ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN • \$4.00 **ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**

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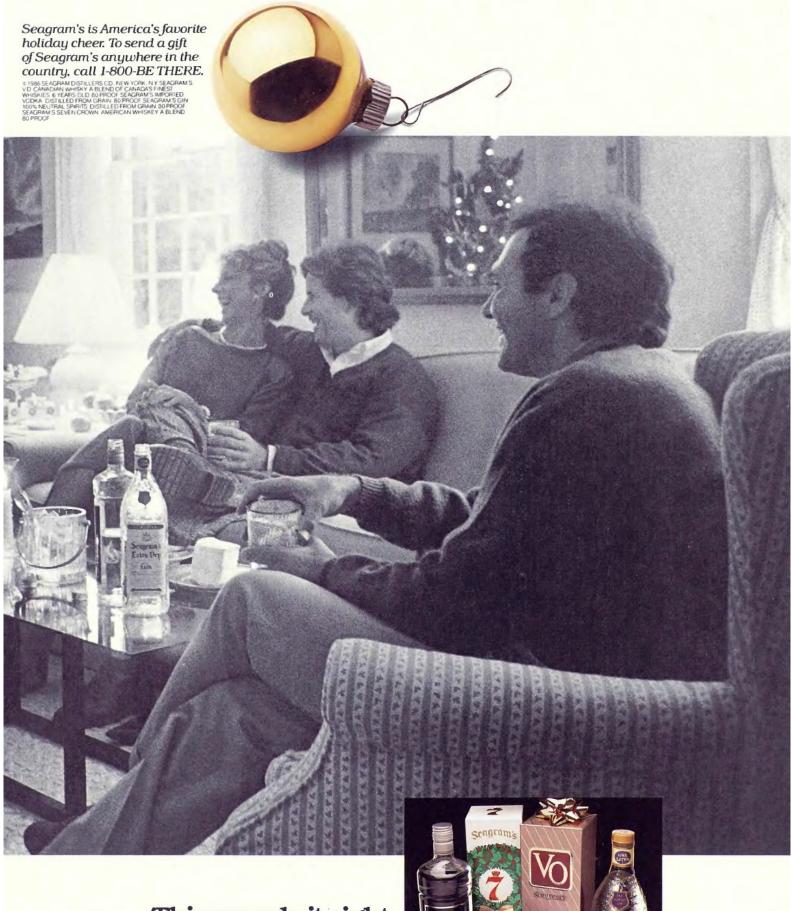
"We made it happen. Carved a hole in the holiday madness and had a party for just us.

"So much love in that room. And laughter.

"A celebration of how much we mean to each other. Real holiday spirit – full of the joy we really feel."

Follow your instincts. This year, do it right.



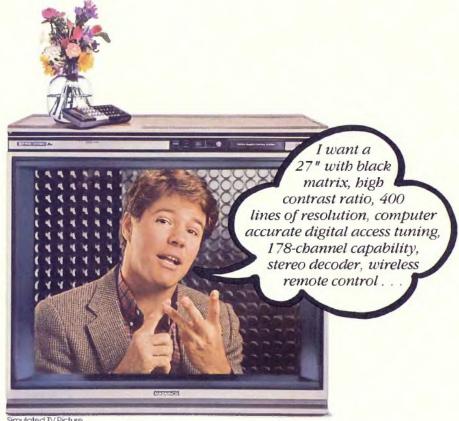


Scagram's Extra Dry

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This year, do it right. Seagram's.

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It's a technological masterpiece that translates into picture quality so fine in detail, so color-true that it approaches real life.

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And this TV comes with the incredible Universal Remote Control-so advanced it controls virtually every brand of wireless VCR or cable system.

The Star TV from Magnavox. It's a lot of television in any language.

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PLAYBILL

WELCOME TO our 1987 kickoff issue, the New Year's Eve party you can hold in your hands. Wait till you see the guest list. Start with a 94-year-old pioneer of art deco, Erté, whose historic works have recently been collected for huge exhibitions in Paris and London. Now a brand-new Erté decorates our cover. Marilyn Monroe, who highlighted our very first issue, shows up again in newly discovered photographs and artwork from the late calendar artist Earl Moran's private archives. Special insights vis-à-vis Monroe are provided in the text by our Editor-Publisher, Hugh M. Hefner, PLAYBOY's ubiquitous celebrity interlocutor David Sheff made a double hit for this issue, targeting Miami Vice detective turned rock-'n'-roller Don Johnson for the Interview and getting an earful from one of America's most lovable cynics in Randy Newman's Guide to Life. And if you're still not convinced that our celebrity cup runneth over, take a look at 20 Questions-yes, it's that mad techie from Cinemax and star of the VDT, Max Headroom. We've even played Love Connection for Max-wait'll he gets a load of our very own technical knockout, Maxine Legroom.

From the literary-treasure-in-exile (he lives in France) department, James Baldwin draws on his experiences as a teenaged preacher in Harlem for To Crush the Serpent, a revealing and very personal essay on fundamentalism and sexual repression in America, with illustration by Herb Davidson. Additional literary heroes check in from the fiction department. Perennial PLAYBOY contributor and best-selling author John Updike offers Beautiful Husbands, which will be included in his short-story collection Trust Me to be published by Knopf this spring. National Book Award winner Joyce Carol Oates returns to our pages after a fiveyear hiatus with Questions, due for inclusion in her upcoming volume from Dutton, Blue Skies. The Bookseller (illustrated by Charles Bragg) is the first short story that Roald Dahl has written for us in 12 years. Readers who've grown up in the interim may recognize Dahl as the author of Charlie and the Chocolate Factory and James and the Giant Peach.

Andrew Tobias takes up a matter near and dear to all of us in Quarterly Reports: Compensation, the low-down on what your broker, for instance, is earning. In today's image-conscious world, among those making a pretty good buck are publicrelations operatives, who are throwing increasing weight around. Read all about these hypesters in Flacks, by Alexander Cockburn, a columnist for The Nation and The Wall Street Journal, and his brother Andrew, a journalist who has long specialized in covering the military.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party, so just for fun, Assistant Editor Bruce Kluger got together with his old University of Maryland buddy Wayne Duvall to produce Top 40 Party Campuses, a no-holds-barred look at revelry on and off the quad.

No one knew more about sports on campus than the late Anson Mount, whose final College Basketball Preview appears in this issue. Word of his death reached us just as we were going to press, and we'll have more to say about him next month. The allstar-team photo is by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley-who was also the lucky lensman for Jane Seymour, Enchantress, a romantic view of TV's naughty-but-nice miniseries star. Photographer Chris Collis brings an up-to-date look to this month's fashion feature, The New Man, starring Mitch Gaylord, Michael Keaton, Jay McInerney and Wynton Marsalis. Don't miss Meet Missy, Republican Porn Star!, an introduction to the former Congressional aide who stars in Behind the Green Door-The Sequel. As usual, there's much, much more inside: Playmate Luann Lee, The Playboy Gallery, with a shot of Heather Thomas and a Vargas girl, plus Playboy's Playmate Review. Don't forget to call your favorite Playmate on her 900 number this month. She'll appreciate it. And if you haven't caught on yet, the key to this issue is The Best. That's what we've called our special feature about the things we like the most; we suggest you check the list at least twice while you're making plans for the new year.

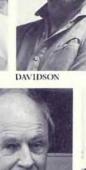


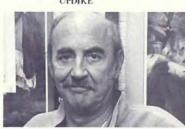






















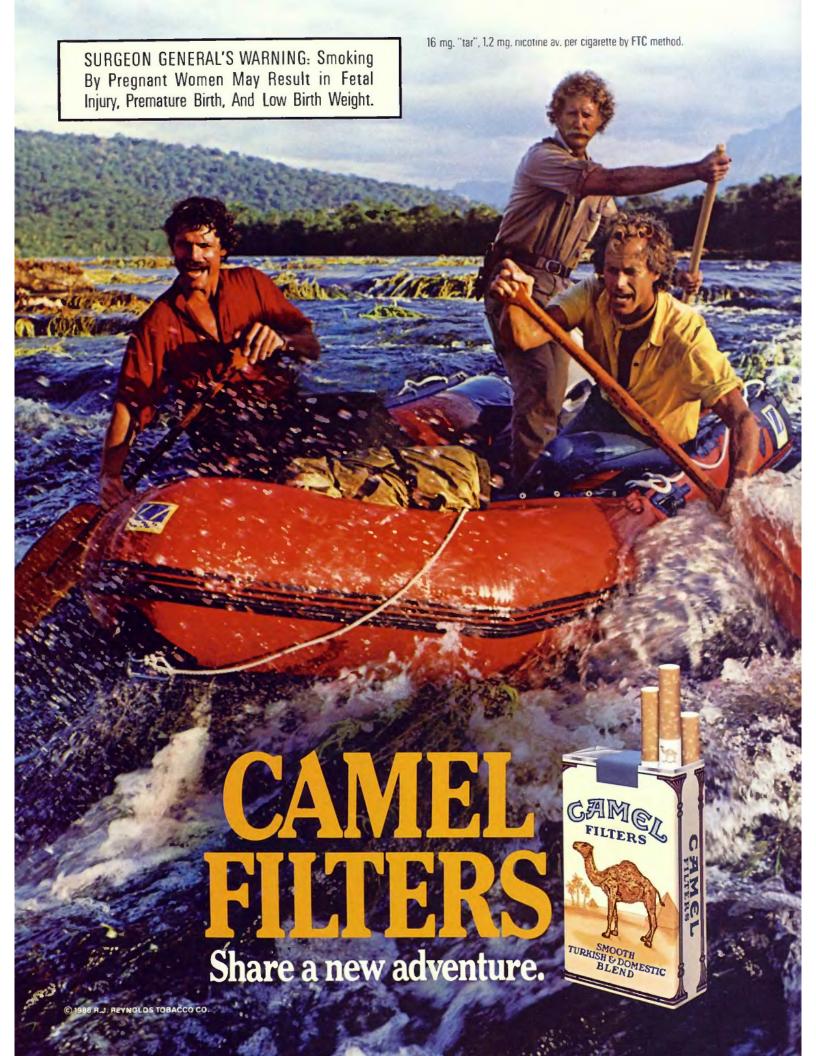








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Marilyn Remembered

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Fundamentalist Fangs

With ...



Luann Lee

P. 104



Nonskid Driving

P. 15

COVER STORY If the Rabbit Head looks like a costume for a dancer in the Folies-Bergère, it's because the artist Erté, who created it, also designed outfits for the renowned Parisian extravaganza. Erté, an early practitioner of art deco who recently celebrated his 94th birthday, once designed a costume for the famous spy Mata Hari. This time, he's glamorizing the Mighty Hare.



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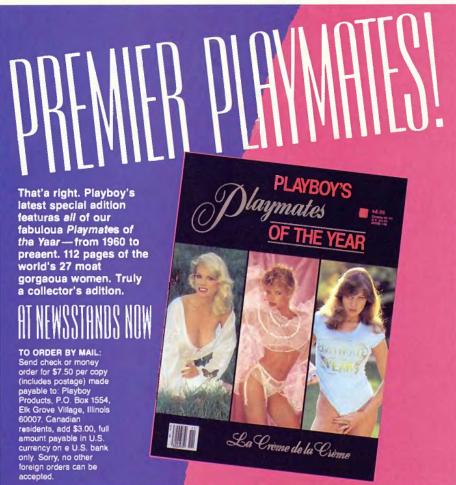
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PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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FOR ONCE, THEY HAD THEIR PHIL

How nice it is to learn more about a rock musician who is a decent human being, a family man and, in short, a really nice guy! From the *Playboy Interview* with Phil Collins in your October issue, an impressionable young man could get the idea, "No matter what profession I have, I wanna be like him when I grow up."

There's only one other thing I wish your interviewer, David Sheff, had asked. Since Collins isn't into drugs or Devil worship, what does he think of musicians who are and of the people who go nuts burning their rock albums in response?

Stu Strickland New Stanton, Pennsylvania

Kudos to you for insisting that Phil Collins explain his sensitivity to being "cast aside as some sort of Barry Manilow." Phil relates to his audience, just as Manilow does, and by now he should know that that is the most important thing he can hope to accomplish.

As someone who has encountered many of the same image problems Barry has, I regret that Phil can't see through Manilow's image and respect his music as more than "gay little love songs." Barry Manilow's songs touch the heart and epitomize the romance that *most* people want in their lives.

Candy Petersen Council Bluffs, Iowa

Just read the Phil Collins *Playboy Interview*, and I'm pleased to see this nice and talented man enjoy such splendid success. I'd say he's the real thing.

John Day Charlotte, North Carolina

Wake up, Mr. Collins, and smell the coffee! In your interview, you say, "In this business, you find out that there is more racism on the black side of the fence than on the white." You make that statement in reference to Philip Bailey's getting "a lot of flak" from blacks for using a white producer.

Shame on you. It is obvious that you do not know the history of black and white relationships in this country and the impact it has had on present feelings, views and behavior.

Let us look at your business: In years past, few black artists could record on top labels—not because they were not good enough but because they were not white enough. Guess who owned the labels. My friend, that's racism.

A few years back, many black artists were robbed of their material or saw it exploited by whites. (Little Richard and others could give you the real low-down on this.)

I am sure you know that Paul Whiteman was the King of Jazz, that Benny Goodman was the King of Swing, that Elvis Presley was the King of Rock 'n' Roll. Black artists were merely alsorans. Guess who owned the media that unofficially bestowed those exalted titles.

Now take a look at present-day happenings in your business: By your own admission, few black acts, other than superstars, are used by MTV. Guess who owns MTV and decides who is exposed.

Do you wonder now why Bailey received flak for not giving the job to a black producer?

In the past, whites have usually been producers of black artists' music, while blacks are rarely called upon to produce records by white musicians. There's the rub. Black artists should give black producers a chance.

Yet it may be good that you perceived your unfortunate experience as racism. At least you know the feeling.

> T. Howard Hudson Chicago, Illinois

WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO?

I enjoyed reading the interview with Christie Hefner in a recent issue of *Reason* magazine in which PLAYBOY'S supposed sexual exploitation of women was discussed. Is it more exploitative for a woman to accept a free dinner and night on the town or for a man to provide those



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benefits in hopes of getting a screw? In my mind, PLAYBOY no more exploits women than daytime soap operas (which reflect female sexual fantasies) exploit men—namely, not at all. All sexual beings are sometimes sex objects to others. That is part of the natural order of things. If PLAYBOY is so mercilessly exploiting women, why are women fighting tooth and nail to get their faces and bodies into PLAYBOY, there to titillate men with whom they have no intention of having sex? Who is exploiting whom?

Sandy Shaw Palos Verdes Estates, California

FOOLS RUSSIAN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO LAUGH

USSR Today, by Paul Slansky (PLAYBOY, October), is hilarious. To clear up a point, the blotch on Gorbachev's head is a map of Afghanistan.

Ken Johnson Charlotte, North Carolina

How dare you make fun at great U.S.S.R. nation? Paul Slansky should be hit with an object. Your magazine is imperialist and gives me an achehead! And those women! I doubt even six of them could pull a tractor when it is broke, which doesn't happen much. I can persuade you of that. Give me a big strong U.S.S.R. woman any time instead. I am telling my friends not to read your magazine, if they can get it, and will file a complaint with your embassy in Moscow.

Please excuse the brown bag; we had a run on writing paper at our GUM store.

Vlad Karchov Leningrad, U.S.S.R.

P.S.: I'm not really Russian and I *loved* every minute of it.

Jeff Brone New York, New York

A MC MAHONWICH, PERHAPS?

The 20 Questions you ask Chicago Bears quarterback Jim McMahon in the October issue are interesting, but one important one is left unanswered.

The women of Chicago would like to know if Jim fools around. I speak for a lot of women who feel that he is the sexiest, most exciting man in the N.F.L.

We would like to get a better look at that cute little ass and want to know where the line starts. I'll be first!

> Ashleigh White Chicago, Illinois

If you saw McMahon's reappearance in "Sex Stars of 1986" (Playboy, December), you'll know he claims he doesn't.

TOTING UP TERRORISTS

Senator Alan J. Dixon's article *The Ter*ror Next Time (PLAYBOY, October) is interesting but incomplete. The FBI's report for 1985 lists seven acts of violence involving the deaths of two people and the injuring of ten others. Four of the seven terrorist acts, accounting for both deaths and all but one injury, have been attributed to Jewish extremists, possibly members of the Jewish Defense League.

Shouldn't these jackals be at the top of the Senator's terrorist list?

> Steve Davis Sepulveda, California

LIBS PUT LID ON LIBIDO

Having read James R. Petersen's wellwritten article Politically Correct Sex in your October issue, I would like you to hear from a woman who has tried to remain fair and rational lately. My guess is that if some women consider themselves victimized, traumatized, used, objectified and generally poorly treated by men, it's their fault and no one else's. If you don't like a situation, change it. But make the change for yourself, not for anyone else. The individual's freedom to make his or her own choices requires that the individual accept the risk, the reward and the responsibility for those choices. I would much rather have that freedom than have someone else make my choices for me. I guess that there are some adults, though, who still want a mommy or a daddy to tell them what to read and what to watch on TV and at the movies, what art and pictures to view and what to think.

> Kathy S. Richardson Grand Prairie, Texas

TRENDY WENDY

I appreciated your October layout of Wendy O. Williams ("Oh, Wendy O.!"), photographed by Arny Freytag. No other woman in rock (much less in anything else) could stand up to Wendy's heart, guts, prime looks and raw musical talent. Being a metal guitarist and a head banger, I also enjoyed the text. It shows the power and loudness of heavy metal at its finest. Keep banging, PLAYBOY. Keep 'em on their feet. And, Wendy, keep assaulting 'em out there and bang forever.

Kevin MacRauen Green Bay, Wisconsin

ROMANCING THE TOME

Sorry, Asa Baber, your October Men column about romance novels, "The Dreamers Who Hate Our Dreams," violates the first rule of responsible writing—get your facts straight. You're so needlessly inaccurate that your bitchy little piece is worthless. I know. I write romance novels for a living.

Yes, millions of women read romances, and, yes, they do include in sexual fantasies that are just as intense as male fantasies because of those books. But the "typical plot" you condemn—the Regency story involving a helpless virgin and a cruel older man—appeals to only a small fraction of the readership.

Most women read contemporary ro-

mances about capable, sexually mature women in their 20s and 30s. The heroes are the same age as, or even younger than, the heroines. They're sensitive guys but not wimps. They're not necessarily tall or even good-looking. The women are strong but not bullish. Sex is a part of the story, but love is a bigger part.

I don't condemn male fantasies or maturely presented male erotica. I adore PLAYBOY, and I read it as soon as I can grab it away from my husband each month. And you'll be happy to know that the current censorship mania has affected women's books as well as men's magazines—book wholesalers and retailers in the family-oriented discount stores have become very hard-nosed where suggestive romance covers, particularly the sexy covers on historical novels, are concerned.

Deborah Brownsmith Marietta, Georgia

For the record, Deborah, Baber's not happy to know about censorship wherever it strikes. Neither are we.

IVY LEAGUE LADIES

It's been two days since I picked up your October issue, and I'm still looking at your Women of the Ivy League Revisited pictorial. It proves something I've suspected for some time: A truly intelligent woman is one who also has the confidence to let the world view her physical charms if she so chooses. PLAYBOY, you've found some real winners!

Will Carter Fords, New Jersey

HAIL HUSHAW

After years of being favorably impressed by your Playmate selections and photography, I have just this month been wowed, so to speak, by October's Katherine Hushaw. She is splendid, all the more so thanks to the gorgeous photography of Stephen Wayda and Kerry Morris. If you will permit it, I would like to cast all the votes I've saved in the past for Sachiko as Playmate of the Year. How about one more picture of Kathy?

Dennis R. Wanless Charlottesville, Virginia With pleasure, Dennis. If you want yet



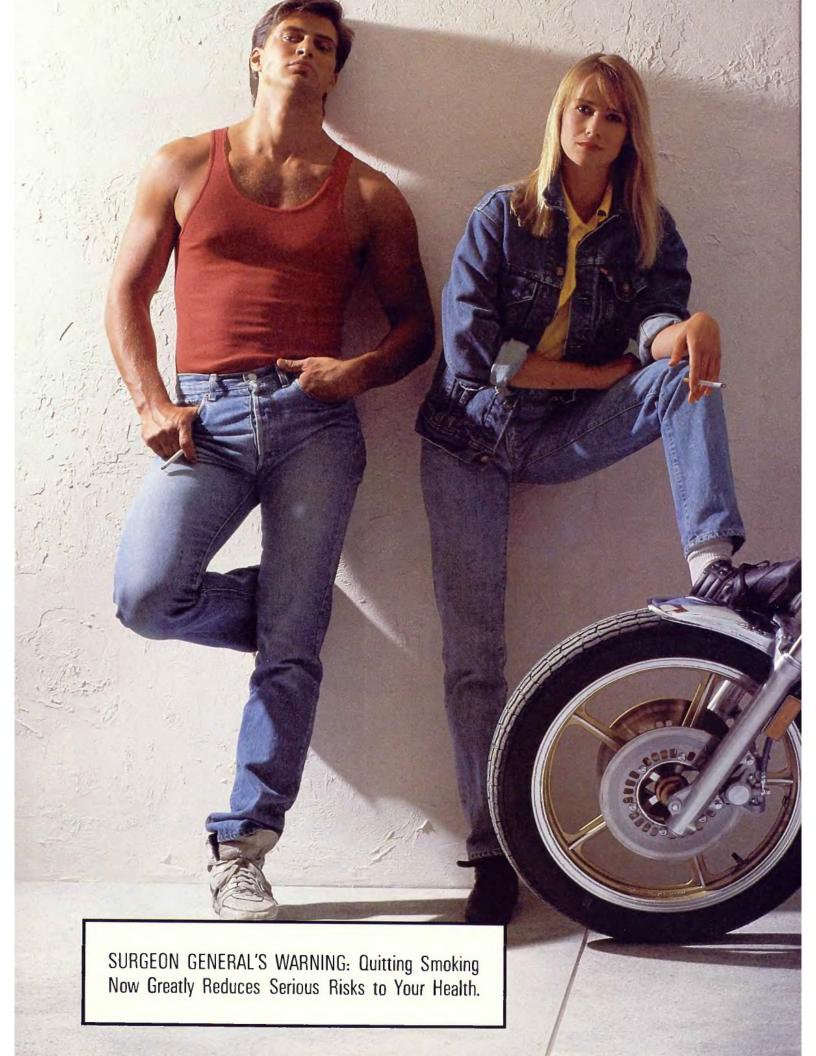
another look, turn to "Playboy's Playmate Review" in this issue. Oh, yes—and don't forget to call Kathy's special phone number. You might get to talk with her in person.

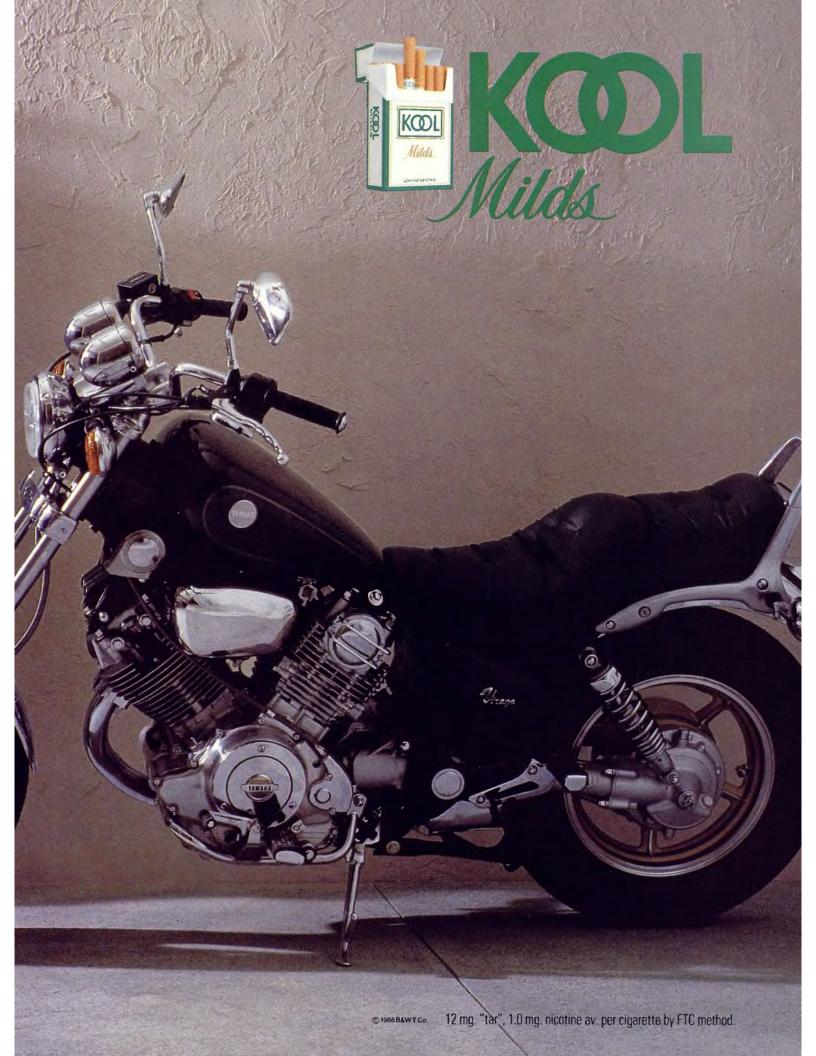
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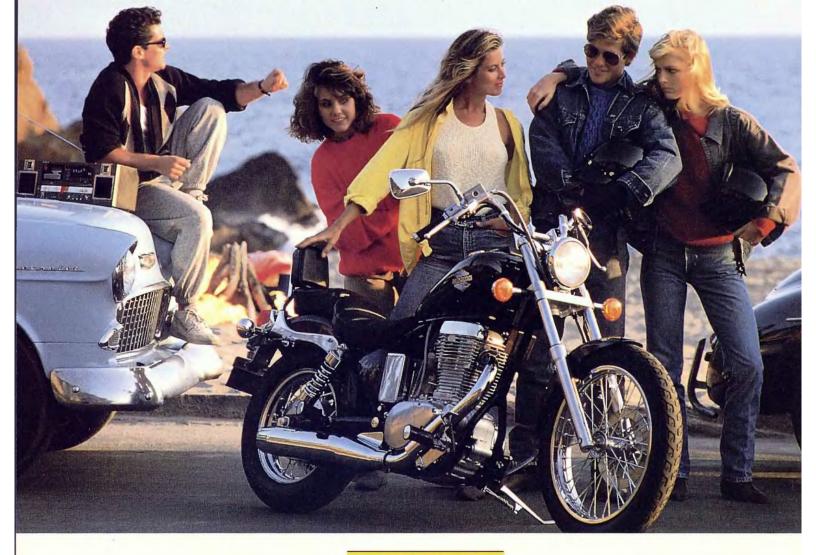


GIVENGHY

bloomingdales







THE SAVAGE 650

Beauty and the beach.

By 5:05 Matt had finished work.

By 5:20 he was at the dealership picking up the keys. He rolled his new Savage onto the street. He swung a leg over and settled in behind the teardrop tank.

Matt pushed the electric start and the single cylinder, four stroke engine rumbled awake. Here was power in his hands. And the beat of a crisp, throaty exhaust note.

He had two bikes before this one but this was his first new motor-

cycle. And the great thing about it was it hadn't cost him his life savings.

First stop was Donna's place. Matt accelerated up the street, the hard pulling torque pushing him to the back of the seat.

Donna was waiting on the porch when he pulled up. Matt sat perfectly balanced, barely 26 inches from the ground. Donna climbed on board. He gave the throttle a twist and off they shot into the twilight, headed for the beach,

where friends get together talking about anything and everything. Tonight it was who might get a ride on Matt's new Savage.

