Peter Ueberroth might have felt out there at the old Olympic games as he contemplated the changes inherent in a major lifestyle switch from Joan Benoit's lap times to

Morganna Roberts' lap. Not to mention what those coconuts would do to his chances of getting elected President of the United States. Might Morganna even have the chakskas to kiss a commissioner? A President? A. Bartlett Giamatti? George Bush? Who might be next? God and Presidents . . . and Morganna . . . at Yale?

You can imagine, too, how Joe Bob Briggs, Big D's notoriously sensitive drive-in critic, was rankled by that 1984 affair, which he claimed to be witness to. He variously described Morganna's two enormous talents as “nuclear *garbanzos* . . . we're talking deadly weapons . . . those bazookas . . . those hooters.” Joe Bob said he didn't think they were even legal unless “you mount yellow warning flags on both sides for oncoming traffic.” Also, he pictured Morganna's anatomy as “unlicensed atomic duffel bags unleashed on an unsuspecting public.” Unsuspecting? Under what rock has Joe Bob been living? “Not many people know it, but more Americans die every year from breast attacks than get killed in their bathtubs. It's one of those facts we don't like to think about. I'm sorry,” the critic concluded, “but Morganna has got to learn to either find a leash big enough for those B-52s or else get a safe-deposit box at Fort Knox and keep 'em under armed guard at all times. We don't want another Three Mile Island. . . . If Morganna turns sideways, the world disappears.”

Of course, Morganna was found innocent, cleared and freed of all charges by Judge John Orvis, known ironically by locals as “the hanging judge.” Moreover, no sooner did she get off than she merrily stepped out of the courtroom and invited the public to “come and see exhibits A and B.” The bad publicity—well, bad in some precincts—was the thing. Morganna considered all that ink negative when it got back to her adopted home town of Columbus, where the wire reports zeroed in on the “public lewdness.” Then again, when she opened the following baseball season, both barrels firing, by brashly announcing she would crash the Houston Astrodome to kiss Nolan Ryan, more than 40,000 spectators showed up. On opening day a year later, sans Morganna's dual promotions, the 'Stros drew 23,000.

One mercy victim, Seattle Mariners catcher Steve Yeager, had always polled high in Morganna's consumer research when he was with the Dodgers and, sure enough, our heroine finally nabbed him on opening day in 1986. When the TV screens relayed the kiss to thunderous ovations, Morganna thought she'd slugged a grand slam; Yeager was ecstatic. “It was entertaining and I enjoyed it,”

he said. “I'm glad it happened to me in my career.”

Yeager had been with the opposition Dodgers in Houston on opening day in 1985, when Morganna created her first and only twin killing by kissing the Astros' Ryan and Dickie Thon, so he knows what it feels like to be left out. So does the Angels' poor Bobby Grich, who once was quoted as saying his most embarrassing moment as a ballplayer came the night he waited for the onrushing Morganna with bated cheek, only to watch her pass him by and kiss teammate Fred Lynn. That was in 1983. Lynn struck out on three pitches and proceeded to bat three for 40. But later that season, he hit the only grand-slam home run in All-Star-game history. It took Lynn a while to get his eye back. “After seeing Morganna,” he said, “the ball looked like a pencil dot.”

“Listen, I don't try to offend or humiliate anybody,” says Morganna. “I had Dale Murphy on my list until I found out he would be sincerely embarrassed by a kiss. I read where Dale doesn't even pose for *pictures* with girls.

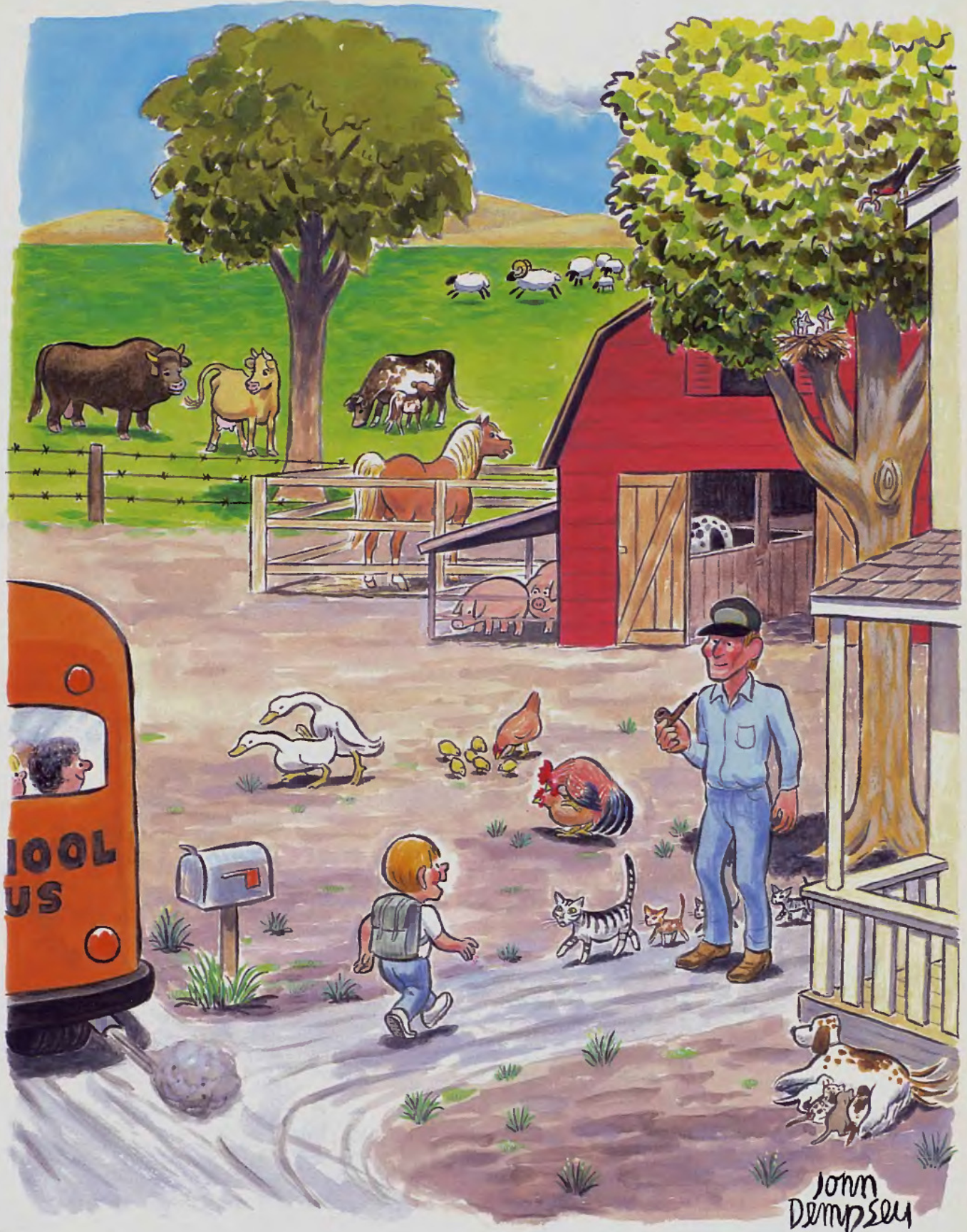
“I try to stay on the good side of the wives, too,” Morganna says. “Fred Lynn's wife had a T-shirt made commemorating his kiss. Nolan Ryan . . . you may remember that Nolie's wife publicly thanked me. I understand Don Mattingly's wife was furious, but Don's family is from Evansville. I know his dad, Bill, and he loved the idea. He says if I don't get Don, he'll volunteer his own face. So I may come up with something special for the missus.”

For all of Morganna's warmth, joyfulness, cheery disposition and indomitable munificence—she has appeared at benefits and does more charity work than you can bump a grind at—Mrs. Mattingly, Mr. Gibson or anyone else who may dare to cross her should realize he will be dealing with one rough, street-tough momma, a survivalist supreme who knows how to dish it out, probably because she had to take it for so long.

Not long after she was born, Morganna's father, Dean Rose, separated from her mother and eventually became a key grip in Hollywood at the Hal Roach Studios. Her mother quickly abandoned the child, so other relatives had to pass her around like an old umbrella.

It kept on raining. Born with a bad kidney, Morganna had to have it removed at the age of five and almost died. Item for Ripley's: Throughout her grade school years at Mount Mercy, a boarding school for girls in Peewee Valley, Kentucky, to which her grandmother, Virginia Blackerby, had shipped her, Morganna was underdeveloped. Everywhere but between her neck and navel.

Morganna was already half-stacked at
(continued on page 152)



"I got an A-plus in my sex-education class, Dad."

LOVE & SEX:

THE BOOK OF QUESTIONS

By GREGORY STOCK

LOVE AND SEX can be magically simple or maddeningly complex. We are always encouraged to talk things over with our partners. Sometimes, however, we ask the wrong questions of them and of ourselves. Gregory Stock, whose best-selling "The Book of Questions" helped sharpen our skills at asking just the right questions, has turned his attention to imponderables that are close to our hearts. This is not a quiz; there are no right answers. Your answers may tell you something new about yourself. And that will give you something new to share.

• How much of your enjoyment of sex is involved with giving pleasure to your partner? Could you enjoy yourself if you knew your partner took little pleasure in the experience?

• When was the last time you had so much fun while making love that you actually laughed? If you had to make your love-making more playful or more serious, which would you want?

• Would you rather have an attractive spouse who was dis-

appointing in bed or a plain-looking one fantastic in bed?

• If, during the next month, you could have the power to hear your partner's every thought when you made love, would you want to? Why? Would it upset you to have your partner hear your thoughts?

• Have you remained close friends with any former lovers? If not, would you like to have done so?

• Looking back on past romances, have you ever wondered what you saw in an ex-lover? If so, in what ways was it because you had changed, and in what ways was it because you had grown to see the person more clearly?

• When you don't feel particularly amorous, will you still have sex with your partner? If so, does this now occur more or less frequently than it used to?

• If a perfect contraceptive were developed and all venereal diseases disappeared, how would you change your sexual behavior?

• What do you think makes a great lover? How much of your attention in lovemaking is di-

rected toward pleasing your partner and how much toward pleasing yourself?

• Would you like to see intimate journals and letters your lover had written during a romance that had taken place long before you knew each other? If so, why? What sorts of things could you imagine learning about such a relationship that would undermine the love you now feel?

• If your lover lost interest in sex, how long would it take to cause difficulties in your relationship? Assume that the change results from something unrelated to your feelings for each other; for example, worries about financial problems.

• How promiscuous would you be if you knew your mate would give you—without resentment—any sexual freedom you asked for and still be as faithful as you wished?

• If every day next year you had an extra hour, would you rather spend it with your partner or by yourself? Assume that it must be one or the other.

• Have you ever been in love with someone you knew you could not trust? If you found yourself in such an involvement, do you think you would try to leave and have enough self-control to do so?

• Men: Have you ever had a traumatic experience as the

result of being unable to get an erection? If so, what was your biggest concern at the time? How would you like to have a partner behave in such a situation? Women: What goes through your mind when you suspect that your partner is not going to get an erection? Have you ever had an unpleasant lovemaking experience because this happened? If so, what was worst about the experience?

- In the early phases of a romance, how much are you influenced by your friends' and family's opinions of your partner? Do you seek more or less advice about your relationships than about other things? In affairs of the heart, is outside opinion less valuable because your feelings are individual in nature or more valuable because it's hard to be objective?

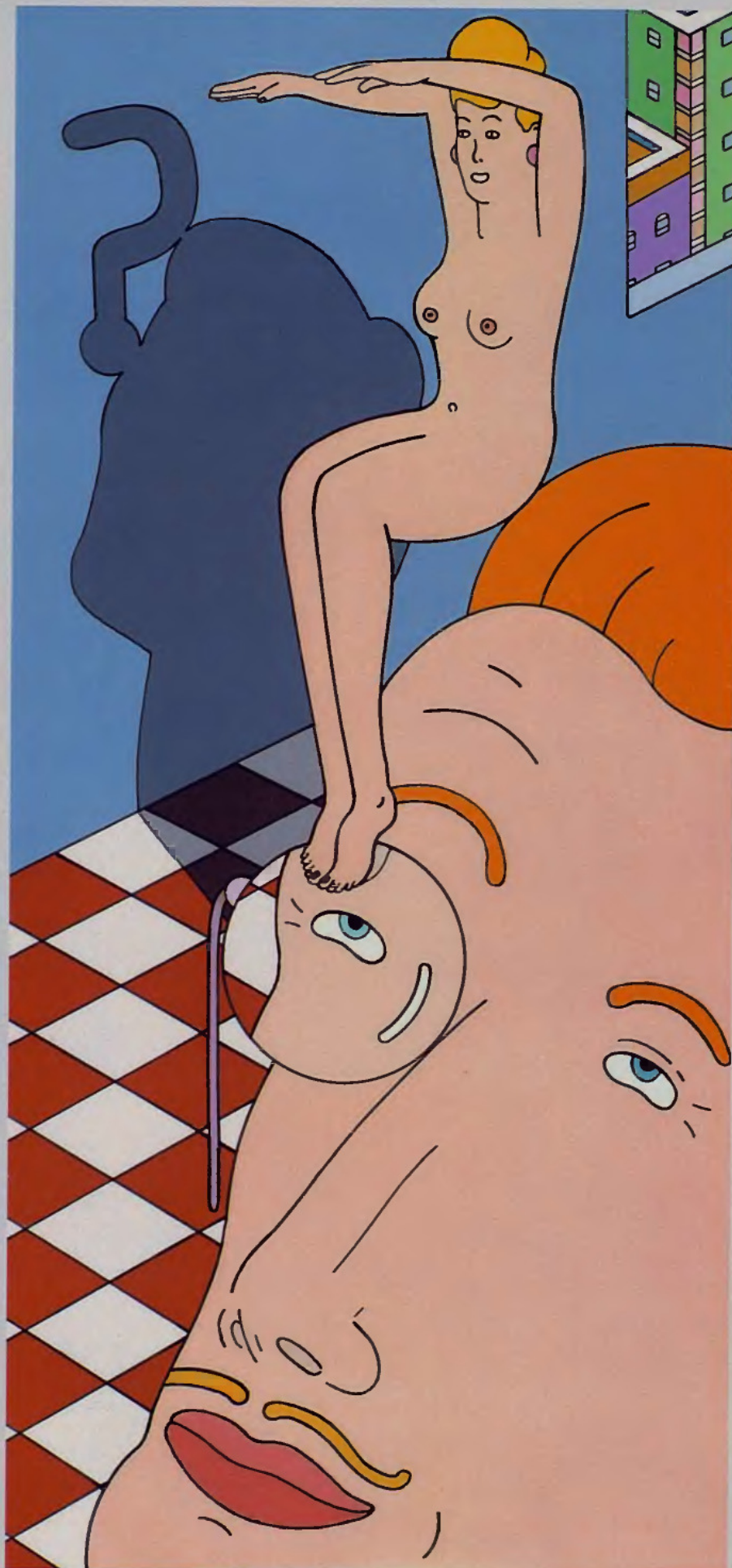
- If your spouse were having an affair and broke it off as soon as you found out, would it destroy your relationship? If not, how do you think it might change things?

- If you had to choose something new for your partner to do when making love to you, what would it be? What does your lover think excites you more than it actually does?

- When did you find out the most about what pleases you sexually and what did you learn? Have you discovered more through long-standing relationships or through shorter periods of intimacy with different lovers?

- If you became attracted to a close friend and neither of you were involved with anyone else, do you think sex would jeopardize your friendship?

- What is the most unpleasant
(concluded on page 169)





RENO

THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD

Fudge

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RENO CONFIDENTIAL

as revealed by the mayor's extraordinary ex

D

ESPIE THE FACT that Reno, Nevada,

ranks internationally as a mecca for gamblers, matrimony remains its most popular spectator sport. First it was quickie divorces for out-of-towners; now that divorce laws in other states have caught up to Nevada's liberal standard, the city of 126,000 has

turned the tables and issues about 35,000 marriage licenses every year—95 percent of them to out-of-staters. A lot of people just like to get married in this capital of glitz. Like the mayor. He liked it so much, he did it three times—twice to the same lady. Indeed, nothing has excited Reno's matrimonial fever more than the stormy union of its twice-married, twice-divorced first couple, Mayor Pete Sferrazza and—as the local newspapers put it—his leggy blonde wife, Leslie, the sizzling subject of the photographs on the next few pages. At the time of Leslie and Pete's first marriage in 1986, each had

been married once before. Like other good Reno tales—why does *The Misfits* come to mind?—theirs starts in divorce court. Leslie's friend Mayor Sferrazza, a working attorney whose mayoral job is only a part-time one, was handling her case against a scion of the Cord auto family. One thing led to another, and as soon as Leslie was single again, she married Pete. All Reno was agog: Its mayor, 41, had teamed up with a first lady who, at 22, was close to half his age. "Mayor Pete Sferrazza and his new bride will honeymoon at Disneyland," teased one media gossip. The newlyweds had actually gone off to Mexico, which was deemed less than enchanting copy. News stories perked up even more after the publication of wedding pictures revealed that the bride wore



Matrimony isn't Reno's only game; 50 percent of Reno's taxes flow from the casino industry. At left, with the city's slogan over her head, the former first lady visits downtown Reno. Roulette grabs her attention at the Peppermill Hotel Casino, above.





MR. AND MRS. MAYOR: Reno Mayor Pete Sterrazza and the former Leslie Hummel toast their wedding Sunday at the Wingfield House in Reno. It was the second marriage for both bride and groom.



After Sterrazza's divorce, his wife, Leslie, packed (and probably shipped) in the garage of her apartment Reno house. They were married Oct. 8 after divorcing last month.

First lady of Reno

Mayor's bride: 'We love each other very much'

By Bill Samuels

All of us are surprised when we hear Mayor Pete Sterrazza mentioned by "first lady" Leslie Hummel. It is not because she is a former mayor's wife, but because she is a former mayor's wife who has been so successful in her own right. She is a former mayor's wife who has been so successful in her own right. She is a former mayor's wife who has been so successful in her own right.



Leslie Hummel, former mayor's wife, is seen here with her husband, Mayor Pete Sterrazza.