He and Donna got off the bike and Matt couldn't help but like what he saw: his Savage 650 loaded with chrome. Chrome spokes, headlight and fender rails. Chrome battery cover, shocks, and mirrors. He smiled. The ocean sand and his Savage looked great together.

Beauty and the beach.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NEW YORK SUMMIT

Try as we may, we can't stop running into Page Mellish.

Formerly with Women Against Pornography, Mellish now beats New York City's sidewalks for her new gang, Feminists Fighting Pornography, and also edits F.F.P.'s newsletter, *The Backlash Times*.

We first encountered Mellish in 1984, as she stood outdoors behind her makeshift podium/desk, sputtering angry diatribes and soliciting passers-by to sign F.F.P.'s mailing list.

We approached her, introduced ourselves and, attempting a dialog, defended PLAYBOY as crotica—not pornography. She sneered and turned on her heels, referring to us as the enemy. She also called us a dick

Each time we saw her after that, we persisted in attempting to talk with her. Not long ago, we spotted her again. Laying down a dollar for a copy of *The Backlash Times*, we, as always, introduced ourselves as "the guy you called a dick." Mellish laughed. "I always call guys a dick," she said. "It's no star on your collar, so don't take it personally."

"You've cut your hair," we offered, showing polite interest.

"Yeah," she said, swiping at her short locks. "You know, dyke image and all."

Just then, a woman walked up to Mellish's desk, reached for the pen to sign F.F.P.'s mailing list and stopped short in order to study the cover of the latest *Backlash Times*. Evidently disgusted, she put the pen down and walked away. "Hey, don't you want to sign up?" Mellish called after her. In stride, the woman turned and flipped her the finger. "Oh, you can give me the dick finger all you want," Mellish shouted up the block. "But I stopped getting fucked by dicks a long time ago."

That's when Mellish turned to us and softly asked if we would mind bringing her a cup of coffee. Taking her 75 cents, we obliged and, upon returning, chatted with her a bit. Made a little headway. Even offered to send her the latest PLAYBOY—

provided, of course, she'd read it and not just excerpt "objectionable" material for *The Backlash Times*. She said thanks. Even called us by our first name—not dick.

So maybe it wasn't Camp David; but, hell, we're encouraged.

PLAYING CAT AND MOUSE

"I don't think I'd do very well on Letterman," admitted Art Spiegelman, editor of Raw magazine and author of Maus: A Survivor's Tale (Pantheon), "What would he make of a serious comic book?" Spiegelman had stopped by our office for a break between talk-show appearances promoting his critically acclaimed book. We saw his point. Maus is a thick comic book on the Holocaust. It's about cats and mice-the cats are Nazis and the mice are Jews. In keeping with comics tradition, the cats hate those meeses to pieces. It has its comic moments, but Maus isn't exactly stupid pet tricks. The story is autobiographical, in a sense a Jewish Roots, focusing on Spiegelman, his Holocaust-victim father and his family's struggle to survive



World War Two. Even if it were all text, Maus would be a moving piece of work. But, Art, we asked, why cats? Why mice?

"That's what everyone asks," Spiegelman replied. "It's easier to identify with animals. There are barriers to understanding drawings of human beings that come down when you see the characters in animal form." Spiegelman's picture memoir takes down another barrier—the one that says "serious comics" is an oxymoron.

DISASTER STRIKES

A train derails, spilling toxic material all over your town. What will you do? We didn't know, so we showed up when the village of North Riverside, Illinois, announced a disaster drill, the increasingly popular ersatz crisis that has replaced the conelrad alerts of the Fifties. The site of devastation was a local shopping-mall parking lot littered with preassembled debris that was torched, along with a car, by the fire department. Forty citizens acted the parts of victims overcome by toxic waste, while we took a place with the others who stood behind police barricades and shouted. It reminded us of the George Romero movie Dawn of the Dead.

The event was supposed to run for three hours but was called off after an hour and 45 minutes on account of rain. The police chief explained, "We had about 30 people awaiting hospital transportation, and we just couldn't let them lie outside in the rain anymore." We're glad we went. Now we know what to do if a train derails—pray for rain.

Most strenuous exercise of a reporter's right not to reveal a source: In a story about abuse of the elderly, a newspaper quoted "Mrs. K.—not her real initial."

Ultrasensitivity to light is a well-known side effect of zinc deficiency, says Liz Hodgkinson, author of the book Sex Is Not Compulsory. Since masturbation and intercourse are known to deplete the body's

MOM'S MORTAL-DANGER INDEX

Did you ever notice how Mom used to view all your favorite activities purely as opportunities for death and dismemberment? Her idea of safe fun was carrying out the garbage or cleaning your room. We wondered how often Mom's maudlin predictions came true, so we checked them against the records of the National Safety Council and other sources. Among other things, we discovered that garbage cans are at the root of 22,000 injuries per year and that household cleaners blind and main thousands more annually. For more shocking results, follow our helpful index to Mom's predictions, below.

You'll break your neck. Annual number of serious neck injuries (nationwide): 86,066.

You'll go blind. Total number of Americans who are blind as a result of eye injuries: 19,400. Eye injuries resulting in blindness annually: 1500. Cases of blindness caused by sitting too close to TV:0. Cases of blindness caused by masturbation: 0.

You'll wind up rotting away in jail. Total number of adult inmates in all penal institutions in America: 2,449,300, Number of annual arrests for serious crimes: 1,834,000. Percentage of arrested persons who are male: 83.3. Number in jail for marijuana-related crime: 1841. For crimes related to other drugs: 3049.

You'll catch your death of cold. Annual deaths caused by pneumonia: 48,159. Annual deaths caused by excessive cold: 855.

You'll die of starvation, Percentage of all deaths related to malnutrition: .24.

You'll put your eye out. Yearly eye injuries related to scissors, 104; drinking straws, 619; BB guns, 1554; toy guns, 231; slingshots, 126; fireworks, 1200; recreational sports, 35,000.

Your rough-housing will land you in a hospital. Annual visits to hospital emergency rooms: 138,000,000. Annual number of ambulance rides: 24,840,000. Annual injuries from skateboarding: 37,326. Annual fatalities from amateur sports: basketball, four; boating, 1063; boxing, two; football, six; hang gliding, 13; parachuting, 29; scuba diving, 105; skindiving/snorkeling, 20; snowmobiling, 60; waterskiing, 47.

You'll drown from horsing around in the water. Annual drownings from swimming or playing in water, 2100; in



swimming pools, 650; in bathtubs, 365.

You'll get run over in traffic. Number of pedestrians killed annually in traffic: 8200

You'll choke to death while you eat. Annual deaths due to ingested object: 3100. Food item most commonly choked on: hot dog. Food item most commonly inhaled: peanut.

The bogeyman will sneak up and get you.

Estimated number of annual criminal abductions: 4000-20,000

Your face will freeze that way. Number of Americans with permanently crossed eyes due to voluntary crossing of eyes: 0. Percentage of Americans with congenitally crossed eyes: 4.05.

You'll electrocute yourself. Annual deaths from electric current: 979. Percentage of bathtub electrocutions involving hair drier: 60 percent. Electrocutions by kite: five. Toaster-related accidents: 48. Annual deaths in electric chair: 11 (1985).

Someday, that dog (cat, snake) will seek revenge. Annual deaths caused by animal-related injury: 88.

You'll burn the house down. Annual number of fires in one- and two-family dwellings (including motor homes): 506,000. Annual deaths associated with fire: 4800.

Your teeth will rot. Total number of fillings in U.S. per year: 198,000,000. Average number of fillings in an adult mouth: 7.

You'll drive your mother crazy. Total number of American mothers suffering from debilitating mental illness: an estimated 1,500,000.

God's gonna get you for that. Annual deaths by lightning: 100.

-PARKER BENNETT and TERRY RUNTÉ

zinc supply, Hodgkinson concludes that the folk belief that masturbation causes blindness may hold a kernel of truth. (For the statistics, see "Raw Data.")

IF I CAN'T HAVE HER, NO ONE DID

Hell hath no fury like a lover scorched. U.P.I. reported that John Sergio of Waukee, Iowa, was charged with fourth-degree theft for breaking into his former girlfriend's home and stealing the cremated remains of her late husband.

In a study at the University of Maine at Orono, 60 men looked at themselves in a mirror for one minute and then rated themselves on a sex-role questionnaire. One third of the guys wore phony beards, one third wore bandannas, outlaw style, and the rest went barefaced. The results? The bearded guys saw themselves more positively than the others did and chose more masculine terms to describe themselves. They commonly saw themselves as sea captains or lumberjacks. Only one thought he looked like a derelict.

THAI GOES TO THE WINNER

Don't invite Saeng-ravi Asavarak and Duangduan Jithaisong to the same restaurant opening. The two Bangkok beauty contestants were involved in an ugly scene at the recent Miss Thailand World '86 pageant, Reuters reports.

Although Saeng-ravi won, her fellow contestants apparently found her lacking in the congeniality category. During her victory promenade, she was attacked by outraged lovelies who preferred first runner-up Duangduan.

As a stunned audience of 2000 looked on, swarming beauty competitors removed the winner's sash and crown and awarded them to also-ran Duangduan. Saeng-ravi smiled through the tumult, bravely ignoring charges that she'd had a nose job and wore false eyelashes.

Because of guys like Bruce Willis, we keep hearing about men's changing. Take this quote from a New York Daily News Magazine article titled "You've Come a Long Way, Bogey": "Many of our best men, like all of our best cookies, have always had a crusty surface and a chewy interior." Maybe we've heard too much.

"REVIEW DEFINITION OF DEATH, BODY ADVISES" ran the headline in the *Japan Times*, obviously referring to a body with a mind of its own.

This graffito was spotted in a men's room at San Francisco International Airport: The MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH—IF THAT'S OK WITH YOU.

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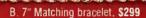
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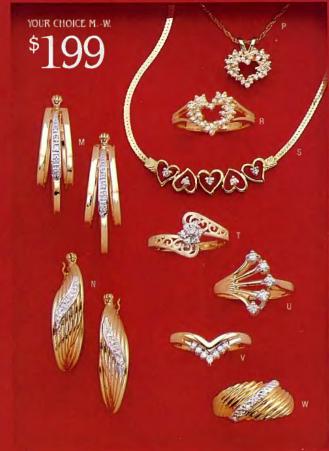
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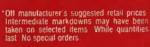
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MEDIA

By PETER MOORE

THE LONGEST-RUNNING superpower battle on earth, the one between men and women, has continued unabated since the first love-starved protohumans howled at each other over an antelope carcass. They might have clubbed and eaten each other, but they didn't, and the species is still thriving.

The reason is simple. Early on, human beings resorted to the word—rather than the sword—to resolve domestic disputes. From Adam and Eve to Tracy and Hepburn, there has been an endless series of negotiations, and we're finally starting to rely on it. So it is that even in the late Eighties, with all sorts of tactical weapons at our disposal, the sexual negotiations continue; even an antifeminist brute knows that if you nuke your best girl, the argument may stop, but so will her heart.

On the sexual battlefield, as on the nuclear battlefield, there can be no winners or losers. Survival is the goal, and talk is the means by which we ensure our survival. Just as the power of the weapons has risen, so, too, have the personal powers of the sexual battlers been amplified. As modern men and women hurl accusations at one another, they deliver verbal pay loads unimaginable in simpler times.

In the midst of this cacophony of clashing sex roles, two fluent voices have emerged in the national colosseum of network television: those of Maddie Hayes and David Addison.

An intelligent article in a recent Village Voice-"Repartee for Two," by M. J. Buhle and P. Buhle-called the Moonlighting duo "the representative romantic mismatch of our age" and ran the illustration you see above. With Maddie brandishing her Ms. and David clutching his PLAYBOY, the pair square off for nothing less than "the updated sex war." "In Moonlighting," the authors point out, "we are . . . invited by the creators to interest ourselves not in . . . David and Maddie but in the archetypes they represent. Thus Moonlighting provides a step to a new level of postmodern entertainment as popular reflection." Nobody ever said that about Leave It to Beaver.

The Voice authors memorably characterize Addison as a "postindustrial funboy" who "realizes himself through his total commitment to lifestyle. . . . Leisure—defined by a doo-wop hedonism borrowing equally from Fifties rock and Eighties cynicism—is his labor."

But Addison must not be strung up for his failure to adhere to the Protestant work ethic, an ironclad value system better suited to carving civilization out of the wilderness than to carving an individual personality out of a fatuous, cloneoriented national culture. Like such



Moonlighting: Hayes vs. Addison.

Listening in on "the representative romantic mismatch of our age."

authentic American heroes as Chuck Yeager, Sam Shepard and Jim McMahon, our fictional friend Addison has developed an unshakable sense of self; all elsecareer, love affairs, lifestyle-flows from that source. By way of justifying his actions, David asks Maddie, "Do bees bee? Do bears bear?" The questions resonate. Does Yeager kick the shit out of the envelope? Does McMahon hit Willie Gault in mid-stride? Does Shepard win a Pulitzer and conceive the ultimate love child with Jessica Lange? You bet your ass. And they do it because of who they are, not out of some unworthy desire to advance their careers. For these guys, self defines career, not vice versa.

Which brings us to Maddie Hayes. The Voice tells us that she's striving to become "Ms. cover-story material. She is living out the older version of the American ethos-struggle and success-an erstwhile high-fashion model now determined to make it on brain power and business savvy." But the joke's on her; that route to personal power and fulfillment has already been tried by the male half of the population, and they know that it's not the final answer. So while the superconfident and intelligent Maddie Hayes would seem to have every advantage over the slovenly David Addison, the balance of power tilts in his direction: Personal power beats professional competence every time.

If their relationship began and ended at the Blue Moon Detective Agency, the fight would be over: Advantage, Addison. But, of course, it isn't. As the *Voice* reminds us, "The major angst in *Moonlighting* stems from the fear that the business might go under and the partners would have no (nonromantic) reason to be together anymore."

David's a sucker for the girl, and what a girl she is, combining all the beauty and brains that our postfeminist society can dish up. She is a worthy adversary for Addison and, therefore, a worthy lover. "Emancipated-male lifestyle meant above all heterosexual play among equals," says the *Voice*. "It was more politically correct and more fun that way."

So let the battle commence. Gentlemen and women, choose your weapons. That is, choose your words.

And David and Maddie do. They talk so fast that you can't follow the counterarguments. They talk so smart that the Protean battles of Tracy and Hepburn—squared off across the courtroom tables in Adam's Rib or the kitchen table in Woman of the Year—come to mind. And they talk so voluminously that Moonlighting scripts run twice as long as those for shows of comparable length. Engaged in a dialog that includes seduction and aggression in equal parts, they speak the language of the ages. The material is inexhaustible.

Therein lies an advantage that David and Maddie hold over characters played by Tracy and Hepburn. According to the Voice, in Moonlighting we have "reached the point where television can finally make valuable use of its key distinction from film, its lack of closure." The old screwball tradition, of which Tracy and Hepburn were captives, "struggles... for a return to the normalcy of heterosexual marriage, a closure upon the chaos."

If modern man knows anything, it's that marriage is more often an invitation to chaos rather than its end. The marriage of true minds admits impediments, all right, as William Shakespeare knew well when he wrote *The Taming of the Shrew*. But so what? Modern man, along with Petruchio, can say, "Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar?"

That din is all around us, but it is nothing to shrink from. Maddie and David are important because they lustily add to the noise; they enjoy the clashing sound of sexual battle. There are millions of romantic and emotional possibilities whizzing noisily through the societal firmament, trailing comet tails of words, words, words. But the multiplicity of variables is good, as is the dialog needed to sort through them all. That's why we think the David Addisons of the world should hold tightly to their copies of PLAYBOY. Because in the dialog about sexual battles, we've been supporting David, and Maddie, all along.

BOOKS

IF YOU'RE making a list and checking it twice, we've got some perfect gift-book selections for you to consider this holiday season. Let's begin with armchair travel. As usual, nobody does it better than Sierra Club Books. Check out Mountain Light: In Search of Dynamic Landscape, by Galen Rowell, in which the photographer shows his fascination with varying qualities of light in alpine landscapes, and Hugo Van Lawick's Among Predators and Prey: A Photographer's Reflections on African Wildlife. Friendly Press has published The Most Beautiful Place in the World, impressions by ten photographers, including Rowell (again), Ernst Haas, Burt Glinn and Jay Maisel, of places from Venice to the Maine woods to Morocco. Coral Kingdoms, by Carl Roessler, comes from Harry N. Abrams, Inc., which publishes some of the most beautiful books in the world. This one, on undersca life, is proof positive. Or take a voyage down the Columbia River, from British Columbia through Washington and Oregon to the Pacific, with Earl Roberge in Columbia: Great River of the West (Chronicle). Finally, take the perfect urban trip with Sherlock Holmes's London: Following the Footsteps of London's Master Detective (Chronicle).

We recommend three cookbooks this holiday season. The first is *The Holidays* (Harmony), by John Hadamuscin—22 menus for the period between Thanksgiving and Twelfth-night. *Heart of the Home:* Notes from a Vineyard Kitchen (Little, Brown), written and illustrated by Susan Branch, conveys the good sights and smells of a country kitchen. Lastly, think of all the deliciously chic meals in store for you when you give *The Wolfgang Puck Cookbook: Recipes from Spago, Chinois and Points East and West* (Random House) to someone who'll invite you for dinner.

Our favorite sports book for the season comes from Abrams: It's Football, with photos by Walter Iooss, Jr., and text by our own Dan Jenkins. For another kind of sport, the one in which someone with the right stuff pokes deep, smart fun at hypocrisy, stupidity and political bungles, go for Between the Eyes (Summit), 27 years of drawings by Ralph Steadman.

We don't want you to miss either Beaton (Octopus), an extraordinary collection of Sir Cecil Beaton's photographs, with text by James Danziger, or Veruschka: Transfigurations (New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown), by Vera Lehndorff and Holger Trülzsch, with an introduction by Susan Sontag. It's painting, sculpture, photography and performance, all starring the amazing Veruschka.

We always like to end on a sexy note, and that's a cinch this year. We especially recommend *Lives of the Courtesans* (Rizzoli), by Lynne Lawner, illustrated tales about famed Renaissance courtesans:



Holiday books: the crème de la crème.

Perfect gift books to delight your senses; a new mystery from P. D. James.

and **Adam** (Viking), actor, dancer, choreographer, artist and now photographer Geoffrey Holder's incredible camera studies of the nude male torso. The woman in your life will love it. Happy holidays.

Like Don Vito Corleone in Mario Puzo's novel, the legendary but very real James Brown possesses two traits vital to leadership: a high opinion of himself and a grass-roots political consciousness. Brown's life has been almost as eventful as that of the fictional capo, which is why The Godfather of Soul (Macmillan) is so educational, so insightful and so much fun. It's Brown's account, written with collaborator Bruce Tucker, of his life from childhood to superstardom, by way of a stint in prison, rivalries with other R&B stars, political intrigues and bitterly fruitless clashes with the IRS. Tucker does a superb job of capturing Brown's cantankerous nature and his shrewd brand of bootstrap capitalism. We learn, for example, that Brown and manager Ben Bart, back in the Sixties, started a rumor that James was going to have a sex-change operation, a strategy of gender ambiguity since copied by several of his R& B descendants. The Godfather of Soul is the best chronicle of a life in black music since David Ritz's Ray Charles bio, Brother Ray.

Presidents' Secret Wars (Morrow), by John Prados, analyzes our Chief Executives' use of the CIA and the Pentagon to wage undeclared war all over the globe since the end of World War Two. This book describes our covert activities in such places as Laos, Vietnam, Cuba, Guatemala, China, Indonesia, Nicaragua, Angola—the list goes on—laying out in detail what we did and when we did it. But Prados' most important contribution is his focus: "The real danger in the current framework for covert action is not the CIA as 'rogue elephant' but the imperial Presidency." He's got that right. Our Presidents have loved covert action, because it lets them go to war without declaring it. Prados shows how the imperial Presidency developed and suggests ways to control it.

Catch a Fallen Angel (Mysterious), Paul Engleman's second detective novel, finds Mark Renzler and his side-kick, Nate Moore, in Chicago in 1969, trying to figure out a kidnaping and murder. Arnold Long and Len Wyder are rival men's-magazine publishers who have chosen the same girl to appear in their books. The rest of the cast includes a crazed minister, a lefty bookstore owner, an unbalanced photographer and a guy whose idea of a good time is dosing Chicago's water supply with LSD. Remember, it's 1969 we're talking about. The backdrop is the Days of Rage demonstrations and the Mets' pennant victory. As we've come to expect with Engleman, the real work here is not necessarily the solving of a crime but rather the exercising of his protagonists' considerable sarcasm. Nothing's safe from it. And while this book skates close to home-Hefner is mentioned as an éminence grise-Long and Wyder, as their names imply, are broad-stroked parodies of hedonistic greed. Catch this book; the Renzler series is bound to have a long life.

What if oil dropped to five dollars a barrel? Well, first of all, Venezuela and Mexico-those countries that owe U.S. banks 140 billion dollars-would have almost no way of making orderly payments on even the interest of their debt. So what would they do? Paul Erdman's novel The Panic of '89 (Doubleday) predicts that they would default-plain and simple. That would cause a massive run on U.S. banks and the dollar; European banks would step in and extend collateralized credit to South America; and the United States would be in a huge economic tail spin. Whether or not this happens doesn't matter, of course, because Erdman has spliced into his neatly orchestrated tale of intrigue several well-paced economics lessons. In among interesting tidbits of financial facts and lore are a beautiful Iranian exile, assorted terrorists-including Carlos, a few K.G.B. guys and other Russian notables-and the money bigwigs of America, as well as Erdman's favorite

greedy bastards, Swiss bankers. The Panic of '89 is a fun romp through otherwise boring terrain, and Erdman knows just how much of the scenery you should see and how much you should skip.

P. D. James, arguably the most interesting and certainly the most literary of today's mystery writers, brings back English detective/poet Adam Dalgliesh in her newest novel, A Taste for Death (Knopf). Dalgliesh's assignment: to handle the politically sensitive death of Paul Berowne, a minister of the court, who was found in a church vestry with his throat slit. Is it suicide-or is it murder? Dalgliesh cannot believe the former, but he has little evidence of the latter. Amid grumblings that he is more concerned with subduing scandal than with solving a case, Dalgliesh methodically examines the evidence and discovers that most of the people and events that touched Berowne's life in the weeks prior to his death are not what they seem. A Taste for Death is another typically stylish James novel, full of complexities and obfuscations. If you haven't already read one of her mysteries, make this your first.

BOOK BAG

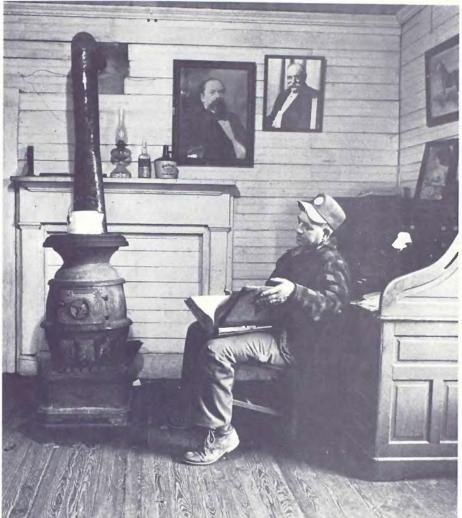
Hoosiers (Vintage), by Phillip M. Hoose: A look at Hoosier hysteria, the basketball mania that seizes Indiana natives at birth and never lets go. If you're a Hoosier hysteric, call time out and go buy it; if you're not, reading Hoosiers will be like studying the strange ways of a cult that worships gym shoes.

Star Woman (Warner), by Lynn V. Andrews: Several stunning scenes of remarkable beauty and terror highlight the continuing saga of Andrews' initiation into an American Indian shaman society.

Sherlock Holmes and the Case of the Raleigh Legacy (Atheneum), by L. B. Greenwood: It's not just one more elementary pastiche. The writing is as crisp as a misty morning on the moors, and the plot—which centers on an indecipherable Elizabethan letter—thickens in just the right places. Raleigh Legacy is Greenwood's first mystery. Jolly good first showing.

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe (Harper & Row), by Jane Wagner: At last, relief for anyone who has seen Lily Tomlin's amazing Broadway show—the script. We loved The Search on stage, but its relentless pace resulted in temporary amnesia—we could hardly recall any of the great lines later. They're all here now in living déjà vu, proving that Tomlin's longtime collaborator is a very funny writer all by herself.

Paco's Story (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Larry Heinemann: If you want to know what life and death were like for the grunt in Vietnam—not the journalist or officer or pilot but the ordinary soldier—this powerful novel, by the author of Close Quarters, paints an accurate, gritty picture of that war, its ghosts and its costs.



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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WINNER OF a coveted Golden Palm at Cannes as the best picture of 1986, director Roland Joffe's The Mission (Warner) is superbly acted, wildly beautiful and challenging. Joffé, who set a high standard with The Killing Fields in 1984, now plows through much tougher terrain, seeking to bring forth what is filmworthy in Robert Bolt's somewhat schematic screenplay about genocide in South America circa 1750. It's a cautionary tale of an innocent, Christianized tribe of natives being sacrificed for political expediency, slaughtered or sold into slavery while powerful Catholie Churchmen look the other way. You won't need a road map to trace. The Mission's contemporary relevance, from the Holocaust and Vietnam to Afghanistan and Nicaragua.

Jeremy Irons plays a courageous Jesuit missionary whose selfless example transforms Robert De Niro from fratricidal slave trader to dedicated priest. While Irons' exquisitely expressed choice of martyrdom over godless violence may give him a slight performing edge, no actor can really win out over De Niro, whose imposing screen presence ranks him up there with such stalwarts as Spencer Tracy. Still, at two hours and six minutes, The Mission might become heavy going but for an overlay of rich and exotic detail, lushly photographed on jungle locations by Chris Menges (who copped an Oscar for Killing Fields). Never hesitant to explore ideas, Joffé in his second feature strongly

A grueling war-is-hell movie pulled from the darkest days of the debacle in Vietnam may be a tough sell, but writerdirector Oliver Stone's Platoon (Orion) deserves cheers, if only as an antidote to the prevailing Ramboesque view of violence as good fun. Himself a Vietnam veteran decorated for valor (also lauded as creator of last year's timely and provocative Salvador), Stone has drawn on his own experiences under fire to shape a devastating, intense and bloody indictment of the way mankind turns ordinary young men into battle-scarred brutes. Filmed in the Philippines, Platoon follows a bunch of raw recruits, or grunts, from their first landing in the combat zone to a climactic air-rescue operation, filling the time between with a high body count.

Stone's antiwar epic and Francis Coppola's Apocalypse Now are peculiarly linked, because Platoon stars Charlie Sheen, whose father, Martin, was Apocalypse's strung-out hero. The younger Sheen tellingly plays a bruised innocent in an extraordinarily strong ensemble headed by William Dafoe and Tom Berenger. Reverting to his bad-guy mode (he was Looking



Irons' music hath charms in The Mission.