Reno mayor looks ahead hopefully after rough spots

The last few years have not been kind to Reno Mayor Pete Sterrazza. In 1986, he lost his race for Congress. The next year he lost his wife to divorce. Then, earlier this year, the Washoe County District Attorney's Office filed charges against him for not immediately reporting suspected child sexual abuse. But things are looking up for the 42-year-old Reno attorney. He and Leslie Sterrazza are working on a reconciliation and hope to put the marriage back together. Last month, a judge dismissed the criminal misdemeanor charge against him. "I think this is the best council I have worked with. Personalities are not the issue. We work together for the city. We disagree with each other but there's a respect for one another." One of the council members Sterrazza praises as hard-working and committed to making Reno a better place to live is Jud Allen, who ran against him during a bitter 1983 race for the mayor's office. Allen said his respect for his one-time opponent has grown. "He's far more moderate in his views than I anticipated. The main issues such as growth or no-growth and pro-business or anti-business, I find he's quite in the middle of the road on those now. When I first got on the council, I could predict his wing of former Reno Mayor Barbara Bennett. In Allen's opinion, "He's followed. He's much more his own person now than when he first came on the council. He came in under Barbara Bennett and she was a very strong person. I think he had a sense he owed her a great deal for his political success and went along with her views a lot. Now he's the leader and stands up for his own views entirely. I think he's gone out of his way with the present council to create good chemistry with all the members, which is what a leader should do." Sterrazza doesn't believe his image has been damaged by the charge he failed to promptly report suspected child abuse or by the divorce that ended his second



Reno mayor, Mrs. fix error of divorce

Joined quite a few other Nevadans on Saturday night at a party thrown in Napa Valley, Calif., at the winery of Rhonda and Don Carano. Early on, I spotted Reno Mayor Pete Sterrazza and instantly recognized his willowy blond companion. Puzzled and goaded by my friends, who told me, "Melton, you're supposed to be a reporter, go ask



ROLLAN MELTON

Sferrazzas granted second divorce

Reno Mayor Pete Sferrazza, 43, and wife Leslie, 24, were granted a divorce Wednesday in Washoe District Court. Judge Peter Breen granted the divorce after a five-hour hearing that was closed to the public upon the request by the mayor's attorney, John Ohlson. This is the second time the couple has divorced. Their first marriage lasted 14 months. After the first divorce, Mrs. Sferrazza married a Reno

Reno Gazette-Journal

Sferrazzas' relationship erupts again

Reports: Mayor, wife seek protective orders

By Mark Lundquist

Reno Mayor Pete Sferrazza and wife Leslie's tempestuous relationship appears to have boiled over once again as the couple sought protective orders against each other Tuesday in Washoe District Court. Mrs. Sferrazza, who remarried the mayor in August after divorcing him six months earlier, contacted an attorney Tuesday to request a protective order. She alleged that her husband had physically abused her one year ago. Sferrazza filed his own request for a protective order later Tuesday, saying Leslie Sferrazza was verbally and physically abusive to his children, according to news reports. A protective order functions like a temporary restraining order, keeping a spouse away from the other until a hearing about the complaint can be held. Mrs. Sferrazza, contacted at her parents' home Tuesday night, said she and the mayor had a fight Monday morning that resulted in Sferrazza choking two full grown Great Danes, the couple had

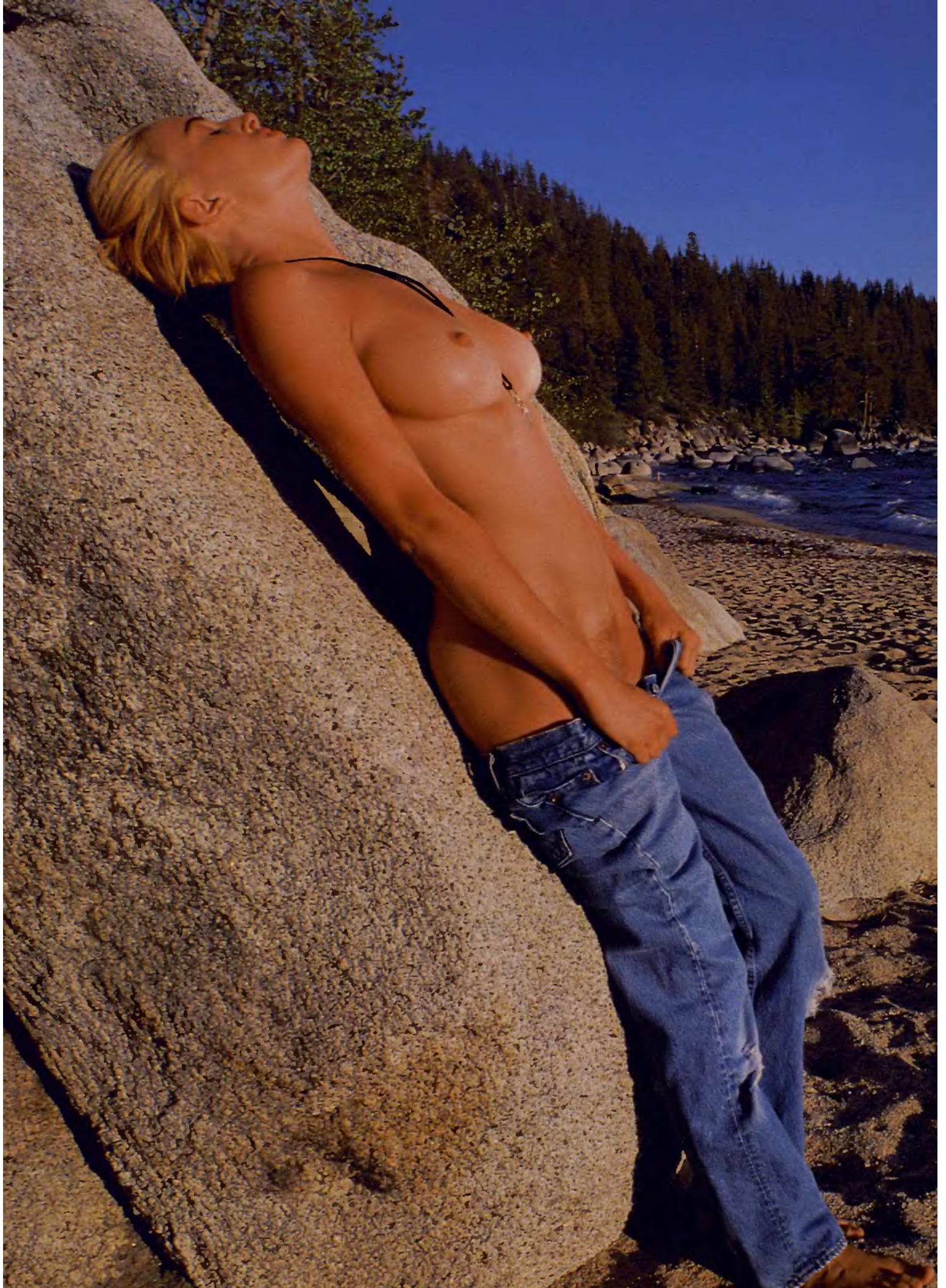


Pete and Leslie Sferrazza

tion concerned her strained relationship with one of the mayor's two children from a previous marriage. Mrs. Sferrazza also contended the mayor attacked her on the eve of his mayoral re-election in 1987. "I decided to let it slide at the time. It was an election time. He was probably under a lot of stress." Mrs. Sferrazza, 31, has wed four times, including a 42-day marriage to a Reno surgeon between her two marriages to the mayor. Sferrazza, 43, was married once before his two spouses with Leslie Sferrazza.

braces. Love—who can explain it? As first lady, Leslie inherited an exhausting tour of duties: nonstop volunteering for community work, journeying around the country with Pete for his work on the advisory board for the U.S. Conference of Mayors and campaigning all over the state—Pete was running for Congress. "It meant traveling through cow towns for days," she says with a groan. "Once, we had seven campaign dinners in one night. One was country-and-western, the next was ultraformal, and so forth. I had to change my clothes in the car and in closets. It was not exactly the giddy, glamorous life one may imagine. You have to knock on doors from nine in the morning until eight at night. And you travel everywhere." There was the night, for example, that the campaign went to Lovelock during Frontier Days and every hotel was full. The Sferrazzas holed up in a dirt-floored shack, with garbage bags for a mattress. Not surprisingly,

At left, a brief history of the Sferrazzas' matrimonial capers, as told by the local newspapers, beginning with their marriage in October 1986 (note Leslie's orthodontia) and concluding with their second divorce. At right, Leslie escapes from all that to relax at scenic Lake Tahoe, which is a half hour's drive from Reno.







the Sferrazzas' marriage eventually hit rough ground. In early 1988, to the delight of Reno's headline writers, it ended—for a while at least—in divorce court. But some habits are hard to break. Within a few months, Leslie married Dr. William Ford, a Reno surgeon. The marriage, Leslie's third, lasted 45 days. That's when she divorced Dr. Ford and remarried Pete—all within six hours. Got all that? Good. There's more. Six months later, the first couple was back in court. The mayor filed for divorce and Leslie discovered another liability of being married to a politician—not one Reno attorney would take her case. So she represented herself—and won what she considers a satisfactory settlement. While a divorce decree has been handed down on grounds of incompatibility, the couple has refrained from having it filed. At technically three



divorces and counting, Leslie now has some decisions to make, but she admits to having no regrets. "I have absolutely nothing to hide," she says boldly. Hence, our lovely pictorial. "I am honored to be doing *Playboy*. This could be very good for our city," says Leslie, adding one last thought: "In the future, I hope the voters of Reno are smart enough to vote on Peter's political, not his personal, life. He's been a fine politician." Would she vote for him? "Yes." Somehow, we suspect this isn't the end of the story.

"I've been dumped on in Reno because of my age and because I'm blonde," says Leslie Sferrazza of her troubles as first lady. "My husbands have been the only men in my life. I've never slept with anyone else. Most twenty-five-year-old women nowadays have had a hell of a lot more men than three."



PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST (continued from page 78)

"Let's face it. The Patriots have had a complex ever since the Bears blew them out in Super Bowl XX."

too, and that's where Kelly and wide receivers Andre Reed and Trumaine Johnson fit in. The Bills also got a break when they picked up running back Kenneth Davis from Green Bay during the free-agency madness.

Keys to winning: Kelly doesn't have to be the world's greatest quarterback, only one who makes few mistakes and doesn't get hurt. Still and Smerlas need to wring another season out of their aging bodies. Bruce Smith has to stay clear of the substance-abuse problem that resulted in a four-game suspension. Finally, coach Marv Levy must resist the temptation to rely on the run instead of the pass. Good passing and a great defense spell Super Bowl.

If the Indianapolis Colts hadn't stumbled coming out of the blocks last season (1-5), they would most certainly have made the play-offs. In fact, they finished as strong as any team in the N.F.L., with wins in eight of their last ten games.

In the off season, coach Ron Meyer hired six new assistant coaches, dropped the Colts' pursue-and-contain defense in favor of a more aggressive multiple-front philosophy and allowed Gary Hogeboom, his starting quarterback, to free-agent his way to Phoenix. Hogeboom will be replaced by the winner of the training-camp competition between Jack Trudeau and last season's rookie success Chris Chandler.

The Colts look mean on both sides of the line with All Pros Chris Hinton and Ray Donaldson on the offensive side, Jon Hand and Donnell Thompson on the defensive front. The linebackers, led by Duane Bickett and Fredd Young, should assert themselves more in the new defensive scheme.

And, of course, the Colts have Eric Dickerson won his fourth rushing title last year and in 1989 will likely become the first running back in N.F.L. history to have seven consecutive 1000-yard seasons.

Keys to winning: Integrate speedy wide receiver Andre Rison, the Colts' number-one draft pick, into the offense. Do a better job of protecting the quarterback to keep the Q.B.s happy, healthy and productive. Get a quick start so they don't have to play catch-up, as they did last year. And keep opening those holes up front for Eric.

Let's face it. The New England Patriots have had a complex ever since the Bears blew them out in Super Bowl XX. The Patriots, quite simply, were outmuscled. So coach Raymond Berry set the goal: "We want to be as physical as the most physical [read the Bears] N.F.C. team." On October 30, 1988, Berry got his wish. The Patriots trounced the Bears 30-7, a loss that some believe contributed to Mike Ditka's heart

attack.

A good part of the Patriots' success in that game and last season was rookie running back John Stephens. Stephens, who didn't break into the starting line-up until game three, placed second in the A.F.C. in rushing, with 1168 yards. His success was aided by offensive linemen Sean Farrell, Bruce Armstrong and Ron Wooten.

If the Patriots were so physical and Stephens ran so well, how come they won only nine games? Blame a passing attack that was next to last in the N.F.L. Quarterback Tony Eason, still troubled by a separated shoulder suffered in 1987, started only two games. Doug Flutie did well enough to lead the Pats to victory against the Bears (and five other opponents), but Berry didn't trust him to throw more than the occasional pass.

Keys to winning: A healthy Tony Eason would help tremendously. The Patriots need good rookie years from wide receiver Hart Lee Dykes and tight end Marv Cook. Aging receiver Stanley Morgan and cornerback Raymond Clayborn have to come up with one more good year each.

Everyone knows that the Miami Dolphins need defense. Yet when their first pick in the draft came around, coach Don Shula and staff opted for running back Sammie Smith. It looked like a bad move until the Bears inexplicably traded their number-one pick to Miami for the Dolphins' second- and third-round picks. Result: The Dolphins got the steal of the draft, defensive back Louis Oliver, a man with a safety's speed and a linebacker's body.

The Dolphins had already bolstered their linebacking corps with the addition of E. J. Junior from Phoenix. With All Pro linebacker John Offerdahl back and free safety Jarvis Williams, Shula rounded out his plan of restoring the luster to Miami's tarnished defensive image.

On offense, Miami continues to rely on quarterback Dan Marino and the Mark brothers, Duper and Clayton. And why not, since this trio led Miami to another season as the top passing team in the N.F.L. (4557 yards)?

Shula, however, hasn't solved all his problems. The Dolphins are still looking for a pass rush, particularly since defensive end John Bosa's knee injury. And the running game has to be brought into balance with the passing attack.

Keys to winning: The Dolphins must find a way to shore up the defensive line. Sammie Smith has to live up to his first-round billing and stay healthy. The offensive line, great at pass protection, must fire out on the rushing plays. And Miami's

place kicker, Faud Reveiz, must become more consistent.

When it comes to pure entertainment, the New York Jets are tough to beat. Unfortunately, the entertainment often takes place somewhere other than on the football field. Take, for example, the Jets' offensive defensive end Mark Gastineau. He left his wife and impregnated actress Brigitte Nielsen, not necessarily in that order. In October, he quit the team to take care of Nielsen, who reportedly had cancer. She didn't, and then they split. They have since reconciled, but Gastineau and the Jets have not. The Jets won't play Gastineau, and other teams won't trade for him because of his high salary and questionable dedication to the game.

Then there was the case of the mysterious first draft choice. The Jets, to the amusement of everyone at the draft but their fans, took linebacker Jeff Lageman with the 14th pick in the first round—while players such as Louis Oliver and Bill Hawkins were still on the board. Lageman, who may turn out to be a decent player, would almost certainly still have been available in round two. Oh, well, that's entertainment.

On the field, the Jets continue to be neither good nor bad. Typically, they start fast (16-8 for the first four games of the season since 1983) and then fade. Last year, they won three of their first four and finished strong with victories over Indianapolis and the Giants. But in the middle of the season, they lost five of seven.

The problem for the Jets lies more with the defense than with the offense. You can't play any better than .500 with a defense that was 23rd out of 28 teams. There's some hope with young players such as linebacker Alex Gordon and 1988 Defensive Rookie of the Year Erik McMillan at free safety. But Marty Lyons is getting long in the tooth at right end and Paul Frase, who replaced Gastineau, plays the run better than the pass.

The Jets are solid at quarterback with Ken O'Brien and Pat Ryan. They have three quality running backs in Freeman McNeil, Johnny Hector and Roger Vick. And, of course, Al Toon and Wesley Walker are great downfield threats.

Keys to winning: The Jets must hope they really knew something no one else did about Lageman. They must find a pass rusher for the defensive line. Does anyone know what Brigitte is up to these days?

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Cleveland Browns	10-6
Houston Oilers	10-6
Cincinnati Bengals	9-7
Pittsburgh Steelers	4-12

Last year was supposed to be the Cleveland Browns' year to take it all. They had a talented and tough bunch of hungry veterans, the right coach in Marty Schottenheimer, and they had Bernie Kosar. But a



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AMERICA MOVES IN DINGO

funny thing happened on the way to the Super Bowl. Kosar hurt his elbow in week one. Replacement Gary Danielson broke his ankle. His replacement, Mike Pagel, separated his shoulder. Kosar came back only to go down in week 15 with a knee injury. And, finally, Don Strock injured his wrist in the Browns' wild-card play-off game.

The disappointment was evidently too much for owner Art Modell, who proceeded to force out Schottenheimer, one of the best coaches in the league, in a disagreement over who should be the offensive coordinator. He then hired former New York Jets defensive coordinator Bud Carson as new head coach, and Carson has brought in what may be called an aggressive sort of attitude by calling on the players "to play their asses off every game."

There were lots of new faces in training camp. The Browns lost 14 players and acquired ten in Plan B. Veteran defensive stalwart Bob Golic is gone, as well as punter Max Runager. The Browns traded linebacker Mike Junkin, a number-one pick a couple of years ago, to Kansas City. Also traded was running back Earnest Byner, who couldn't live down "the fumble" against Denver in the A.F.C. championship two years ago. Cleveland's chance at the gold ring may have slipped by.

Keys to winning: The Browns have to do a better job of protecting Kosar. Wide receiver Lawyer Tillman, a second-round pick this year, will need to convert quickly to tight end to back up the aging Ozzie Newsome. Kevin Mack, a two-time Pro Bowler, will have to stay healthy, since the running-back corps is thin.

When Houston Oilers fans nicknamed the Astrodome the House of Pain, they weren't anticipating the groans that would resound from the Oilers' management during the off season, when 15 unprotected players left for greener Astroturf. The rule of Plan B is the more talent you have, the more you stand to lose. Houston, one of the N.F.L.'s most talented teams top to bottom, was a big loser.

The Chicago Bears then tried to add insult to injury by offering a five-year, \$4,750,000 offer sheet to Oilers defensive end Ray Childress, Houston's protected but unsigned defensive end. New Houston general manager Mike Holovak lost no time in matching the offer and keeping Childress at home.

The Oilers' most colorful character is coach Jerry Glanville, even though he dresses only in black. Glanville regularly leaves tickets at the Oilers' box office for Elvis, loves James Dean movies and teaches his team to hustle, pursue and hit hard. The Oilers have improved each year under his direction, though they showed a disturbing inconsistency last year, being blown out by the Jets (45-3) and beaten at home by Pittsburgh (37-34).

Keys to winning: There are holes to plug at tight end and safety because of losses to free agency. The Oilers have tremendous

depth at running back with Mike Rozier, Allen Pinkett, Lorenzo White and Alonzo Highsmith, but, as with most contenders, they can't afford an injury at the quarterback spot, where Warren Moon missed five games last season because of a fractured shoulder blade.

Could the Cincinnati Bengals have been that bad in 1987, when they went 4-11, or that good last year, when they murdered the opposition for the first half of the season and then hung tough to get all the way to Super Bowl XXIII? As coach Sam Wyche said, "We had our backs against the wall; much to prove, fans to regain, pride to restore and jobs to save." Boomer and the boys proved they had the N.F.L.'s most potent scoring machine (448 points, 6057 combined net yards gained) and the job they saved was Sam's.

Now the problem will be to repeat last year's performance. The Bengals still have the biggest and most ferocious offensive line in pro football, led by All Pro veterans Anthony Munoz and Max Montoya. Boomer Esiason, the N.F.L.'s M.V.P. in 1988, should be recovered from a shoulder problem that limited his effectiveness during the final games of last season. Ickey Woods, the league's best dancer, is still trying to shake off Ronnie Lott's first-quarter Super Bowl hit that effectively took him out of the game. In the meantime, James Brooks remains the Bengals' less marketable but more valuable back.

Keys to winning: Wyche will have to eschew the conservative ball-control tactics he went to late last season and let quarterback Esiason and speed receivers Eddie Brown and Tim McGee do their thing. On defense, the Bengals hope nose guard Tim Krumrie can return to form after breaking his leg and ruining everyone's Super Bowl appetite.

You'd think that a 5-11 record such as the one the Pittsburgh Steelers had last season would draw a team an easy schedule this season. But to coach Chuck Noll's dismay, the Steelers, with memories of the Bradshaw-Mean Joe Greene days growing dim, must face no fewer than eight opponents in 1989 who won ten or more games last season.

And Noll, who is well aware that coaching legends get fired just like everyone else if they fail to win, doesn't have enough talent yet to turn things around. The offensive line was thin even before center Mike Webster signed with Kansas City. The defensive line, which had only ten and a half sacks all season in 1988, didn't get any help in the draft. And linebacker Mike Merriweather was finally traded to Minnesota after a contract holdout.

Noll does have a few bright spots. Bubby Brister at quarterback, who had a decent first season as a starter, will contribute more as he matures. Number-one draft choice Tim Worley, a running back out of Georgia, will ramble. Wide receiver Louis Lipps is one of the league's best when he isn't hurt.

Keys to winning: Considering the talent and the schedule, it's unrealistic to expect very many wins from this Steelers team. Noll will have to find a way to bolster his offensive and defensive lines before the Steelers can again be competitive in the A.F.C. Central.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Raiders	10-6
Denver Broncos	7-9
Seattle Seahawks	7-9
Kansas City Chiefs	6-10
San Diego Chargers	5-11

If the pieces fall together, the Los Angeles Raiders could be the surprise team of 1989. Second-year coach Mike Shanahan should be over his rookie jitters. And owner Al Davis is finally out of the courts and able to concentrate on football operations.

At quarterback, Jay Schroeder and Steve Beuerlein are blessed with plenty of receivers. Tim Brown, Willie Gault and James Lofton, plus Marcus Allen and Bo Jackson coming out of the backfield, give the Raiders enough talent to hold their own Super Stars competition.

The offensive line, in disarray much of last year because of injuries, looks especially improved, with the addition of free agent Dale Hellestrae.

On defense, Howie Long, hampered most of last season with a calf injury, will return, along with sack leader Greg Townsend (11).

The linebackers, Matt Millen and Jerry Robinson, are both over 30. The Raiders picked up former Bear Otis Wilson, who can help tremendously if he has recovered from last season's knee injury.