Tales of two jungles, a hemisphere and two centuries apart.

for Mr. Goodbar's homicidal pickup) as a scar-faced, psychopathic sergeant, Berenger is white-hot. Kevin Dillon (Matt's brother) and Francesco Quinn (Anthony's youngest son) are among the troops jolting us with recollections of the My Lai massacre and other blinding bits of history. Most of the voice-over narration-supposedly Sheen's letters home to Grandma-simply reiterates what the film depicts more emphatically in its graphic scenes of horror. Platoon attacks its subject head on, with little of the subtle depth or cinematic vision that made Apocalypse memorable, flaws and all. But what Stone lacks in artistry he makes up for with passionate conviction. ***1/2

Sheer virtuosity shines up the drab spots in Dancing in the Dark (New World), adapted and directed by Canadian film maker Leon Marr. Austerely stylized, Marr's definitive diary of a mad housewife becomes an exacting, subtly shaded solo turn for actress Martha Henry, who almost makes it credible that a repressed woman's liberation may justify murder. The victim is her faithless husband (Neil Munro), and there's mordant humor in Henry's portrait of a 40ish matron who cleans, cooks and cleaves to her mate compulsively because she has no identity of her own. "I took my sole possession, myself, and invested it in Harry," she primly confides to her diary while undergoing therapy. That's after she learns of Harry's infidelity, fells him with a kitchen knife, rinses off the weapon, tucks it away

and feels an orgasmic rush of satisfaction for having tidied things up once more. With actress Henry continuously subject to the camera's close-up scrutiny, Dancing moves toward a wry, perverse conclusion that is also oddly satisfying in context. ***/2

David Byrne of the Talking Heads makes his directorial debut with True Stories (Warner), and I'll lay odds that the group's recorded musical score goes gold before the movie is out of the red. As cowboy narrator and tour guide to a fictional town called Virgil, Texas, Byrne presents what's at best a genially entertaining potpourri of Robert Altman's Nashville thinly diluted and mixed with equal parts of Thornton Wilder's Our Town. Byrne, with Stephen Tobolowsky and Pulitzer Prizewinning playwright Beth (Crimes of the Heart) Henley as co-authors, populates his collage of Americana with oddball characters he admits to having discovered on TV or in weekly tabloids. He's got auctioneers, drum majorettes and Shriners on parade in mini Mustangs, as well as a core of seasoned pros (Swoosie Kurtz, John Goodman, Alix Elias and Spalding Gray) to play down-home eccentrics spreading local color that thick. Executive producer Ed Pressman, in publicity blurbs, describes True Stories with fair accuracy as "one of the first films that understands the sensibility of the music video and really applies it to film making." So be David's guest if you prefer your movies loose, largely mindless and musicalized in the manner of MTV. I'd say his fans got a far smoother ride on the Byrne band wagon within the pure-concert format of Stop Making Sense. **

Even a comedienne as knee-slappingly funny as Whoopi Goldberg is handicapped, in Jumpin' Jack Flash (Fox), by having a computer as her straight man. Directed by Penny Marshall, Whoopi whoops up moments of high merriment in a relatively low comedy about a computer operator who accidentally gets on line with a British secret agent in peril. These Goldberg variations—especially her trip in a hijacked phone booth and her imitations of Mick Jagger and Diana Ross—help Jack Flash defy gravity every ten minutes or so. **

France's Jean-Jacques Beineix, who directed *Diva*, is talented enough to be excused for a certain amount of arrogance. Beineix will explain absolutely nothing about *Betty Blue* (Alive), which has been a runaway hit in Paris and which, in fact, neither deserves nor requires any deep analysis. It's a movie about an obsessive relationship, and its primal energy source is Béatrice Dalle, a voluptuous brunette

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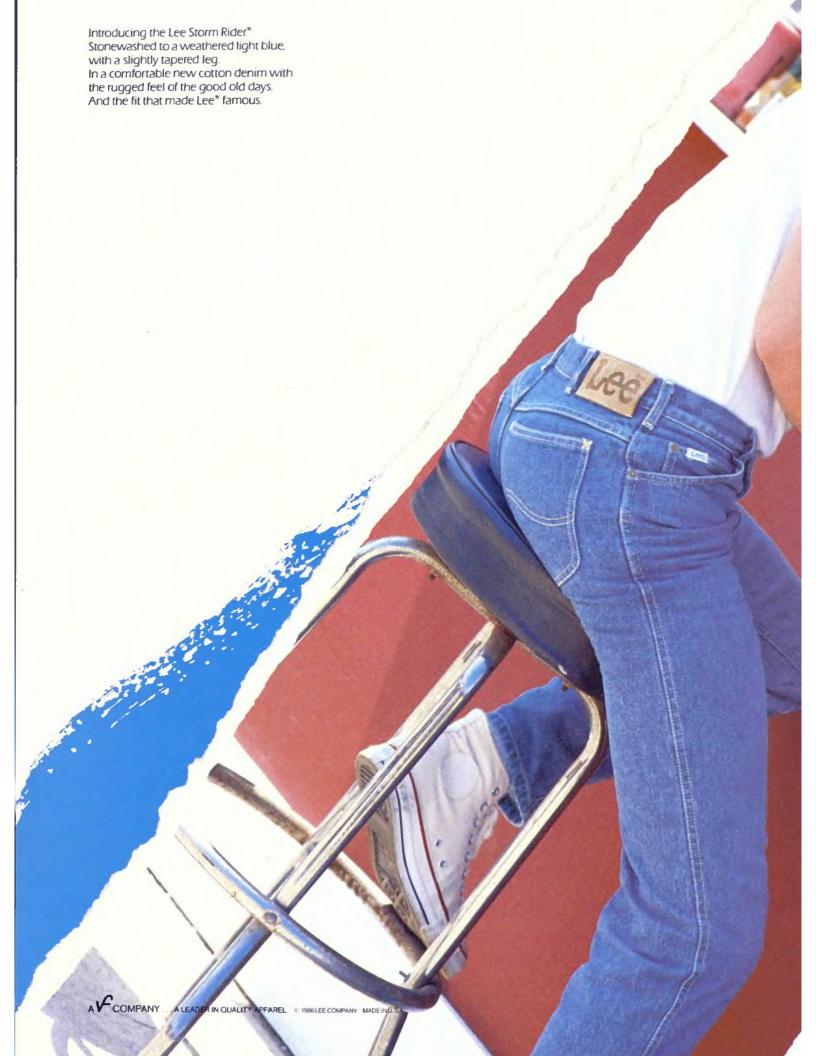
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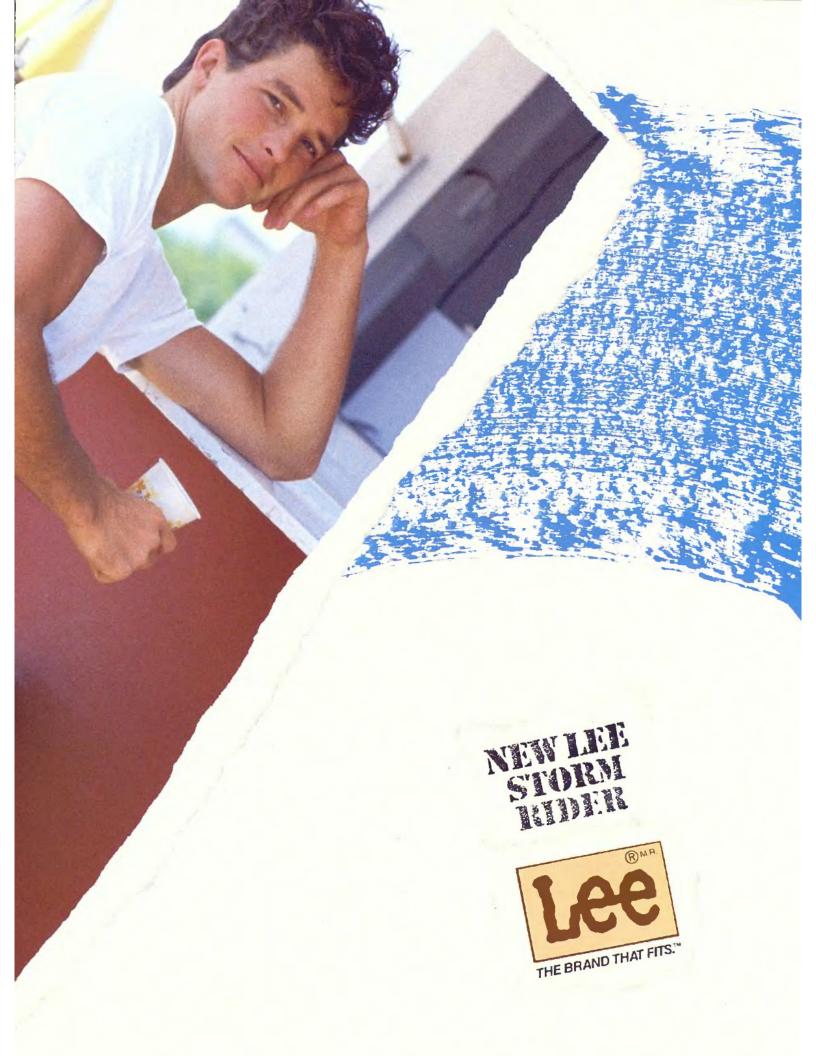
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who's less beautiful than Bardot but makes her wayward presence felt much the way BB did when she electrified audiences in And God Created Woman several decades ago. While they're fighting, fussing or making love from bed to bed, Beineix keeps his main couple as tightly framed as insect specimens in a study of mating habits. He also has his male star (Jean-Hugues Anglade) as flagrantly, frontally nude as Dalle, not an unprecedented move but a clear departure from tradition in mainstream movies, even in France. That is relevant because Betty Blue sans sex appeal might look thin to the

White European traders dealing in silk, jade and opium once upon a time undertook the ruthless exploitation of mainland China. When the emperor made things hot for them in Canton circa 1839, they seized a nearby offshore island that became the British crown colony of Hong Kong. That's about as much background data as you'll need, boys and girls, to follow the movie version of James Clavell's Tai-Pan (De Laurentiis), based on a best seller brim full of historical tidbits. Rest assured that the bright, sprawling film, directed with zest by Daryl Duke, is not about history. It's about greed, lust, passion, castration, power, murder and as many deadly sins-there must be more than seven-as swaggering merchantmen and headstrong vixens can handle. They don't make movies like this one anymore, except for television (and there the competition would be Clavell's own cpic Shōgun). Australia's Bryan Brown, as Dirk Struan (a.k.a. the Tai-Pan), the brawny Scots hero, is an ideal choice for such roistering adventures. Brown has a lovely, willowy concubine in Joan Chen (a superstar in China), as May-May, who is given some lines you could hang paper lanterns on: "May my ancestors forgive my love for a barbarian," etc. Plot, schmot; it's easy enough to relish the elemental conflicts between the Tai-Pan and his archenemy, Brock (John Stanton), Brock's sadistic son (Bill Leadbitter) and Struan's own idealistic boy (nicely played by newcomer Tim Guinee), who-damn it all-wants to marry Brock's daughter (Kyra Sedgwick). From its floating whorehouse to its final hurricane, Tai-Pan is flamboyant pop entertainment with no aspirations to art. So sue me; I had a great time being bamboozled back to an era when men were men and women were waiting to reward the victors. YYY

Director Bertrand Blier's perverse and outrageous Ménage (Cinecom) has something to offend nearly everyone, particularly anyone who may deplore a comedy about a homosexual cat burglar and his peculiar preferences. Gérard Depardieu,



Chen, Brown team in Tai-Pan.

Attention, Clavell fans: Tai-Pan is coming to town, in style.

who starred in Blier's 1973 Going Places as well as his 1977 Oscar winner Get Out Your Handkerchiefs, seems boldly miscast but ultimately brilliant as the burly thief with a yen for a married, middle-aged, baldish nerd named Antoine (Michel Blanc, a deadpan scene stealer) who is wooed and won in spite of himself. Miou-Miou plays Antoine's terribly tolerant wife, who's all for joining the burglar as partners in crime, in bed or whatever. I'm not sure that Ménage has a substantial statement to make, but Blier obviously enjoys upsetting applecarts for the sheer joy of filming the crash. This time out, he's deep into mischief and makes it devilish fun to watch. ***

In Down by Low (Island), a pimp, a d.j. and an Italian tourist (played, respectively, by John Lurie, singer-composer Tom Waits and Roberto Benigni) wind up sharing a Louisiana jail cell. After escaping, they wander through the bayou country, sustained largely by the dubious humor of the Italian's broken English. What the threesome achieves, while seemingly improvising, is fairly listless stuff, despite the arresting look of black-andwhite cinematography by Robby Müller and despite a spate of effusive reviews from New York critics, who were evidently disarmed-if not brainwashed-by director Jim Jarmusch's offbeat and far superior Stranger than Paradise back in 1984. For me, the promise of Paradise is all but lost in Law, which seems to dribble away just as it's getting started. ¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Betty Blue (See review) Very French, with a sexy real-live Dalle. Blue Velvet Kinky as can be-Dennis Hopper at his meanest heading a David Lynch mob of miscreants. Children of a Lesser God William Hurt, all heart and in sign language. ¥¥¥1/2 Clockwise A mostly berserk headmaster, played by Monty Python's Cleese. The Color of Money Nifty Newman in a fine sequel to The Hustler. *** "Crocodile" Dundee Up from down under, Aussie Hogan's heroics win N.Y.C. Dancing in the Dark (See review) A mad 881/2 housewife evens the score. The Decline of the American Empire An exceptionally wise, witty, devastating round in the war of the sexes. Down by Law (See review) Jarmusch's return, far short of Paradise. Dust Strange doings in South Africa, with Jane Birkin. The Fly Until you start retching, this s-f smash is quite romantic. Half Moon Street Sigourney had better luck with Aliens than she has as a parttime whore on the go in London. Hoosiers Hopper almost outacts Gene Hackman in a tidy basketball yarn. ** Jumpin' Jack Flash (See review) And see Whoopi. That's all there is. The Lightship Duvall impersonating Mr. Buckley is nearly the whole show. ¥¥1/2 Ménage (See review) A guy in love with a wonderful gay, French style. The Mission (See review) De Niro and Irons as martyrs under fire. The Name of the Rose Murdered medieval monks, with Connery playing sleuth. Otello Verdi, Zeffirelli and Domingo belting out the Moor's tragedy. Peggy Sue Got Married Once more back to the future-and Kathleen Turner. Platoon (See review) 'Nam revisited. Gritty, grim and harrowing. XXX1/2 Round Midnight Superb music drama about bebop jazzmen in Paris. XXXX Sid and Nancy Punk star meets spacedout groupie. Object: oblivion. Tai-Pan (See review) Trading places on a grand scale. That's Life! Blake Edwards' glossy home movie about his famous family. XX Tough Guys Aging made easy by Burt *** Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. True Stories (See review) Texas plays host to the Talking Heads.

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MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

CYNDI LAUPER'S talent and personality were the most pleasant surprises of 1984, and the immense, bubbly possibilities of her voice and her wise but wacky demeanor tended to obscure the flaws of She's So Unusual. True Colors (Portrait) has almost all the same problems, starting with the most basic: Despite Time After Time, Lauper is no songwriter. Then there's the album's production, which belies the title by reducing Lauper's distinctiveness to monochrome.

At times, however, *True Colors* is just as moving as *She's So Unusual*. The pop gloss is absent but the redemptive sentimentality remains at the core of her finest performances—the girl-groupish *Maybe He'll Know* and *Boy Blue*, the whispered title song, the romping New York City juju of *Iko Iko*.

Best of all is Lauper's What's Goin' On, the boldest move of a nervy career. Lauper doesn't change a thing about Marvin Gaye's arrangement, but what emerges isn't a cutting contest (she's weird, not insane), it's a spooky and evocative tribute that also proves that every syllable of that song remains true 15 years down the line (with the advent of record censorship, even the lines about long-hairs are relevant again). Like the original, Lauper's What's Goin' On is thrilling and eerie, an evocation that fetches Gaye's spirit from beyond the grave.

What's wrong with *True Colors* is pretty easy to see: When you're trying to be everything from producer to art director, the stuff you're great at tends not to be done as well as it could be. If Lauper ever realizes that the essence of music making is collaboration, she'll make an entire album as good as the best parts of ber first

two. I look forward to it.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

In 1984, legendary has-been Tina Turner culminated a three-year comeback attempt with an album whose multiple producers betrayed unmistakable pop anxiety. But when Private Dancer spun off multiple smashes, it inspired Tina's crossover competition to do the same, wandering from producer to producer in search of varied singles. On Break Every Rule (Capitol), Tina breaks her own new rule. Side two is split three ways and is quite OK, but side one goes to young pro Terry Britten, who meshes so well with Tina that the new album achieves the longplaying flow its predecessor lacked. Britten's songs induce Turner to respond creatively but consistently to a variety of sexually charged interactions. His guitar is the tastiest fillip in the 48-track mix. And he never lets his worldly-wise heroine sing off peak-her voice is so rich, feral, breathy, funny, tough and loud that the



Cyndi's weird spectrum.

Arresting rock: Tina Tyrner breaks the rules, Don Johnson cops a plea.

album would sound fine if the songs were pap, and unbearably exquisite if they were masterpieces.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Whenever a TV actor puts out a record, the discerning consumer will rate him on the Nelson-Cabot scale; that is, does the actor rock-'n'-roll as well as Rick Nelson, a fine singer who happened to be the son of Ozzie and Harriet? Or does he rock-'n'roll as badly as Sebastian Cabot, the butler in Family Affair, who once released a Bob Dylan greatest-hits collection with the worst-ever rendition of Like a Rolling Stone? A yes to either question will assure the consumer of his \$9.98 worth of music or of gross-out. In the case of Don Johnson's Heartbeat (Epic), the answers are no and no, unless you think his voice warbles enough essence of crushed testicle to qualify on the Cabot side. My judgment is that he needs just a smidgen more crushed testicle, so we must ask ourselves the discerning consumer's third and final question: Does Don Johnson rock-'n'-roll as mediocrely as Annette Funicello? Yes, which places him in the middle of the scale as this year's most bloated armadillo relentlessly feeding in the vast wasteland, thus rendering him, like Annette, perfect to endorse corporate food. In the great banquet hall of music, this album is a cigarette butt in yesterday's can of Pepsi.

Elsewhere in the great banquet hall of music, the members of Motorhead qualify as the surprise guests from across the

North Sea who are burning the banquet hall, crushing Johnson's testicles and selling his children into slavery. That's what they are in form, anyway. Substancewise, they temper their pillage with an element of hippie anarchism, expressing on Orgasmatron (GWR/Profile) a distrust of politicians and a hatred of war that all right-wing pussy-metal bands should have shoved down their virgin throats. Take note, Sammy Hagar, Dokken and all you spandex-clad wimps. Orgasmatron is the best metal I've heard in years-artfully brutal songwriting by Lemmy Kilmister, hammer-of-Thor production by Laswell-and I just know it's going to land Motorhead's members guest shots as coke dealers on the next possible episode of Miami Vice.

VIC GARBARINI

True Stories (Sire/Warner) consists of Talking Heads' versions of songs from bandleader David Byrne's surreal film (see review, page 20) about rural Texas. For a world-class twitcher like Byrne, small-town Texas is as foreign as the deepest Congo, and the head Head delights in showing off the musical exotica he's discovered. Hey Now sports a Cajun feel, Puzzlin' Evidence is Gospel according to Wooly Bully,

GUEST SHOT



BRANFORD MARSALIS, who has recorded and toured with Herbie Hancock, Miles Davis and Sting, among others, has just released a jazz LP, "Royal Garden Blues" (Columbia), and is now touring with his own group. For this month's issue, while his ninemonth-old son wailed on his shoulder, Branford reviewed Paul Simon's "Graceland" (Warner).

"This LP might be a good find for people who haven't heard African music before. But will they then be intrigued with the form—is there enough African music on it to make people want to search out records by African musicians? I don't know. Overall, it's a good record; the lyrics are very strong, especially on the title track. But I don't hear anything on it that's going to force pop music to do things differently."

FAST TRACKS

R	OC.	K M	E :	T E	R
	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
John Fogerty Eye of the Zombie	7	6	9	4	8
Don Johnson Heartbeat	3	1	6	2	0
Huey Lewis and the News Fore!	4	5	6	5	7
Lionel Richie Dancing on the Ceiling	7	5	6	3	2
Tina Turner Break Every Rule	8	6	8	6	5

It's HISTORY NOW DEPARTMENT: To those who lived through the Sixties, the events of that decade are still pretty fresh; but to this generation, they're long ago and far away. So the next time you're driving through Bethel, New York, look for the historical marker that has been placed at the site of the Woodstock Festival and don't let any 40-year-olds in the car steal it.

REELING AND ROCKING: Madonna and Sean Penn are teaming up for another film, a remake of an Israeli movie, Dead End Street, about a documentary film maker who falls in love with a hooker. . . . Robert Palmer will sing the title song and make a cameo appearance in the Whoopi Goldberg film Burglar. . . . The Chuck Berry rockumentary, Hail! Hail! Rock and Roll, directed by Taylor Hackford, will have a spring theater and video release. . . . Patti LaBelle is co-starring in a nonsinging role with John Ritter and Alfre Woodard in a movie about the effects of Agent Orange. Says the singer, "I won't look at all like Patti La-Belle." . . . Check out Meat Loaf in the Michael Keaton comedy Skip Tracer. . . . Michelle Phillips would like to see her daughter, Chynna, play her in the movie version of California Dreamin', her book about The Mamas and the Papas. She'd also like Brian Wilson's daughter Carney to play Mama Cass. . . . The song Eye of the Tiger, which started off as the theme for Rocky III, is now the basis for a movie starring Gary Busey and Yaphet Kotto. . . . Mick Jagger's film Running Out of Luck, a musical-comedy adventure carved out of nine songs from his album She's the Boss, ought to be in a theater near you by now. Helping Mr. Flash out on screen are Jerry Hall, Rae Dawn Chong and Dennis Hopper. As soon as the theatrical screenings around the country

are over, it will be released on video.

NEWSBREAKS: In June 1987, a new PBS series on American music premieres. Lonnie Mack is hosting, and the first hourlong segment will be devoted to Stevie Ray Vaughan. . . . Sons of several well-known stars have auditioned for roles in The New Monkees. Among them: Michael Nesmith's son Jason, Donovan's son Donovan, Frankie Avalon's son Frank and Bobby Darin's son Dodd. . . . Frank Zappa wants his own latenight talk show, and why not? He's been talking with both ABC and Fox Broadcasting about the show, tentatively called Night School. . . . A new Bryan Adams album ships right after the holidays. . . . Ringo will be appearing in his first comedy TV special for Showtime during the first half of 1987. He'll play an impresario who owns a New York night club. . . . If you get a copy of Backstreets, The Boss's fan magazine, you can get details on some great pins for your jeans jacket: a pink Caddy, a '57 Chevy and a pair of red high-top sneakers. For more info: P.O. Box 51225, Seattle, Washington 98115. . . . Yet another music-based TV sitcom, Rock Candy, stars Audrey and Judy Londers as women who have day jobs in the business world and become Rock Candy and the Jawbreakers by night. Are we ready for this? . . . Led Zep's John Paul Jones is going to produce the new Ben E. King album. King, you may remember, was responsible for the 1961 megahit Stand By Me... Boy George is working on his solo album with help from famed Motown songwriter Lamont Dozier. . . . And, finally, Peter Gabriel is thinking about designing rides for an alternative amusement park he wants to create in Australia. He says, "The rides would involve people's phobias-spiders, tiny rooms and lots of heights. I'll be asking people like David Byrne to get involved."

-BARBARA NELLIS

Radio Head is a Tex-Mex-flavored workout and the self-mocking Love for Sale is as close as Byrne and company will ever get to heavy-metal crunchola. But the real revelation here is that the Heads have managed to pack the same visceral punch and force that vitalized the Afro-rock experiments of their previous two albums, Stop Making Sense and Little Creatures, into simple pop tunes seasoned with some spicy ethnic condiments. And that's the kind of hybrid synthesizing that keeps rock and the Heads alive and kicking.

NELSON GEORGE

Phyllis Hyman is like one of those number-one N.B.A. draft choices. She has the physical gifts (height, stunning beauty), the skills (she was nominated for a Tony for her performance in Broadway's Sophisticated Ladies) and the versatility (her dark, husky voice is comfortable singing jazz, R&B or pop). Yet five previous albums have never fulfilled Hyman's potential. Everyone has predicted superstardom, but she has attained only a strong cult following. The sixth album, Living All Alone-her first on Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff's Philadelphia International label-comes closer than any of Hyman's previous efforts to channeling her potential into enchanting music. Her work with Gamble and another Phillysound producer, Thom Bell, is particularly inspired. The title song, You Just Don't Know and the dramatically subtle Old Friend suggest that Hyman is ready to join the ranks of black female vocalists dominating American music this year.

Yeah, we've got our Springsteens, Mellencamps and Segers, but no one does white-boy angry-working-class melancholy rage better than Creedence Clearwater Revival founder John Fogerty. On Eye of the Zombie (Warner), he tries a few tricks-the choral vocals on the instrumental Goin' Back Home and the synthesizer intro and the heavy-handed lyric to Violence Is Golden—that sound like Don Henley outtakes. But it is the basics that make Fogerty such a raging bull. Eye of the Zombie seems as apt, and just as rocking, a description of Ronald Reagan's reign as C.C.R.'s Bad Moon Rising was of the Nixon years. Headlines pokes the Reverend Jerry Falwell right in his sanctimonious eye with the aid of drummer John Robinson's and bassist Neil Stubehaus' chuggin' rhythm section. The love song Knockin' on Your Door has a sweet Hi Records-Al Green feel, while the ominous Change in the Weather recalls the grinding funk of C.C.R.'s I Heard It Through the Grapevine, right down to the way Fogerty tuned his guitar for the solo. All of which proves that Fogerty's eye for national cvil and his ear for anthemic grooves are still sharp.

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

The 1986 football season became a successful one for me when I discovered at the outset that Rice University had in its keep a freshman running back named Halie Selassie Washington, Jr.

As a collector of football names, I'm only too aware that a name can make the player. Could Doak Walker, for instance, have been anything but brilliant in his years at SMU, being the only Doak there ever was, had been or, perhaps, would be? How could Bronko Nagurski have failed to ravage countless enemy trenches in behalf of the Minnesota Gophers?

Great names have been synonymous with great football since the first three all-America teams of 1889, 1890 and 1891 were dominated by a guard from Yale named William "Pudge" Heffelfinger.

Each season, when the all-America selections come pouring forth, I eagerly look for someone who might unseat a player on my All-Time Mobster Team or my All-Time Socialite Team.

The All-Time Mobster Team lines up as follows:

Ends. Harold "Brick" Muller, California, '21, '22. James "Froggie" Williams, Rice, '49.

Tackles. Wilbur "Fats" Henry, Washington & Jefferson, '17, '18, '19. Frank "Bruiser" Kinard, Ole Miss, '36, '37.

Guards. Clarence "Biggie" Munn, Minnesota, '31. Harry "Blackjack" Smith, USC, '38, '39.

Center. Adolph "Germany" Schulz, Michigan, '07.

Backs. Clarence "Ace" Parker, Duke, '36. Ernie "Pug" Rentner, Northwestern, '31. "Bullet Bill" Dudley, Virginia, '41. Banks McFadden, Clemson, '39.

There have always been so many splendid candidates for the All-Time Socialite Team that Γm forced to go with a modern 22-man squad. Play them as you wish on offense or defense, depending on their Wall Street connections.

Ends. L. Caspar Wister, Princeton, '06, '07. Huntington Hardwick, Harvard, '14. Gaynell Tinsley, LSU, '35, '36. Gerald Dalrymple, Tulane, '30, '31.

Tackles. Lucius Horatio Biglow, Yale, '06, '07. Percy Northcroft, Navy, '08. D. Belford West, Colgate, '16, '19. Truman Spain, SMU, '35.

Guards. Endicott Peabody, Harvard, '41. Seraphim Post, Stanford, '28. T. Truxtun Hare, Pennsylvania, 1897, '98, '99, 1900.



THE NAMES OF THE GAME

Marshall Robnett, Texas A & M, '40. *Centers*. Winslow Lovejoy, Yale, '24. Peter Pund, Georgia Tech, '28.

Backs. Gaylord Stinchomb, Ohio State, '20. Morley Drury, USC, '27. Foster Rockwell, Yale, '02, '04. W. Earl Sprackling, Brown, '10. Andrew Oberlander, Dartmouth, '25. Jay Berwanger, Chicago, '34, '35. Chalmers Elliott, Michigan, '47. Creighton Miller, Notre Dame, '43.

This omits a wonderful name, that of Southern Cal's Irvine "Cotton" Warburton, '33, but I opted for USC's Morley Drury because he was known as "the noblest Trojan of them all."

Of this season's notable performers, only two names came up for serious consideration in regard to the above lists. Vinny Testaverde, the Miami quarterback, was a candidate for the mob-guy 11, and Brian Bosworth, the maniacal linebacker at Oklahoma, has a name that would have stood him in good stead at Princeton in '06.

Names aren't what they used to be, it seems, but neither is football writing in certain newspapers around the country. I am about ready to call for a Federal statute that says no sportswriter may use financial figures or the names of lawyers and agents in any story.

The nation not only has lost Four Horsemen and Old 98s and Slingin' Sams and noblest Trojans from college stories, it must now deal with pro football coverage that dwells increasingly on players' salaries and future negotiations.

If it became law that no lawyer or agent could have his name in the paper unless he were indicted, football fans wouldn't have to read anything like this:

"Everson Walls, who makes only \$350,000 this season, with \$400,000 due in '87, picked off a pass in the second quarter. The pass was thrown by Phil Simms, who is worried about infringement clauses on his licensing agreements."

Or "Tony Dorsett took a pitchout and ran toward the side line, thinking all the while about what his lawyer had mentioned to him in regard to joint ventures and a percentage of gross receipts."

This kind of reporting almost makes me believe that the language of huddles has changed. I can hear the Cowboys' Danny White calling a play.

"I want to consider a post pattern, but you receivers will have ten business days to exercise your right of first refusal.

"If this becomes the case, Herschel, I'd like to discuss an off-tackle arrangement. You would agree to discharge your obligation as a self-employed person, including all trademarks, trade names and copyrights, and naturally this would be confined to the off-tackle area.

"I'm a little unclear about what happens in the case of an audible if the play results in presenting you in a false light, let's say, or embarrassing you or damaging your reputation as a ball carrier. You're probably governed by the laws of the state of Texas, Herschel, or of Delaware, if that's where you're incorporated. If it were me, I'd want to consult my attorney.

"Now, then, as for a field-goal try, the kicker, as I see it, agrees to prepare and furnish a place kick of whatever length is necessary to score three points. The kicker has no right to privacy in this endeavor and may be held responsible to indemnify the head coach and owner for any losses, damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that might result from a miss. On the other hand, my agent says that if any person, firm or corporation interferes with the kicker's performance, he may..."

Well, you get the point. My kind disappeared with the Doaker. Maybe Halie Selassie Washington, Jr., will bring it back.

MEN

By ASA BABER

was planning to drop a nuclear weapon on Chicago more than 20 years ago. I had all the maps, charts, weather reports and other classified data I could possibly need. Using special grids, I calculated that for a single one-megaton warhead exploding on the ground, there would be total destruction and burnout for some 2.6 miles in all directions. If, however, I ordered an air burst at 10,000 feet above the city, the area of burnout would extend to 60 square miles.

At precisely the moment that I stuck a pin into the map somewhere west of the Loop, my classroom exercise at the First Marine Division's A.B.C. (Atomic, Biological and Chemical Warfare) School at Camp Pendleton, California, was interrupted. I was told to report to the commanding officer's headquarters. There was an emergency telephone call for me.

I took the call and learned that my father had died a few minutes earlier from a heart attack. He had been seated at his desk at the Chicago Title and Trust Company in the Loop.

Publicly, I absorbed the news of my father's death like the young Marine I was supposed to be, but the strange conjunction of that morning's forces—death and nuclear weapons—has been vigorously linked in my mind ever since. (I wrote about this incident before in an article in the June 1981 issue of PLAYBOY.)

Privately, I mourned the loss of my father deeply, and at times I still do. But, more important, what I learned in the Marines (and later) about our massive capabilities for nuclear, chemical and biological self-destruction changed my life, set my teeth on edge and led me to a career devoted to writing and speaking against war and its disastrous effects.

I wouldn't change a thing, but this antiwar stance of mine is not the shrewdest position to take in this culture. We live in a time of national uncertainty and anger, and as a people we seem prepared to go to war at a moment's rhetoric.

As a people, I said. Male and female, I add. Women are not immune to jingoism. I have found any number of female hawks, aggressive women who sound very hardedged in their support of our militaristic policies. They have good role models to build on, from Jeane Kirkpatrick to Margaret Thatcher to Indira Gandhi, and they usually mock any male who strikes them as weak-kneed or lily-livered. Any male, veteran or not.



NUCLEAR FEMINISM, HORMONAL HISTORY

Questions of who wants war and who wants peace have always seemed to cut across sexual lines. Or so I thought until I read *Missile Envy*, by Dr. Helen Caldicott. It was there that I learned my male hormonal nature was at the root of war, It was there that I encountered the ultimate feminist argument: Men cause war,

"The hideous weapons of mass genocide may be symptoms of several male emotions, reflecting inadequate sexuality, a need continually to prove virility and a primitive fascination with killing," Dr. Caldicott writes. She proceeds to list familiar feminist clichés about the glorious nature of women and the dark nature of men. Some prime quotations:

Men and women are psychologically and physiologically different. . . . A typical woman is very much in touch with her feelings. . . . Women are nurturers. Their bodies are built anatomically and physiologically to nurture life. . . . One of the reasons women are so allied to the life process is their hormonal constitution. After I went through pregnancy and the birthing process, I was emotionally and physically engrossed in my children. . . . To a certain extent, these feelings are induced by the female hormones estrogen and progesterone. . . . Men, on the other hand, are

men because of their hormonal output of androgen. . . . [Men are] typically more psychologically aggressive than women. . . . What is it about their most primitive feelings that makes these men enjoy killing? Women know almost from birth that they can experience the ultimate act of creativity, but boys and men lack this potential capacity.

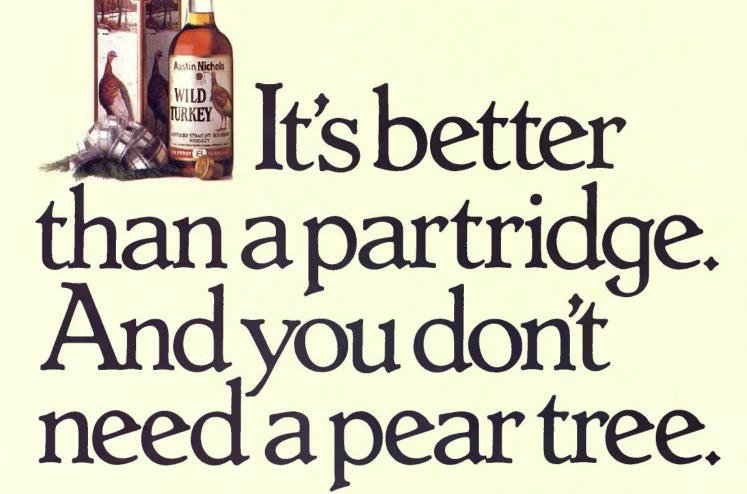
When I hear words like those—and, like most men, I've had years of practice at it—I am amazed at the temerity and self-absorption of such thinking. How are we ever going to have any kind of peace if women are going to declare themselves so superior to men? How are those of us opposed to the arms race ever going to get together if we have to accept a hormonal theory of history?

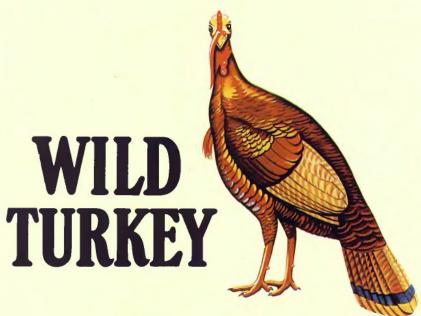
As a male, how can I respond to such a limited view of my own nature? Does Caldicott really think she loves her children more than I love mine? Must I accept the idea that I love killing? Am I truly a victim of penis envy and missile envy? By my very nature, am I dumb and stupid and out of touch with my emotions? ("I am married to a very beautiful man," she writes. "But still he is a man.") If we gave every male in the world a hefty injection of estrogen, would we really solve the problems of war and peace? If it were that simple, I might even be for it. But it's not.

Take a look around. You'll find women who are walking away from nurturing roles as fast as they can. You'll see aggressive women, hawkish women, ruthless women, cruel women. You'll find women who are willing to turn children against their fathers—a kind of assassination if there ever was one—and women who are perpetually ready to go to war or, at least, to send men off to war, a role that has not been unknown to women over the past 1000 millennia.

We're fallible. All of us. We're conditioned in strange ways and we struggle with our tendencies toward aggression. We've got a lot of work to do if we're going to avoid nuking, gassing, germing ourselves to death. All of us. Male and female, conscious of our fragility and our equality, our weaknesses and strengths. But to charge that it is androgen that has caused our wars and estrogen that has promoted peace?

Helen, ye hardly know me.





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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Back in prehistoric times, before feminism, women allegedly did things like pull each other's hair and scratch each other's eyes out over men. They initiated vicious whispering campaigns against each other in offices; they told a friend "Gorgeous hairdo, Gladys!" when Gladys was looking particularly like a gasstation attendant; they stole recipes and husbands and were, just for the hell of it, generally hateful and vicious to those of their own sex.

In this enlightened age of feminism, however, things are sunny. Women are constantly supportive and nurturing: They will never once, under any circumstances, look at another woman's man, let alone fondle his privates. In fact, they break dates with men because girlfriend bonding is so much more essential; they form full-fledged women's caucuses, complete with day-care and P.M.S.-counseling services, at every office across the land; they love each other, kiss each other, cry and laugh with each other and hum "Sisterhood is powerful" gently to themselves as they drift off to sleep.

Of course, none of the above has anything to do with my personal reality.

I submit for your inspection the fact that women have never been, as a group, particularly competitive. But men wanted women to scratch each other's eyes out because women were oppressed. (Oh, yes, we were; we're not even going to discuss it; you know it's true. In fact, we're still oppressed, though maybe not as much.) It's the famous divide-and-conquer strategy that those like Karl Marx were in such a temper about. Men, not necessarily active oppressors but certainly the ruling sex, were terrified that if women hung around together a lot, if they got to comparing notes and sharing ideas and bonding, they might achieve solidarity, which is the only weapon an oppressed class has, and then the jig would be up.

So men wrote books and plays and films and TV shows full of the propaganda of stereotypical sharp-clawed dames. (Some women did this, too, most notably Clare Boothe Luce; I like to think of it as aping the oppressors.) In the long run, it was futile, since the jig is now up: We have achieved a fair amount of solidarity.

The truth about competition between women is that it exists, it always has and always will, but we're terrified of it; we very rarely deal with it directly.

I shouldn't be saying this, because it's



DO WOMEN COMPETE?

like handing over a weapon, but there are two epithets that really get to a woman. One is unprofessional. We hate being called that. It scares us and we immediately become moody and/or vicious. The other is competitive. We hate being called that even more—it makes us confused and surly and defensive. Women do not know how to deal with competition, never have.

Guys do, sort of. At least you were trained. You went to little league. You played football and maybe even boxed and were generally encouraged during your formative years to knock the shit out of each other. And meanwhile, there we were, as usual, making our dolls a cup of tea. Our competitiveness usually came out in passive-aggressive spurts. I remember with fresh horror two incidents from my childhood: Once I cut off half of my best friend's ponytail! Is that sick? Another time, in sixth grade, I ran up to a group of boys and whispered, "Guess what. Sally got her period today." Also an act of depravity. I can still feel the shock and guilt that rocked my little body when I realized what I'd done.

Among grown women, competition between friends is still oblique and subterranean. I had a good friend once who, I eventually noticed, liked me only when I was unhappy. She couldn't relate when I was having a good time, because she felt threatened. I know another girl who regu-

larly says the most appalling things about her best friend at dinner parties ("Of course, Judith would look so much better with the fat suctioned off her thighs"). This woman's competitive urge is so deep and baroque that when Judith yells at her, "How could you have said that?" the woman looks at her as if she were crazy, because she doesn't even remember.

But we don't compete over men. Well, yes, maybe we do. In a general sort of way. At a party, we hate the really pretty girl who is surrounded by men, and it is slightly possible that we will whisper vile things about her in each other's ears. But if that pretty girl is funny and warm and sisterly and not a male-oriented nightmare, we will clasp her to our bosoms and invite her to lunch and ask her if she has any brothers.

We never, ever go after each other's boyfriends. This is the first rule of friend-ship between women. If any woman does this, word is out instantly; I mean virtually within seconds—we don't even need telephone wires. The information is transmitted telepathically, and this girl is a pariah for the rest of her life. Women will never countenance man stealing among friends; even old boyfriends can be sticky.

Once I had dinner with a girl who tried this—this poor bimbo was unknowingly dining with the three best friends of the wife of the man she had tried to steal. By the end of the meal, she was dog food. We had destroyed her. She was shaking, she was in tears, she was groveling and blubbering. We didn't care. She deserved it.

We will also make mincemeat of a woman whom we perceive as using her sex to further her career. This is dirty pool, and I had a thoroughly enjoyable lunch recently where my colleagues and I tore to shreds a woman who got where she is today (middle management in publishing) by a judicious series of blow jobs. We had a wonderful time.

But mainly, we shy away from anything overtly competitive and, instead, have strange dreams in which one of our best friends has turned into a scaly monster and—oh, my God—is that an M16 we have in our hands?

Because we all know what competition is. On one level, it's simply wanting to be liked better than anyone else, wanting to be the best and the brightest. But at bottom, it's about survival and blood lust and death to our enemies. It's easier to pretend it isn't there.



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said the experts at *Car and Driver*. "The PASSPORT is recommended," said *Road & Track*.

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See your doctor...there is help for herpes



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

n the September Playboy Advisor, you sardonically question whether or not a letter writer had really had 50 or 60 women in his lifetime, as he claimed. I believe he was in his late 20s. I don't know what to attribute it to (though I was a flower child in the Sixties), but I have-honestly!had 45 women as sex partners. I am only 34 years old. I have lived with three of those women for periods lasting as long as four years. I prefer women my own age or a little older. Almost all of them have kept detailed lists of the number of men they have slept with. They have shown me their lists, and about half of them had slept with more than 50 men by the time they were 28. I know they have not made the lists up, because there were too many details that would have been hard to fake. We're not talking sluts here. I am referring to nice, sexy, healthy, smart women-most of whom have never had V.D. Last, but not least, I am not rich, do not have the looks of a movie star, don't drive a fancy car; you get the drift. I am direct, Italian and very good in bed, but I am not consumed by sex. It is not the most important thing in my life, though I do love it a lot.

So what's the story here? Is the average number of sex partners per man as low as you suggest? If so, where do you get your figures? Are as many men out there pussy-whipped into early marriage, long-term meaningless relationships and/or celibacy as your comments would indicate?—R. C., Los Angeles, California.

In our "Readers' Sex Survey" in 1982, we asked respondents how many sexual partners they had had. The median number (meaning that half the respondents scored higher, half scored lower) of partners for women was 7.8, with the mean (average) of 16.1 partners. For the men, the median number of partners was 16.3, with the mean of 19.8. This gives you a pretty good idea of what the action is; but as the difference between the mean and median numbers demonstrates, there are always a few respondents who have had much more experience-and you, obviously, are one of those, However, approximately 12 percent of the men had had 50 or more partners, and about eight percent of the women had tasted the fruit of experience with that many men. So relax-you and those other energetic readers help set the curve, but your experience does not necessarily make you a freak or a stud.

My company wants to start mandatory drug testing. How accurate are such tests?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Your odds are better in Russian roulette. The tests are incredibly inaccurate: Studies show errors in 11 percent to 66 percent of the cases. By that time, you are out of a job and there's a mark on your record that will haunt you for the rest of your life, with no recourse.



This is something that can be done to you, not something you do to yourself. Besides, you don't have to take recreational drugs to show up as a dope fiend on these tests: Ibuprofen (marketed as Advil, Motrin, Rufen) shows up as marijuana. Fenoprofen (Nalfon) can register as marijuana, amphetamines, barbiturates, benzodiazepines, methaqualone. Naproxen (Anaprox, Apo-Naproxen, Naprosyn, Novonaprox) shows up as marijuana. Ephedrine (Acet-AM, Amesec, Bronkaid, Bronkotabs, Ectasule Minus, Ephedrol, Marax, NyQuil, Quadrinal, Quelidrine, Quibron Plus, Tedral) shows up as an amphetamine. And phenylpropanolamine (Alka-Seltzer Plus, Allerest, Caldecon, Coffee Break, Contac, Dietac, Dimetapp, 4-Way Nasal Spray, Naldecon, Sinarest, Sine-Off, Sinubid, Triaminicin, Triaminicol, Tussagesic) also shows up as an amphetamine. Do any of those drugs sound familiar? When you show us a government, or an employer, that has the compassion and understanding to use wisely the information it might get from a urine test, we may consent to the test. But until then, no, thank you. We agree with Ben Franklin that "those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

'm currently dating a wonderful woman who has one troubling tendency: She has given my penis a pet name. Is this some kind of psychological problem? Is she immature? Have you ever heard of nicknames for private parts?—F. D., Portland, Oregon.

Actually, it's quite common to use pet names. Who speaks Latin in bed? "I'd like to linguate your labia majora" doesn't have quite the ring of "Let me lick you all over for a quarter-please, baby, please, baby." Researcher Martha Cornog analyzed pet names for private parts and came up with five typical categories. Some six percent of the pet names were variations of the owner's name (e.g., Little Willy for the penis of a guy named Bill). Fifty-one percent of the respondents used some other person's name or other designation (such as Little Guy for the penis and Myra and Myrtle for breasts). Some 11 percent used a descriptive word or phrase (such as Gnarled Tree Trunk for a heavily veined penis or Sweet Pea for the clitoris). Almost a third (32 percent) used a humorous or metaphorical allusion (such as Omar the Tentmaker for an erect penis or Ping and Pong for testicles). About 11 percent simply used another word. Cornog points out that as a rule, humans name only sexual body parts. (We do know one guy who tattooed his toes LEFT and RIGHT, but he doesn't know his ass from his elbow. He calls his penis the Throbbing Python of Love.) So relax and enjoy the conversation. Anything that breaks the sexual ice is OK, as long as your penis answers when it's called.

I'm thinking about taking a long vacation in the slow lane, and I'm wondering if it's still possible to book passage on a tramp steamer. I'd like to see lots of the world and not spend a shipload of money. Do you recommend that kind of trip?—P. T., Toledo, Ohio.

It depends on whether you want to see the part of the world that's covered with water or the part that's covered by land. If you think you'd enjoy a couple of weeks at sea on a freighter cruising between, say, California and New Zealand, you can book a berth on a regularly scheduled cargo run. Although the accommodations are clean and comfortable and the food fresh and abundant, freighter travel doesn't exactly resemble an outing on the Love Boat (unless you love the thought of a hold full of bananas). Most freighters carry no more than 12 passengers, and such cruise-line amenities as pools, casinos and deck tennis are nonexistent. Reading, knitting and watching the water slide under the bow is about as exciting as it gets. Prices generally run from \$50 to \$120 per day, and most freighter runs are booked up months in advance. For information, check out "Freighter Travel News" (P.O. Box 12693, Salem, Oregon 97309), a monthly newsletter that costs \$16 per year, or get a copy of "Ford's Freighter Travel Guide" (19448 Londelius Street, Northridge, California 91324), which costs \$7.95.

When it comes to shipping out, however, we prefer plane speaking: A much better way to see the world is with around-the-world airline tickets. They're offered by many airlines, and usually a U.S.-based carrier such as Delta or TWA will work in conjunction with a foreign airline such as Qantas or Japan Air

Lines. These tickets are complicated affairs and have some serious restrictions (the most notable being the fact that all travel must be either eastbound or westbound, and you can't backtrack), but they still constitute one of the great travel bargains left on the planet. Tickets are usually good for a full year, stopovers are unlimited and prices start around \$2100 in coach. If you're considering an around-the-world ticket, work only with an experienced travel agent who has booked this sort of trip previously (ask for customer references) or deal directly with the airlines.

am a male, 33 years old and a virgin. Not long ago, a female business acquaintance expressed an interest in our getting together. Out of a sense of fair play, I admitted to her my lack of experience, and neither of us has brought up sex again. If I'm given another opportunity to be with a woman, should I be honest with her about my virginity ahead of time or let her find out the hard way?—J. D., Raleigh, North Carolina.

What's the big deal? This isn't a felony conviction you're hiding; it's the simple fact that you're sexually inexperienced, which is nothing to be ashamed of. We think you should be honest with any potential sex partner. Chances are that sooner or later, you'll meet a lady who will be happy to introduce you to the sexual arena. And if she's on the inexperienced side herself, the two of you can

learn together. Frankly, we think you should talk with that business acquaintance again about the feasibility of her breaking you in. Unless you're afraid of sex, you shouldn't use virginity as an excuse to avoid intimacy. Get out there and get your feet wet, or whatever other part of your body appeals to her.

now drive a Mazda RX-7 but see myself getting a Fiero or a similar sports car. I am considering purchasing a protective front cover-or bra, as it is sometimes called-to protect my car against bugs and road debris that can cause nicks. Tractor-trailers have targeted my car very well when kicking up stones. These bras have become very popular, but I have been told of some drawbacks. They cannot be used in hot weather, because the engine will overheat, and they should be removed when it rains, as the paint may fade. They appear difficult to put on and take off (this reminds me of my first attempt, in tenth grade, at taking off my girlfriend's bra). With all this in mind, is it worth while for me to make this purchase?-D. F., Easton, Pennsylvania.

The main function of the bra is to protect the front end of the car, but it also has a certain stylish appeal. It will help keep your grille clean and protect the paint on the front end but should be removed when it rains or when you wash the car. If it's not, water can become trapped underneath it and can change the color of the paint. Look for one easy to put on and take off, with no loose parts to keep track of. Removal should take only about five minutes (easier than removing your former girlfriend's bra). Its contribution to overheating depends on how much of the grille is covered; a well-designed cover won't be a problem and since the Fiero is a mid-engine car, you should not experience any problem with it. The bra seems like a fairly small investment if you like the looks and want the protection, but you'll have to determine if it's worth the extra fuss.

s it true that using a vibrator over a period of time can cause damage? Can they cause the clitoris to recede and make it difficult for a woman to get off any other way? If the clitoris does recede, will it come back if you stop using the vibrator?—Miss M. L., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The clitoris tends to recede during arousal, but there is no need to worry that this is a permanent condition. Unless you are inflicting pain when you use the vibrator, there should not be any physical damage resulting from its use. The clitoris should return to its normal, more visible position shortly after orgasm.

was checking out something in the September *Playboy Advisor* about men's balls' drawing up in extreme cold or during sex. You say it is not harmful, which caught my eye. For many years, while having sex or masturbating, I have put a rubber band





around my balls until they feel as though they will burst, in order to get a bigger and harder erection. I leave the rubber band on until I get off, and it feels great. But what I want to know is, am I harming my family planning for the future?—
J. H., Louisville, Kentucky.

What you're doing is risky. It's impossible for us to say whether or not you've already done any damage to yourself, but using a rubber band on the testicles could cut off circulation and damage blood vessels leading to and from the genitals. After 30 minutes, there could be permanent damage to fertility. And to us, that's a big gamble to take for a little extra pleasure. It's up to you whether or not you want to continue using this procedure, but surely there must be other, safer ways to get off.

was struck by the letter from D.S. in San Francisco in the August *Playboy Advisor*. After six years of marriage, my husband was no longer as interested in sex as he had been. Over the years, he had asked me to wear seamed stockings a number of times. Having grown up with panty hose, I refused, believing that stockings and garter belts were old-fashioned. In any case, about 18 months ago, while shopping, I noticed an attractive display for garter belts. On a whim, I bought a black one and black seamed stockings. The result was fantastic. We made love repeatedly that night. We both found the garter

belt and the stockings incredibly sexy. Over the next six months, I found myself wearing stockings more and more frequently. A year ago, with our sex life much improved, I gave up panty hose for good.

My advice to D.S.'s girlfriend is to try real stockings. Hooking the garter snap takes a bit of practice (stockings bag around the ankles until you get used to adjusting the straps). You'll also find that you need a slip (silk shows fewer lines) most of the time. Those are small inconveniences, however, compared with the incredibly sexy feeling that results. The best part is that I feel sexy even in a conservative business suit. In any case, she should go for the garter.—Mrs. B. L., Boston, Massachusetts.

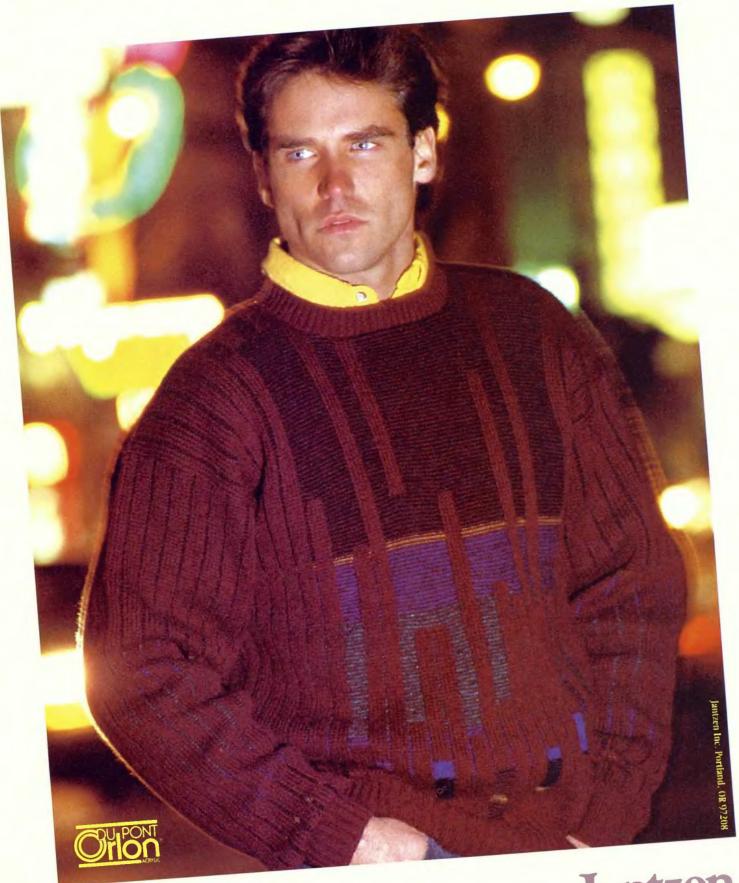
Thanks for the tip.

My fiancée and I have been discussing different forms of marriage. I had suggested that we consider an open marriage; she is leaning toward a more traditional, exclusive type of bond. Her argument is that open marriages are a thing of the past, a short-lived experiment that didn't work out. She recalls reading that most open marriages end in divorce. Has a study ever been done to compare the two types of marriages?—W. E., St. Louis, Missouri.

You're in luck. The Journal of Sex

Research recently ran an article by Arline M. Rubin and James R. Adams titled "Outcomes of Sexually Open Marriages." It was a follow-up to a 1978 study of 82 couples who were involved in either sexually open or sexually exclusive marriages. The follow-up showed that some 68 percent of the sexually open couples were still together, compared with 82 percent of the sexually exclusive spouses. There had been some changes—two marriages had changed from open to exclusive, one from exclusive to open. The authors concluded that there was no significant difference between the two styles of marriage. Indeed, the majority of both groups were happy. "On the question, specifically, of the effect of the sexual openness on the stability of the marriages, we have found no reliable evidence of differences between the two groups. The reasons given for marital breakup were almost never related to extramarital sex.' We hope this helps the debate. Now on to the really serious issue: silver patterns.

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.