Keys to winning: Hope that the Kansas City Royals don't make the play-offs so that Bo Jackson shows up while a few leaves remain on the trees. Protect the quarterback long enough to get Brown and Gault down the field. Get another year out of 36-year-old cornerback Mike Haynes.

As the Denver Broncos have learned, even if you have a franchise quarterback (John Elway) and a competent, highly competitive head coach (Dan Reeves), you don't stay on top unless you draft well. The Broncos, with back-to-back Super Bowl appearances in 1987 and 1988, fell into the middle of the heap last season at 8-8. Drafts such as last year's number-one pick, nose guard Ted Gregory, who reported to training camp 20 pounds underweight and with a limp because of an injured knee, are the reason.

Reeves has restructured his coaching staff, bringing in Wade Phillips to replace Joe Collier as defensive coordinator. But the Broncos have a talent problem on defense that no coach can solve in one season. Pass rusher Rulon Jones is 31 and Karl Mecklenburg, hurt much of last year, has his best seasons behind him.

On offense, Elway is still a master,



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whether passing or scrambling. The receiving trio of Vance Johnson, Mark Jackson and Ricky Nattiel is one of the best. But Tony Dorsett, brought over from the Cowboys to pump some excitement into the running game, doesn't fit in well with the shotgun.

Keys to winning: Hope that Mecklenburg and company can find a way to stop the run. Make defense a priority in next year's draft and hope that Phillips can rebuild a semblance of the old Orange Crush before Elway gets bored.

Ken Behring, the second-year owner of the Seattle Seahawks, spent most of his energy and money in the off season engineering front-office moves. He fired general manager Mike McCormack and brought in minority stockholder and former sports agent Mike Blatt with the idea of having him run the team. When Blatt indicated that he had priorities in life other than football, Behring hired Tom Flores, the former Los Angeles Raiders coach.

While all this was going on, Seattle lost center Blair Bush, tight end Mike Tice and kick returner Bobby Joe Edmonds to free agency. It then failed to bolster an undermanned defensive line in the draft by using its first five picks for offense.

The Seahawks have excellent depth at quarterback, with Dave Krieg, fully re-

covered from last season's shoulder injury, and Kelly Stouffer, who played well in six games as Krieg's replacement. Curt Warner and John L. Williams are as good as any running-back tandem in the league.

The question for the Seahawks and coach Chuck Knox is how long they can continue to play over .500 (9-7 last season) while finishing 23rd in the league in offense and 24th in defense.

Keys to winning: Get lucky with young players replacing proven veterans at center, tight end and kick returner. Seattle has to hope its only pass rusher, Jacob Green, who has 94 career sacks, stays healthy. Unless Knox and Flores can perform miracles, it may not be quite so noisy in the Dome this year.

The Kansas City Chiefs, with only two winning seasons and one play-off appearance in the past 13 years, have a new general manager, Carl Peterson, and a new head coach, Marty Schottenheimer, late of the Cleveland Browns. Schottenheimer, bringing in 11 new coaches with him, immediately called upon the Chiefs to "raise the level of expectation of our football team."

Schottenheimer will also have to stop opponents from running the ball down his team's throat. The Chiefs were dead last in the league in rushing defense. The return of a healthy Bill Maas at nose tackle will

help. And so will the first-round draft choice of Derrick Thomas, the best linebacker to come out of college since Cornelius Bennett. Thomas, teamed with Dino Hackett, gives the Chiefs the beginnings of a good group of linebackers.

The Chiefs still have the best defensive backfield around. Free safety Deron Cherry has been to six straight Pro Bowls, and Albert Lewis and Lloyd Burruss are almost as good.

At quarterback, Steve DeBerg has obviously been brought in to work his special kind of magic. After all, he's the guy who was replaced by Montana at San Francisco, Elway at Denver and Testaverde at Tampa Bay. For this season, at least, DeBerg will play without the sound of younger, more talented footsteps in his ear.

At running back, Christian Okoye is intimidating when healthy. Unfortunately, that hasn't been very often. The wide-receiver tandem of Carlos Carson and Stephone Paige is fine, though Carson, at 30, may have lost a step.

Keys to winning: Schottenheimer has to teach the Chiefs how to stop the run. He maintains that run defense is more a question of position than of talent. His theory will be sorely tested. With a few more good drafts and Schottenheimer at the helm, the Chiefs may yet find their way to being competitive.

The San Diego Chargers' new head coach, Dan Henning, knows the script. He couldn't win without enough talent at Atlanta; he won't be able to win for the same reason in San Diego.

The problems start at quarterback. The Chargers got Mark Malone in a trade from Pittsburgh. Malone wasn't great in Pittsburgh and he was no better in San Diego. They wanted to make a trade with the Bears for Jim McMahon, but the deal fell through at the last minute when the Bears' draft choice wasn't available.

The Chargers got some good news when the Navy reassigned Napoleon McCallum to a nine-to-five desk job in San Diego and ruled that he could play football on weekends. McCallum, an outstanding running back at the Naval Academy, went over from the L.A. Raiders in a trade last fall. He'll spell running back Gary Anderson, who gained 1119 yards for the Chargers last season.

On defense, linebacker Billy Ray Smith is Pro Bowl material, at least he would be on a winning team. Defensive end Leslie O'Neal, a great talent sidelined by a bad knee injury two years ago, was activated midway through last season.

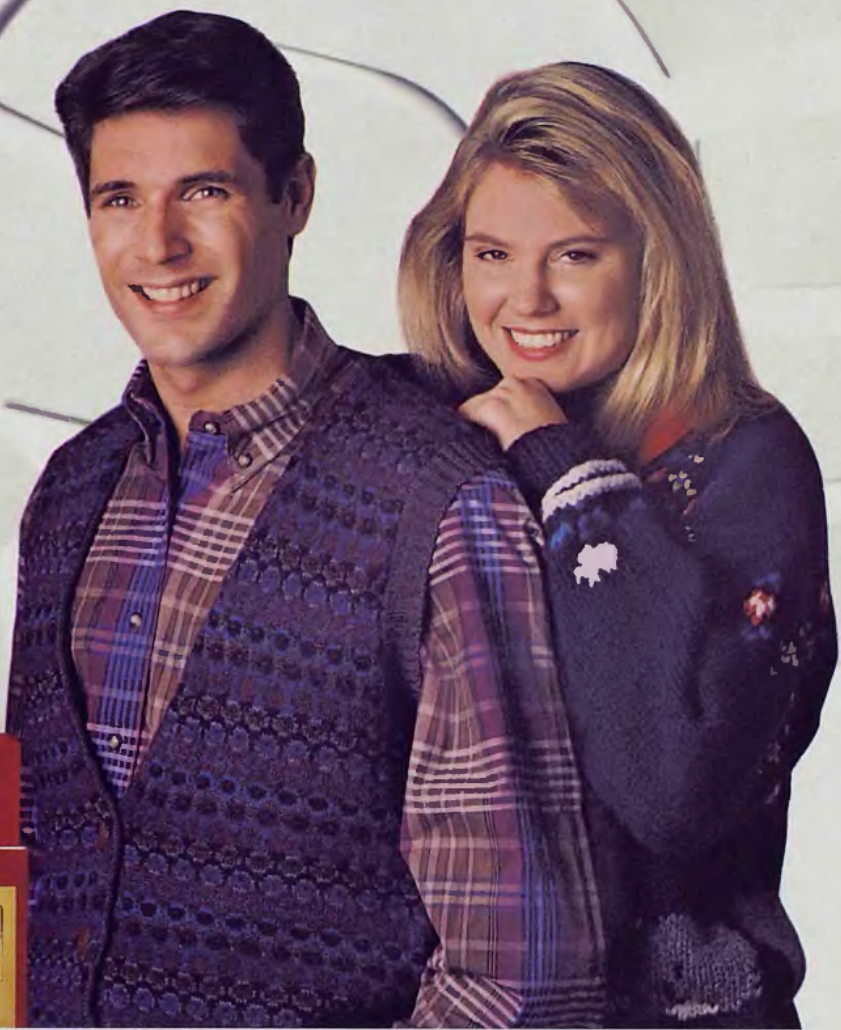
The Chargers helped their kicking game by picking up Chris Bahr from free agency.

Keys to winning: Beg, borrow or steal a quarterback from someone. Hope that the team stays injury free. Look to the draft next year and be patient.



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B A D (continued from page 94)

"In the Gracie family," Rorion says, "the men are peacocks. The women are along for the ride."

to separate the cowboys from the Indians. There was always something cooking in the family, always some action." Rorion puts the photograph down and looks up, smiling. "Do you know, my mom and dad are still together. My dad spends four days a week with her at the ranch and three days with his other woman in Rio. It works out fine."

Just then, Suzanne passes through the den. She is wearing a baggy sweat shirt that does not hide the fact that she is very pregnant. She stops at the sliding glass door that leads outside and looks at Rorion. He does not notice her. He goes on talking about his father's beliefs about men and women and procreation.

"In the Gracie family," Rorion says, "the men are peacocks. Women are along for the ride. When my dad and mom went out on their first date, my mom smoked a cigarette. My dad said, 'I never kiss a woman who smokes.' My mom put out her cigarette and said, 'I don't smoke.'

"Women become feminists because of men's weakness," says Rorion. "Every woman wants her man to treat her like a woman or he loses his position of strength with her. Women are meant to be mothers. Having kids is the only thing a woman can do that a man can't. Most Gracie men do not believe in birth control. We believe sex is a holy thing. For procreation of the species. If Suzanne does not want to get pregnant, we don't have sex. Before we got married, I told her that she was my vehicle for having sons. As many as possible. She said, 'Would ten be enough?' I want to have sons to keep the Gracie myth alive," says Rorion. "I want to raise as many jujitsu champions as I can. We are like a family of Magic Johnsons. I told Suzanne that it is possible I may want to start another family, like my father. If I can find a woman with the right karma. But that would be hard. The only thing harder to find than a good woman is a good man," Rorion says, laughing.

"Rorion!" Suzanne's voice, like a rifle shot, swivels his head toward the sliding glass door. "You can't tell him that!"

Rorion smiles. "I have to tell him everything."

Suzanne glares at her husband. "He wrote it down!"

Rorion tries hard to keep his smile. He says calmly, "We'll talk about it later, Suzanne," and looks away from her. She glares at him, then opens the sliding glass door, steps outside and slams the door so that the glass rattles in its frame.

"Women," Rorion says. "They don't understand." He glances quickly toward the door and then back again. He laughs.

Rorion Gracie first visited the United

States in 1969, when he was 17. He bummed around New York, L.A. and Hawaii for a year. He worked in a restaurant and on a construction site, where he slept. "I was always the first one on the job in the morning," he says. When his finances got precarious, he panhandled on the street. After years of being protected in the Gracie bosom in Rio, he learned to live on his own. "I grew a lot," he says. "Trouble only comes to test our reactions."

When Rorion returned to Brazil at the end of 1970, he went to college, got a law degree, though he has never practiced law, got married, had two children and then got divorced. In 1979, he decided it was time to cut the Gracie umbilical cord and return to the States for good to establish Gracie jujitsu in the States.

"I felt there were more opportunities in America to spread the word of the Gracie myth," he says. "I felt that in Brazil, the Gracie family had reached the top and I didn't want to stay there and live off of my father's fame."

The Gracie myth in Brazil began with George Gracie, a blue-eyed Scottish sailor who settled in Brazil in the early 1800s. His descendants were bankers, diplomats, rubber-plantation barons and confidants of Brazilian emperors. A different kind of fame commenced with Carlos and Helio, whose fights were the stuff of legends. Helio was the first jujitsu master in the occidental world to defeat a Japanese master, Namiki, in 1932. He challenged any and all comers to fight in the ring with him, without rules, to the death. He fought a man to the death, only to have him surrender after four minutes. A newspaper story the following day said that the man had chosen not to die and dubbed him "The Dead Chicken." Helio fought Fred Ebert for 14 rounds of ten minutes each, until the police climbed into the ring to separate the two combatants, who had broken noses, lost teeth, welts over their eyes and blood streaming down their faces. The fans rioted at the halting of the fight. When Helio challenged a famous Brazilian boxer known as The Drop of Fire to a fight to the death, more than 20,000 fans showed up at the stadium. Only The Drop of Fire never showed, and overnight, the press dubbed him The Drop of Fear. Once, Helio dived into the turbulent, shark-infested Atlantic Ocean to save a man from drowning and was given his nation's Medal of Honor for his heroism.

Finally, in early 1951, Helio choked to unconsciousness Japan's number-two master, Kato, in a fight in Brazil that earned him a shot at Japan's premiere jujitsu master, the toughest man in all the world,

Kimura. The fight took place in October of 1951 before thousands of Brazilian fans. Kimura, 80 pounds heavier than Helio, agreed to the fight only if Helio, who had a reputation for never surrendering, would promise to tap the mat in surrender if his position seemed hopeless. "Kimura was a gentleman," says Rorion, "and he didn't like to go to sleep at night dreaming of the sound of broken arms." The fight lasted 13 minutes. Kimura got Helio in a choke hold and noticed blood coming out of Helio's ear. "You all right?" Kimura said. "Yes," Helio said. "Good," Kimura said, and grabbed Helio's head and began to crush it like an overripe melon. Carlos threw in the towel.

The next day, Kimura appeared at the Gracie academy to invite Helio to teach at the Imperial Academy of Japan. Even though Helio wasn't scheduled to fight, Kimura could not guarantee his safety in Japan, where the fans often threaten to kill non-Japanese masters to maintain their monopoly of that martial art. Helio refused the offer. None of the current Japanese masters have dared venture to Rickson's home turf of Rio.

"The Brazilian youth had no idols before my father," says Rorion. "They felt there was nothing important known about Brazil. My father gave them hope. Something to believe in."

Rorion was 27 when he decided to come to the States to spread the word of the Gracie myth. He felt that the seed of Gracie jujitsu would flourish in the fertile soil of America, where men are bigger and stronger than in Brazil. He felt that American men could become a kind of master race of jujitsu warriors. Furthermore, he felt that men, and their women, too, were tired of their world image as the wimps of feminism. As proof, he could point to the popularity of such American movie actors as Sylvester Stallone, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Chuck Norris, who personified in their movies the kind of *macho* warrior that bore a striking resemblance to the roles assumed by Gracie men in real life in Brazil. Only the Gracie men did not need bazookas and machine guns.

Rorion moved to Southern California in 1979 and began to spread the word of Gracie jujitsu while trying to support himself in a strange country. He took a job cleaning houses. He met a woman whose husband was a movie producer. "You should be in movies," she told Rorion. Her husband took him to Central Casting and soon he was appearing as an extra in such TV series as *Hart to Hart*, *Starsky and Hutch* and *Hotel*. Rorion left the housecleaning business and set up a jujitsu mat in his garage, where he began to teach students. The youngest was the four-year-old son of a movie producer and the oldest, a 75-year-old retired Marine general. When a movie producer saw his fight against Ralph Alegria, the kick boxer, he hired

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him as a consultant for *Lethal Weapon*. Rorion choreographed the final fight scene between Mel Gibson and Gary Busey in that movie. Then he met Chuck Norris and began to teach him jujitsu for his movie *Hero and the Terror*.

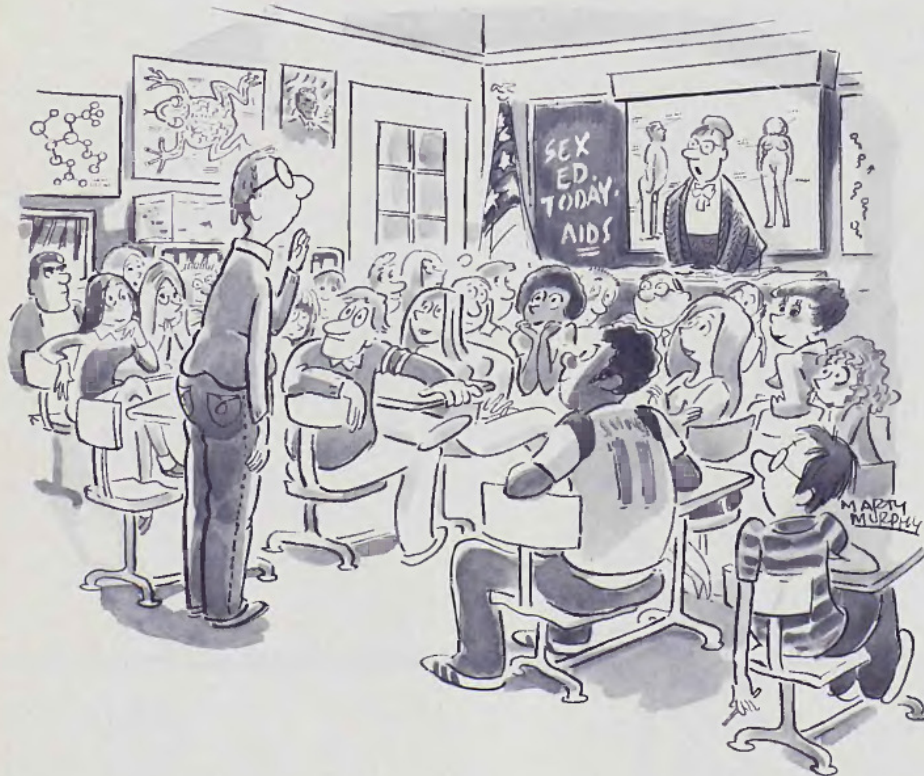
While he waited for Gracie jujitsu to catch on in the States, Rorion busied himself with his movies, his students, demonstrations for law-enforcement agencies and colleges and an occasional challenge from a beach bully. He issued a \$100,000 challenge, winner take all, to a fight to the death. Finally, a few months ago, a producer called to tell him about a documentary movie he was filming on the martial arts. A kick boxer in that movie, who claimed he was "the baddest dude in the world," had put up \$100,000, winner take all, to fight anyone. Rorion accepted the challenge immediately and then told the producer, "First you better tell him who he's going to fight."

Rorion laughs and says, "I sparred a few times with him before. I was very gentle with him. I took him to the mat a few times, showed him some nice choke holds and he tapped the mat. Heh-heh."

The next day, the producer called back and said that the kick boxer would fight Rorion only under the following rules: Rorion had to put up the entire \$100,000, the fight would consist of ten rounds of five minutes each and the two combatants could not stay on the mat for more than a minute at a time. Rorion laughed. "But that is not a street fight," he said. The producer never called him back.

Rorion sits in his tidy den in his little house on a quiet street in Torrance, California, and waits. Suzanne moves silently and impassively through the house. She washes the lunch dishes in the kitchen sink. She says, "Rorion thinks he wants to start another family." She goes silent.

In the den, Rorion passes his time browsing through the many books, newspapers and magazines with stories about the Gracie family. He holds up pictures of his father fighting Kimura and studies them. "See here," he says, "the choke." He memorizes that choke hold and the many facts of Gracie history: the names of long-dead ancestors; the dates of famous fights; the nicknames of vanquished opponents: Dudu, The Elephant, The Drop of Fire, The Dead Chicken, Zulu. He glances at his young sons in kimonos, wrestling on the rug. They grapple, silently, trip one another, tap the mat, stand, begin again. He looks outside to the garage, where two men in kimonos stand in front of the closed door. One man opens it to reveal a spotless, empty room with a gray mat on the floor. There is a photograph of a gaunt, mean-eyed old man, his arms folded across his chest, underneath a seal that reads ACADEMIA GRACIE. The two men step inside onto the mat. They are barefooted. They face each other, plant their legs wide, like crabs, and begin to circle each other like ancient warriors. They circle and circle, looking for an opening on this peaceful day on this quiet street in Torrance.



"No, Willard, jerking off three times a day does not necessarily categorize you as sexually active. . . ."

JEFF DANIELS

(continued from page 119)

there was a girl from Queens sitting behind me, delivering commentary. When I first appeared on screen, she says, "Oh, God, he's not cute." Two thirds of the way through, she begins repeating, "What a jerk, what a jerk." And she's loud. At the end, she's one of the biggest criers. Then the credits roll and, going up the aisle, I put my hand on her shoulder and say, "Hope you enjoyed the movie." Then I run out. You just know she'll never go to a movie the same way again. She'll be in revival houses, looking over her shoulder for Steve McQueen.

6.

PLAYBOY: After working in two of Woody Allen's films, you must have noticed: What makes him laugh?

DANIELS: In *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, Mia and I were dancing in what would be a little montage sequence. We danced in a couple of styles, then Woody said, "Let's do a rumba." And I said, "I don't know how to rumba." Mia said she didn't know, either. Woody said, "I don't know how." So I turned to the camera operator, who was this big, very heavy-set guy, and said, "Dick, do you know how to rumba?" Dick just says [very deep, nonchalant voice], "I'm not a rumba man." And Woody just turned and lost it completely, laughing. I'll never forget that. Watching Woody break up.

My other best memory of Woody also happened during *Purple Rose*. The line that I repeat over and over in the movie—"Twenty-four hours ago, I was in an Egyptian tomb, and here I'm now on the verge of a madcap Manhattan weekend"—wasn't in the script. Early on, we were doing a scene and Woody said, "We're missing something here. Could you give me a minute?" He goes off to the side and writes the line on a scrap of paper, then brings it over to me. He said, "Could you memorize this?" I've still got the piece of paper. I've framed it for my new house.

7.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk softball. Since you're an avid practitioner, name your preferences: Sixteen or twelve inch? Fast or slow pitch? Chicks or no chicks? And why exactly do you call your team the Clams?

DANIELS: Sixteen inch is strictly a Chicago phenomenon. We use a twelve-inch Thunder, which makes heroes out of kids. It's like hitting a golf ball. I'm campaigning to get limited-flight balls, which are a little deader. Tougher to hit out. Our league is slow pitch, so these balls are easy pickings for big, fat ex-football players who think a good game is thirty-six to thirty-four. Good softball should be about defense and placing your hits. Scores of ten to eight.

In the vernacular, we're "no chicks." Coded is great, if you want to go to a picnic on a Saturday. This is for guys who still think they can play a little bit. Everybody is one

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play away from blowing out a knee. Their minds are eighteen and their knees are thirty-three.

As for the team name, my brother made it up. All the other teams in the league are named for hardware stores and factories. But our theory was that if we ever got lucky and won some games, the opposing teams would have to say, "Yeah, we got beat by the *Clams*." Which would be doubly humiliating. We just wanted to hear other people say it, to watch their mouths form the word *clams*. It's not pretty, believe me.

8.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you carry a Lou Piniella baseball card in your wallet?

DANIELS: No, but until recently, I carried a Yankees wallet that I'd gotten years ago at a Father's Day game in New York. And I had Piniella sign the wallet at a Detroit sports bar when the Yankees were in town. But my most prized possessions are an autographed Al Kaline-Norm Cash baseball and a '68 Kaline trading card. I tracked down Kaline recently at a baseball-card show in a Detroit suburb. For me, it was kind of like meeting your Maker. I even wore his number—six—on my Clams uniform. I'd never been to a baseball-card show and learned you pay five bucks to get

in, which entitles you to one autograph. I had a ball, two cards and my mitt. But this little snotty rich kid from this wealthy suburb is sitting there, like the autograph police. I had Kaline sign my mitt and, as he's about to sign my two cards, the kid says, "Just one autograph!" And Kaline stops, shakes my hand, ready to dismiss me. I freeze, fighting the urge to ask him whether he'd seen *Terms of Endearment*. But there's a line of thirty people behind me, and the kid is now shouting, "Come on! Come on! One autograph!" I'm being told off by this nine-year-old *putz* and, worse, I'm totally intimidated. So I leave, go out and buy two more tickets for ten bucks, come back and get in another forty-five-minute line, waiting for Al. Worth it, though. Very classy guy, Al.

9.

PLAYBOY: Defend Tigers fans.

DANIELS: Tigers fans got a bad rap. Everybody remembers that Detroit burned some cars in the stadium parking lot during the world series. But those were kids who came in from the suburbs who didn't even have tickets to the game. Thanks to them, we're the car murderers. But, in reality, the Tigers have very knowledgeable and civilized fans. Yankees fans are the worst.

Don't even think of going to the upper deck of Yankee Stadium without taking boxing gloves. Jesus, they like to throw batteries at Dwight Evans in right field. And even though the Tigers had idiots in the stands in '84, doing the wave, it wasn't nearly as vomit provoking as the Minnesota Twins fans of a couple years ago. I went to one play-off game where the wives of the Twins were huddled behind the dugout, about twenty rows up, blowing their whistles and waving their hankies. It was, like, time to get out the .22, you know?

10.

PLAYBOY: It's rumored that when you're alone, playing baseball board games, you sing the national anthem beforehand. True?

DANIELS: [*Sheepishly*] Only for my world-series games at the end of the season. So as not to cause commotion with the family, I try to play *The Star-Spangled Banner* when they're not awake—you know, six in the morning or twelve midnight. I put on a recording of Robert Merrill singing it, but I don't sing along. I just solemnly place my hat over my heart and imagine I'm standing on the dugout steps. It's important to create a little atmosphere. It adds purpose to the task at hand.

11.

PLAYBOY: You grew up working in your father's lumber business. Is there a secret for the uninitiated on how *not* to look like an ignoramus in a lumberyard?

DANIELS: No. It's like a pro golf shop. You go into a pro golf shop and say, "Just looking for some clubs," and they immediately know you're a hacker. Same thing if you go to a lumberyard, approach the counter and say, "I need wood." Or, "I'd like to build a basement. Any suggestions?" The counter guy will just roll his eyes and mutter things. But I contend that's why there are architects. As far as I'm concerned, I don't want to know. I don't care about two-way doors or thermal insulated windows—*just put 'em in*. I mean, I can tell a two-by-four from a one-by-eight, but the real talent is to glance at a piece of wood and say, "That's a fourteen-footer, but it's cut a little short." Can't do that. Couldn't care less.

12.

PLAYBOY: When you were starting out, you made a number of commercials. In what kind of roles were you typecast?

DANIELS: Oh, dumb jock. I was the guy who cooked the burgers in the McDonald's commercials. I would assure viewers of the great care taken in preparing meat patties. I was into my Method acting phase then and would invent real lives for these mannequins I played. I was way over the top, imagining I was a high school football star named Jerry Smith, working my summer job at McDonald's to support my hobby,



"You seem like the bikini-briefs type. Frankly, I'm looking for boxer shorts."



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which was mounting butterflies or whatever. The agency guys would sigh and tell me, "Just get it inside thirty seconds this time, Jeff."

Then there was the Head & Shoulders spot in the laundromat, where I'm this typical guy who doesn't know anything about laundry. I come in with messy hair, wearing a sweat shirt, and see this attractive girl. In a cartoon balloon over my head, I think, Hey, she's kind of nice-looking. And she looks at me and thinks, Oooh, *bad hair*. And I scratch my head. I go shampoo and, two weeks later, return to the laundromat, dressed like a banker. My hair is perfectly combed and moussed. This time, the girl actually talks to me. And while the announcer does his voice-over pitch, we're supposed to ad-lib a conversation that no one hears. I decided to take some liberties. What looked like me making pleasant small talk went something like this: [*Weird sotto voce*] "Uh, I've been watching you. I'm the guy in the green Pontiac who sits outside your apartment. It's been—what?—a year and a half now. It's nice to finally get to talk to you. *Heh-heh-heh*." She just freaked. But she did like my hair.

13.

PLAYBOY: When does it pay to be a former boy scout? How many scouting tenets have you retained?

DANIELS: [*Recites*] "Trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent." And they all still apply, don't they? Especially in show business. Actually, hanging on to any three of those in this business would be a worthy goal. Problem with my troop was, yes, you learned how to build fires and camp out, but you also learned to drink Boone's Farm wine without throwing up and play a version of mumblety-peg that involved knives being flung at your feet. It was like delinquent survival camp.

14.

PLAYBOY: What are your hidden talents?

DANIELS: I moon-walk. I learned it for the high school-reunion scene in *Something Wild*. Unfortunately, there were about three hundred extras standing around watching me learn, and half of them were black. They were not impressed at all. But I eventually got it down and can now do it without looking like too much of a white guy. And it does get a lot of looks when I do it in local taverns.

15.

PLAYBOY: As an inveterate songwriter, were you tempted to show any of your work to George Harrison, who produced *Checking Out*?

DANIELS: No, but I had my Gibson guitar with me, which I use whenever traveling. If that guitar fell out of a plane, I wouldn't be too upset—except that's no longer the case. One day on the set, I asked George to sign it. He said, "Oh, I'll be happy to." He

told me to get a permanent marker and how to make the signature last. I took it and led him into a back room, so an autographing line wouldn't form. He signed it and added a little mystic symbol, then started tuning it for me and began strumming an A minor, a G, an F—he was playing *All Along the Watchtower*. And singing along! Forty-five minutes later, he had performed Hoagy Carmichael songs, Buddy Holly songs, a piece of *Norwegian Wood*, lots of blues stuff. I mean, he just had a ball. This was before the Wilburys, and he was saying, "I haven't played in so long." I couldn't get the smile off my face. It was frozen there. So I never played or sang for him. But he did say, "If you're ever in England, stop by—we'll sit around and play guitars." And the guy is nice enough that I think he meant it.

16.

PLAYBOY: In *Checking Out*, you played a guy coming to grips with the death of his best friend. Did it trigger thoughts of your own mortality?

DANIELS: I never went through what this guy did. Where, as a sympathetic response, you actually feel like you're going to die, too. It was described to me in detail by those who've experienced it, though. I've always been a runner and fairly healthy. I've never had anxiety attacks where I've been on my hands and knees in my underwear on the front lawn, gasping for air, with my heart pounding. You get the sensation that your heart is going to burst out of your chest. Or you're convinced that you're down to five last heartbeats. You think, *Four-three-two-one and now it's stopped*. . . . [*Choking*] *And . . . now . . . I . . . can't . . . breathe*. . . . [*Exhales*] I mean, this character doesn't imagine himself falling off buildings to his death. He just figures the heart beats, beats, beats until someday, when it just stops.

I think of my mortality, sure, but much less obsessively. That's one of the reasons I write songs. They're like a diary and I always tape-record them. I figure that if I do go in a car accident, my kids can turn on a tape and hear me. That's also what's nice about films. They can put in a video cassette and see what Dad did. In theater, your work just vanishes into thin air. Which is romantic and wonderful for people who love to act in theaters. But I don't.

17.

PLAYBOY: What resonant wisdom has Jack Nicholson imparted to you?

DANIELS: I remember I was the last guy on the set of *Terms* to meet him. I'd kind of held back because I was in such awe of him. Finally, Winger drags me over and says, "Jeff, Jack; Jack, Jeff." He says [*doing dead-on Nicholson*], "How are ya?" I said, "Jack, it's a thrill. You know, I grew up in Michigan, kind of near where Magic played ball in college." He said, "Oh, you played with Magic?" I said, "No, I didn't play with— Oh, never mind." I

was just fumbling for words. Then he said, "So what have you done?" I said, "Well, I've done *Ragtime* and mainly a lot of Broadway." He looked at me and said, "Well, this ain't Broadway. This is the *pro game*." That was like a little gift he gave me. It kind of stays with you.

18.

PLAYBOY: Describe the most maddening experience you've had with a difficult leading lady. Names are optional.

DANIELS: The worst one: I had practically finished doing an entire film with this woman, in the course of which she continually missed her mark by two feet, didn't know her lines, couldn't ad-lib to save her life, blew takes left and right. And now, it's almost the end of the movie, and they're lighting her, getting ready to shoot her in a close-up. Meanwhile, she's standing there reading *Less than Zero*—which in itself is a clue to something—and she's got one paragraph to go to finish the chapter. The director says, "We're ready!" Everybody—I mean, *everybody*—is in position. She says, "I just want to finish this one paragraph." [*Pauses*] Thirty seconds later, she closes the book and says, "Jeff, you really ought to read this book." I couldn't believe it. I mean, what gall.

19.

PLAYBOY: How do you know when you've stolen a scene?

DANIELS: When you look into the other actors' eyes and see confusion. You can see them thinking, What's my next line? Because you're not just reading your lines—you're doing things, trying different behavioral nuances, keeping them off balance. And they can't keep up with you. Sometimes you do it because you're provoked. You go into a scene, knowing that off camera the guy is being a jerk or the girl is being, ah, difficult. Then you're just trying to save your butt. So you turn it up a little bit, basically saying, "Keep up with this." Sometimes it works to fire people up and make a scene better. Other times, they just say, "*Cut!*" because they can't remember their lines. Which is satisfying in itself.

20.

PLAYBOY: Let's explore the title of your next film, *Love Hurts*. When does love hurt the worst? When does it hurt the best?

DANIELS: Love hurts the best when she's clinging to the headboard, her back is arched to the ceiling, she's coming like she's never come before and she looks into your eyes and you're smiling and you both know you have miles to go before you sleep. Love hurts the worst when you're spent, exhausted, your back is glistening with sweat and not only was it great for you—it was the best for you in God knows how long. And you look at her and she says, "Is that it?"





Interlance

"I've got the feeling there's a pecker here with my name on it."

Ode to Morganna (continued from page 126)

"While negotiating a fence, she toppled onto her tops and came up with a gravel sandwich."

the age of nine, but her grandmother still forbade her to wear a bra. "Tie 'em up with a tight T-shirt, nobody will notice," said Mrs. Blackerby. Uh-huh. The older woman regaled Morganna with stories of how she was related to Robert E. Lee and other deceased monster celebs. "The more grandmother hit the highballs, the more famous we all got," Morganna says.

She ran away from boarding school and wound up in Baltimore's infamous Block, sleeping in alleys and eating out of garbage cans until she could afford a flophouse. She broke into show business nearby, at a seedy strip joint frequented by tattooed merchant marines who greeted her act with cries of "Take it off." Morganna

was crushed; she thought the "it" was her. From there, there was nowhere to go but up.

Armed with ingenuity, some funny little puppets, a flair for comedy and promotion and, of course, her deuce in the hole, Morganna and those phenomenal Himalayas of hers became the most popular act in the genre. She was "Morganna, the Wild One" back then, resplendent in a long jet-black fall and a variety of leathery, tiger-striped jungle outfits, sometimes dripping fake blood to whip up more audience frenzy. Ford Frick would have agreed that she was totally awesome.

Well-publicized trials such as the one in Charlotte, North Carolina, in 1971 didn't

hurt the cause, either, especially when the charge against Morganna of "performing simulated sexual acts with an object resembling a reptile" was summarily struck down. The reptile in question was "Herman," a large sequined artificial snake. A prosecuting attorney asked Morganna if she had exposed her hypogastric region in the act. "Hypogastric region?" Morganna said. "I thought I had that removed."

Nonetheless, a girl can't live on breasts alone. Nor publicity. Boredom having set in, Morganna took to the old ball yard. In 1970, answering a "double-dirty dare" from some of her stripper friends, who were sitting in a box and not being noticed enough, at least not by the right fielder—"He wasn't spitting tobacco our way, so we knew he didn't even see us," says Morganna—the then-ebony-haired ecdysiast climbed over the railing at Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati to kiss the great Rose, making Charlie Hustle a party to yet more history.

Several other attempts followed that season until, trying to get Johnny Bench at the All-Star game, Morganna was stopped cold and rudely manhandled by some rent-a-gendarmes.

It seems unfathomable to imagine that baseball went seven years without Morganna's smooches, but it wasn't until 1977 that she felt secure enough to go over the railing once again—which is not always easy.

At the 1984 All-Star game in San Francisco, Morganna set out to nab Ryne Sandberg for the first time, but while negotiating a wicked fence, she unceremoniously toppled onto her tops and came up with a gravel sandwich. Bleeding profusely, she was easy pickings in the relay race with John Law and retired on cuts. "After the kiss, they usually take me straight to the security office," Morganna says. "This time, I went right to first aid." Cottrell, her partner in crime, didn't locate his wife for an hour.

In Houston, in April 1985, however, everyone knew where to find her. Morganna was back in the slamma. That was the opening-day caper she had promoted seemingly all over Texas; the one during which the *Today* show strapped her with a wireless microphone; the one for which the authorities claimed they had "Morganna-proofed" the Astrodome; the time Morganna pulled off her first double-header, Ryan and Thon. (Lucky those dome fellows weren't guarding the Treasury Department when Willie Sutton was alive.)

After the embarrassed establishment pressed charges—the cops pressed Morganna, the Astros charged her with trespassing—and kept her in jail for seven hours, Morganna hired the famous criminal trial lawyer Richard "Racehorse" Haynes, who proceeded to take his client's fee—you guessed it—up front and then to make a mockery of the case.

"I failed to see that gross a trespass on



"Now, be honest, Walter. Wouldn't you prefer that something be left to the imagination?"



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our great American game," Racehorse says. "Juries do the right thing and they would obviously have seen there was nothing artificial about Morganna. Nobody really ought to be against anything that inspires the Astros. [Ryan had pitched masterfully in the Houston victory.] And there must be a quarter of a million women who would like to kiss Nolan Ryan. I've considered kissing him myself, and I'm a confirmed heterosexual."

As it was, Harris County prosecutors dropped the case like lead balloons upon discovering that Racehorse intended to plead the dread gravity defense to explain how his client had come to be on the field.

"We could easily have demonstrated that the law of gravity will prevail any time a one-hundred-and-twenty-eight-pound woman with fifteen-pound breasts"—Morganna once weighed them on the fruit scales at an all-night grocery store—"leans over the rail," says Racehorse. "I had professors of physics and engineering ready to go. I was considering asking Morganna to lean over the jury railing. I think we could have made the case clear."

Has Morganna lived happily ever after? So far, so good. Cottrell, an accounting major and numbers whiz, has managed her finances into high cotton, not to mention into her own Keogh plan. They spend Christmases in Hawaii and take vacations around the globe.

Morganna also has a day job: She has purchased a "limited partnership" in the Utica (New York) Blue Sox of the Class A New York-Pennsylvania league. Yeah, that's right; she's an owner. A couple of sportswriters in Florida, the general partners of the Utica partnership, having whetted her interest, Morganna plunged in, \$5000 worth.

Regularly now, she takes a break from stripping, teasing and thwacking customers in the head with her breasts to journey to far-off, cold and windy Utica—a living, heaving Daisy Mae come to baseball Dogpatch.

"Morganna brings new dimensions to Blue Sox baseball," the honorable Sherwood L. "Sherry" Boehlert, U.S. Representative from the 25th district of New York, wrote in a letter of greeting from his office in Washington. "How can anyone say she's limited? With her help, we'll make a frontal attack on past attendance records. We're going to disprove the old theory that the way to succeed is by putting your best foot forward." Representative Boehlert is a Blue Sox owner and also, obviously, a humorist.

"Here comes Morganna," Vin Scully once intoned over the airwaves, "preceding herself by five minutes."

And now there she goes... to untold islands of possibility. Morganna, the Kissing Bandit... no, baseball's showgirl... uh, wait... baseball's showgirl... owner. Yeah, that's the ticket. Uh, tickets.



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WIND DUMMY *(continued from page 120)*

"Mark faced downhill and pulled the lines. The chute began bucking and torquing in the wind."

of 12 people, he said, everybody would go from the top by the end of the second day, "including the women and children."

Child's play. Sounded good. Except that I've played the idiot beginner too many times to believe the optimistic twaddle the devotees spout as you stand there looking up or looking down at whatever dicey business you're about to try for the first time. These things each have a character all their own, and when adrenaline's involved, nothing's simple.

"Come on up," said Mark. "It's a little breezy, but we can probably find a sheltered area behind some of the big hills."

A couple of hours later, I sat in a Vallejo house with Mark, another instructor named Andy Long and his wife, Jeannie. We were watching a video that had been made a couple of weeks earlier in Washington: Mark—solidly built, dark curly hair—was coaching a pretty blonde woman named Penny LeGate, the star of Seattle's *Evening*. She looked at the camera and said, "I can't believe that yesterday I'd never seen a paraglider, and now here I am, ready to fly." As for the risk, she said it was "safer than riding a bicycle . . . and easier to learn."

"Paragliding deserves respect," said

Mark when they cut to him. "But it's really simple." Then, after clips of her training exercises, LeGate ran from the top of a gentle hill and flew: a smooth 30-second flight to a nice easy landing.

"I recommend it for everybody," she said at the end of the segment. "Even people who are afraid of heights, like me."

A second video, in French, talked about the popularity of the sport in Europe. Mark translated: Fifty thousand Europeans a year go paragliding, mostly in the Alps. Mark said that he had run a school in Annecy, France, for two years. He'd also organized American hang-gliding and paragliding tours of Europe and has, he says, 1200 air hours in a hang glider.