We've developed a better blend for our Scotch Tumbler® varns. We now spin 30% Orlon® acrylic with 70% pure new wool to provide the finest shetland hand, colors and performance in a fashion sweater. CITY LIGHTS

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Downtown

DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Would you ever have sex with a stranger?

Yes, I think so. If I were ever to have sex with someone other than my boyfriend, I'd want it to be with a stranger. Why? Because there's no commitment, and it

would be fun to experience something completely different with someone I had no real connection to beyond the moment. It's hard to say what boyfriend my would think. He'd want me to be honest



with him, and he knows that my career makes those temptations a possibility. I'm sure he'd be jealous, but he'd want to know. The unexpected things, the ones you don't anticipate, are the things that keep life exciting. None of us knows what might happen.

Teri Weigel

TERI WEIGEL APRIL 1986

never have done that. I think taking someone I don't know to bed would be very unsatisfying. Sex without love isn't

great. It's not memorable. It's not much of anything except a tension releaser. I have to feel I'm getting something back from a lover. I don't just listen to what my body needs. I listen to my mind and



my emotions. I'm not hanging out in bars. I've pretty much seen it all by now. I am even past the idea of sex with the perfect stranger.

stranger.

SHERRY ARNETT JANUARY 1986 think it sounds like fun in the abstract. You know, I'm in some exotic place, with the wind blowing through my hair; my tan is perfect and I look hot. He looks hot, too.

We chug down some piña coladas and head for the hotel. In real life, it doesn't usually go that way. You see some guy and you flirt with him for a week or a month and one day, you finally say, "OK, let's



say, "OK, let's go." And then you wake up so uncomfortable. You feel weird. You ask yourself, "Why did I do that?" And then you never, ever want to see the guy again. The fantasy is better.

Lynne Austin
JULY 1986

Everyone is a stranger in the beginning, right? I am into that kind of excitement as long as he doesn't turn into the Boston Strangler. I'm pretty good at listening to myself. I met an interesting stranger once at the Guitar Center. I had gone there to

buy a bass guitar, and he was sitting on a speaker. I looked at him, but he really didn't register, so I ignored him. He began to follow me around the store; he said he was a bass player and he



asked me to come to his show. A certain kind of excitement started to build. I thought I'd go hear him play, but if he did a Pat Benatar song, I'd leave. I can't handle that commercial stuff. Sure enough, the band played a Pat Benatar song. I started to leave but my friend said, "Let's stay and give them a chance." I do admit I was interested. He was a great bass player. I called him the next day and invited him to lunch. We spent the next five days together. It was a lot of fun.

CHER BUTLER AUGUST 1985 Of course I would. He'd have to have a certain look about him, and I'd have to be single and free to pursue him. It has hap-

pened to me a few times. He was interesting to talk to, or I'd meet him at a party where I'd also have had a glass of wine. I don't mean I was drunk, but I'd have had enough wine to make me relax and overlook



certain barriers—educational and moral. Sometimes, a couple of glasses of wine make me more understanding. Other times, it's just something physical. There's something about a man that makes me think he'll be wonderful.

lard Ficaries

CAROL FICATIER DECEMBER 1985

No, I wouldn't. I'd be afraid I'd get a terrible disease. I have thought about having a fling with a guy I do know, because

everyone has fantasies, vou know. I recently saw someone I used to know, and I did think about having an affair. But I got too nervous. I'm only 20 and I haven't had that much experience with men. But think-



ing about having a fling is exciting. It's like going to dirty movies. You're not supposed to see them or enjoy them, and that makes them even more exciting. Everyone wants to do what she's not supposed to do. Even me.

Christine Richters

CHRISTINE RICHTERS MAY 1986

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.



Perhaps you can't promise the moon, but you can still give something that's out of this world.

Give the best Scotch in the world: Johnnie Walker Black Label. The Scotch that's aged twelve long years. Or 144 revolutions of the moon. It has every right to be expensive.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

COMMENTARY

Red Channels [was] a paperback book, published in June 1950, which served to destroy, interrupt or retard numerous careers in radio and TV. It was issued at a time when hysteria was mounting over whether Communists and Communist sympathizers were working in media and lending themselves to propaganda uses. The book listed the names of performers, writers, composers and producers-with brief dossiers on each-who were alleged to be friendly to Communist causes or dupes of the Red conspiracy. The listings served immediately as a basis for blacklisting: Advertisers, networks and program packagers backed away from the names that would create controversy and bring pressure upon them.

-Les Brown's Encyclopedia of Television

The Fifties had *Red Channels*. The new era of sexual McCarthyism has the *NFD Journal*, the newsletter of the National Federation for Decency. The N.F.D. is the creation of Donald E. Wildmon, our favorite minister from Tupelo, Mississippi.

Wildmon seldom attacks targets directly. He uses polite pressure—the politics of disapproval—to intimidate the defenseless middleman. He regularly calls upon the readers of the NFD Journal to bombard business leaders with hate mail. He attacks the presidents of companies that sponsor shows, or sell magazines, or place ads in magazines he finds offensive.

Last spring, the Tupelo ayatollah took a break from his campaign against PLAYBOY (and corporate America) and went after our good friend Dr. Ruth Westheimer. Branding her a fellow traveler in the sexual revolution, he tried to put her out of business.

"DR PEPPER USES SEXOLOGIST DR. RUTH FOR AD CAMPAIGN" ran the headline in the NFD Journal. "Dr. Ruth Westheimer, advocate of 'free sex' for all ages and in all situations, was employed by Dr Pepper to advertise their Diet Dr Pepper." According to Wildmon, "Dr. Ruth calls herself a therapist. She punctuates her live radio and TV sex shows with crude language and salacious commentary. In reality, her free-sex philosophy is the ultimate in hedonism and antifamily, anti-Christian values."

The Anatomy of a Whispering Campaign



Wildmon encouraged his followers, the 300,000 fundamentalists who receive the NFD Journal, to call or write to W. W. Clements, then chairman of Dr Pepper, and object to the campaign.

When Wildmon first attacked the company, Dave Millheiser, manager of brand development for Dr Pepper, came to Dr. Ruth's defense with the following statement: "We discovered last year [that Dr. Ruth Westheimer is very highly thought of by young people]. We also discovered that Dr. Westheimer is highly regarded by her peers and members of academia. Her warmth, enthusiasm and comforting manner make her especially appealing, but it is her delightful sense of humor that attracts her large audience. Not that she is not serious, for, indeed, she believes strongly in good, clean, wholesome sex, but she is able to deliver her message with an appealing style and wit. It is for these reasons that we selected Dr. Ruth Westheimer for our Diet Dr Pepper radio campaign." And the campaign was very successful with the target audience-college-age soda fiends.

The ads were cute. Dr. Ruth pretended to answer questions from callers who drank their soda too quickly or who switched indiscriminately from cola to cola. "Dr Pepper," she'd say, "that's one drink you can be faithful to." Unfortunately, her loyalty was unrequited.

Dr Pepper is in the business of selling syrup, carbonated calories-not controversy. Clements was also in the process of selling his company for a personal profit of \$17,000,000. Imagine his surprise when he received 2000 letters from the Wildmon faithful. Some letters accused Dr Pepper of selling pornography. (Overzealous letter stuffers apparently mixed up letters intended for 7-Eleven.) Some letters railed against a nonexistent TV campaign. (Dr. Ruth was a radio spokesperson. There was no TV ad. Perhaps the faithful, if they stare at their radios long enough, begin to see visions.) Clements gave in to the pressure and dropped the campaign. He did it quietly, without fanfare. He didn't bother to tell Dr. Ruth. Perhaps he thought that if he kept a low profile, the controversy would disappear. No one would notice the betrayal. He was partially correct.

The moral? We look back on the McCarthy era with shame. How could people have been so led astray by the hysteria of the moment? How could that happen in America? It's quite simple. As Edmund Burke pointed out, the only thing necessary for evil to prevail is for good men to stand by and do nothing. The attitude of the business and entertainment communities in the Fifties was laissez-faire. Movies got made. Programs got packaged. Profits got pocketed. No one seemed to notice that lives were being ruined. Today, the sexual blacklist goes unnoticed. Faceless spokesmen from corporate communications dissemble, lie or cover up. Business goes on as usual.

Wildmon has organized a small number of zealots into a felt presence. The letter campaigns put a cost on Dr Pepper's carrying Dr. Ruth, none on its dropping her. Wildmon offers an easy way out to insecure corporate executives: Let him run your business. This kind of offer has an ugly name: protection. To complain, to voice opinion, to threaten, to bully is as American as apple pie and concrete overshoes. What's not American is to give in.

It's easy to organize intolerance, almost impossible to organize tolerance.

What do you think of chairman emeritus Clements' decision to roll over? Write to him at the Dr Pepper Company, P.O. Box 225086, Dallas, Texas 75265.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

F E E D B A C K

MEMPHIS BLUES

Hugh Hefner, in his July editorial, *The Blacklist*, says, "In America, they came first for your local convenience store. Who's next on their list?" I can reply, "Your neighborhood video store."

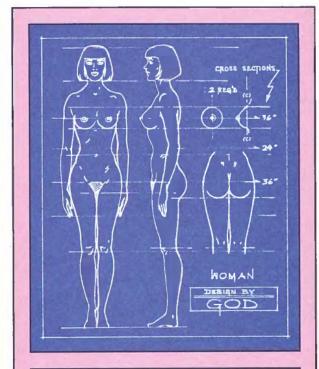
I operate a typical familyoriented video-movie-rental store. In December 1985, I was indicted for renting adult movies to undercover FBI agents. At that time, fewer than five percent of our movies were X-rated. We kept adult movies behind the counter. We rented only to adults over 21 who signed a pledge that the movies were for their private home viewing. Despite the Reagan Administration's view that local standards should be adhered to-and despite the fact that I had had no trouble from anyone here in Memphis-Washington, in the form of the FBI, hassled me and 23 other video retailers. It is worth noting that the adult peep-show houses in town are not being prosecuted, despite their businessstance. Their as-usual business has boomed since FBI raids and grand-jury summonses have made video retailers afraid to carry X-rated products. The FBI is

apparently unconcerned with these businesses because they do not attract a "family" crowd.

The Federal Grand Jury here has been deliberating for months over testimony and documents taken from 24 video retailers. In an example of the McCarthyism that Hefner mentions, the Federal Grand Jury asked retailers to give the names of *other* retailers who had not knuckled under to the demand to remove X-rated products.

I have turned down a chance to plead guilty to a misdemeanor. I will not inform on others. *One* video retailer has to stand up to these bullies.

More indictments of the large distributors of adult video tapes are expected soon. You will recall that Memphis was picked by the Feds as the Bible Belt town in which to try the



FOR THE RECORD

Radical feminists demand the impossible when they require that we do not admire the human female body. That body is designed to be the most lovely object in all creation.

Theologically, God created women gorgeous so they could reveal to themselves and us Her seductive beauty. To refuse to appreciate such beauty—respectfully and reverently, of course—is an insult to God. —ANDREW GREELEY, Catholic priest, author and sociologist

Deep Throat case in 1975. The scenario is being replayed today, with the issue now being whether or not people can watch adult movies in the privacy of their homes. A guilty verdict here (impossible to obtain in most parts of the country) will be used to intimidate video stores all across America.

Michael Goode Video, Etc. Memphis, Tennessee

Did you know that Memphis has the country's highest incidence of rape for a city its size? It also has the highest per-capita number of churches. This can easily lead one to infer that religion causes rape by repressing the sex urge.

Leo Miletich

El Paso, Texas

SEARCH AND DESTROY— FREEDOM

Once upon a time, Colonial officials searched people's homes indiscriminately in order to uncover those few citizens who were committing crimes against the crown.

The American people were outraged. To ensure that such indiscriminate searches could never again happen, the Fourth Amendment was added to the Constitution.

President Reagan is getting a lot of press over his proposed voluntary drug testing of Federal employees. But there is a real danger in his plan, for the President is violating his oath to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

Will private industry follow his lead? Already, roughly 30 percent of major American companies have instituted drug-testing programs.

Where will it stop? Richard Prawdzienski Lowell, Massachusetts

When we enlisted in the Marine Corps, we swore to "defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic." We laid our lives on the line for the basic rights that all Americans enjoy and

thousands of Americans have died for. Now along come Ed Meese, Jerry Falwell and the rest of the "thought police" to defeat us before we even get into battle.

Corporal R. Anthony Neely
Corporal Michael W. Mashmier
Corporal Keith E. Knudsen
Lance Corporal Richard A. Paulsen
S.T.A. Platoon, Second Battalion,
Ninth Marines
U.S.M.C.
San Francisco, California

In their encouragement of drug testing, President Reagan and Attorney General Meese not only violate the Fourth Amendment but also violate Article 12 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, passed by the United Nations on December 10, 1948:

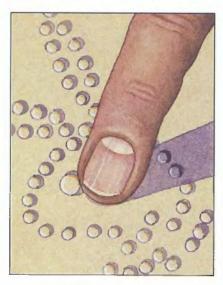
FORUM

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BRAILLE IS BACK

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A U.S. district court has ruled that the Library of Congress was the victim of a "formalistic game that Congressmen were playing" when it eliminated the Braille edition of PLAYBOY. Judge Thomas F. Hogan found



that the decision was "viewpoint-based" on Ohio Representative Chalmers P. Wylie's objections to the magazine's sexual content, and that it violated the First Amendment rights of blind people. He noted that Daniel Boorstin, the Librarian of Congress, had earlier rejected Wylie's demands to discontinue the funding of the PLAYBOY Braille edition but had felt obligated to comply with the intent of Congress as signaled by an amendment withholding funds in the exact amount needed to produce PLAYBOY in Braille. The court called this a "back door" method of censorship and ruled in favor of plaintiffs, which included the Blinded Veterans Association, the American Library Association, Playboy Enterprises, the American Council of the Blind, a group of blind readers of Braille magazines and 41 House members who opposed the Wylie amendment. The court directed the Library of Congress to resume production of Braille editions of PLAYBOY and to produce recorded or "talking-book" editions of the suspended back issues of the magazine. PLAYBOY has been published monthly in Braille since 1970 and is one of the Library of Congress' most requested Braille magazines. Now that the blind have won back their right of access to PLAYBOY, the rest of us want it, too.

ONLY THREE?

BALTIMORE-Planned Parenthood of Maryland is going the extra mile to encourage parent-child sex education. It has started a humorous advertising campaign that may cause apoplexy among fundamentalists. The ads, on billboards, on buses and in newspapers, ask the attention-getting question WHAT'S AN ORGY? A brochure distributed by the group offers a choice of answers—(A) three or more people having sex; (B) a Japanese export; (C) one of the seven dwarfsimplying that the right answer may be obtained from parents, who should be discussing sex with their preteen children. Planned Parenthood hopes that parents will pass along information and values that discourage sexual irresponsibility.

FACT OF THE MATTER ODDS ON AIDS

If the AIDS epidemic looms large on the U.S. sexual scene, it's not because the odds that men and women will catch it from one another are good. At a medical conference held in New Orleans, a number of reports were presented on different aspects of the disease, including studies involving men and women who were heterosexually active. The studies confirmed that transmission can occur from male to female or from female to male. So what are your chances of contracting AIDS on a first date? A physician with the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, working with other AIDS data, calculated that the risk of acquiring the virus through a single heterosexual encounter with infected person was one tenth of one percent for a woman and five hundredths of one percent for a man. Researchers estimate that only four percent of the nearly 26,000 AIDS cases reported in the U.S. were acquired through heterosexual contact.

TAXING SIN

Displaying the imagination that has made their artists great, the French have decided to control pornography by taxing it to the teeth and using the money to support national culture. Under a bill passed by the National Assembly, hard-core films, video tapes and magazines will be taxed at an unprecedented rate of 40 percent, with the revenue earmarked for the up-

keep of museums, monuments and cultural institutions. The bill's author explained, "Commercial pornography can never be eliminated, but we will make the pornographers pay through the nose, a portion of the anatomy that seldom receives their attention."

Going to the other extreme, the Canadian government is considering an antipornography law that defines the term in such a way that it would ban virtually any depiction of sexual intercourse or "other sexual activity." The proposal has met opposition even from some feminists for failing to distinguish between pornography and erotica.

Somewhere in the middle are the Irish, who are drafting legislation to ban video pornography that depicts sexual violence. The Irish Videogram Association, which opposes the "nonlegitimate" video trade, is promoting an international classification system with laws subjecting sellers, buyers and even viewers of illicit material to prison sentences and heavy fines.

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

REHOBOTH BEACH, DELAWARE—Raunchy T-shirt slogans are finally exceeding the tolerance level of Mayor John A. Hughes, who would like to keep his town a family-oriented resort. "Some of the T-shirts I see are getting too heavy for me, and I'm a liberal," he said in the course of asking



the local board of commissioners to come up with an anti-porn T-shirt strategy. With the exception of an occasional obscenity, the slogans run mostly along the lines of whip ME! BEAT ME! MAKE ME WRITE BAD CHECKS!

MESSAGE BOTTLE

a conservative looks at drug testing

As recently as the early Sixties, when a few of us kooks were crusading for Goldwater, we liked to say that the Government had gotten too big and too intrusive, and we cited as evidence the fact that the Bureau of the Census was asking people how many bathrooms they had in their homes. Of course, when they asked, you had to tell them. If you didn't, you could go to jail. We even had a hero in W. S. Rickenbacker, who stood up to the Census bureau, said it was none of its damned business how many bathrooms he had in his house and risked getting put away for his principles.

A generation later, a President who calls himself a conservative has appointed an Attorney General who wants the Government to test its clerks

and bureaucrats for drugs.

Attorney General Edwin Meese argues that this is not Big Brotherism, since the people who work for the Government do so by choice. If they don't want to be tested for drugs, they can quit.

One feels obliged to remind Meese that one of the reasons conservatives resisted civil rights legislation back in the bad old days was that we believed—nay, we were certain—that they would lead to quotas and an oppressive enforcement apparatus. This kind of thinking was called either paranoid or sophistic. Turns out it was just common sense.

Whenever we identify a problem, then turn to the Government for the solution, the Government first establishes a bureaucracy to take care of the problem and then proceeds to tell us that it is much worse than we thought and starts fixing a lot of other things that we didn't even know were broken. That is how we go from outlawing segregated rest rooms and poll taxes to imposing faculty-hiring quotas on any college that receives Federal money for any programs.

So how long does the Attorney General believe it will be before mandatory testing of Government employees extends to mandatory testing of employees of companies doing substantial business with the Government?

The new urine cops will, like the FBI and the various drug agencies already in existence, claim simultaneously that they are doing a wonderful job and that they need more resources and authority if they are to win the battle so that

civilization as we know it can survive. It won't stop with Government employees and occasional testing. Before long, some empire-building urine cop will begin advocating tests for anyone who is booked and finger-printed, anyone receiving Government assistance, anyone who applies for a Social Security card.

Conservatives—the old breed, at any rate—understood that Government always screws up. No conservative is surprised by the defense-procurement scandals we are always reading about. He may be willing to put up with them in order to provide for the common defense—he is a realist, after all—but he is not surprised by them. Of course the Government buys \$700 screwdrivers.

And when the Government starts testing urine to find out which citizens are using drugs, it will screw up. When the Army started testing for drugs, the results were just about what you'd expect. Samples got mixed up and lost. There were false positives—but, of course, the burden of proof fell on the soldiers who had been falsely labeled as junkies by incompetent testers and petty-tyrant bureaucrats.

One can also predict with reasonable confidence that there will be corruption in the urine-testing empire. Somebody will get rich from the urine-testing contract. Somebody will be bribed to say that the results of a test were negative—or *positive*—when the reverse is true. People will be paid off to switch bottles and killed when they refuse. This is the way the world works.

As Meese, of all people, should know, the Government already knows too much about all of us. It knows how much money we make and how we make it. It has access to our medical records. In spite of the best efforts of a single conservative protester, it probably knows how many bathrooms we have in our homes. Of course, in many cases, the information is either out of date or just plain wrong, but that is no matter. Life isn't materially or spiritually any better because the Government knows those things. It is less free. And we are all diminished by that.

So when the Attorney General comes knocking at my door with a little bottle in his hand, I'm going to do what every citizen should do. I'm going to tell him to go piss in his hat. —GEOFFREY NORMAN

"No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honor and reputation."

Nathan Hannemann Cedar Park, Texas

I would like to offer the following simple solution for combating the illegal-drug trade: Legalize all drugs and set up Government distribution points to sell them for *less* than street price. The profits could be used to help abusers kick their addiction.

John Coe Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan

QUESTIONABLE QUESTIONS

I have two questions: (1) 7-Elevens don't sell sexual aids such as vibrators, so why *should* these stores sell sexually oriented magazines? (2) Your readers are vocal about protecting their rights, but what would they say to those who insist that the same right that protects those selling PLAYBOY protects those selling child porn?

J. A. Rice

Sugarland, Texas

Have you taken a class with Professor Frederick Schauer, the so-called brains of the Meese commission. Professor Schauer is singlehandedly responsible for the notion that erotic material should not be protected by the First Amendment on the grounds that "the predominant use of such material is as a masturbatory aid. . . . Consider rubber, plastic or leather sex aids. It is hard to find any freespeech aspects in [its] sale or use. If pornography is viewed merely as a type of aid to sexual satisfaction, any distinction between pornography and so-called 'rubber products' is meaningless. The mere fact that in pornography the stimulating experience is initiated by visual rather than tactile means is irrelevant if every other aspect of the experience is the same."

We claim there is a difference, You aren't likely to see an interview with Jimmy Carter printed on the side of a vibrator. Vibrators are devices, magazines are forms of expression. The former may not be protected by the First Amendment, but the latter are. The Schauer view is not the law. Sexual expression has clearly been held by the Supreme Court to be within protection of the First Amendment, unless it is found to be obscene.

But, more to the point, if arousal is not protected by the First Amendment, it should be by the penumbra of the Bill of Rights, which guarantees a right to privacy. In a nonrepressive culture, we could purchase 7-Eleven vibrators. Arousing images are not criminal; arousal is not harmful. In any case, this argument assumes a difference between sexual speech or sexual pictures and other kinds of speech or expression. And we don't buy that.

Your second question is a more troubling

FORUM

SKETCHBOOK

Political cartoonists had a field day with Reagan's drug-testing proposal. Some saw it as another image-making move by the PR President. Others recalled the sins of the McCarthy era, viewing the tests as new loyalty oaths.



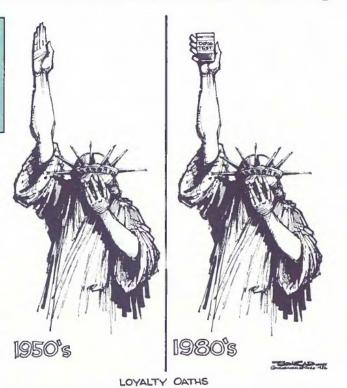
Dana Summers for The Orlando Sentinel.
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By Joe Heller for the Green Bay Press-Gazette



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FEEDBACK (continued)

one. We feel that there should be no law restricting production of or access to healthy sexual images. You try to move that defense to its illogical extreme. It is an act of criminal abuse to sexually abuse or exploit a child, whether or not that act is recorded on film. We have strict laws governing such abuse. They should be enforced. The best use of limited resources is to investigate, prosecute and punish those who directly abuse children.

SPEAK OUT, AMERICA!

Fundamentalists Anonymous is currently involved in a campaign called Speak Out, America! through which we hope to educate people about the fundamentalists' political agenda. (Do you know, for example, that Presidential hopeful Pat Robertson wants a constitutional amendment "reaffirming" our "Christian heritage" or that Vice-President George Bush, in his quest for the White House, has made a video that ran in the South, in which he claimed to be a born-again Christian?) If we don't want the authoritarian and regimented fundamentalist vision of America to prevail, we have to speak out forcefully now. Unless reasonable and decent Americans are willing to stand up and put their money where their mouths are, we will continue to see the radical fundamentalists undermine what we now know as the American way of life.

If you are interested in joining or contributing to the Speak Out, America! campaign, please write to us at P.O. Box 20324, Greeley Square Station, New York, New York 10001; or call us at 212-696-0420.

Richard Yao, Founder Fundamentalists Anonymous New York, New York

"Do you know that
Pat Robertson
wants a constitutional amendment 'reaffirming'
our 'Christian
heritage'?"

THANKS FOR THE CHECK

I am a Republican and usually agree with the current Administration's policies. However, I do not agree with the religious fundamentalists' attempt to pressure this Government into adopting policies that affect our constitutional rights. Therefore, I would like to subscribe to PLAYBOY and in this small

way help combat the religious right's influence.

Frederic W. Duboc Denver, Colorado

DIRTY WORDS

I am the editor of Maledicta, which is conducting a world-wide survey of contemporary vocabulary of sex, excretions and offensive exclamations for its uncensored "Dictionary of Regional Anatomical Terms." Anyone interested in participating will receive a copy of the 24-page Maledicta Onomastic Questionnaire, containing some 250 questions about regional, humorous, euphemistic and taboo terms for sexual body parts and activities, excretions and types of people, as well as terms of abuse, exclamations of anger, annoyance, disgust, etc.

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DON JOHNSON PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

a candid conversation with the stubbly star of "miami vice" about sex, tv fame, fashion, rock 'n' roll and a decade of drug abuse

If anyone can be said to embody the glitter of fame in the mid-Eighties, Don Johnson surely has a two-handed shot at it. Just three years ago, he was known as a veteran of Hollywood's frenzied party-and-drug world, having lived hand to mouth-and spoon to nose-for years as a struggling actor, not always staying this side of the law, seemingly headed for early burnout and minor TV oblivion. Last year, Johnson, now an international television star and sex symbol and the most potent fashion force since Fred Astaire, headed off to dinner at the White House, taped a commercial for Nancy Reagan's drug-abuse campaign, then returned to work on the fall season of "Miami Vice," that American byword for hip and cool that also happens to be a TV series.

In the beginning of the Common Era, the legend goes, there was a paper napkin sitting on a table in front of NBC Entertainment president Brandon Tartikoff—the only scrap of paper available when he had his celebrated brain storm and wrote down two words: MTV cops. The show it inspired changed the way TV shows looked, the way men dressed, the way they shaved-and, some say, threatened the survival of the socks industry. Just incidentally, it launched an Eighties megastar. As Sonny Crockett, with his equally

superdapper partner Ricardo Tubbs (Philip Michael Thomas), Johnson cruises the boulevards of Miami in incredibly pricey driving machines, wearing impossibly pricey threads, hunting down Colombian drug lords, romancing bad and good women, having existential meetings with his police boss, Lieutenant Castillo, all to the throb of Glenn Frey's latest record. Exaggerated, perhaps, but not by much.

Whether the show's ratings drop slowly or quickly, as all shows' must, "Vice" may have its greatest impact in showing us how completely the television medium-and the fastcutting, fast-zapping habits of a video generation-can turn an ordinary potential ne'er-do-well into someone bigger than life. Johnson is clearly not just today's matinee idol: He has received respectful reviews for his acting outside of "Vice." His performance in "Cease Fire," a story about a Vietnam vet's struggles to readjust, was adjudged "consistently electric" by Newsweek, and critics called his acting in the lead of the TV-film version of "The Long Hot Summer" "complex and compelling." And for "Vice" itself, he has received an Emmy nomination. Nor can his good looks and reputation as a ladies' man alone account for the frenzy surrounding Johnson, whose fans are of all ages and

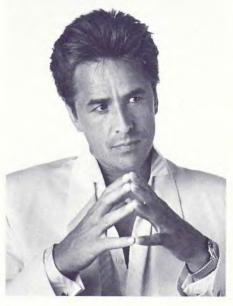
both sexes. It may well be that, like certain other tarnished golden boys of Hollywood past, he gives off a raffish aura that some see as genuine and hard-lived, gritty as well as glitzy. There are plenty, of course, who see it as shallowness and arrogance.