In fact, many paragliding instructors and entrepreneurs come out of hang gliding. It's a natural transition: from a relatively dangerous and unforgiving sport that requires years to master to one that can be learned in a matter of days by nearly anyone in reasonable shape, which means the commercial possibilities are beyond anything hang gliding could ever have hoped for. After the *Evening* segment was shown in Seattle, Mark's company,

Parapente USA, got 150 inquiries in 24 hours.

Red-winged blackbirds rocked back and forth on high wild mustard in the 100-acre meadow below the hillscape Mark had chosen for us. It had been a lush spring in Northern California, and the fields were rich with lupine and poppy scattered amid the real and ancient owners of the land, the grasses. On that morning, we waded through waist-high foxtail and wild oats, each of us with a 15-pound backpack that held our folded paragliders.

The hill itself was a pretty series of uneven terraces, each steeper than the one below it, that rose and narrowed into a sharp ridge that had the contour of a great green wave that seemed about to break over the meadow below. Wind-sculpted trees stood bent witness to the blow on top, as did the ruckle and the wave of the grass up there.

It wasn't that calm even where we were on the lower slopes; gusty, about 15 miles an hour, I thought.

"It's a bit strong," Mark said as we began unpacking the chutes. "It's the top speed of these sails that limits them. If you jump into a wind that's blowing faster than these things can fly—about twenty-five miles an hour—you're likely to get blown over the back of the hill, and that's not fun."

He laid my chute on the grass and stretched the lines and the harness downhill in front of it. Then he pointed to the fluorescent pink, yellow, blue and turquoise parts of the sail. Essentially, it's a high-tech rectangular parachute, about 30 feet from tip to tip, seven feet from front to rear. It's made of tough, light material and is divided into chambers that run front to rear and are open along the leading edge, so that the entire thing inflates when it's pulled up into the wind. The lines from the front and rear edges cascade together just above the harness to form two front and two rear risers. Separate lines, each with a hand loop, run to both the left and the right rear corners of the wing and are the brakes.

Mark buckled himself into the harness, faced downhill and took the front risers and the brakes into his hands.

"I'm going to launch facing into the wind—missionary style," he said. He arched his body, pulled the lines, took two steps forward and the huge kite sprung up over his head, where it began bucking and torquing in the big wind. He staggered, pulled on the right brake, then the left, in an attempt to stabilize the wing over his head, and after about 30 seconds of struggle, he pulled on the rear risers and the chute collapsed like an obedient dog that had been told to sit.

"This sail is a station wagon, a battleship," he said. "It's big and slow and it

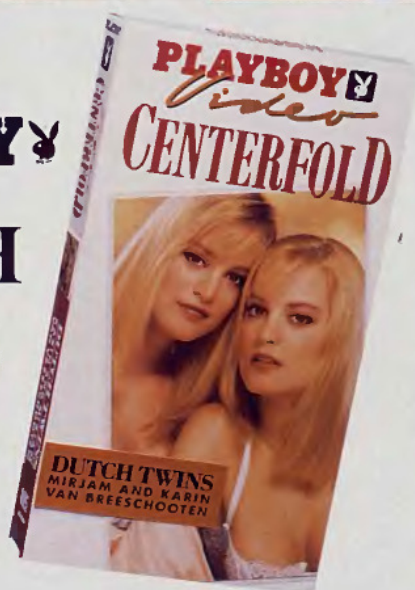


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He asked if I had any questions, then buckled me into the harness and said, "This is just ground handling. There's nothing to fear."

I appreciated the reassurance, but I wasn't afraid of anything yet. I didn't know enough to be afraid, and besides, I wasn't going anywhere in this exercise. The object was to get the canopy up over my head and just sort of steer it around in place.

On the count of three, I lunged forward, the sail filled, jumped into the wind 17 feet up and then, in the middle of my first forward step, ripped me backward, spun me around and dragged me ten feet or so across the hillside in a scene that must have looked a lot like those moments in Western movies where some poor bastard is lashed to a buckboard and drug all the way out of town. That's the way it felt, anyway.

Mark told me to try it again, to drive harder with my legs, to let go of the forward risers sooner. I did, and this time the wind spun me off to the right, got me running as if I were late, then yanked me off my feet and bounced me in the deep grass.

Mark decided that maybe a reverse inflation might be a better technique in a wind as big as we had. He turned me in my harness so I was facing uphill toward the

grounded chute, which would give me better leverage as it flew. The wind calmed a notch, and this time when I pulled, the wing climbed over my head, hovered there, and for a few seconds, everything seemed possible. When I turned downhill to start my run, however, a gust caught me and turned the whole thing into another dragging.

Mark moved me up the hill to a steeper section, on the thought that gravity might help. It didn't, and for the next couple of hours, I worked like a Clydesdale that was going to be cut from the team. I ran, I pulled, I grunted and swore, I stumbled over little granite uglies hidden in the grass, I veered and skidded and was dragged till the lupine lay in great ruined swaths behind me.

Finally, Mark suggested we take the rest of the afternoon off. The wind had risen out of the beginner's zone, and he thought that maybe if we waited till sunset, conditions would calm—"glass off," he called it—and maybe then we could get a flight or two.

•
Around six that evening, the four of us stood in a natural bowl of hills behind Blue Rock Springs Park, a couple of miles from the hill we'd used that morning. The poppies had rolled themselves into their tight evening sheaths and the overcast had burned away, but the glass-off we'd hoped

for hadn't happened. In fact, the wind had come up to something like 20 miles an hour, more in its gustier moments. Andy and Mark watched the natural wind indicators and talked glider-pilot micrometeorology with each other. They guessed the speed of the upper winds by the thrashing of the tops of the 100-foot eucalyptus trees. They used the riffling of the oats downhill from us to time the gust cycles. Where the grass swirled like long hair in the front seat of a convertible, they called it a thermal cycle.

As I listened, it reminded me of my days in the surf, out there trying to read the waves. Water and wind are a lot alike in the way they move. The difference, of course, is that you can look an ocean wave in the face, judge its shape and speed, see the backwash, the sidewash and the rip current. The wind is a ghost that sweeps toward you, leaving only rumors of its mood in the treetops, on the grass. For the real story, you have to get on it and ride.

"We're on the edge here," said Mark as he spread his chute, buckled his harness. A moment later, he tugged on the risers, the sail snapped into the air, then jumped him around in place. He took two prancing steps forward and he was up, straight up, as if he'd pressed an elevator button. He hovered, gained altitude, then moved slowly forward against the heavy wind. Fifteen seconds later, 20 feet down the hill, he



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pulled hard on the brakes and stepped to a landing.

"That was frightening," he said as he climbed back toward us with one of those "Whoa, Momma" smiles on his face. "The way I went up means the air is in excess of twenty miles an hour, and as I got higher, I had the brakes all the way off for maximum speed and I still wasn't really penetrating. Another five miles an hour, it would have maybe taken me up five hundred feet and then back over the top of the hill."

I looked in the direction he was pointing. "Maybe into that power pole?" I said.

"Who knows?" he said.

A half hour later, Mark was still holding out for things' settling into an evening calm, and on that hope, the two of us put our packed chutes on our backs and hiked a five-mile loop through the hills. The sun set, the wind stayed up, and when it was clear we weren't going to fly, Mark did his best to ease my disappointment.

"This is what it's really all about," he said. "In a beautiful place—look at this light—going out for a little hike and being able to leave the earth. You'll see. Tomorrow could be perfect."

And it was. Or at least it started out that way.

By the time I joined them on the hill the next morning, Mark had already flown from the top and was rhapsodizing about the conditions. "Light winds on the lower

sections, fifteen miles an hour on top," he said, pointing to the 400-foot crest. "You'll be flying from up there in a couple of hours."

We slogged to a point about 100 feet high through grass so thick it untied my shoes. I laid out my sail, got into the harness, then listened to an admonition that would have nearly haunting significance before the day was over.

"Remember," he said as he attached a radio receiver to the shoulder strap of my harness. "Once you're up there, you are the one with the ultimate perspective. You must not fly behind the hill. You must not fly into the hill. If we tell you to do something that is not in your best interest, don't do it. You are the pilot. I'm empowering you now. You signed the liability waiver."

And a hell of a waiver it was, too. In all my trips to the edge—ice climbing, rock-climbing, ski jumping, sky diving, wing walking, learning to drive a top-fuel dragster—I'd never seen anything as long or as officious as that release. It was five pages and it required my signature in two places and my initials in nine others beneath clauses that exempted Mark and everybody even vaguely connected to him from any lawsuit I might bring if the worst came true. The grisly document made it plain that no matter what the paragliding aficionados tell you about how safe this game is, their lawyers aren't buying a word of it.

And you can't blame them, really. Paragliding is so new in the United States that it wasn't until this past spring that it was even possible to be certified to teach it. The certification process, organized by the newly formed American Paragliding Association, takes four days, costs about \$300 and graduated its first class of ten in April of 1989. Even so, no one is required to have any training at all to teach the sport. "Which means," Mark said, "that anybody with the equipment can get up there and throw you off the mountain."

Near the bottom of the last page of the waiver, I was required to copy this statement: I REALIZE THAT PARAGLIDING IS AN INHERENTLY DANGEROUS SPORT THAT MAY RESULT IN MY INJURY OR EVEN DEATH.

Before I signed it, I underlined the word DEATH for dramatic flourish, but on the hill that morning, before my first little flight, I wasn't feeling any particular fear, just the low buzz that comes with hard focus. The wind was smooth, small and steady, and the angle of the hill shallow enough that even if the chute collapsed on me, I figured I wouldn't be bounced much worse than I had been the day before.

Mark stepped down the hill a ways and made a radio check. I ran on the count of three, the chute went up, dipped left slightly, then stabilized as I got a little speed, and two steps later—Kittyhawk—I swung free of the hillside and was airborne. The kite gained altitude in the first

few seconds, became solid on the breeze, and after that, it was just a matter of taking the gentle ride 100 yards or so to a smooth stand-up landing. Nothing to it; as easy as they'd said. Once I was in the air, everything about the big sail felt trustworthy and maneuverable, until finally, as I pulled both brake toggles to my knees, it seemed a shame to be landing.

As I trudged back up the hill, Jeannie took off from about the same spot I had. She weighed only 110 pounds, and the wind let her on even more easily than it had me. I watched as she floated almost motionless at times, glided slowly over her shadow, then met up with it weightlessly on touchdown.

I took my second flight off steeper ground from a point twice as high as my first, and this time, I was in the air for about 30 seconds. Mark talked me through a right turn after take-off, then a left back into the wind, then down into another easy landing. It was a great sensation to be wheeling around a couple of hundred feet up like that and, as we climbed the long steep toward the top of the hill, I changed my mind about Icarus. Even after two small flights, I wanted more, longer, higher. I wasn't exactly looking for a flight that would melt the feathers off my wings, but the idea of a jump from 400 feet was full of a lot more exhilaration than fright. I think they called it *hubris* when Icarus was a boy.

The wind grew stronger as we climbed, and by the time we reached the small sloping meadow that was to be our launch plateau, it seemed to be blowing about

twice what it had been on the lower slopes. The view was sensational: Vallejo, the north end of the San Francisco Bay with its bridges and ships. Just behind us, an old barbed-wire fence bisected the flat crest of the hilltop, which was covered by a ground-hugging sweep of daisies.

Andy stood ready in the meadow below to guide me toward a landing, and while he and Mark discussed things over the radio, I decided to take a little wind check of my own: I pissed across it, and when the force of the breeze didn't bend or fray the stream, I decided it wasn't as strong as I was making it out to be.

"If your morning cup of coffee didn't wake you up, this will," said Mark, pointing to the steep drop just in front of us. Then, while he gave me last-minute instructions, I hung my tape recorder from my harness and turned it on. If things went well, the tape would amount to a hot real-time notebook entry, I thought. If things went badly . . . well . . . I figured it would be the equivalent of those little black boxes they dig out of the wreckage of commercial jets.

"If I say stop, you stop, but I don't expect that to happen," said Mark. Then, while he waited for the right wind cycle, I stood ready, felt my juices rise, told myself there couldn't be any hesitation.

"Advance," yelled Mark, and I did, but as the wing came up, it veered viciously to the right, and the next thing I heard was "Stop . . . stop!" I pulled both brake lines and the chute collapsed.

"What the hell happened?" I said. I'd done everything I knew to do, and still the

wind had taken things out of my control. It felt terrible.

"You just got off a little crooked; you could have kept going, but let's make things picture perfect."

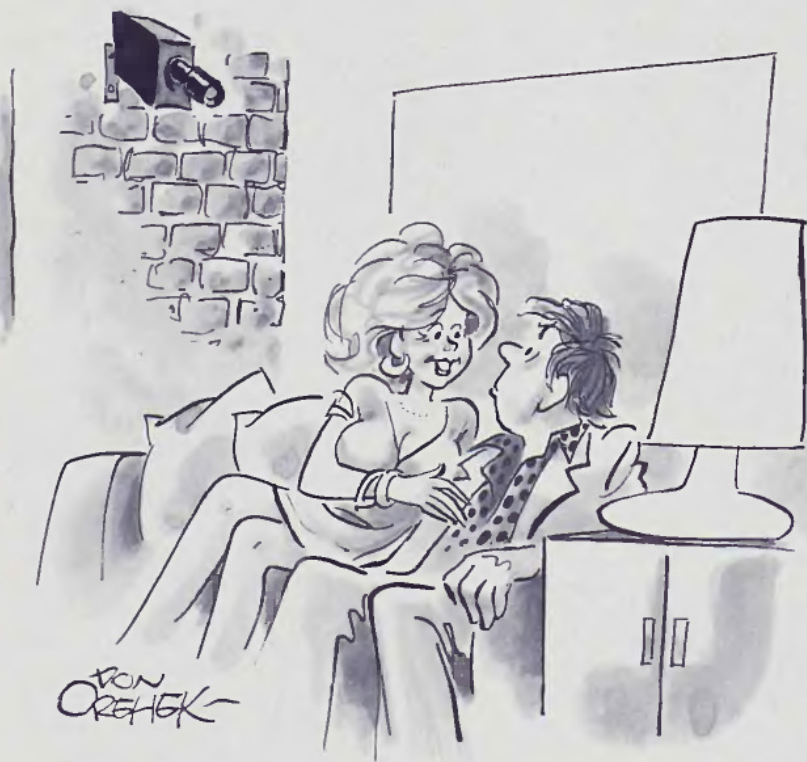
Again I waited, and this time, when Mark shouted "Go," I grunted, broke forward as hard as I could and was off . . . and then hooking right—horribly right—toward a spine of rocks that was sticking out of the hillside. At that point, the voice on my tape is Mark's, insistent and rising, "Brake left, brake left, *brake left!*" I heard him, but it was all happening much too fast and adrenaline was in the way of everything, including whatever the hell "left" meant, which didn't get through to my overloaded brain until I was a split second from the sharp granite teeth. I pulled hard on the left toggle, missed the rocks by what seemed an inch, swept away from the hill out onto the breeze, safe, free, 400 feet up.

For the next few moments on the tape, there is nothing but my heavy breathing, then Mark's voice over the radio: "Now to Andy," he said. Then he laughed a tight, nervous laugh. I answered with an anguished laugh of my own, then hit a pocket of air that lifted me 20 feet or more, and my worried spirits with it. "That's a thermal; you're OK," said Mark, but by then, I was much better than OK. I was flying. I came out of my left turn smoothly, got myself on a glide path toward Andy, saw the cars on the road below pulling over to watch, and then just sat there wishing I didn't have to come down. I glided above Andy at about 100 feet, and then, 70 seconds from my ugly take-off, I stalled gently to a very pretty landing.

I whooped, and as I turned to look back at the crest, I saw a golden eagle climb into the thermal I had flown through, watched it gyre easily to 1000 feet, then strike off to the west.

As Jeannie waited on top for a cycle light enough to fly, Jim Leech and his ten-year-old son, Timmy, joined Andy and me in the landing zone. Timmy was eager to get into the air. He'd had six previous flights from 500 feet, he said, and what he really wanted was to make a flight without a radio. It was the kind of bravado you expect from ten-year-olds, to whom adrenaline is an almost unknown chemical. Still, it made me feel old. His dad, a highly experienced hang glider, was a little more skeptical about paragliding and was playing a gentle Daedalus to his son's Icarus: He just wasn't sure those frail ships were up to the vagaries of the wind. "My first two flights, I didn't feel nervous about paragliders at all," he said. "It was after I got some experience I started worrying about them."

Then he and Andy talked about a recent fatality in Leavenworth, Washington. An instructor named Jeff Splitgerber had sent three students ahead of him off the top of



"My father works in a bank."

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a mountain and then launched himself below. The students landed safely; he didn't. They found his body on the ground below. Nobody saw what had happened.

After two false starts, Jeannie launched from the top, rose in the thermal, then flew a long, slow course to her husband. Then Mark flew, made a 360-degree turn in the thermal, got some lift, then glided in. "Nice flight," he said as he got to me. "I'm glad you didn't turn out to be a pencil-neck geek."

Mark and Jim talked about where on the hillside would be safe for Timmy to fly. At 85 pounds, the boy was maybe just heavy enough to fly this wind from halfway up the hill if they put a packed chute on his back for ballast.

"This is the time you need a wind dummy," said Mark. "Somebody you can throw out there to test things."

"A what?" I said.

Jim laughed. A little hang-gliding humor, he said. "But it's not the way Mark made it sound. In hang gliding, you want somebody to be a wind dummy if it's almost, but maybe not quite, soarable. If he goes up, that's good. If he just glides down, we wait for a while."

"Yeah, sure," I said.

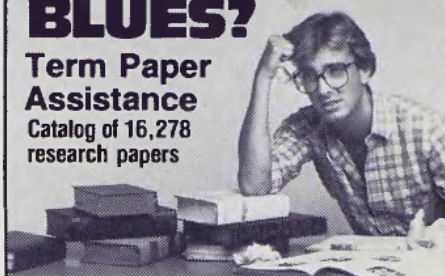
A few minutes later, Timmy stood in harness and baby-blue helmet about the 200-foot level. He'd wanted to start from a higher point, but Mark and his dad had said no, and when he took his first step, it was clear they'd made the right decision. The boy lifted immediately, hovered almost motionless, then moved very slowly forward into the breeze, gained altitude like a weather balloon, then moved ahead again without seeming to drop at all. His dad video-taped his long, slow glide to a landing so gentle that it looked like he'd been set down by a stork.

Over the next half hour, the wind rose. Andy was the last to go from the top and the updraft was enough to keep him soaring back and forth across the face of the hill for three and a half minutes. It was a gorgeous sight. Two eagles joined him in the thermals and played above him as he laughed and shouted. "I was really skied out," he said when he landed. Then he added, "It's nice but lofty." Mark took a short ride from mid-point on the hill and decided it was too blustery for any more flights from the crest that afternoon. He predicted that it would glass off around sunset and that if we went back then, I could probably soar the way Andy had.

The sun was nearly down by the time Mark and I began the long climb from the lower meadow toward the top of the hill. It was just the two of us, and although the wind at the bottom seemed light, the grass and the trees up top looked to be taking a whipping. The higher we climbed, the heavier it blew, and when we finally stood face into the wind on the crest, I didn't like it at all. It reminded me too much of the

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wind that had played me like a paper puppet the day before. Only worse.

"How hard do you think it's blowing?" I asked.

Mark smiled a gung-ho smile and said, "I'd say this is the most glorious fifteen miles an hour you'll ever know. Just be awed."

"Feels over the edge to me," I said. "But then, this whole thing is over the edge, isn't it?"

I laid out my chute, which immediately took a little skitter across the ground, back toward the barbed-wire fence. I flattened it, then climbed into the harness thinking to myself, What the hell are you doing? Mark checked my buckles, told me again that this was incredible air. I turned on my tape recorder, but when I listened to it later, most of my words had been lost under the roar of the wind.

"Talk about a wind dummy—this is him," I told Mark.

"This is a perfect soaring wind," he said. "Stand there for a minute, feel it, think about it."

I thought about it. Bad thoughts. It felt like 20 or 25 miles an hour to me, and the picture I got as I tried to see myself through the launch was me all hell out of control as soon as I stepped off, and then . . . who knows? After two or three minutes, I still couldn't quite bring myself to say that crucial little yes that gets said somewhere inside you just before you actually do one of these damn things. But I couldn't quite say no, either, didn't want to say no; I stood there asking myself if maybe I just weren't crazy enough anymore, if fear weren't maybe having a cheap little victory over me, one that I would regret when I was back at my typewriter. Or was this just purely nuts? A lot smaller wind than the one I was standing in had almost sailed me hip first into a nasty pile of granite just a few hours before.

About the time I moved into a fourth

round of yes-no-maybe with myself, Mark stepped over and said, "I forgot the radios. That scrubs it. I wouldn't want you to fly this wind without a receiver."

A huge, gentle wave of relief swept over me.

"At least you were all the way in the harness," he said. "You were ready."

We decided I'd walk halfway down the hill, maybe fly from a lower slope. But, as I gathered my chute, Mark had second thoughts. He stepped in front of me, put his arms out and said, "This is a wonder wind. It's under twenty miles an hour. You can fly it. It's perfect. Your call."

Oh, shit, I thought as everything in me went stiff again. Another chance to back out. Goddamn it . . . look him in the eye . . . the coach . . . ask yourself if you can trust his judgment . . . his 1200 hours in a hang glider. . . . You have to trust a coach, don't you? . . . You were brought up to trust your coaches. . . . I mean, they needle you, push you, abuse you, and if you can't take it, you're a wimp who's going to spend his whole life stuck doing only those things he's sure he can do. Ah, but finally—especially in risky games—his experience or his certificates don't matter and the word wimp is just a cruel and empty piece of schoolyard bullshit. It's your ass out there and there's no excuse for spending it stupidly.

"If it's my call . . . I'm not going," I told Mark. "I'd rather just watch . . . see what you can do in a wind like this."

He smiled, said that was fine, and as he laid his chute out, I stepped aside to watch.

It was almost dark. The very last of the sunset colors lay in faint layers above a fog bank that was moving toward us from San Francisco. The lights below us were coming on. A steam plume 15 miles across the bay lay perfectly parallel to the land. Mark stood quietly in his harness for nearly five minutes, Zenning himself up for the flight,

I thought. Now and then, he held a hand up into the heavy wind.

He turned himself around for a reverse inflation, hesitated, then lifted his chute into the air and was yanked violently—as if by wild horses—toward the barbed wire. He ran to stay on his feet, then tried to dig his heels in, skidded, fell, was slammed with a horrible thump into the fence, then was raked over it by the still-flying sail, which collapsed into the daisies 20 feet behind.

I ran to the fence and started over it, sure that Mark had been terribly mauled; but he was up almost immediately, saying he was all right, breathing hard, swearing at himself, gathering his sail. When he was back over the fence, we checked his injuries, which were amazingly light for the way he'd gone into the wire. He had a puncture on his ankle and some scratches on the same leg. He told me not to worry, that he'd just had a tetanus shot, that he was fine. Then he said, "About time for me to get back on the horse that threw me," laid his chute on the ground and stood in the ready position.

This is crazy, I thought, but I didn't have a chance to say it, because Mark was into a monolog, scolding himself about what had happened.

"Hang glider, paraglider or anything . . . it's a mind thing. . . . Sets you on edge before you ever get off . . . and you have to have your shit together. . . . Sometimes you have your shit together, sometimes you don't. . . . That wasn't a physical error, it was a mental thing. . . . This is the time when all the dark shadows come up—it's blowing, there aren't a bunch of other people flying and you're all by yourself on the mountain. And as much as you tell yourself the air is fine, you are going up into it in an air bag. . . ."

It was nearly pitch-dark, and as foolish as it seemed for Mark to be attempting another flight, it occurred to me that the steep walk down was going to be treacherous without light, and that maybe with his leg the way it was, flying was his best chance. I told him I was going to start down, while I could still see a little. He said fine, that he might even join me.

I lost sight of the upper plateau as soon as I started down the steep upper sections. I expected to see Mark fly into view at some point, and when he didn't, I worried that maybe he'd crashed again or collapsed from shock. In any case, I knew I had to keep moving. Twenty minutes later, I spotted Mark descending the upper slopes, his bunched chute slung over his shoulder like a huge flower.

We met at the car. "It's good to get your ass kicked now and then," he said.

I nodded, said I knew what he meant, and I did. But mostly, I was feeling good that when it had been my turn up there in the shadow of the wind, it had been my fear I'd trusted.



"Her idea of oral sex is trying to talk me out of it."

OUNCE OF LUCK

(continued from page 88)

The Nigerian shook his head and laughed. "No, no, my good man. Keep your money. You will simply be throwing it away if you keep betting against me. There is no way you or anyone else can beat me at a game of chance for the next twenty-four hours. But I'm not a greedy man. I'm satisfied with what I've won so far. I merely wanted to teach you a lesson."

The thought of this arrogant small-time potentate from some jungle telling Alfred that he was being taught a lesson was more than he could stomach.

"What lesson, Mr. Big Man? Tell me!" Alfred bellowed, barely able to restrain himself from punching the man's confident grin off his round shining face.

Ignoring his rage, the Nigerian looked at the dealer, then back at Alfred and, leaning over the table, whispered, "I can tell you something about luck if you will come to my room with me. I cannot talk about it here."

Furious though Alfred was, he was also intrigued. He followed the Nigerian out of the casino, up to his room on the 15th floor of the hotel. Once inside, the Nigerian closed the door behind them, went to the bar and mixed them each a drink, sat down at the table in the center of the room and motioned for Alfred to sit across from him. Once Alfred was seated and nervously swirling his Scotch and soda, the African fingered the little bag around his neck, loosened the drawstrings that tied it shut and, between thumb and forefinger, extracted and placed on the table three small luminous beads, each about the size of a raindrop. Each shone from within as if a minuscule light bulb had been inserted in it. Yet, though they glowed, they were also transparent, as Alfred could clearly see the grain of the tabletop through them.

"What the hell are these?" he asked.

"Luck, my friend," said the Nigerian, picking one up gently between his fingers and handing it to him. "Here, hold it. Feel it. Smell it."

Alfred took the little sphere and rolled it between his fingers. It was warm and he detected a sweet odor coming from it that he couldn't identify. He also noticed that his fingers were tingling slightly, as though they'd received a small electrical charge.

"Are you crazy? I don't know what this damn thing is, but it sure isn't luck. You can't get luck in a pill, chief. That I know."

Overlooking Alfred's calling him chief, the African replied with complete seriousness. "But you *don't* know that. Here is the proof. Each one of these little, ah, crystals, if you will, contains a day's worth of luck. Of this I am certain. I took one just before we played the double-or-nothing hand. Surely you noticed?"

"Yeah, I noticed," said Alfred, staring at him in disbelief.

"But still you think this is not luck?"

"All I can say, chief," said Alfred, shak-

ing his head, "is that you're a lot more superstitious than I gave you credit for. Who told you these things gave you luck, your witch doctor?"

"I suggest that you refrain from mocking that which you don't understand," said the Nigerian, glowering.

"Understanding voodoo bullshit isn't high on my list of priorities," said Alfred, shoving his drink across the table, standing and heading for the door.

The Nigerian chuckled. "If you were sure that these little crystals actually contained kismet, you would pay almost any price if I could supply you with your own bagful, would you not?"

Alfred paused at the door.

"Well, then," the black man continued, "the resolution of your doubt can be easily obtained by your having the opportunity to put my little crystals, my 'voodoo,' as you say, to the test. If you have tested them to your satisfaction, then I'm sure you'll not hesitate to part with your entire capital worth for an ounce of them. Or at least that is the only bargain that I would seriously consider."

The Nigerian smiled broadly, chuckled as if at his own private joke and took a long sip from his cold rosy glass of kir.

"You know," said Alfred, "I don't know what tribe you're the prince of, but they're in deep trouble. You're completely out of your mind." So saying, he walked out, slamming the door behind him.

Twelve hours later, Alfred knocked on the hotel-room door. It opened and the Nigerian stood in front of him, with eyebrows raised.

"I'll give you three tests," said Alfred, "and if you and your little beads get through them alive, I'll buy a bag of them. But not for everything I have. I need enough cash to keep living the way I want to. I'll give you the rest. What the fuck."

The Nigerian smiled and pursed his lips thoughtfully. "What, by the way, do you own?" he asked.

"A chain of four hundred and seventy all-night convenience stores. They're called Midnight Roundups. They're mostly in the Western states—Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, California. The rest is in stocks, bonds and cash."

The Nigerian frowned. "I don't like that business. Boring."

"Well, it almost runs itself. I have good people running it for me. I'm sure you won't find—"

"I don't want it," the black man interrupted. "How much of what you own—cash, bonds, stocks and so on—can you convert to gold in two weeks?"

"Gold? That's not easy. Maybe a hundred and thirty million."

"If you can convert about a hundred and thirty million into gold, deliver it to the vault downstairs and sign this agreement"—he held out a one-page contract—"I'll put the last three of my little crystals

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through any three tests you desire."

"Suppose my first test is for you to put a fully loaded forty-five Magnum to your head and pull the trigger?"

"Read the agreement," said the Nigerian, walking over to the table where he was eating a breakfast of grapefruit, coffee and yogurt. He poured a cup of coffee for Alfred as he stood in the middle of the room, reading the contract.

"OK, I agree to the first stipulation. There has to be an element of luck involved. That makes sense."

The Nigerian nodded, pulled a chair up to the table and began sipping his coffee and reading the newspaper.

"But, hey, what the hell does this second paragraph mean? In return for the gold, I get the *bag*? I want the *luck*, not the *bag*, chief. I'll take the luck in aluminum foil if it really works."

"Please sit and have coffee with me, good friend," said the Nigerian, extending his hand to the chair on the other side of the table. Alfred sat down and lighted a cigar, thinking that perhaps he was dealing with a madman, in which case it's always best to remain calm.

"You see," said the Nigerian, disdainfully removing the maraschino cherry from the center of the grapefruit, "the bag produces the beads of luck each time it has a new owner. Within forty-eight hours after you receive it, it will contain twenty-eight crystals, each weighing exactly one gram. Exactly an ounce of luck, all told."

"You expect me to believe that? Besides, I thought the old saying was that an ounce of luck is worth a pound of gold," Alfred said sarcastically.

"Ah, no, sir. Worth *more* than a pound of

gold. In your case, it's worth about nine tons of gold. But, after all, it's a very old saying. Inflation, you know." He smiled broadly as he stirred the strawberries up from the bottom of his cup of yogurt.

"And why is this third stipulation so important?" Alfred asked, perusing the remainder of the contract.

"Mmmm. The part about your having to wear the little bag around your neck until the luck is used up? Yes, that's very necessary. And so is the last stipulation, that you use all of the luck within two years after you receive it. Both of those things are very important for the magic to work properly."

Having finally come to the conclusion that the Nigerian wasn't insane but merely deeply superstitious and, therefore, deeply stupid, Alfred smiled to himself. He was going to have some fun with this pompous man; so much fun that the Nigerian would beg him to take back the half million he had won from him, just to buy out of the deal.

"Well, my good chief," Alfred said jauntily, sitting at the table once again and allowing himself to take a big swallow of the hot coffee, "I think we can work something out. I can have the gold delivered here in forty-eight hours. We can instruct the bank that if you claim the gold in thirty days, it's yours. After thirty days, only I can take it out of the vault. We'll get two keys; one for you and one for me. If you live through my tests, I take the bag and you come here and take the gold. If you don't survive, I reclaim the gold after a month has passed. Agreed?"

Alfred took a pen from his vest pocket and held it poised over the contract, wait-

ing for the Nigerian's assent. The Nigerian reached into the pouch, took out the three beads of luck and laid them on the table, then rolled each one between his fingers for a moment. At last, he looked up at Alfred with a smile of peaceful resignation and nodded.

Alfred signed the contract, then pushed it across the table. The Nigerian affixed his signature to the document, then produced a duplicate contract, which they both signed. The Nigerian kept one copy and Alfred folded his and slipped it into his suit jacket.

"I'll see you in twenty-four hours," he said, heading for the door.

"But. . . ." The Nigerian leaped to his feet and followed Alfred out into the hallway. "But aren't you going to tell me the three tests?"

Alfred chuckled deep in his throat and his eyes radiated sheer cruelty. He greatly enjoyed watching furrows of anxiety appear on the Nigerian's forehead.

"Perhaps you're not as superstitious as I thought," he said with feigned admiration.

Two days later, the African received a gold-embossed card that read:

I invite you to spend the weekend with me at my summer home on San Cristobal Island. A Learjet is waiting for you at the airport on runway 24. The jet is stocked with caviar, lobster, shrimp and excellent wines. I've had a selection of African music programed into the sound system, though I don't know if it's to your taste. If you want something else, just ask the stewardess. She's entirely at your service. Enjoy your flight.

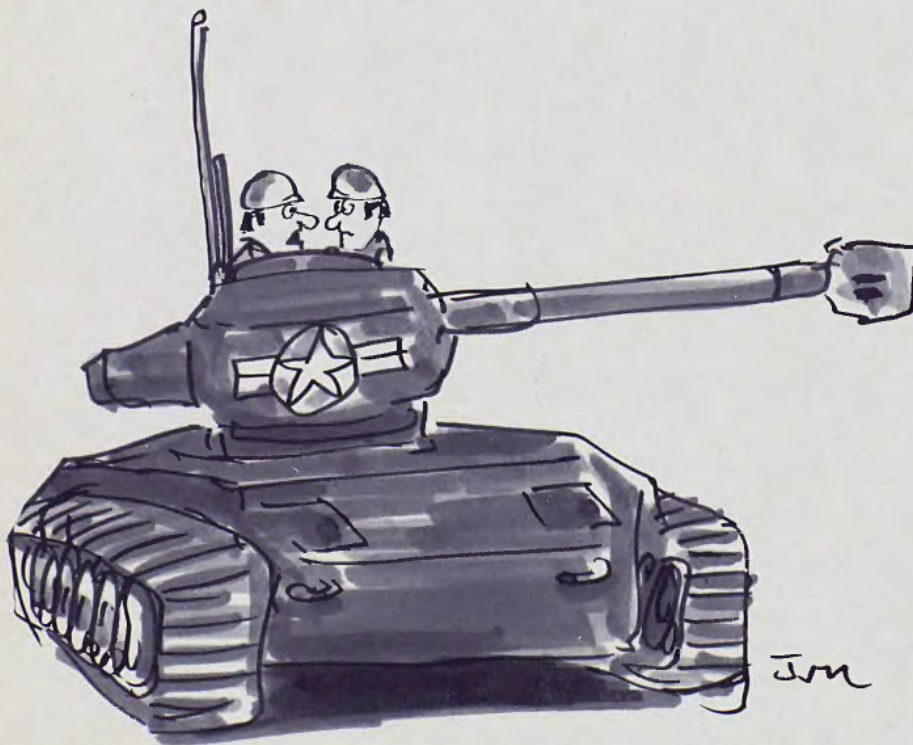
Yours, Alfred

The African frowned, crumpled the invitation, threw it into the wastebasket and began packing his bags.

"The first test," said Alfred, right after he and the African had finished a dinner of crab-and-kiwi salad, broiled shark and baked rum custard, "comes now."

They were aboard Alfred's 300-foot yacht, the *Too Me*, and it was midnight. The lights flickered for a moment in the dining cabin and Alfred ordered the waiter to inquire if there were a problem topside. Once they were alone, he continued, "The lights always flicker on this damn thing. Anyway, what you're going to do is simple. Tonight, you're going to jump overboard wearing a life preserver. We're about a mile offshore, and from now until dawn, the current will be taking you to the coast of the island. Can you swim?" The African nodded.

"Good, all you have to do is paddle to shore between now and sunrise, at which time the tide will begin to reverse its flow. If you make it to the shore, it's a two-mile walk to my estate. You should be able to make it there by noon tomorrow easily,



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provided you can swim ashore. What do you say?"

"Ah, as you say so quaintly, what's the catch?" asked the African.

"Sharks, jellyfish, coral reefs as sharp as knives. In that order," said Alfred, with delighted amusement. "Have some more wine or some custard before you go?" He poised a bottle over the African's glass but wasn't surprised when he covered it with his hand.

"Water is enough," said the Nigerian, reaching into the pouch around his neck, extracting one of the small beads and slipping it into his mouth.

Alfred handed him a glass of ice water and watched him drink. Then, raising his wineglass as a toast, he said with a mischievous chuckle, "Good luck, chief."

The African looked at him with imperious disinterest and said calmly, "Lead me to the deck."

Five minutes later, he was overboard.

Alfred knew the waters well. The mako sharks were always hungry and there were hundreds, maybe thousands of them circling in the cove every night, feeding on the schools of pompano and mullet. When the African began kicking his legs and trying to swim, the sharks would surely get him. But if he somehow managed to get within 1000 yards offshore without being eaten by the sharks, he would have to swim through a virtual asteroid belt of jellyfish—so many that sometimes they gathered in great clumps spanning 100 feet across, each trailing dozens of 50-foot tentacles containing one of the most potent paralyzing agents known. If the African touched but one of these tentacles, it would be unlikely that he'd ever make it within 100 yards of the shore. But if he did, he would encounter jagged coral reefs. To cut himself would be death, for his blood would call the sharks. And even if he managed to cross the reefs, his wounds would make him too weak to have any hope of walking two miles in the sun.

For all of these reasons, Alfred was astonished when the African walked into his sitting room the next day precisely at noon and explained, as he bid one of Alfred's butlers to bring him a glass of cold guava juice, that shortly after Alfred had abandoned him in the water, the yacht of a wealthy Saudi Arabian had foundered on a sand bar not 100 yards from him. He had called out and they had taken him aboard, given him dry clothes, a bowl of hot stew and a bunk to sleep in until morning. During the night, the tide had risen and swept the Saudi's yacht off the sand bar, and the crew had pulled into port for repairs, letting the Nigerian go ashore.

"And I suppose," said Alfred after the African had finished his account, "that you attribute your extraordinary good luck to your little beads?"

The African said nothing but merely smiled and sipped his fruit juice.

"You may be convinced," sneered Al-

fred, "but I'm not. Not with a conviction worth a hundred and thirty million dollars, anyway. Relax, eat, then meet me outside on the veranda at midnight. We'll go for a walk. Be sure to bring your little bag."

"Sir," said the African, feigning umbrage, "I wouldn't travel without it. It's better than American Express, you agree?"

"Smell something familiar?" Alfred asked with a conspiratorial grin as he led the Nigerian on a moonlit tour through his private zoo.

"Ahhh, yes," replied the Nigerian, pointedly sniffing in all directions, "the aroma of evil."

"The aroma of day-old lion shit, to be specific," said Alfred, pausing to toss several small sirloin steaks to a pair of large and vicious-looking pit bulls that followed him wherever he walked.

"Just over the next hill, I have my big cats. I have Siberian tigers, black cheetahs and snow leopards. Beautiful animals, don't you agree?"

"Quite beautiful," the African agreed solemnly, softly caressing the bag around his neck with his left hand.

"But I suppose you'd be more interested in seeing my two pairs of African lions. Oh, yes, and the baby. Cute little thing. Just able to walk around the cage with the big lions. Her mother's quite protective of her, though."

As they approached the big-cat cages, the animals began to growl and howl with such ferocity that the African couldn't help swallowing hard. Alfred noticed this and smiled with delight. "They haven't been fed since day before yesterday," he said, looking about in search of something. "Ah, yes, there it is."

He was referring to a large wooden box that had apparently been deposited there by one of his servants. He opened it and inside were several pounds of steaks and roasts packed on ice. These he began tossing into the cages. He first fed the snow leopards, then the black cheetahs and finally the tigers before announcing that, by some mistake, the servants hadn't left enough food for the lions.

"Which, it seems," he said, turning to face the African, "brings us to your second little test. There is a bolted door at either end of the lion cage. What I want you to do is simply open the door on the left, step into the cage, walk to the other door, open it and walk out. If you come out the other door alive, I'll throw a free Rolls-Royce into the deal." With that, he lighted a cigar and began to chuckle to himself. He then went to the wooden box and opened a side compartment that contained a .30-06 rifle. He loaded it and held out three bullets in the palm of his hand.

"If you get in trouble, and if you're lucky, I'll make four perfect shots through the bars of that cage before they tear open your main arteries. Fair enough?"

"You are generous," said the African, trying to swallow one of the luck beads

despite his dry mouth.

"Have some Perrier from my canteen," Alfred offered cheerfully. The African gulped down the water, then looked for a moment as though he might be overcome with nausea.

"Don't think I ever saw a black man go green before, chief," Alfred said, taunting the lions by dangling a hunk of meat just outside the bars.