Before the current blaze of publicity, Johnson was known in Hollywood as a party animal who would try anything more than once. One woman describes him as "always around." After she and a boyfriend doubledated with him, she says, he invited himself and his date to her apartment. "His girlfriend fell asleep on the couch," the woman remembers. "We hinted in every way that we wanted to go to bed. But as the sun rose, there we were in the living room, high on cocaine, talking and laughing hysterically. He left three days later.'

During that period, in the mid- and late Seventies, Johnson acted in forgettable movies and TV pilots and got caught up in the drug scene, finally admitting to himself that he had become addicted to alcohol and cocaine. He went into a drug-rehabilitation program, got serious about acting and got the right call at the right time, landing the role in "Miami Vice." When he became famous as the slick cop tracking down dopers, he was aware of the irony. "OK, it was me," he says. "I dressed



"Who knows? Out of this AIDS thing they may come up with some brilliant new drug that will also cure cancer. Then again, we may get real inventive sexually. Find a new deal, right? I'm a candidate, I'm a player."



"Nobody got higher than I did for longer than I did. I look back now and say, What the fuck was I doing?' -waking up in a joint with a bunch of people lying around with needles in their arms.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLEN WATSON

"There have been occasions, I'm sure, I've abused the position. I feel, Fuck it, I don't have to be nice today. I'm the star. But people let you know. You're never too big for somebody to tell you you're an asshole.

that way. I knew and lived in those worldsonly on the other side of the law."

The show made him famous, and Johnson took it from there. He took part in Live Aid and Farm Aid concerts and appeared on the cover of virtually every magazine except, perhaps, Popular Mechanics. He made a commercial for Pepsi-Cola, for which he was paid an enormous sum. A longtime singer and sometime songwriter for the Allman Brothers Band, he then took the final logical stepand became a rock star. His album, "Heartbeat," was one of the most successful first releases by a new artist in the history of CBS Records. Many people assumed "Heartbeat" would be a novelty item, like the album produced earlier by his partner, Thomas, which quickly dropped out of sight. But some critics generally praised Johnson's album (ours didn't), and nearly all took it seriously.

All of which is extraordinary, considering that his background is typical of neither the average TV star nor the average rock-'n'-roll singer. A native of Galena, Missouri, Johnson, born Don Wayne in 1949, was a rebellious boy who landed in a detention school for car theft as a teenager. When his high school teacher threw him out of a business course, he hustled his way into a drama course simply because it was the only one still available. The teacher encouraged him, and he was on his way to a scholarship at the University of Kansas, followed by a stint at the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco. But in the decade that followed, he landed only a couple of good jobs. One was a major role in 1969 with Sal Mineo in "Fortune and Men's Eyes," a controversial drama that won him a measure of acclaim. During that period, the restless Johnson married and divorced three times. (In 1982, he had a son, Jesse, with girlfriend Patti D'Arbanville.) It was during his third marriage—to actress Melanie Griffith-that he posed nude with his wife for a PLAYBOY couples pictorial, which the magazine later ran, to his displeasure. Three years ago, he got the most important casting call of his career.

Now, with Johnson on the roll of his life, we decided the time was ripe to get his full story. Early this fall, we sent Contributing Editor David Sheff to-where else? - Miami, where Johnson, after a frantic summer preparing for the release of his album, had begun shooting for the new season of "Vice." Although he had discussed his past in earlier interviews, we felt that given the current climate of reaction against drug abuse—and its glamorization-the star of the show most identified with that topic might be willing to examine more closely what has happened in his life. Johnson apparently agreed: Although he has readily admitted to cocaine use in the past, this interview marks the first time he has discussed the lengths to which his addictions had taken him and the fact that he used even more dangerous drugs.

On that and many other topics, here is Sheff's report:

"Because of all the delays related to Johnson's ungodly shooting schedule, I had plenty of time to eyeball Miami. And Miami, I am here to tell you, is obsessed with Don Johnson. He is on the cover of every local paper and magazine. His name or image seems to be on the T-shirt of every Miami girl and on those of a lot of young men. My contact was 'Miami' Elliot Mintz, who is Johnson's media consultant; it was he who put me off with sincere apologies for the latest delay. Mintz also takes his job about as seriously as General Eisenhower did the invasion of Europe. At 6:15 one evening, after many days of waiting, I got a note from him saying. Hold your position. You will be contacted and then directed to Don.' I held my position.

"I finally met my subject at 1:30 in the morning, just about quitting time for the 'Vice' crew: A knock came at my hotel door and a man with a pleasant grin stuck out his hand and said, 'Hi. Don Johnson. I'm beat.'

"Our sessions usually began with Johnson in a distracted mood, but he had committed to the interview and always came prepared to throw himself into our discussions-no small talk. It sometimes took us a little time to get rolling; but soon, animated by a remarkable reserve of energy, considering the 15-hour day of shooting he had just put in,

"It's outrageous. I've had girls come up and break down sobbing. I often hold them until they calm down a bit."

he would be talking excitedly.

"Iohnson sat across from me, wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with WHAT ARE YOU LOOK-ING AT, DICKHEAD?—aimed at a particularly pesky photographer, he explained-speaking in fast bursts. He guzzled only Evian water, and he spoke with a candor that ranged from downright dangerous to outright playful. One very early morning as we talked on, he bounded into the kitchenette and returned with a bowl of salsa and a bag of tortilla chips. 'Onward,' he challenged. That particular tape is peppered with crackling sounds-the crunching of chips right into the recorder's microphone. 'That's for your transcriber,' Johnson can be heard saying, crunching loudly. 'Here, baby, this one's for you.'

"Toward the end of my time in Miami, I accompanied Mintz one afternoon to the location where 'Vice' was shooting. I stood behind police lines with a large crowd of fans. There were girls ten deep, giggling and shricking, keeping their eyes on the silver motor home with license plates that read DI VILLE. As to the suggestions these young girls were making among themselves about just which sexual position they'd like to be in with Johnson-well, I've turned my notes over to

the Playboy Advisor.

"I saw the effect Johnson can have early on. One morning, when I said goodbye to him at the hotel elevator, the doors closed and I turned to see a girl standing behind us. She was trembling uncontrollably. I asked her if she was all right. She said, 'That was him. That was Don,' I nodded. She turned away, eyes glazed, and began hyperventilating. I asked him about that when we next got together."

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine being a fan of someone's the way that girl is of yours?

JOHNSON: Not really. The only time in my life I can ever remember being starstruck-and I've met everybody at this point, from Dylan to everybody-was when I walked into The Candy Store in Beverly Hills one night. I was probably 20; I always went into that joint, drinking and picking up women, and Dean Martin was lounging on a couch. I walked in there and literally stopped in my fucking tracks, like, "That's Dean Martin."

PLAYBOY: Why Dean Martin?

JOHNSON: I have no idea why it hit me like that. Pretty wacky.

PLAYBOY: And now, to be on the receiving end of that kind of attention-

JOHNSON: It's outrageous. I've had the craziest shit happen. I've had girls come up and just break down into sobbing. They're so fraught with emotion. I often take them and hold them until they calm down a little bit.

PLAYBOY: This sexual image of yours—are you comfortable with it?

JOHNSON: I laugh. It's a kick. But that's just what it is. If you take that shit seriously, you're in serious trouble.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it impossible not to take it seriously some of the time?

JOHNSON: Well, I know that it's not like I suddenly got attractive since Miami Vice. Where was all the attention before the show? I know where it comes from. I'm flattered that there is a contingent of people out there who find me sexually attractive. I'm not pooh-poohing it. I thank you and my banker thanks you. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: So your groupies-

JOHNSON: God bless 'em. Where would us lonely boys be without 'em?

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of getting addicted to this kind of adulation?

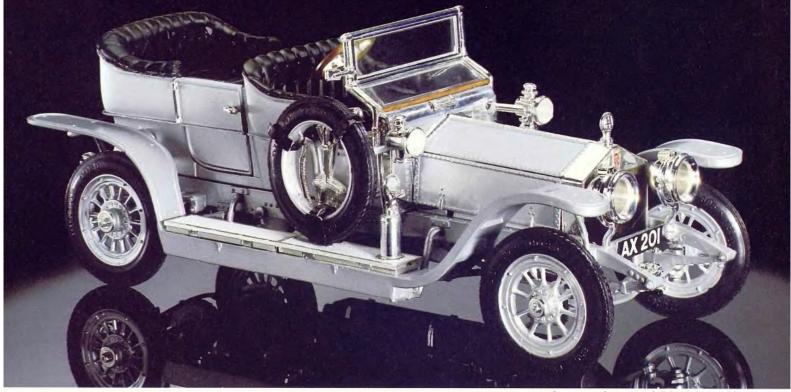
JOHNSON: God knows, I'm a candidate if anybody is. But while the attention is incredible, there is another side to it. I forget sometimes that I'm famous. We'll pull up at a grocery store or something and I'll start to jump out to go in and get whatever we need and whoever is with me will say, "Have you lost your fucking mind?" Oh, oh, yeah, right. "We'll be here for an hour if you go in there." Sometimes it bothers me; but then, on the other hand, you know, the alternative is unacceptable.

PLAYBOY: What's the alternative?

JOHNSON: Struggling, waiting for phone calls telling me I have work.

PLAYBOY: But how do you keep things in perspective? How do you avoid becoming

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a monster with the kind of nonstop attention you've been getting?

JOHNSON: Well, for one thing, I've been around so long, I've seen so many people fuck it up. That helps—just being aware of that. But I'm sure there have been occasions when I have abused the position. I feel, Fuck it, I don't have to be nice today. I'm the star. But I don't let myself get away with it too much. And people let you know. You're never too big for somebody to tell you you're an asshole.

PLAYBOY: Besides girls' breaking down, what kinds of things happen?

JOHNSON: I get a lot of provocative mail, a lot of offers from some of God's generous creatures out there. Most of them I ignore. *Most* of them. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: How are the lucky ones chosen? JOHNSON: First you send them to get a medical exam. [Laughs] Hell, if somebody tweaks your imagination, then, by God, you've got to go and take that step and find out why. You go on vibes. If somebody can intrigue your imagination in a letter, you know, then, by all means, a response is in order. A response is a courtesy, anyway. But a lot of the time. . . . You know the old stories about being turned on over the phone? These women with great, sexy voices work for answering services and you invite them over to a party because you know that it'll be safe, since there will be lots of people around-and in walks this behemoth.

PLAYBOY: You sound experienced.

JOHNSON: Yeah, well, you know. The trick is, you never do it alone. You never make a commitment that you aren't prepared to fill. Like, don't be talking shit over the phone until you see the goods. Frankly, I don't have a lot of time for that kind of frivolity, but just out of sheer curiosity, you've got to go for it once in a while. It's dangerous. PLAYBOY: How?

JOHNSON: You never know what will happen. But any kind of dating can be dangerous. Falling in love can be dangerous. It can fuck up lives and relationships. If you're already in a relationship with somebody and you fall in love with somebody else, it can be devastating. And if you're not in love with somebody else and you fall in love, then it can change your life-not always for the good. There's a quote from Socrates that I read once and that stuck in my mind: "If you get a good wife, you live happily ever after. If you get a bad one, you become a philosopher." [Laughs] I think that pretty much sums up my future. So, anything else you want to philosophize about?

PLAYBOY: Sure. Do you have any philosophical theories about *Miami Vice*'s success? Besides the clothes, of course.

JOHNSON: The clothes thing is completely blown out of proportion. There are a couple valid aspects to it. What [executive producer] Michael Mann did by creating the color scheme of the show was make rules about the look and style, much like you make rules when you make a feature film.

Television was not treated like that. That in itself brought a sense of quality to the show you didn't normally find on TV.

PLAYBOY: Still, we don't imagine you have many fans in the socks industry.

JOHNSON: Michael takes credit for the nosocks thing. But all those fashion things were not new things. I'd been wearing no socks and T-shirts and jackets for years. I couldn't afford the highest-priced ones, but I'd been doing it for years.

PLAYBOY: While we're on this substantial stuff, how often do you shave?

JOHNSON: I designed the character in the beginning to be so involved in his work that that stuff became secondary. He'd be up for days at a time running with some drug dealer and wouldn't necessarily stop to shave. So that's how the three-day stubble was born. The clothes were born out of the idea that drug dealers love flash: flashy cars, flashy rings, flashy jewelry, flashy clothes, flashy women. We were undercover cops after drug dealers, and in order to catch the big guys, we had to dress and look like them.

PLAYBOY: So back to the question: Besides the flash and stubble, what is it about *Vice* that made it a hit?

JOHNSON: Basically, we never did anything really different. We didn't redefine the cop drama, that's for sure. But the show was contemporary in a way that no other television show was. Cocaine was our basic story line, and it is also the story line in the headlines today. Rock 'n' roll was our backdrop, and it still is. With that as its basis, the show works because of the characters. You can dress them in any kind of clothes you want and you can play any number of rock-'n'-roll tunes, but if people don't get into the characters-Sonny Crockett, Ricardo Tubbs, Lieutenant Castillo, Switek, Zito, Trudy and Gina-then you can take all the \$800 Versace jackets and all the Verri Uomo slacks and all the Ferraris and all the vibrating pastels and put them in a thimble, hand them back to Michael Mann and say, "I'm sorry, this is empty."

PLAYBOY: How do you react to the criticisms of *Vice*, specifically that the quality has gone down since the first season?

JOHNSON: I don't feel I have to apologize. At a certain point, there's only so much you can do. I don't think people realize what it's like to try to make 22 watchable episodes. Most shows are happy to get two or three exceptional episodes a year. The first season, we got eight or ten. And the rest of them were above average.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened?

JOHNSON: The second season, we still got six or seven exceptional shows. And then we had four or five clunkers. Last season, we didn't get one script that didn't have to be rewritten before we could shoot it. There was no time to prepare properly.

PLAYBOY: In your position, can't you put your foot down and insist, for instance, that scripts come in on time?

JOHNSON: Not when you're 3000 miles

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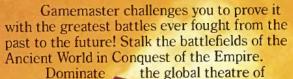
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away. When you're in Hollywood, you can march into the office and scream and yell and rant and rave. Over the phone, they just hang up and say, "What an asshole. He's got a hit series and now he's just too big for his britches." But they don't take into consideration the fact that you are working 96 hours a week on this thing. I mean, there are only 120 hours in a five-day week, so that doesn't leave much time for anything—like sleep. You work 96 hours a week and the only saving grace is that you love what you're doing and you're proud of the result.

PLAYBOY: And about \$100,000 a week.

JOHNSON: [Smiles] I'm not telling. But people talk about the big bucks as the reason for the hard work. Yeah, right: That's why you make the big bucks. But after a certain point, it doesn't mean shit, because you're so frustrated and your nerves are worn to such a frazzle and you can barely stand up. And it's hell on your social life, no matter what you've heard.

PLAYBOY: You made a joke earlier about sending a date out for a medical exam. These are bad times for casual sex; as a guy with a lot of opportunities, what are you doing about the risk of disease?

JOHNSON: Listen, I'm going to tell you something, pal. I was only partly joking. There's some shit going around out there that you can't get rid of any longer with a shot. They got to shoot you if you get it. With AIDS, sex these days can be lethal. Does that mean there's too much promiscuity? If you believe that the planet has a series of checks and balances, as we've been led to believe, and, as history has told us time and time again, that for every action there's a reaction, and so on, then apparently there's too much promiscuity. PLAYBOY: Coming from you, that's some-

JOHNSON: I'm not saying there is not for me. But a thoughtful person has to consider it.

PLAYBOY: You're a single man; how does the threat of disease affect your life?

JOHNSON: Let me put it this way. You give it thought.

PLAYBOY: Do you ask a girl you're interested in if she could be a carrier?

JOHNSON: If there is a question, that's it. The answer's got to be no.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that naïve? Isn't there always a question?

JOHNSON: You're right. There are always calculated risks that you're willing to take with the right partner. And there are precautions you can take, like rubbers—condoms, if you will. Ah, I'm from the era when you called them rubbers, buddy. Yeah, I know it's like taking a bath with your socks on, but it's better than dying.

I'm not making light of it. It's something that is very difficult to assimilate. Part of the problem is the confusing information we get. For a while it was, Jesus, you can get this off toilet seats, for God's sake. I mean, they don't know. How do you get it? Well, you may get it from nee-

dles. And you may get it from transfusions. You get it from butt fucking. No, no, wait a minute. It's a transmission of fluids. What fluids? Saliva? Come? What is it? Doctors look at you and go, "We just don't know." Can I get a test to see if I'm immune or if I've got the virus or if I'm a carrier? Well, you can, but it's not really accurate. Is the incubation period four years? Eight years? I saw a report that showed numerous cases of AIDS in heterosexual females who may have gotten it from men who had experimental adolescent homosexual relationships. That means, lesus, anybody and everybody is susceptible. Not that I've fooled around in that area, but there are statistics showing that some enormous number, like 85 or 90 percent of the men on the planet, have had some form of homosexual experience in their adolescence, even those who went on to become heterosexual. That percentage went on to have heterosexual relationships with, say, 50 women, who went on to have relationships with any number of other people. . . . It doesn't stop. Let's face it: The sheer concept of the numbers that it could affect is devastating. [For a more scientific view of AIDS statistics, see this month's Forum Newsfront.]

PLAYBOY: So how has all this changed your behavior?

JOHNSON: I've gotten into fucking sheep. [Laughs] Sorry, I couldn't help myself. No, man, you use your best judgment. You don't hear a lot of stories anymore about, "Jesus, I just got head from this girl; I don't even know her name." Not only do you know her name, you know her parents, where she's from, what she does for a living, where she hangs out. That gives you an idea of what you can expect. Does she hang out at clubs? I don't care what anybody says, a girl who hangs out at clubs. . . . This is going to cause trouble, but today you've got to think this way. I didn't make the rules, I'm just living by them. A girl who's hanging out at clubs is exposed to casual sex. I'm not saving that she's promiscuous; she only has to do it once with the guy who's been doing it a lot. Right? And then you are into the ball game. You are a recruit, whether you like it or not.

PLAYBOY: So casual sex is out for now?

JOHNSON: If you have half a brain. One of the things that I'm very pleased about is that I'm doing Miami Vice in south Florida and not back in Sin City-L.A.because the temptation is even greater back there. [Laughs] So until we figure something out, precautions should be taken, and I think people have to communicate with each other. But who knows? Out of this they may come up with some brilliant new drug that will cure not only this but cancer. Because I'm going to tell you something: We are motivated. Now that it's not just a gay disease, there is serious motivation. The Government might let them go, because they're fairly coldhearted about that. But now that heterosexuals are getting it, you can bet there'll be something done about it.

Then again, we may get real inventive sexually. Find a new deal, right? I'm a candidate, I'm a player. But the over-all point about all the attention to sex is misleading. Right now, I just don't have time for much of anything other than work.

PLAYBOY: With your schedule, how do you meet women?

JOHNSON: How do you meet women, anyway? You see them. You see a pretty woman and you say, "Damn, she's interesting-looking." And you go over and introduce yourself. Some people think that Don Johnson can have any woman that he wants, but first of all, he's got to surpass a whole bunch of hurdles, because all of those women think the same thing, and that's the first hurdle that you've got to get over. The truth of the matter is that most of the women who feel that way are so inaccurate about it that we usually don't get past that initial hurdle. When we do, it's often, "Hey, you're a pretty nice guy." PLAYBOY: Surprise!

JOHNSON: Yeah, surprise. "Well, what the fuck did you think—I eat babies for breakfast?" The truth is, I can't get out and meet nice ladies. I'm very selective and usually spend most of my time alone, because I don't have someone that I really care about right now.

PLAYBOY: Is that true? You spend most of your time alone?

JOHNSON: Yeah, I do. I work. I work, and then when I go home at night, I sit there and sometimes wonder, What am I doing? But I know it's a temporary thing. I know that I won't always have to work this hard and that eventually I'll run into somebody and she's going to be it. It's going to all happen for us, you know.

PLAYBOY: So you're looking for that?

JOHNSON: The thing I really miss is being able to share all this wonderful stuff with somebody. It's a thrill, but when you can't share it with somebody, it's very empty.

PLAYBOY: After three marriages, do you still really want that kind of relationship? JOHNSON: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say you weren't capable of monogamy?

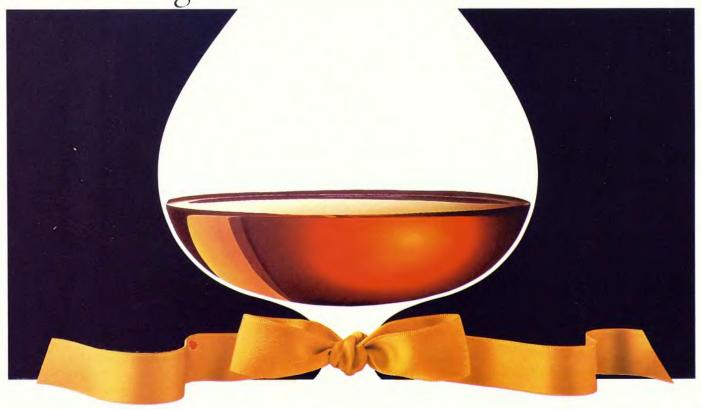
JOHNSON: I probably did say that and I probably meant it at the time. But I'd like to believe that I am, and I am damn sure going to give it a shot one of these days. I have hopes that we're headed for a new era in relationships—more traditional relationships. I don't know. I am anxiously awaiting my next opportunity to find out whether it's monogamy or [laughs] an open marriage or whatever.

PLAYBOY: In the meantime?

JOHNSON: In the meantime, God bless those sensitive, caring creatures who bestow upon me their favors on occasion.

PLAYBOY: This is pretty interesting; approximately 100,000,000 guys envy the spot you're in right now—with the ladies and the fame—yet you say you spend

On the first night of Christmas



my true love gave to me...



most of your time alone.

JOHNSON: Everything is usually the antithesis of what it seems. Even that is more complicated than everyone thinks. Girls who normally would come right off of it at a bar run into me and see diamond rings and fancy cars and don't want to give anything away. They think, If I go to bed with him on the first date, he's going to think I'm cheap. I'll make him work for it. I'm making a joke about it, but it's true. When you've got one business, you've got to do it right. Groupies usually haven't evolved enough at that point in their lives to see the bigger picture, so they're in for the short-term gain.

It's not simple. For every problem that's cradicated because I have fame, money, whatever, I get three more that are more complicated. The biggest point is that I'm not into getting laid. Just getting laid is probably one of the most empty things that you can do at 36. You get laid at 22. I did it until I was 32. If there isn't some value in it somewhere, some poetry in it somewhere, then fuck it. I'd rather go home alone or go home and talk to my little boy on the telephone or, when he's with me, go home and wrestle with him or take a ride in my boat or read a good book, which I haven't had a chance to do since I started the show.

PLAYBOY: And you also must take into account the question of whether someone is interested in you or in Sonny Crockett. JOHNSON: You make arrangements for both of those occasions [laughs]. I mean, I can get behind somebody wanting to fuck the star, you know. But it's more meaningful to be into the person. But I've never been opposed to a little kink here and there [laughs]—depending upon my mood. PLAYBOY: Are you suspicious of the motives of most people you meet?

JOHNSON: I'm a pretty good judge of people. I can usually tell when somebody is a sycophant, when somebody is just plain full of shit. But I've been fooled, like everybody else. So, no, it's not easy to meet people. And, as I said, when I meet them, they have all kinds of expectations about how terrible I am.

PLAYBOY: What is that based on?

JOHNSON: You can be the most magnanimous, loving and giving person in the world, but fail to sign one autograph at the wrong time and you are the meanest, most arrogant, self-centered asshole who ever walked the face of the earth. I think that I'm sometimes perceived that way. But 95 percent of the shit that's written about me is untrue, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a sense of your overall image in the press?

JOHNSON: I think a serious misconception is that I am mean or unapproachable.

PLAYBOY: Yet it comes from somewhere.

JOHNSON: It comes from having so much

pressure on me.

PLAYBOY: Pressure as an excuse for what?

JOHNSON: Pressure as an excuse for what? JOHNSON: Time becomes an enemy. All of a sudden, all the amenities go out the window. It's no longer "Gee, could you please hand me that prop over there?" It's "Get me that fucking prop now, goddamn it." The demands put on you are outrageous. You require concentration and focus to keep abreast of it. Miami Vice got so big so quick. There were so many adjustments to make in my life that it was all I could do at the time to stay on top of it and still maintain who I am. Each moment was, I've got this interview to do later; a photographer is coming on the set to take pictures for that publication; Entertainment Tonight is going to be here at four o'clock. This week's script isn't right. I've just read next week's script and it has problems; got to get hold of the writers to talk about fixing it. They've sent me the cut of the show we finished last week, and for three of the scenes, they're using the wrong cuts, and I've got to see if they can change them. So that, coupled with all of the publicity and stardom pressurepeople demanding your attention every second-means you have to focus and concentrate on what you're doing. Otherwise, it will get away from you.

PLAYBOY: We touched on whether or not you become a monster in this kind of spotlight. We've heard stories about all this going to your head.

JOHNSON: Yeah, I've seen power at work in myself. You have to discipline yourself. At least, I don't believe that I'm arbitrary. That's a difference. What may come off like arrogance—"He's the star of the show" shit-is simply a deep-rooted and sincere desire to make it better and to make it new and fresh and different each time, to not settle for "Well, it's OK, it's TV." So I try to temper myself not to be impulsive. Also, I know what to look for: I have seen people, drunk with power, make decisions solely because they have the power to do it, even though the decisions will ultimately cause them pain and grief. That's abuse.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it abusive when you shut down the set of *Miami Vice* this year over a renegotiation of your contract?

JOHNSON: I was advised by my legal counsel on that, but it was after we had made attempts to deal with this before the show went into production. It was clear that for my position on the show, for the contribution that I make, I was grossly underpaid. My representatives opened this up to Universal and NBC, which both knew that I was grossly underpaid in comparison with everyone else of my stature in television. They were apprised of the fact that an adjustment was needed, and they chose to ignore it. If they were trying to make an example of me, it didn't work. Meanwhile, our side conducted business like gentlemen while the other side went to the press. There were statements made by people who will remain nameless, like, "He shouldn't do this to us now. We're very powerful; we're on top."

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

JOHNSON: I didn't say anything at the

time, because I felt that these were business matters and they should be handled like business and not in the press.

PLAYBOY: Then what's your reaction now? JOHNSON: Here's my reaction: How the fuck do they think they got on top? Who do they think was partially responsible-part of the team-that got them on top? Hey, man, I understand the game. It's just business. Nothing personal, gentlemen, right? I didn't get everything I wanted, but I did OK. And you know what? I'm still in the game to play another day. And they are, too. So I thought it was time to say it. I haven't spoken about it before. Because it wasn't just money. By their greed, they push you into an adversarial relationship in the creative aspect of the game as well. And the product suffers. Instead of focusing on the work at hand, you're focusing on impossible schedules. If a bad script comes in, we don't have time to scrap it, because the boys at Universal are tapping their feet and looking at their watches. It's no new argument; there's always the battle between talent and money.

PLAYBOY: The boys at CBS Records are tapping their feet right about now over your first record. Why isn't it enough to be a TV star? Why do you want to become a rock-'n'-roll star?

JOHNSON: [Grins] Because I can. It's such an inept answer to say, "I've been singing all my life." It seems sort of like I'm trying to convince somebody. But, in truth, it's just that I've always wanted to make a record, I've been singing all my life and, finally, I can. Somebody gave me the opportunity to do it the way I always wanted to do it. I have this persona as an actor and as a person of being this sort of street-smart tough guy. Tough guys don't sing or dance, do they? So here was a chance to say, "Fuck this."

PLAYBOY: Because of your Miami Vice success, you had a lot of fans who went out and bought the record no matter what, but there were a lot of people out there saying, "Prove it to me."

JOHNSON: I felt the latter more. This country has a preoccupation with building people up and tearing them down. We do it very well, better than anybody, I think. It's probably just a debauched way of passing the time. That, plus the fact that there is an incredible machine out there that has to be fed, the media machine. That's what the fuck we're doing right here, right now, feeding the machine. And it's insatiable.

PLAYBOY: And just now, you're the main course.

JOHNSON: Yeah. So I knew there were a lot of people who'd love to watch me fall on my face. But that same pressure was another reason I wanted to do it. Also, there's a long legacy of people we chewed up and spit out in the television market, or any market, from Fabian to Tab Hunter to Starsky and Hutch. Crockett and Tubbs are the latest, so the battle is to extricate

yourself from that milieu, to say, "Hey, beyond all of this hype, there's really an artist in here."

PLAYBOY: So the record is a way to avoid being Starsky or Hutch?

JOHNSON: Yes. That image has left an indelible mark on the frontal lobe of millions of people. I've always been afraid of that. The record is one way out of that trap. From the beginning, I felt it was important to try to stay separate from the show, separate from the character. It's occupational suicide if you don't do it. And there was resistance to it. In the beginning, there was a lot of pressure put on both Philip [Michael Thomas] and me to be one-to show up in the same limousine at openings, to be in the same interviews, the same photo sessions. Certain factions involved in the production tried to convince us that if we left the fold, it would be detrimental to the show. It's no secret: If you keep actors together and don't give them an identity, then they're a little easier to control, aren't they? It didn't take me long to realize that this was a fatal error. I took Philip aside and said, "Let me tell you something, pal: For better or for worse, we've got to resist this. Because there is life after Miami Viceand if there isn't, then, by God, let us fall on our own. Let's not have to depend on each other's misfortunes or fortunes to exist." We made a pact on the spot. We said, "OK, man, when we walk into a room, you pick one corner and I'll pick the other." And that's the way we did it. Philip understood it from the beginning.

PLAYBOY: That helped you, but Thomas hasn't fared as well apart from *Vice*.

JOHNSON: It's no secret that he's had a harder time than I've had, particularly in the press, but he takes a rather philosophical view toward it. He has always maintained that what's good for me is good for him and vice versa. I know that's rather contradictory to the pact. But what's good for either of us has to be good for the show, which is good for both of us, since the show is our foundation. The point is not to fall victim to it and not to be trapped by it. That's the key.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Thomas has had a harder time than you?

JOHNSON: It's just a matter of having an instinct of how to deal with the press. Philip is the sweetest, kindest, most giving person you'd ever want to meet.

PLAYBOY: That's not the image he has. He has sounded like an extreme egotist.

JOHNSON: I know what Philip is really like. The image in the press is just that—image. It's not him. We're brothers, we work together all the time, and I love him and stand by him.

PLAYBOY: Why have you done commercials for Pepsi-Cola?

JOHNSON: I kept saying no and they kept throwing more money at me.

PLAYBOY: A million dollars is the figure that has been bandied about.

JOHNSON: I don't want to get into what

the figure was. When it got to a certain level, though, it was impossible to turn down. Plus, I wanted to see if I could make a minimovie out of a commercial. I think we pulled off an artistic achievement, had fun and made some money, too. And, by the way, I reject this fucking notion that you can't make money in this business. I mean, shit, I starved for 15 years to get to this position. It's one of the rewards of working 16 and 18 hours a day and not being with your family. And it wasn't a commercial for 5 Day deodorant pads or panty shields or anything.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the figures—from Pepsi, *Vice*, the record—you're making a huge amount of money. How has it affected you?

JOHNSON: I know for a fact I have been poor, I've been rich and I've been in between, and I've been lonely in all those places. It's lonely at the top, but it's also lonely at the bottom and in the middle. I don't think that money makes it any easier to deal with everyday life. As I've said, money eradicates some problems but causes others. The biggest changes in my life don't have to do with the money but with the fact that I'm dealing with life straight on, sober.

PLAYBOY: You've discussed your alcohol and drug abuse in the past, but given the current climate, let's delve a little more deeply into it. How bad did it get?

JOHNSON: I know that when I was drinking and using, I built my day around it. "I'll meet you for drinks." "Let's go there; they make a great bloody mary." "You want to come over on Saturday for mimosas?" You know what I mean? People do it and don't really think about it, and before you know it, you're into the alcohol syndrome. Same with drugs. "Let's get together and get loaded." So, anyway: Nobody got higher than I did for longer than I did. I look back now and say, "What the fuck was I doing?"—waking up in a joint with a bunch of people lying around with needles in their arms. First you want to know how you got therethen why the fuck you're still there.

PLAYBOY: And the answer?

JOHNSON: When you're miserable, or when you're addicted, there's this weird psychology. You seek lower social forms. For some odd reason, you only feel comfortable around people who are also not in their right minds, who are hell-bent on hurting themselves.

PLAYBOY: How far did you go? Did you use needles?

JOHNSON: No, I never got into needles. I tried heroin, but that was experimental. That shit scared me. But what I did was almost worse than for the person who's using the needle. That person has made up his mind that that's what he's going to do: "I'm going to be fucked up." This is an important point; I know lots of people who shared this delusion. I was fucked up but said it was OK because I wasn't using needles. I used to try to sell myself on that

rationale, and so do a lot of people out there. "I don't shoot up, so I'm fine." Fuck, no. I was not fine. In my heyday, it wasn't anything for me to knock off a case and a half of beer a day, a bottle of vodka, three or four good, healthy snifters of cognac, a couple of bottles of good wine and a couple of grams of coke. A day! And that's not to mention the eight or ten odd joints about the size of your pointer finger I'd fire up a day.

PLAYBOY: As soon as you woke up?

JOHNSON: After a particularly rough night, in the tradition of a little hair of the dog that bit you, I would reach into the refrigerator and grab a beer. I would take the first one and turn it up and guzzle it. There would be this burning, effervescent feeling in your throat. You're waking up with a mouth drier than the Mojave Desert. So there was that feeling in your throat; your eyes would water and you'd immediately get a rush and be just as high as you were when you went to bed. Then you'd take a second one out, drink half of that and sit down and light a cigarette and enjoy the other half. Of course, about half an hour later, after that initial buzz wore off, you still felt like shit. Like you'd been run over by a truck. And that's when you fire up a reefer. Then, if you had any left, maybe the teensiest, tiniest little line, just to sort of take the dull edge off all of that other stuff. And then you were ready to face the day.

PLAYBOY: To do what?

JOHNSON: To corral the right combination of people and replenish the supply of drugs and booze.

PLAYBOY: And you're here to tell about it. Why?

JOHNSON: By the grace of God, really. Because I rolled several cars, got in several fights, got shot at a few times. Man, there were nights. . . .

PLAYBOY: There's a little nostalgia in your voice. Although everyone talks about the psychological reasons for addiction, do you think you also did drugs because they were fun, at least at first?

JOHNSON: I don't think so. I think that it's what we've learned to accept as fun. It's not really fun. It's relatively sophomoric and idiotic when you are clear enough to think about it. It's a little like saving, "Let's go up to the third or fourth floor of this hotel and jump out of the window. We probably won't die from it. We'll probably just get banged up a little bit, and no way can you get addicted, you know. I mean, you'll have a little headache tomorrow, but that's no big deal." You know what I mean? That's what we have-it's just as crazy as that. We have been taught to accept the sickest shit. "Man, I was out last night and got so blind that I didn't know what the hell I was doing or where I was." People used to say that proudly. Or, "You should have seen him-he was so fucked up it was hysterical." No, that ain't it, man. It was, in fact, "You should have seen him. The poor motherfucker needed

help." That shit ain't fun. It's dangerous. And it's humiliating, And painful.

PLAYBOY: Where do you think that feeling came from?

JOHNSON: Our generation, more than any other, believed that there was something hip or romantic about being wasted. We were sold a bill of goods. It was one of the things we mistook for freedom, so many things that we were pushing the envelope for, whether sexual freedom or anything else. It became part of the rebellion against the conventional way of life. Now we've come full circle, and it's a shock.

PLAYBOY: So you're cynical about your generation?

JOHNSON: Well, in a lot of ways, we did change the world. I'm not cynical about that. There was a social revolution. We had and continue to have an impact on the environment, inequalities in jobs, racism, sexism, international awareness about human rights and nuclear disarmament—things like that. We really are having an impact. For that, I am very proud to be a part of this generation. . . .

PLAYBOY: But?

JOHNSON: But for this stuff to happen, we threw out everything. We had to. In the beginning, there had to be this cataclysmic sort of upheaval in order for there to be any change. We had to throw off all the rules—"Don't do this, don't do that." We said one huge "Fuck you." And, man, I had a ball! I had fun smoking pot. I had fun doing acid, too. But I did get addicted. Remember they said pot leads to other things? I thought that was bullshit. For me, it wasn't bullshit. I did get addicted. And I wasn't alone. I'm just one of the most publicized. I tried everything—including the Big H.

PLAYBOY: What was your experience with heroin like?

JOHNSON: I did it a few times and what struck me right away was, "Why in the fuck would you want to do this shit?" Because right away, I wanted to throw up. And then, all of a sudden, you get this warm, sort of pleasant feeling all over. Kind of "Hey, yeah. That's cool." No. That is not cool. It is a road to dying.

PLAYBOY: How do you think you managed to avoid getting hooked on heroin?

JOHNSON: Because that's the big lie I was talking about. I want to make a point of it, because it is a big lie that continues. The lie is, "It's OK to do coke because you can't really get addicted to coke. But heroin. . ." We all know what happens with that. You end up going out and robbing a store to support your habit. We justified everything, being addicted to pot, cocaine and alcohol, and said we were OK because we weren't addicted to heroin. "Cocaine's cool, man." Cocaine was the elite drug. We know that's bullshit now.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel, then, about all the reports of increased drug use?

JOHNSON: The increase is with everybody who didn't do it before. Remember when you were in school, there was always the

fast crowd? Well, I was always part of that fast crowd. So the fast crowd did whatever it was first, and then it hit the masses. School is just a microcosm of society. There's the crowd that's supposedly in the know, and then there are the masses and then there are the nerds, you know. The happening crowd starts it and the masses pick it up and the nerds bring up the rear-God bless 'em, we need 'em all. But that's kind of the way it is in society, too. It's an epidemic now because all the people who were cool made it look so glamorous. It has hit the masses, and soon they, too, will see that it is nowhere. The attractive thing will be to be straight.

PLAYBOY: Do you think some drugs are OK in moderation?

JOHNSON: I can't. Maybe I will be able to someday. . . . No, that's the disease talking. I have this thing that I do with my buddy Dickey Betts, who is clean, too. We say, "One of these days, I'm gonna throw a party and I'm going to get the biggest pile of cocaine and the biggest pile of pot, a big bottle of Jack Daniel's, a whole tub full of beer, every pill you can think of! Yes, sir. Someday, I'm gonna have me a party—but not today." [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You do sound nostalgic.

JOHNSON: Listen, people talk about wars that way, too. We're strange creatures in that way. We focus on the tragic things. That's why we like movies that deal with stuff like that, because those things affect us the most profoundly. You go back over your life and you don't necessarily think about the sweet, nice women. You remember the ones who took your heart and drop-kicked it. And you have to remember some of it and laugh. But thank God I'm still around to laugh.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of war stories, what was one of the strangest places in which you found yourself while on drugs?

JOHNSON: One time I woke up in Hawaii. **PLAYBOY:** What's strange about that?

JOHNSON: I started in California. I went out for a pack of cigarettes and I woke up in Hawaii. I was living with this woman at the time. I ran into this old buddy of mine, and he had a pocket full of cash and a bunch of dope and stuff and we started partying and stayed out all night, and the next morning, he had a flight to Hawaii. You know how you get started talking, and he said, "Come on, man, go with me." I said, "I haven't got any clothes!" "You don't need no clothes in Hawaii. Come on, we're going to Hawaii! Just cut the legs off your jeans." I said, "Right on, let's go." We went to the airport and got on a plane and ended up in Hawaii and just kept partying for three weeks. Listen, man, I knew how to have a good time. I don't remember a lot of it. I remember I never called the girl to tell her what had happened.

PLAYBOY: She must have given you a warm reception when you finally came back.

JOHNSON: Oh, yes. She came to the door and said, "Where did you have to *go* for those cigarettes?"

PLAYBOY: At least she had a sense of humor.

JOHNSON: If they were going to run with me, they'd better have a sense of humor. But you look back on some of that stuff and what was funny then is kind of sad and pathetic now. I look back and wonder how I survived it.

PLAYBOY: Most of this drug period was when you lived in L.A. How could you afford the lifestyle? Cocaine isn't cheap—at least it wasn't.

JOHNSON: I never had a problem, because people who have money like to buy cocaine and share it with people who are fun to be with, and apparently I was a lot of fun to be with. Twenty or so years ago, when I came to L.A. from San Francisco, I started out to become an actor or a singer or whatever, no matter what. And for most of that time, it was no matter what. It was the underside of what is happening now. A lot of years, I was under the national poverty level in income. Some years I did well, but mostly I just lived by my wits and by whoever happened to be buying dinner that night. During that period, you could live like a king in L.A. on the same income-below the national poverty level-that anywhere else would get you slam-dunked through the goal post of life.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but most people in L.A. below the national poverty level don't live like kings. What are you saying?

JOHNSON: I don't know. I did. There are some people who can think on their feet. At the risk of sounding immodest, I guess I was just one of those people who could tell a funny story at the appropriate moment or be a good listener at another appropriate moment. That's generally what it amounted to. I was fairly enterprising and I knew how to get by in one way or another. There was always the reliable unemployment if you worked enough days within a quarter to qualify, but there were a lot of times I didn't qualify. But you make money here and there. I probably put a house and a couple of Mercedes up my nose, but I made money somehow. PLAYBOY: Did you make money acting?

JOHNSON: Yeah, acting or one street scam or another. A T-shirt deal or just being able to hook people up. A guy was looking for a piece of art and I found it. It's keeping your eyes open. It's not that difficult to make money. And if you were in that circle, coke was always around.

PLAYBOY: What circle?

JOHNSON: I don't kiss and tell. Holly-wood. It was everywhere. There was a time when it was not uncommon for you to meet some very prominent people in the business for lunch and then after lunch have them say, "Here, you want to take a little walk to the bathroom?" I mean, it was just like, "You want to go powder your nose?" And I do mean powder your nose. It was like dessert.

PLAYBOY: Was it hard to live in L.A. after you cleaned up?

JOHNSON: It's the funniest thing. People





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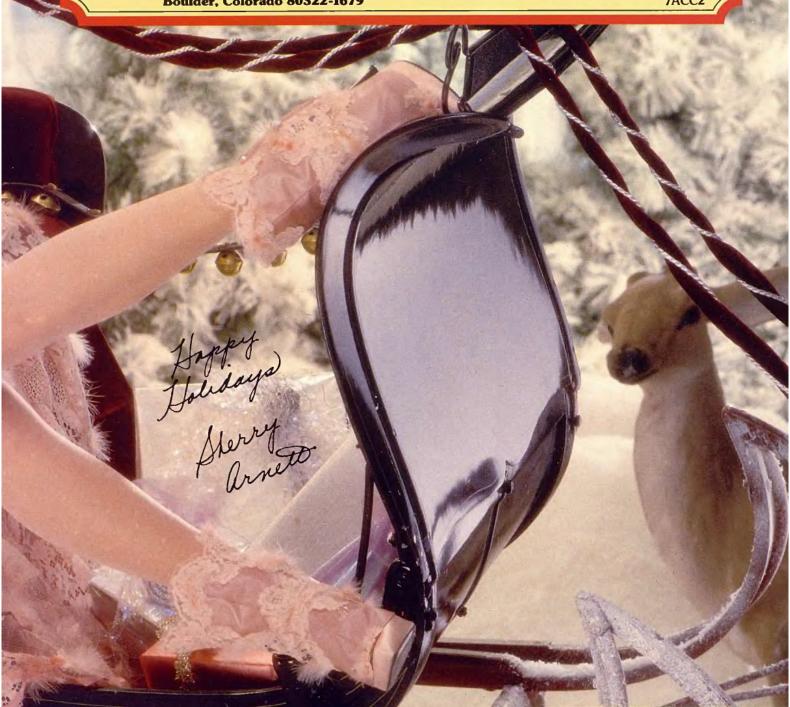
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who, when I was getting high, wouldn't give me the time of day couldn't wait to try to give me some blow when it got around that I was straight. It's really sick. People don't want you climbing out of a hole and mirroring how desperate and sick it really is. Sick? After some time, I would do some and say, "Why am I doing this? I just get anxious, paranoid, schizophrenic, psychotic and neurotic." You know that joke of George Carlin's: You do a hit of cocaine and it'll make you feel like a new man. Only the new man wants another hit.

PLAYBOY: OK. So how did you stop?

JOHNSON: My girlfriend Patti was already going to a drug-rehabilitation program, and I went with her. When I quit, I quit everything immediately, all at once. I don't want to do another fucking confessional about drugs, but I feel strongly about it. It's no easy feat getting sober. Anybody who can do it is a hell of a human being, and I say that in all modesty, because it is not easy. When you can manage to do it, you can do it only with the help of a lot of people and support groups and, most of all, a power outside of yourself, be it God or another kind of spiritual liaison, whatever you call it. It is the same force that allows us to feel love and the same force that allows us to feel at all. I tapped into that source and humbled myself and communicated in a way to help me rid myself of the obsession with alcohol and drugs. And it worked. Whatever it was or is, it worked, and it still works.

PLAYBOY: What's the best part about being off drugs?

JOHNSON: You can't do anything when you're fucked up. You can bullshit yourself and think you're going real fast and making a lot of headway. But, basically, you're spinning your wheels and not remembering it. I got so bored with it that almost anything would have taken its place. If I listen to one more coke rap until the wee hours of the morning and watch the sun come up with eyes that feel that they have third-degree burns on them, I will die. That's one of the strongest images I have: sitting around facing a bunch of people you have just told the most intimate secrets of your life and probably will never see again.

If that startling realization won't keep you sober, then, brother, you need to be fucked up. Boom. Done. There. Now I really hope that for purposes of interviews I don't have to talk about all this drug stuff ever again.

PLAYBOY: Have you examined the source of your tendencies? You have said you were incorrigible and rebellious as a child. Is it all connected?

JOHNSON: I don't know. I was afraid of growing up. I ran away from it in every way I could. I was afraid of not making it, so I made sure I didn't have a chance. Who knows where it is rooted? When I was this rebellious kid, I was probably pissed off because my parents had gotten

divorced. I'm not a psychologist, but I would imagine that's what it was.

PLAYBOY: What kind of family did you come from?

JOHNSON: We were poor, not povertystricken but certainly hard-working, lower-middle-class farmers. Both of my grandfathers had about 80 acres apiece. One grandfather was a farmer and a minister, which is not uncommon where I'm from. That whole time in my life provided a great foundation. I was on a farm until I was about four or five, and then we moved away to Wichita, Kansas. My father got work at an airplane factory. He's a master mechanic, a master carpenter.

PLAYBOY: When did your parents divorce? JOHNSON: I was 11. That's a difficult time in anyone's life. I stayed with my mother for a while and I was declared incorrigible by the courts for things like skipping school and shoplifting and hanging out with the wrong crowd. Then I was sent to live with my father. He was strict, and by then I had been threatened by being sent to a boys' home. That was not my idea of a good time. I did a little stint for stealing a car while the authorities were making up their minds what they were going to do with me, whether they were going to let me go live with my father or whether I was going to stay in the detention center or what. That was enough time for me to realize that I did not want to be incarcerated in any fashion.

PLAYBOY: When did you leave home?

JOHNSON: I was 16. I finished putting myself through high school by working in a meat shop. I was in a business-administration class and I kept falling asleep and the teacher threw me out. The only class left open was a drama class. I went down and asked the teacher if I could get in. She asked, "Can you sing?" I said, "Yeah, I can sing." She asked, "Can you dance?" I said, "Well, all right." She asked, "Can you act?" I said, "Sure. Sure, why not?" I was just bullshitting my way into it, but she told me to go to an auditorium where they were auditioning for West Side Story. The next day, it was posted that I was the lead. And I got into her class. She took an interest in me and convinced me that I really had a talent for this. And she started throwing books in my direction-Tennessee Williams, Faulkner, Edward Albec, Ionesco. She taught me how to read Shakespeare, and I'd read it and still wouldn't understand it, but somehow I'd plow through it. I said, "This is it. This is what I want to do." She was responsible for getting me a scholarship to the University of Kansas to study drama.

PLAYBOY: Where you became the scandal of the school by moving in with your drama teacher.

JOHNSON: We had this wonderful, wonderful, lovely relationship. After I'd been at college a year and a half, Ed Hastings from the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco came down to direct an

opera by Stravinsky. Both this woman and I auditioned for him and were hired to join A.C.T. I worked in the mail room at A.C.T. when *Your Own Thing* came to town, and I copped an understudy role.

PLAYBOY: This was the late Sixties. Were you concerned with the draft?

JOHNSON: I was up the year that the lottery was adopted. My number came up 345. I went, "Whew"—you know, 344 19year-olds had to go before me. You dig? By the time my number came up, they had abolished the lottery.

PLAYBOY: Were you involved in antiwar demonstrations?

JOHNSON: I was so self-involved and naïve at that time that I participated in some things on a purely social level. If there was someone I was seeing who happened to be extraordinarily attractive and she was on her way to a rally, I would join her. It was a social thing. San Francisco. The Fillmore West. I remember I was 17 or 18 and there was this girl I'd been wanting to, like, get down with-this flower child, you know. I was a dork from the Midwest at the time. I might have smoked a little pot back in Kansas, but drugs? Whoo, bad stuff, man. So this girl said, "Hey, Don, I got some acid." This was when people were supposedly jumping out of windows. That's what you heard. And she asked if I wanted to drop with her. And I went, "Oh, fuck, man, I want to be with this girl. I don't give a fuck if I do jump out a window." I said, "Sure, man." It didn't take long for us to lose the person who was with us. We went traipsing around the Tenderloin and downtown, riding the trolleys to Fisherman's Wharf and the Embarcadero, seeing San Francisco completely peaked out. We ended up going by the Masonic temple at daybreak with the sun coming up and then back at her place making love.

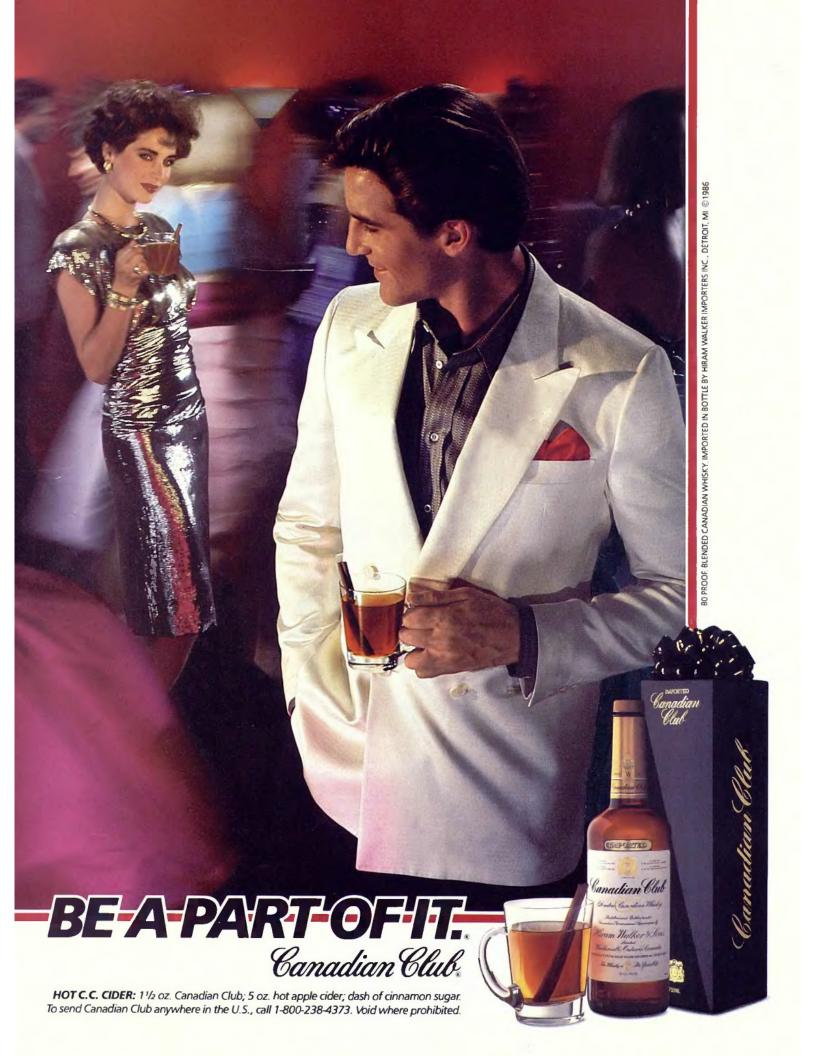
PLAYBOY: Right. This was the sexual revolution, too.

JOHNSON: Shit, yes. I was on the front line. I was the bugler. Talk about AIDS; well, in those days, yeah, sure, you might pick up the crabs or you might even get a dose. But [claps hands] it was a three-day deal. Anyway, where were we?

PLAYBOY: What came next in your career? JOHNSON: I went to Los Angeles for Fortune and Men's Eyes, which Sal Minco directed. I auditioned for him and was hired on the spot.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man was he?

JOHNSON: He was a very troubled human being. He had had a good deal of fame and fortune as a child star and was on the comeback trail as a director-actor. He had suffered a lot of adverse publicity about his bisexuality and his hanging out with Hell's Angels. He had this enigmatic aura around him, but I found him to be the dearest, most giving, compassionate human being. During the time I was doing the play, there were all kinds of stories and rumors that we were secretly lovers, but it



article By James Baldwin

CRUSH

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? —Psalms 2:1

I was a young evangelist, preaching in Harlem and other black communities for about three years: Young means adolescent. I was 14 when I entered the pulpit and 17 when I left.

Those were very crucial years, full of wonder, and one of the things I most wondered about was the fellowship of Christians in the United States of America.

My father and I were both black ministers working exclusively in black churches, which was due primarily to the fact that white Christians considered black people to be less human than themselves and certainly unqualified to deliver God's Word to white ears. (This fact was more vivid for my father than for me-at least in the beginning.)

Mountains of blasphemous rhetoric have been written to deny or defend this fact, but the white message comes across loud and clear: Jesus Christ and his Father are white, and the kingdom of heaven is no place for black people to start trying on their shoes.

White people justified this violation of the message of the Gospel by quoting Scripture (the Old Testament curse laid

on the sons of Ham-which curse, even if conceivable, had been obliterated by the blood of Christ) and the Pauline injunction concerning servants' obeying their

It was impossible not to sense in this a self-serving moral cowardice. This caused me to regard white Christians and, especially, white ministers with a profound and troubled contempt. And, indeed, the terror that I could not suppress upon finally leaving the pulpit was mitigated by the revelation that now, at least, I would not be compelled-allowed-to spend eternity in their presence. (And I told God this-I was young enough for that and wondered where He would be.)

Adolescence, as white people in this country appear to be beginning to remember—in somewhat vindictive ways-is not the most tranquil passage in anybody's life. It is a virgin time, the virgin time, the beginning of the confirmation of oneself as other. Until adolescence, one is a boy or a girl. But adolescence means that one is becoming male or female, a far more devastating and impen-

etrable prospect.

Until adolescence, one's body is simply there, like one's shadow or the weather. With adolescence, this body becomes a malevolently unpredictable enemy, and it also becomes, for the first time, appallingly visible. Everybody sees it. You see it, though you have never taken any real notice of it before. You begin to hear it. And it begins to sprout odors, like airy, invisible mushrooms. But this is not the worst. Other people also see it and hear it and smell it. You can scarcely guess what they see and hear and smell-can guess it dimly, only from the way they appear to respond to you.