"Please stop that," said the African. "I'm going. Just be sure you keep the larger female in your sights. She looks to be the most dangerous."

"Well, you sure know your big cats," said Alfred admiringly, training his rifle on the cage as the African quietly pulled back the bolt on the door.

As he stepped inside, the lions stopped growling and looked at him with wary surprise. The African stood paralyzed by the door.

"Go on, chief," shouted Alfred. "Walk."

But the African couldn't move. Then, with a terrifying hint of their impending attack, the lions began to crouch and growl deep in their throats. Still, the African couldn't move. He merely closed his eyes and clasped his hands, as if in prayer.

"Well, if you can't walk across, then *get the hell out, man!*" shouted Alfred.

But the African was trembling. His knees were locked. He knew the lions smelled his fear. He knew they would be upon him before he could turn around.

At that moment, there came a great howling and barking as Alfred's pit bulls hurtled down the hill in pursuit of a zigzagging jack rabbit. The jack rabbit, mindful only of the dogs behind it, momentarily ignored what lay in front of it and mistakenly leaped into the cage. The streak of movement unleashed the coiled energy that the big animals were about to vent upon the African, and all four adult lions rushed to the far corner of the cage to participate in the capture and dismemberment of the hapless hare. In that brief moment, the African managed to break his paralysis, rush to the other door and slip out just before the lions realized that there was hardly enough rabbit meat to go around.

"Your performance last night in the lion cage was amusing," Alfred said to the African the next morning as they boarded Alfred's personal aircraft.

"For a man with deep confidence in his luck beads," he continued, "you seemed quite terrified. But I suppose that was for my benefit?"

"The body has its own instinctive fears, you know," replied the African, taking a seat at the back of the small aircraft and carefully adjusting the round hat atop his head, which had been nudged askew by the winds gusting across the landing strip. "But tell me now; why have you brought me to this airplane?"

"I'll tell you later," Alfred yelled back

from the cockpit, "so meanwhile, enjoy yourself. There's a cooler back there with beer, wine, caviar and sandwiches."

The African's reply was drowned by the engines as Alfred began his take-off. The African stretched out and dozed off with his right hand clasped around the small leather bag.

"Wake up," said Alfred, hours later. "We've crossed the Coral Sea."

"Which means?" asked the Nigerian, sitting up straight and adjusting his hat.

"Which means that we're over the Australian mainland. Queensland territory, to be specific. About a half hour from Hughenden."

"Explain yourself, sir," said the African impatiently. And then he noticed that Alfred was holding a pistol.

"Give me the little bag," said Alfred.

"I . . . I can hardly believe that you're doing this," said the African, obviously shaken. "I thought you were an honorable man. I thought we had an agreement. You were to give me three tests. If I passed them, I would willingly give you the bag and you would willingly give me the gold. Now you wish to *steal* it from me and kill me?"

"You misjudge me, chief," said Alfred, laughing. "I *am* giving you three tests. You're about to take your third, as a matter of fact. I don't intend to kill you with this gun. It's merely insurance."

"Against what?"

"Against the possibility that you might try to get out of your third test. Would you like to know what it is?"

The African nodded.

"Well, you're going to jump out of this airplane with no parachute, from a height of seven thousand feet."

"But, sir," protested the African, "there is no chance of my surviving such a fall. No man could fall from this height and live. To ask me to do that is a breach of contract."

"Oh, no, it isn't. Would you agree that if such a thing had ever been done before, it wouldn't be impossible? Of course you would. Well, it just so happens that according to *Ripley's Believe It or Not*—are you familiar with that book? Anyway, in *Ripley's*, it says a man once survived a seven-thousand-foot fall from an airplane. It has been done once. Therefore, there is a *chance*, however remote, that it might happen again. Do you agree?"

The African stared at Alfred for a long time, and then said quietly, "Do you know that you're quite mad?"

Alfred cuffed the man with his open hand, grabbed him by the neck of his robe and yanked him to his feet.

"Mad, am I? You superstitious Hottentot! Don't tell me I'm mad when I have a hundred and thirty million dollars on the line! Men have killed for far, far less. I'm merely making sure that what I'm trading my money for is worth the price. Now, head for that door, take your luck pill and give

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HANDS



FEET

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me the goddamn bag!"

Alfred waved the gun toward the cabin door just behind the cockpit and the African obeyed him. He reached into the leather pouch, extracted the last bead and swallowed it. He gently removed the pouch from his neck and smiled softly as he handed it to Alfred. Without saying a word, Alfred yanked open the hatch, shoved the African through the portal and quickly struggled to reseal it. Having done so, he rushed to the cockpit to regain control of the craft.

His only regret was that he hadn't had enough time to confess that the story about *Ripley's Believe It or Not* was a lie. He would have loved to see the expression on the African's face.

Two days later, back in his office in downtown Denver, Alfred told his secretary to hold his calls, then opened his top desk drawer and took out the brown-leather bag. He noticed that his pulse quickened, just as it did before sex or winning at poker, as he loosened the drawstring. But something was wrong: As hard as he pulled, the bag wouldn't open. Although nothing visible kept the aperture closed, it remained tightly sealed, as if invisible fingers were pressing it shut.

Then he remembered the stipulation in

the contract that the bag be hung around his neck.

The moment he did so, the mouth of the bag unfolded softly, not unlike a flower. Looking down into it, he saw a cluster of tiny glowing capsules.

Tenderly, he slipped his fingers into the bag and removed one of the glowing beads, swallowed it, then picked up the telephone and called his bookie.

"Hello, George? Alfred. I want to put ten grand on every long shot you can find. I want the worst horses in every race at every race track. I want the line on every underdog sports team, every bum prize fighter and every lottery in the world. Oh, play any number you want. It doesn't matter. Yes, I know it could cost me a couple of million. I can afford it. Just do it."

He hung up and had his secretary reserve a table at his favorite restaurant.

As he settled into the back seat of his luxuriously appointed limousine and poured himself a spot of cognac, he absent-mindedly watched the other cars cruising beside him on the highway, thinking to himself that he would very soon be the richest man in the world. Only when he noticed that the limo was speeding toward the median strip did he realize that something was wrong. He yanked back the curtain between himself and his chauffeur and found the man slumped over the

wheel, the victim of a heart attack. Separated from the front seat by a bulletproof glass, there was nothing Alfred could do but stare in horror as the limousine vaulted the median strip and slammed into the side of an 18-wheeler.

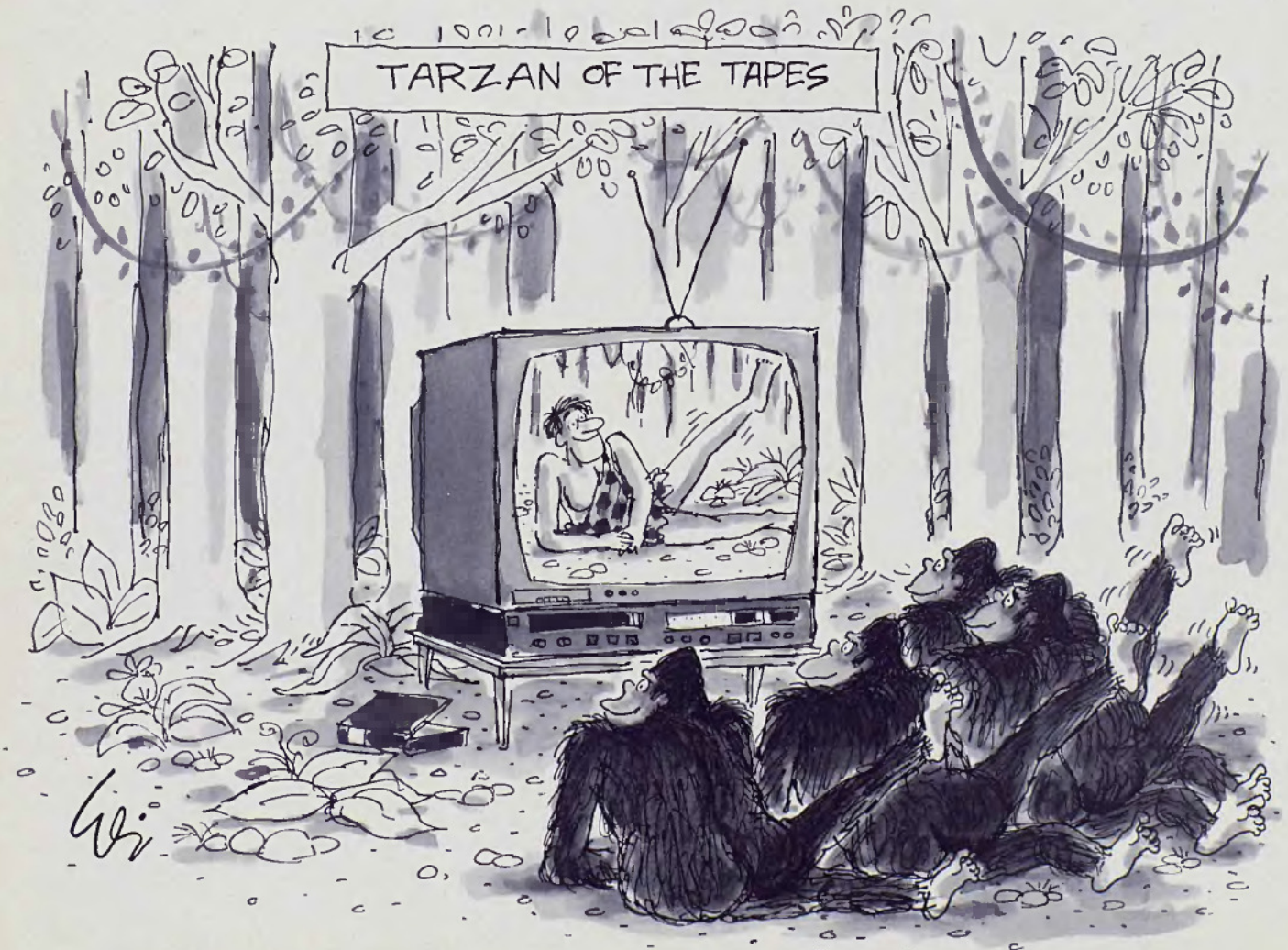
Two weeks later, as he recovered in the hospital after surgery, the nurses had to inject him with a tranquilizer when he received a postcard from the African that said:

Sorry to hear about your bad luck. Mine is fine. I fell into a large haystack behind the country home of a very nice physician from Sydney. He treated me immediately for shock, then rushed me to the nearest hospital. I suffered only a broken wrist and ankle. I have collected the gold. Also the Rolls-Royce you promised when I escaped your lions. Thank you for the good sport.

Once Alfred calmed down, he phoned his personal attaché and ordered him to find the African and bring him to the hospital immediately.

When the African arrived, dressed as usual in his striped robe and flat white hat, Alfred became nearly apoplectic with rage and the nurses wanted the African to leave, but Alfred overruled them.

The African took a seat at his bedside,



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nodded and smiled.

"It didn't work!" yelled Alfred.

"No?" asked the African.

"Bullshit! I lost two million in long-shot bets in one day! And on the very same god-damned day I very nearly lost my life! How the hell can you say that was good luck? It's the worst luck I've ever had!"

"Precisely," said the African.

"What?" asked Alfred, not yet understanding.

"You see, you bought a bag of *luck*, my friend," said the African, with tones one might use to speak to a child. "I never said the beads were all *good* luck. Half of them are good and half of them are bad, as a matter of fact. The only way you can tell which one you're taking is to wait and see what happens to you. But, by a careful process of elimination, you can eventually know how many of each kind you have left. If you're lucky"—he chuckled at his own joke—"if you're as lucky as was I, you'll use all the bad luck early.

"You see," he continued, "I had already had fourteen days of the worst luck a man could have when I met you. And I'd had only ten days of good luck. So I knew what my last four beads were."

As the African's words sank deep into Alfred's semitransquilized mind, he sat upright in the bed and violently yanked at the leather pouch, wanting to fling it away. But the moment he touched it, the leather string tightened around his neck and continued to tighten until he thought he would suffocate. Then, just before he passed out, it loosened. As he heaved for breath, the African shook his head.

"Tsk, ts, you didn't believe the contract, did you? I told you that you couldn't take it off until you'd used *all* the beads. Now do you understand?"

Alfred nodded. And then, for the first time since he was a boy, he began to cry. Great gulping sobs burst out of him and he buried his face in a pillow.

"There, there," said the African sympathetically, "I know exactly how you feel. Here. Let me show you what I've been through. Perhaps you'll feel better. You see that my little finger is missing on my left hand? That happened with my first bad-luck bead. I have a scar on my stomach from the second one, scars from bullet holes in my buttocks from the third, I have grafted skin on my right leg from the fourth, a bit of steel plating in back of my skull from the fifth. . . ."

Alfred waved for the African to stop.

"I . . . I believe you," he said, blowing his nose and wiping his eyes, "but isn't there any way out of it? Suppose I just don't swallow any of the beads?"

"You can do that, but if you do, at the end of two years, the bag will strangle you to death."

"Well, what about taking a bad luck and a good luck together? Maybe they'll cancel each other out."

"How will you know which is which? I could never tell them apart myself. No, sir,

there is no way out of it. There are two consolations, however. The first is that no matter how badly you may be injured by the bad-luck beads, they will never kill you. You may lose a limb or two, but you'll always survive. The second is that if you play your odds right, you can make more of your good luck than your bad luck makes of you. Do you get my gist?"

Alfred nodded forlornly, sighed and stared at the ceiling. After a moment, he motioned to the African to leave him alone. At the door, the African turned, pressed his palms together and bowed.

"Good luck, chief," he said, and then departed with a broad smile.

The African's smile angered Alfred, and his anger jolted him out of his despondency. He sat up, sipped water from a glass at his bedside and tried to think. He thought until his brain grew tired and he dozed off. When he awoke the following morning, he knew what he had to do.

"It was so simple all along," he said, chuckling, as he carefully poured all 27 of the little beads out of the pouch into the palm of his left hand. He then reached for the glass, lifted it to toast the African and said, "Here's to luck, chief," tossed the beads into his mouth and swallowed them in one gulp.

He had reasoned that if he'd already taken one bad-luck bead, there was now one more good-luck bead than bad in the bag, and if every good-luck bead canceled out a bad-luck one, the effect would be one day of good luck.

Knowing that he had only 24 hours in which to take advantage of his guaranteed good fortune, he went to work on recouping his losses. He dialed his bookie.

"George? Alfred. I want to place another couple of million on long-shot bets."

"The last time you asked me to do that, I thought you were crazy, Al," said George, "but now I figure you know what you're doing. You must be the luckiest son of a bitch in the world."

"What are you talking about? I lost every goddamned bet the last time. You told me yourself day before yesterday that all my horses ran last, all my dogs ran last, all my teams went belly-up and all my boxers got their asses kicked. Plus which I totaled my Rolls and damned near totaled myself."

"Ain't you read the papers, Al? Didn't nobody call you and tell you about the sixty million? Didn't nobody in your organization tell you about the guys in the truck you hit?"

"What sixty million?"

"Well, I'll be," said George, chuckling. "The man makes headlines in every paper in America and nobody tells him about it. You ought to fire somebody for not telling you, Al. Course, maybe your doctors didn't want you to get excited. Anyway, sure, you lost all those bets I told you about, but since you told me to buy you lottery tickets, I bought you a thousand in every state with a lottery and I bought you some numbers in

the Irish sweepstakes. The drawings were yesterday and you hit the jackpot in New Jersey and Illinois. You got six mil from Jersey and four mil from Illinois. But the ass kicker is that you won the Irish sweeps for *fifty*. Fifty million big ones, baby!"

"What?" said Alfred, stunned.

"It's in all the afternoon papers, Al. You ought to be hearing from the newspaper and television people in a couple of hours. You're the first man in history to hit three multimillion-dollar lotteries on the same day. Not to mention your crime-buster act with your Rolls."

"Crime buster? What the hell are you talking about, George?"

"Jeez, you really ought to fire somebody for not keeping you informed, Al. The truck you hit with your Rolls was filled with stolen goods. You know where from? From your Midnight Roundup warehouses, that's where. There was a gang of guys who worked for you who'd been robbing you blind for the past six months. The two in the truck you slammed confessed and the cops busted the whole bunch. They could have ruined your business if they'd kept it up for another year or so. But, thanks to your fabulous luck, your accident is sending them all to the slammer. That was in this morning's paper. You didn't know about that *either*? You really ought to—"

But Alfred had already hung up. He stumbled out of bed and limped painfully to the toilet where, shoving a finger down his throat, he tried to vomit up the beads.

But, as he feared, it was too late. He heard the whine of the hospital's smoke alarms, then he smelled smoke and heard people running through the corridors outside his room, shouting "Fire!" He tried to open the bathroom door, but something was blocking it. Frantic with fear, he rammed his shoulder against the door, beat his fists upon it and shrieked for someone to get him out until he collapsed on the floor.

And there, as he laid his head on the cool tiles, he realized why the door wouldn't open.

The little brown pouch was crammed under it, acting as a doorjamb.

The firemen rescued him just in time to save his life. He required plastic surgery and skin grafts for the third-degree burns he had suffered, but he survived, just as the African said he would.

And for the rest of his life, Alfred Toomey III never gambled again. When George asked him why, he explained, "George, there are two ways to make a lot of money. One is to work hard and invest what you earn, and the other is to have a lot of luck. I can afford to work hard, but I can't afford luck. It's too expensive."

George didn't understand, but Alfred did. He kept the little brown bag in a glass case on his desk as a reminder.



LOVE & SEX

(continued from page 129)

sexual experience you can recall? In what ways do you think it has had a positive or a negative influence on your life?

• When you are attracted to someone and another person begins to show a lot of interest in him or her, does it strengthen your feelings? Has such a competitive urge ever led you to believe you were more in love with someone than you actually were?

• If a month before your wedding your wealthy fiancé(e) suggested drawing up a prenuptial agreement specifying the financial terms of a divorce, how would you react? What kind of terms would be fair in such an agreement?

• If your sexual rapport with your partner began to deteriorate, would you try to find the underlying causes or deal directly with the sexual problem?

• Are you more attracted to people whose personalities are similar to yours or different? What differences attract you and why?

• When was the last time you made love so spontaneously you wouldn't have predicted it a half hour before? What attitudes lead to such surprises? What ones keep them from happening?

• How do you react when someone gives you the eye in a public place? In what situations do you flirt, and why do you do it?

• If you could watch a video of yourself

making love, would you want to?

• What in someone's life—for example, religion, profession, ethnic background, age, health problems, marital history—would keep you from marrying a person you had fallen in love with?

• When you have sex with someone for the first time, do you feel you are making an implicit commitment, even if nothing is stated? If so, what is that commitment, and how does it change if your intimacy continues for a number of weeks or months?

• If you were dating several people and one of them sent you a love note and flowers, would you hide them or display them openly? If asked about them, would you explain their origin to the others?

• Would you rather your lover become loudly angry for a few hours or quietly annoyed for a few days? When your lover is angry with you and won't admit it, how do you know?

• At what periods in your life have you been most vulnerable to the temptations of an affair, and what were you seeking from another person at those times? Have you ever seriously contemplated and then consciously avoided an affair? If so, what stopped you?

• How many times have you been with someone you thought you would be with forever? Can you remember the exact moment you realized that you and your partner were right for each other?

• What is the difference between being

in love and being infatuated? Do you believe in love at first sight? Have you ever fallen in love because you craved the intoxicating feelings of being in love?

• What that your partner does makes you feel most loved? Do you think your partner is aware of this?

• Have you ever loved someone you didn't respect? If so, did it make you respect yourself less?

• What were the best lovemaking experiences you remember? What made them so special for you?

• Have you ever spent a lot of money on an evening whose primary focus was to get someone to have sex with you? If so, what would you have done if you had known you could be successful only by giving that person the money directly? Have you ever had sex with someone because the person was very generous to you? If so, what if you had instead been offered the money directly?

• How does it make you feel when your partner complains that you don't listen or express yourself enough?

• If you had been seeing someone for a few weeks and you were attracted to each other, do you think you would be more likely to get married if you started sleeping together or if you resisted doing so? If you wanted to have sex and the other person refused, how long would it take you to consider ending the romance?



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 the 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 an average six (6) inch internodal length, (the distance between fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plant 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.



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Jeffery Julian DeMarco

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WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

KEYNOTE ADDRESS

What's the most mundane accessory in the male wardrobe? Probably the key chain. All too often, it's just a ring that has as much personality as a doorknob. So since you have to carry one, why not flaunt it and go for some style? A good key chain should feel right without overpowering your person. (Is that a key

chain in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?) It can reflect your hobbies or sport the marque of your favorite wheels or even designer initials. And if you really want to make an impression that will open doors, have your spare home key cut from a gold blank, such as the Tiffany one pictured here. Whoever you give one to will be sure not to lose it.

Below, left to right: Miniature 18-kt.-gold golf cart with clubs that permanently stay in the golf bag, from Asprey, New York, \$1270; and a gold key blank, from Tiffany, Beverly Hills, \$275. Silver-plated key ring with gold-plated accenting, from Cartier, Chicago, \$280. Georg Jensen-designed stainless-steel key ring, from Sointu, New York, \$23. Sterling-silver-and-enamel Maserati key chain, from T. Anthony, New York, \$130. Brass-and-leather key fob, from Mark Cross, Inc., Chicago, \$45. Sterling-silver Social Security key ring for engraving, from Tiffany, \$65.

STEVE CONWAY

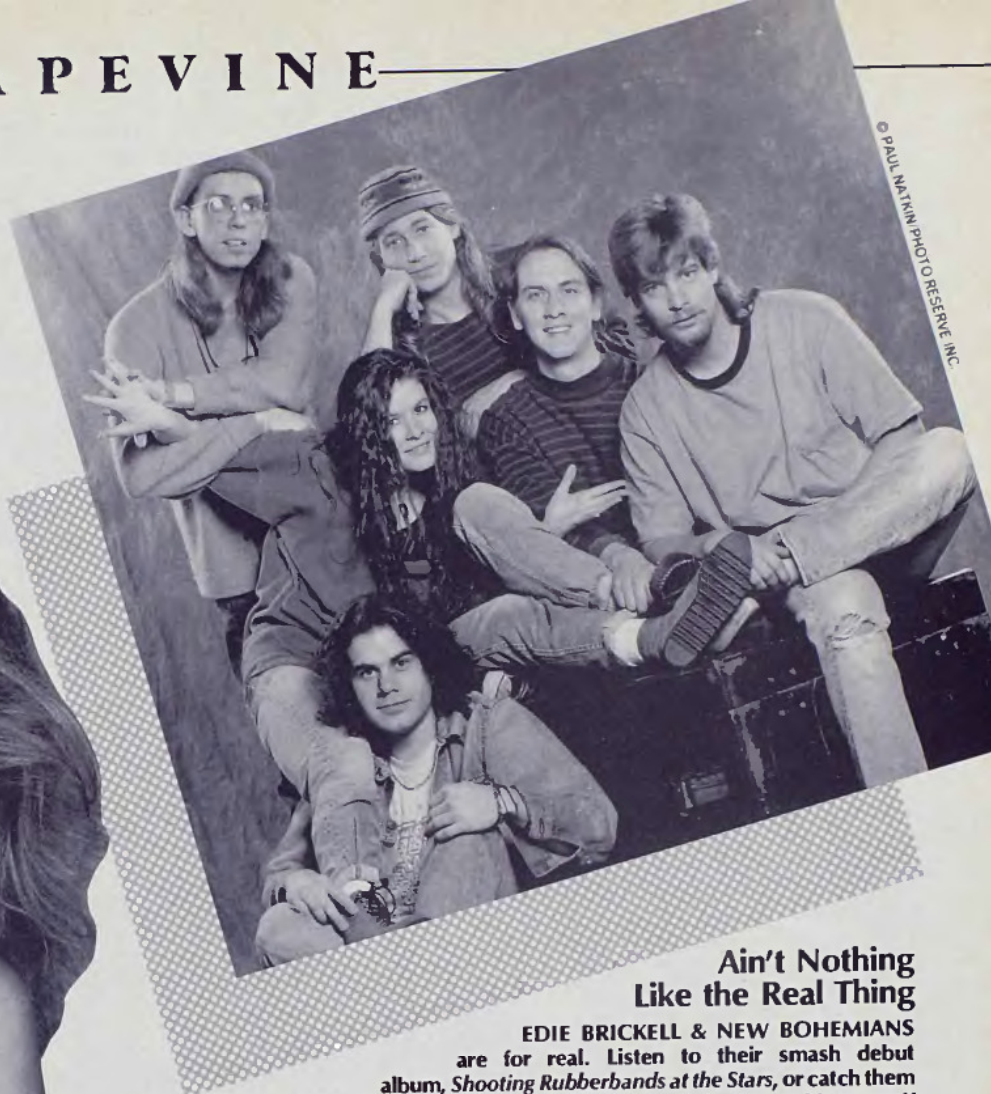


Suits Her to a T

Norwegian actress **MARIANNA MOEN** can fill a T-shirt. She can also act. Marianna had five successful movies under her belt when she migrated to Hollywood. She managed to parlay a *European Love Boat* episode into a supporting role in the new film *Fate*. Marianna's sold on America now and plans to stay. We're sold on Marianna. See how well things work out?



ALAN HOUGHTON

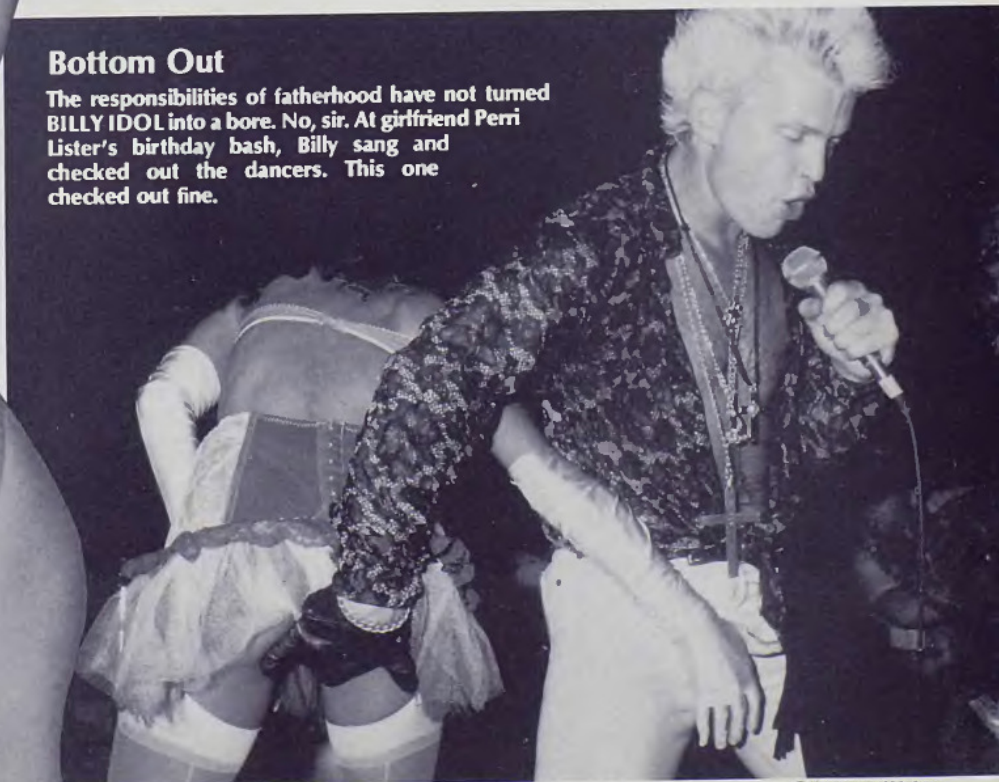


Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing

EDIE BRICKELL & NEW BOHEMIANS are for real. Listen to their smash debut album, *Shooting Rubberbands at the Stars*, or catch them on tour with Don Henley. Says Edie, "I don't consider myself some 'woman in rock,' I consider myself a part of a good band."

Bottom Out

The responsibilities of fatherhood have not turned **BILLY IDOL** into a bore. No, sir. At girlfriend Perri Lister's birthday bash, Billy sang and checked out the dancers. This one checked out fine.



© KEVIN WINTER/DMI



© RON WOLFSON/LPI

Delightful, Delicious, Delia

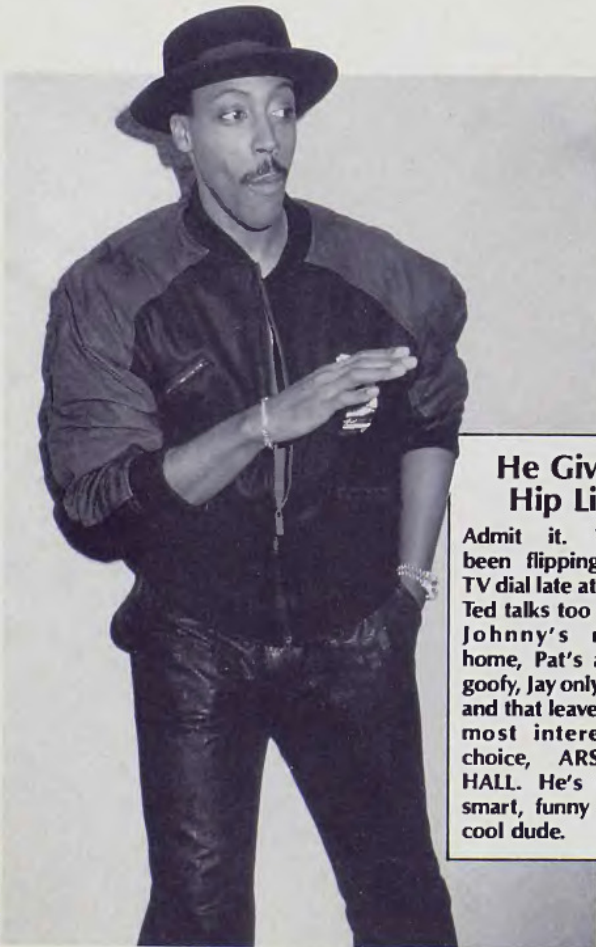
Actress DELIA SHEPPARD is a dish. She recently finished her first starring role in a dark-comedy version of *Body Heat* called *Sexbomb*, about (are you ready?) sex, werewolves and rock and roll. Delia also appears in the movies *Born on the Fourth of July* and *Young Rebels*. We're ready for Delia!



© MARK LEIVDAL

Much More than a Pretty Face

Singer/choreographer PAULA ABDUL has talent and beauty. Her album *Forever Your Girl* went double platinum. She choreographed scenes in *Coming to America* and is now working on the choreography for Meryl Streep's version of *Evita*. A new album will be out next year. Paula's hot.



© NICK CHARLES

He Gives Hip Lip

Admit it. You've been flipping your TV dial late at night. Ted talks too much, Johnny's never home, Pat's a little goofy, Jay only visits, and that leaves your most interesting choice, ARSENIO HALL. He's warm, smart, funny and a cool dude.

THE LAUGH'S ON YOU

Joey Adams is the author of more than 50 books on humor, and he has been a "court jester" to the White House for four Administrations. If that isn't enough to make you laugh, Adams has just written *Guaranteed to Make You Laugh*, a "one-volume library of all-new jokes, toasts, roasts and one-liners," published by Wynwood Press. The subjects covered range from absent-minded people ("I once suffered from senility—but I forgot about it") to worst jokes ("The penalty for bigamy is two mothers-in-law"). The price: \$16.95. Ha!



THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Looking for something offbeat to perk up your coffee table? Try *Body Packaging*, by Julian Robinson, a profusely illustrated hardcover history of the evolution of sexual display in clothing styles and popular adornment. The book begins with the origins of clothes and continues covering everything from codpieces to crinolines right up to the final eye-popping prediction of what women will be wearing next. *Body Packaging* costs \$28.95, postpaid, sent to Elysium Growth Press, 700 Robinson Road, Topanga, California 90290.



LOVE FOR SALE

The late Alberto Vargas originally painted *He Loves Me*, pictured above, back in the Thirties. And *Playboy* later reproduced it in January 1968 as part of *The Vargas Girl*, a homage to "four decades of beauty by *Playboy's* nonpareil portrayer of voluptuous feminine pulchritude." Now *Playboy* and Mirage Editions, Inc., 1658 Tenth Street, Department 711, Santa Monica, California 90404, are offering prints of *He Loves Me* in a limited issue printed in a 12-color lithographic process on 100 percent archival paper. Each measures 29 3/4" x 21 1/2", and no prints will be produced after September 30, 1989. The price is \$75, postpaid (except for foreign orders). For credit-card orders outside California, call 800-228-8819; inside California, call 213-450-2240.

HATS OFF TO INDY

Stetson's Indiana Jones hat has been around since *Raiders of the Lost Ark* came out some years ago. But now, to coincide with the opening of the third film, *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, Stetson has begun marketing it in a major way. The hat is a brown fedora with a 2 3/8" brim. The price: \$75. And since it has an official Indiana Jones lining, you know this Stetson is going to become a collector's item; so try not to sweat when you go searching for fortune and glory.



RUNAWAY SUCCESS

The Performance Running audio cassette is like having a full-time track coach jogging at your elbow. Just pop it into your personal stereo and take off with a syncopated musical running pace pulsating in your head. Subliminal suggestions woven into the sound track encourage peak performance. If you run a ten-minute mile, order the Beginning Tape. An eight-minute mile calls for the Intermediate one, and if you can pound out a six-minute mile, go for the Advanced number. All are \$15.95 each sent to Outerskin Performance, P.O. Box 7597, Beverly Hills, California 90212-7597.



LONG LIVE THE COX & KINGS

Cox & Kings, a British travel company founded in 1758, has finally gotten around to opening an office in the Big Apple, at 511 Lexington Avenue, New York 10017 (it's in the Lexington Hotel). And it's a jolly good thing for us that it did, because Cox & Kings offers some terrific trips. Its catalog of grand tours will take you to imperial Morocco, Russia for Easter or the desert castles of Jordan—and you should see where you'll go in Injah. Pack your bags.



THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL

If you're planning a trip to Chicago and want to stay in a Euro-style tech hotel as sleek and slick as a Porsche on the autobahn, try Hotel 21 East at 21 East Bellevue in the heart of the Rush Street night-club district. Rooms all feature a CD player and a VCR (with a library of discs and tapes available), a stereo TV, a Euro-style custom shower stall and a steeping bath, plus a well-stocked minibar. Rates begin at \$170. Suites are \$235 to \$255 and penthouses are \$400 to \$500. For hotel reservations, call 800-443-2100.



THE SPIRIT OF GLASNOST

From the historic Cristall Distillery in Moscow comes Stolichnaya Cristall, a limited-edition ultrapremium vodka that's rarer than a capitalist in the Kremlin. Cristall is distilled from winter wheat and made with glacial waters that are polished and filtered by special processes the Russians are *nyet* likely to reveal, even in the age of *glasnost*. A limited amount of Cristall is being imported into the U.S. by Monsieur Henri Wines, and if you spot a bottle, give it a shot—preferably ice cold taken straight or on the rocks. Since Cristall is priced about \$20 a bottle, we won't be mixing it with bouillon, comrade!



COME FLY WITH US

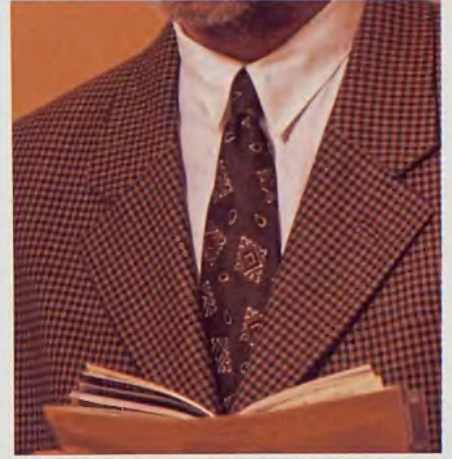
You say you have 100,000 miles in United's MileagePlus plan, 50,000 in American's AAdvantage program and 10,000 in Braniff's Get-It-All account, and you don't know which way to fly first? Turn your troubles over to Frequent Flyer Management Company, a new outfit at P.O. Box 4850, Louisville, Kentucky 40204, that helps businesses and individuals get the maximum benefit from airline, hotel and other travel-award programs. The annual fee is \$70, and a call to 800-458-1828 will get you all the information to get you to your destination. Up, up and away!



NEXT MONTH



SOUTHERN BELLES



FASHION FORECAST



DETROIT LUNACY



CAMPUS SEX

"THE MADISON HEIGHTS SYNDROME"—TWO DETROITERS SURVIVE A HOSTAGE CRISIS AT A 7-ELEVEN. THE QUESTION IS, CAN THEY MAKE IT THROUGH THE ENSUING MEDIA MADNESS UNSCATHED?—FICTION BY OUR COLLEGE CONTEST WINNER, **A. M. WELLMAN**

"GIRLS OF THE SOUTHEAST CONFERENCE"—DON'T MISS THIS HEART-STOPPING PICTORIAL WITH SOME OF THE MOST IRRESISTIBLE BELLES FROM DEAR OLD DIXIE. SUGAR, THEY'RE SURE TO WOO YA

"RETURN TO ANIMAL HOUSE"—ELEVEN YEARS LATER, THE MAN WHO WROTE THE FILM REVISITS THE ALPHA DELTA HOUSE AND FINDS THAT THE FUN HAS NEVER STOPPED—BY **CHRIS MILLER**

KEITH RICHARDS TALKS ABOUT HIS VOLATILE RELATIONSHIP WITH **MICK**, GOING BACK WITH THE **STONES** AFTER GOING IT ALONE AND HIS JOURNEY FROM CHOIRBOY TO ART STUDENT TO ROCK STAR IN A **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW** BY LONGTIME BUDDY **STANLEY BOOTH**

"COLLEGE WOMEN TALK ABOUT SEX"—HEY, YOU COLLEGE GUYS OUT THERE: PUT AWAY YOUR TEXTBOOKS AND LISTEN UP, BECAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO

FIND OUT WHAT'S *REALLY* ON COEDS' MINDS WHEN IT COMES TO DATING, SEX, AIDS AND MEN—A **PLAYBOY** SPECIAL REPORT BY SOCIOLOGIST **JANET LEVER**

"REECE'S CHAIR"—A LEGACY FROM HOLLANDER'S LATE BUSINESS PARTNER, A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, TURNS OUT TO BE A MAJOR PAIN IN THE ASS—A TALE OF REVENGE BY **CHET WILLIAMSON**

OSCAR WINNER **GEENA DAVIS** TALKS ABOUT DEBUTING ON SCREEN IN HER UNDERWEAR, DETAILS HER HYSTERICAL HONEYMOON NIGHT WITH **JEFF GOLDBLUM** AND REVEALS HER WORST NIGHTMARE IN AN ETHEREAL **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR GOES (BACK) TO COLLEGE"—OUR TRAVELING SEX EXPERT INVADERS THE BIBLE BELT AND LIVES TO WRITE AGAIN—BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

PLUS: IT'S TIME FOR **"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW,"** OUR HIGHLY EDUCATED SURVEY OF THE UPCOMING COLLEGE FOOTBALL SEASON BY **GARY COLE**; **"UP IN SMOKE,"** CIGARS FOR THE CONNOISSEUR; SNEAKING UP ON THE LATEST TRENDS IN SNEAKERS; THE RETURN OF CORDUROY IN **"PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; AND MORE

The Cold-Filtered™ Fact Sheet.

NAME: Miller Genuine Draft (my friends call me the Cold One!)

HOMETOWN: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

OCCUPATION: Cold-Filtered real draft beer

MEASUREMENTS: 12oz bottles, 12oz cans!

TURN ONS: Parties, longnecks, poker games, clean refrigerators, loud music, ice-cold mugs, people willing to try new things, portable coolers

TURN OFFS: Pasteurization, hot, muggy days, beer commercials with dogs in them

FAVORITE SONG: "Cold as Ice"

HOBBIES: Ice Sculpture, Ice Skating, Ice Fishing

FAVORITE MOVIES: "Cool Hand Luke" "Ice Station Zebra"

AMBITION: To provide everyone with a great way to chill out!



Here's me out on the town



I love it at the beach

Tasty little number.

What we have here is an ultra light with taste. And before you say "impossible," we'd like to point out that Merit Ultra Lights is one of America's fastest growing brands. Thanks to Enriched Flavor,[™] the impossible becomes possible. A tasty little number, indeed.

Enriched Flavor,[™] ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.



Merit Ultra Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.