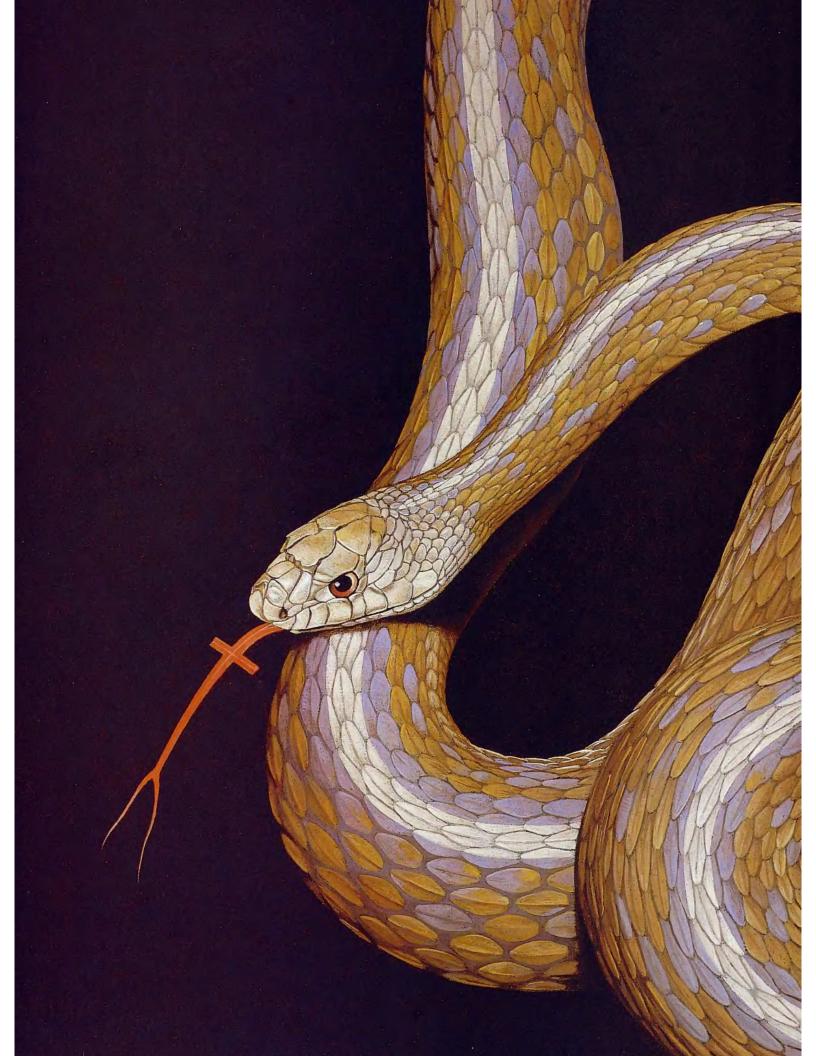
But you are scarcely able to respond to the way people respond to you, concentrated as you are on the great war being waged in that awkward body, beneath those clothes-a secret war, as visible as the noonday sun.

It is not the best moment to be standing in the pulpit. Though, having said that, I must-to be honest-add that my ministry almost certainly helped me through my adolescence by giving me something larger than myself to be frightened about. And it preserved, as it were, an innocence that, in retrospect, protected me.

For, though I had been formed by sufficiently dire circumstance and moved in a severely circumscribed world, I was also just another curious, raunchy kid. I was able to see, later, watching other kids like the kid I had been, that this combination of innocence and eagerness can be a powerful aphrodisiac to adults and is, perhaps, the key to the young minister's force.

Or, more probably, only one of many keys. Certainly the depth of his belief is a mighty force; and when I was in the

REFLECTIONS ON THE HYPOCRISY OF TODAY'S **FUNDAMENTALIST** MINISTERS, BY AN **EVANGELIST** MOUNTAINTOP



pulpit, I believed. The personal anguish counts for something, too: It was the personal anguish that made me believe that I believed. People do not know on what this anguish feeds, but they sense the anguish and they respond to it. My sexuality was on hold, for both women and men had tried to "mess" with me in the summer of my 14th year and had frightened me so badly that I found the Lord. The salvation I was preaching to others was fueled by the hope of my own.

I left the pulpit upon the realization that my salvation could not be achieved that way.

But it is worth stating this proposition in somewhat harsher terms.

An unmanageable distress had driven me to the altar and, once there, I was-at least for a while-cleansed. But, at the same time, nothing had been obliterated: I was still a boy in trouble with himself and the streets around him. Salvation did not make time stand still or arrest the changes occurring in my body and my mind. Salvation did not change the fact that I was an eager sexual potential, in flight from the inevitable touch. And I knew that I was in flight, though I could not, then-to save my soul!-have told you from what I was fleeing.

And, at the same time, the shape of my terror became clearer and clearer: as hypnotic and relentless as the slow surfacing of characters written in invisible ink.

I threw all my anguish and terror into my sermons and I thus learned nearly all there was to know concerning my congregations. They trusted me because they sensed my anguish-and my anguish was the key to my love. I think I hoped to love them more than I would ever love any lover and, so, escape the terrors of this life.

It did not work out that way. The young male preacher is a sexual prize in quite another way than the female; and congregations are made up of men and women.

So, in time, a heavy weight fell on my heart. I did not want to become a liar. I did not want my love to become manipulation. I did not want my fear of my own desires to transform itself into powerinto power, precisely, over those who feared and were therefore at the mercy of their own desires.

In my experience, the minister and his flock mirror each other. It demands a very rare, intrepid and genuinely free and loving shepherd to challenge the habits and fears and assumptions of his flock and help them enter into the freedom that enables us to move to higher ground.

I was not that shepherd. And rather than betray the ministry, I left it.

It can be supposed, then, that I cannot take seriously-not, at least, as Christian ministers-the present-day gang that calls itself the Moral Majority or its tonguespeaking relatives, such as follow the Right Reverend Robertson.

They have taken the man from Galilee as hostage. He does not know them and they do not know him.

Nowhere, in the brief and extraordinary passage of the man known as Jesus Christ, is it recorded that he ever upbraided his disciples concerning their carnality. These were rough, hard-working fishermen on the Sea of Galilee. Their carnality can be taken as given, and they would never have trusted or followed or loved a man who did not know that they were men and who did not respect their manhood. Jesus made wine at the wedding, for example, by way of a miracle or otherwise-anyone who has been to a black fish fry knows how miraculously wine can appear. He appears not to have despised Mary Magdalene and to have got on just fine with other ladies, notably Mary and Martha, and with the woman at the well. Not one of the present-day white fundamentalist preachers would have had the humility, the courage, the sheer presence of mind to have said to the mob surrounding the woman taken in adultery, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone," or the depth of perception that informs "Neither do I condemn thee: Go, and sin no more."

It is scarcely worth comparing the material well-being-or material aspirations-of these latter-day apostles with the poverty of Jesus. Whereas Jesus and his disciples were distrusted by the state largely because they respected the poor and shared everything, the fundamentalists of the present hour would appear not to know that the poor exist.

They are aided enormously in this blindness by the peculiar self-deception the American poor white applies to his own poverty. His poverty afflicts him with an eerie and paralyzing self-contempt, but he denies it: Poverty is meant for niggers. And, at the same time, he is aware that the ministers he sees on TV and to whom he sends his nickels and dimes were, once, no better off than he: He recognizes each as kin, so to speak.

These ministers, however, are of no interest in themselves-at least of no more intrinsic interest than any Deep South sheriff. And, indeed, the ministers remind me of sheriffs and deputies I have encountered: the same lips, the same flat, slatelike eyes, the same self-righteous voices.

Now, I find it somewhat disturbing to mention the minister and the sheriff in the same breath, but I am black and they entered my life in the same breath. Both the white fundamentalist minister and the deputy are Christians-hard-core Christians, one might say. Both believe that they are responsible, the one for divine law and the other for natural order. Both believe that they are able to define and privileged to impose law and order; and both, historically and actually, know that law and order are meant to keep me in my place.

Or I can put it another way, make another suggestion. Race and religion, it has been remarked, are fearfully entangled in the guts of this nation, so profoundly that to speak of the one is to conjure up the other. One cannot speak of sin without referring to blackness, and blackness stalks our history and our streets. Therefore, in many ways, perhaps in the deepest ways, the minister and the sheriff were hired by the republic to keep the republic white-to keep it free from sin. But sin is no respecter of skin: Sin stains the soul. Therefore, again and again, the republic is convulsed with the need for exorcism-sin has not only come to town but is in bed with us, churning out white niggers.

So something must be done. And what must be done, each time, is to attack the sexual possibility, to make the possibility of the private life as fugitive as that of a

fleeing nigger.

The fundamentalist ministers remind me of my time in the pulpit, of ministers I have known and of my own choices. In some of my encounters with ministers, I found myself dealing with people from whose lives all possibility of earthly joy had fled. Joy was not even, to judge from the endless empty plain behind their eyes, a memory. And they could recognize, in others, joy or the possibility of joy only as a mighty threat—as something, as they put it, obscene.

The very first time I saw this-without knowing what I was seeing-was shortly after my conversion. I was not yet in the

pulpit, so I was still 13.

The deacon of the church in which I had been converted was leaving to go to another church. This deacon's youngest son was my best friend, and this family had become my second family. They had been accused by the elders of the church of "walking disorderly." I had no idea what this meant, but I was told that if I did not stop seeing these people, I, too, would be walking disorderly. I concluded that walking disorderly meant that I had to choose between my friends and this particular church, and so I decided to walk disorderly and leave with my friends.

As I was leaving the church that night, the pastor's aide, a woman from Finland and the only white woman in our church, grabbed my arm as I started down the steps. She was standing just above me, leaning on the railing, dressed in white.

I was standing at the top of a steep flight of steps, and she had me off balance.

I knew that she knew this.

Her face and her eyes seemed purple. I could not take my eyes from hers. Her lips seemed to be chewing and spitting out the air. She told me of the eternal torment that awaited boys like me. And, all the time, her grip on my arm tightened. She was hurting me, and I wanted to ask her to

But, of course, she knew that she was



"I said I've decided to have all the shit made in Taiwan!"

hurting me. I wonder if she *knew* she knew it. She finally let me go, consigning me to perdition, and I grabbed the banister, just in time.

Quite a collision between a 13-year-old black boy and an aging, gaunt white woman—all in the name of Jesus and with my salvation as the motive.

But Jesus had nothing to do with it. Jesus would never have done that to me, nor attempted to make my salvation a matter for blackmail. The motive was buried deep within that woman, the decomposing corpse of her human possibilities fouling the air.

I was in love with my friend, as boys, indeed, can be at that age, but hadn't the faintest notion of what to do about it—not even in my imagination, which may suggest that the imagination is kicked off by memory. Or perhaps I simply refused to allow my imagination to wonder, as it were, below the belt.

Judging from my experience, I think that all of the kids in the church were like that, which is certainly why a couple of us went mad. Others simply backslid—went "back into the world." One relentless and realistic matron, a widow, determined to keep her 18-year-old athlete in the flock, in the pulpit and in his right mind, took him South and found him a bride and brought the son and the girl—who scarcely knew each other—back home. The entire operation could not have taken more than a week.

We went to see the groom one morning and, as we left, my friend yelled, "Don't do anything we wouldn't do!"

The groom responded, with a lewd grin, "You all better not be doing what I'm doing!"

Which suggests that we endured our repression with a certain good humor, at least for a time.

The Bible is full of prohibitions, tribal, domestic, practical, profound or seemingly uscless; so the way of the transgressor is hard, is it? Thanks a lot.

We are not told that the way of the transgressor is *wrong*, nor are we told what a transgression is.

This means that I was challenged to discover for myself the meaning of the word transgressor: or the meaning of the Word. This challenge became the key to my journey through the Bible.

For example, it seemed to me that those people in Hitler's Germany who opposed the slaughter of, among others, the Jews, were transgressors. So was Mrs. Rosa Parks in Montgomery, Alabama, on the day she refused to surrender her seat on the bus to a white man. Where were the white Christian ministers then? (Christ was there. Mrs. Parks will tell you so.) A transgressor was the one white woman out of a white multitude who sat on the busstop bench in Charlotte to console the lone black girl whose life had been threatened

by a mob of white Christians because she wanted to go to school. The South African horror was perceived and confronted by very few people: The Christian church cannot be numbered among those few. The Christian ministers who perceived the moral and actual horror of apartheid were transgressors. So are certain Catholic priests today, and so, for that matter, was the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

The Bible is not a simple or a simpleminded book, and it is not to be reduced to a cowardly system of self-serving pieties.

The most crucial and celebrated Biblical prohibition, "Thou shalt not kill," is observed by virtually no one, either in or out of the Bible; and Christ recognizes—in ways having nothing to do with his desire or intention—that he brings not "peace but a sword."

In other words, you can glide through the Bible and settle for the prohibitions that suit you best.

The prohibitions that suit the fundamentalists best all involve the flesh.

And here I must, frankly, declare myself handicapped, even, or perhaps especially, as a former minister of the Gospel.

Salvation is not precipitated by the terror of being consumed in hell: This terror itself places one in hell. Salvation is preceded by the recognition of sin, by conviction, by repentance. Sin is not limited to carnal activity, nor are the sins of the flesh the most crucial or reverberating of our sins. Salvation is not flight from the wrath of God; it is accepting and reciprocating the love of God. Salvation is not separation. It is the beginning of union with all that is or has been or will ever be.

It is impossible to claim salvation and also believe that, in this life or in any life to come, one is better than another.

Or, let me try to put it another way: Salvation is as real, as mighty and as impersonal as the rain, and it is yet as private as the rain in one's face. It is never accomplished; it is to be reaffirmed every day and every hour. There is absolutely no salvation without love: This is the wheel in the middle of the wheel. Salvation does not divide. Salvation connects, so that one sees oneself in others and others in oneself. It is not the exclusive property of any dogma, creed or church. It keeps the channel open between oneself and however one wishes to name That which is greater than oneself. It has absolutely nothing to do with one's fortunes or one's circumstances in one's passage through this world. It is a mighty fortress, even in the teeth of ruin or at the gates of death. It protects one from nothing except one thing: One will never curse God or man.

Salvation repudiates condemnation, since we all have the right, for many reasons, to condemn one another. Condemnation is easier than wonder and obliterates the possibility of salvation, since condemnation is fueled by terror and self-hatred. I am speaking as the historical victim of the flames meant to exorcise the terrors of the mob, and I am also speaking as an actual potential victim.

Those ladders to fire-the burning of the witch, the heretic, the Jew, the nigger, the faggot-have always failed to redeem, or even to change in any way whatever, the mob. They merely epiphanize and force their connection on the only plain on which the mob can meet: The charred bones connect its members and give them a reason to speak to one another, for the charred bones are the sum total of their individual self-hatred, externalized. The burning or lynching or torturing gives them something to talk about. They dare no other subject, certainly not the forbidden subject of the bloodstained self. They dare not trust one another.

One of them may be next.

And this accounts for the violence of our TV screen and cinema, a violence far more dangerous than pornography. What we are watching is a compulsive reliving of the American crimes: What we are watching with the Falwells and Robertsons is an attempt to exorcise ourselves.

This demands, indeed, a simplemindedness quite beyond the possibilities of the human being. Complexity is our only safety and love is the only key to our maturity.

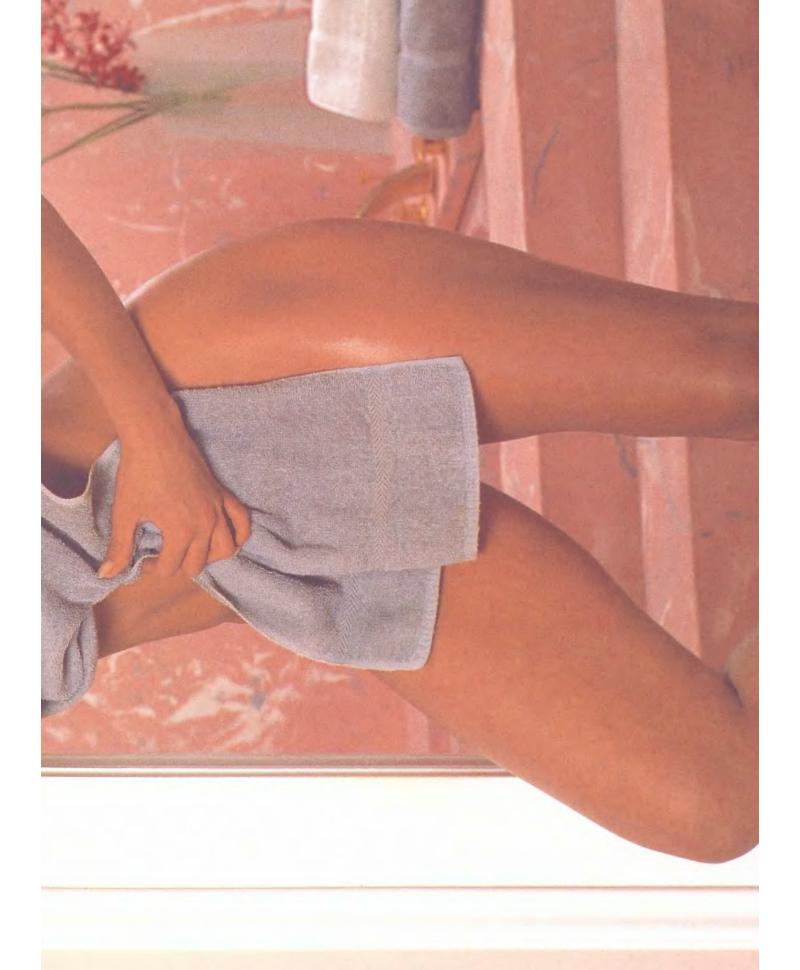
And love is where you find it.



THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

Heather Thomas, who co-stars with Lee Majors in television's The Fall Guy, now in syndication, is, according to the Starmakers poster company, "the most popular pinup gal in the history of the poster industry." More popular, you osk, than Farrah or Raquel? Apparently. Heather posed for her first poster in 1982 and has done three more since—and they're all best sellers. Obviously, she has something. Whatever it is, you aren't likely to see more of it than you do in Greg Gorman's Gamma-Liaison photo here: Heather's a modest girl. And we just thought you Heather Thomas fans ought to know that she's recovering from her nasty automobile accident (she needed six hours of surgery) and is looking forward to the release of her new film, Cyclone. So go see it and make her happy. And save this picture of her. It's the next best thing to being the towel. On the flip side this month, you'll find one of our favorite Alberto Vargas paintings. It first appeared in PLAYBOY in January 1968, in a feature called The Vargas Girl—From the Thirties to the Present. They just don't make lingerie like that anymore. But they ought to.





THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





"'Miami Vice' shows you that using drugs is a dead end. All the dealers and bad guys get caught or get killed."

was never true.

PLAYBOY: You've said that he was obsessed with you.

JOHNSON: I think that Sal had an obsession with me, but he was always very respectful of my heterosexuality and my space, too, and was too much of a gentleman to let it get in the way. Anyway, the play was really well received and we were going to take it to New York, but I landed the title role in The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart, a movie for MGM, which turned out to be a mistake.

PLAYBOY: Thus beginning the infamous decade of lousy movies and TV pilots and your trouble with drugs and alcohol. You also were married twice during that period.

JOHNSON: And I can't talk about either.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JOHNSON: I just won't comment.

PLAYBOY: Because? JOHNSON: No comment.

PLAYBOY: The third time, you married Melanie Griffith, and we presume you can talk about that one.

JOHNSON: Well, yeah. Everyone has. Her mother, Tippi Hedren, and I were doing a film together. Melanie was 14 and terribly precocious, and I was 22. She went to the Virgin Islands for a while, and when she came back, she called me up and said [in falsetto], "Hi, Don, would you like to have lunch?" Melanie has the highest voice of any adult in the civilized world. So that began a relationship. I never intended to fall in love with Melanie. She literally picked me to be her first man.

PLAYBOY: And you were a willing initiator? JOHNSON: Yeah. I discouraged her a couple of times, but then it was, you know, more than I could fend off.

PLAYBOY: Did it ever dawn on you that 14 was a little young?

JOHNSON: Well, yeah, the thought crossed my mind, even though I don't think that I was a terribly mature 22 at the time, and she was an incredibly mature and precocious woman child. But I didn't want to go to jail over it. I don't know what the age of consent ought to be, but in this case, I was coerced. We got married when she was 18. A couple of times we broke up over dumb things, but we would invariably get back together because we couldn't bear to be apart.

PLAYBOY: Before Griffith, you dated Pamela Miller Des Barres and most recently, Patti D'Arbanville. Pamela has said the four of you are good friends, and she calls you "sort of our John Derek." Well?

JOHNSON: Yeah. It really is funny, because we are all friends and Patti and Pamela and Melanie all hang out together. They're three extraordinary women, and I think it's more a credit to their sophistication and worldliness and the fact that they're just classy ladies than anything to do with me. I certainly didn't contrive it to be that way. Sometimes it can be very disconcerting to be around three women who know you very well.

PLAYBOY: You and D'Arbanville have a son. How are you handling that?

JOHNSON: We spend the holidays together a lot as a family unit. We don't try to pretend that it's all together, but we spend time together. We're very protective of him. We don't flaunt our other relationships-not that it would cause a problem if one of us ever got serious about someone else. It's just that we don't want him to get the feeling that it's OK to have multiple lovers all the time. I think it's confusing, and it's tough enough being a child and it's tough enough being a child of a celebrity and being a child of a divided home without having all that other stuff to deal with.

PLAYBOY: You've said you naturally gravitate toward misfits. Is that still true?

JOHNSON: It's pretty true. I like bright people, and usually they're social misfits or outcasts or outlaws, social deviants of some sort or other. If they've managed to survive, then there's usually something very colorful and very interesting about them. I like survivors. Yet I can go to dinner at the White House, man [grins], and have a blast.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about dinner at the White House

JOHNSON: Come on! Get out of here: A farm boy from Missouri at dinner at the White House with Dutch and Nancy? Let's face it. It was fantastic. I used to joke about shit like that. Whenever I'd spill a drink or drop some food in my lap, I'd go, "Well, there goes dinner at the White House." So, needless to say, when I was at the White House, I approached the food on my plate like a viper in the grass. [Laughs] There was no way those little cherry tomatoes were going to squirt out of there and hit Nancy in the nose.

PLAYBOY: You've worked on Nancy's antidrug campaign, right?

JOHNSON: I did public-service announcements. I wrote a piece about drug abuse for the county health line. Stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: Do you support the Administration's push for forced drug testing?

JOHNSON: If we don't do something about the pervasive drug use and abuse in this country, I am fearful that it will be the downfall of our way of life. It will show up in generations to come and the quality of

living will suffer. But rather than this Gestapo-like attitude, I think the real steps have to be made in the educational process and in law enforcement and in the deglamorization of drugs.

PLAYBOY: What about the charge that Miami Vice inevitably glamorizes drugs?

JOHNSON: Yes, the show is glamorous; Crockett and Tubbs are glamorous characters. But it's in the interest of reality: Drug dealers are flashy dressers; they spend money on flash. Yet at the same time, we paint them as losers.

PLAYBOY: But if viewers perceive Vice as glamorizing drug use, as they apparently do, according to polls, that can sound like a rationale. Don't you think you're giving a double message?

JOHNSON: I give the public enough credit to see beyond the surface—the clothes and cars. Miami Vice shows you that using drugs is a dead end. All the dealers and bad guys get caught or get killed. Over time, people will get this message, and I hope it'll be like the Chinese proverb about a blade of grass growing through a rock. There's something else, by the way: All the people pointing the fingermagazines, for instance, not to name names-run ads that glamorize liquor. Miami Vice doesn't glamorize it-on the contrary.

PLAYBOY: You do benefits, work at least 12 hours a day on the show, record albums, direct, and now you say you'd like to do theater and produce. Is there anything missing from that list?

JOHNSON: I just want to do as much as I can. Why not? I have lofty, lofty ambitions, all kinds of desires to burst the outside of the envelope. I don't think there's anything wrong with that. I guess it comes off as arrogance again-but, as they said about Bill Johnson, the skier, "It ain't braggin' if you can do it." So why not? Who wouldn't?

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid that your workaholic drive is part of the same addictive personality that allowed you to get hooked on alcohol and drugs?

JOHNSON: Yeah, there's something to that, but I'm not suicidal, though there are probably a few people out there who would disagree. Basically, I have a lust for living. I only ask that it not be boring, because that's one thing I cannot accept. But I don't think it'll get boring as long as I keep pushing.

PLAYBOY: How far will you push?

JOHNSON: When I'm out on my boat, which is one of the ways that I let it blow out, I like to go 80 miles an hour out across the ocean, as fast as I can get the boat to go. It's probably the same way I used to do it when I was getting high. There are times I can actually feel the sensation of the wind blowing through my aura, revitalizing me. I get that rush and it feels like . . . there are no limits at all. That's how far.



when you can have anything, don't settle for less

THE BEST

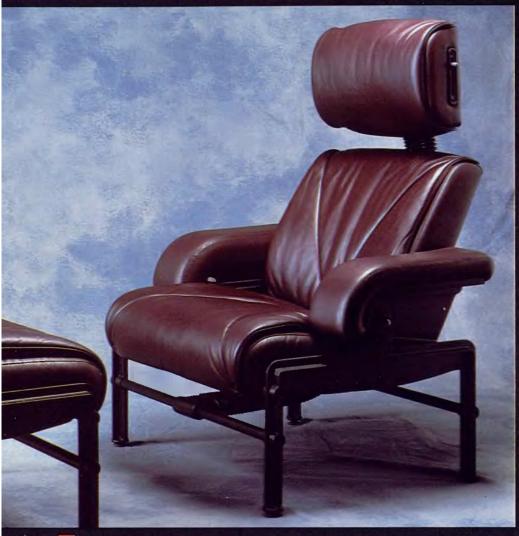
quintessence has such an uncrowded place in the sun that it gets an even tan. Sometimes it is easily discoverable: It bumps you on the nose and introduces itself in a confident manner. Sometimes it takes some rummaging around and some coaxing to find the truly superlative. But what's

important is that there's something with which we can battle all the junk that clutters our lives. So, as a holiday antidote to all we've been made to put up with, here's reason to live: a collection of our preferences, of things that represent excellence in its many splendors. And we're not talking simply about the most expensive. Quality is what counts, that irreducible gleam of perfection, that moment when someone finally got it right—whether in a piece of serious business or in a comic strip. In these uncertain times, it's reassuring to know that some problems have elegant solutions. We can stop worrying about them and keep moving. And if some of the best things in life aren't exactly cost-free, well, that's why they invented money in the first place. And sometimes they've even made that beautiful, too, while they were at it. So here's a feast of the finest things, on us.









THE JEFFERSON CHAIR: Seriously comfortable. And only \$6495. Designer Niels Diffrient took the idea from Thomas Jefferson: "He realized that the more comfortable your body was, the more energy you would have left for the thought process. This is a serious work chair for the busy executive." Also available are pods for a writing table, a keyboard, a monitor and a lamp. We like to think of it as a conceptual command post.



COWBOY BOOTS: You can get anything that suits at Wheeler Boot Company. This Houston-based outfit makes the boots of dreams. It's as though you're getting tattoos for your feet. Original designs to order start around \$300 and are available trimmed in ostrich-leg skin (above), alligator and elephant. Under what other circumstances could you walk a proud mile in another species' skin?



TOOLING AROUND: The paradigmatic toolbox, and at \$395 it ought to be. Available through Brookstone, this tinkerer's delight raises to fine art the lowly repository of the stoff that looseos and tighteus and fixes our lives. Among the usual clunky K mart aluminum rowboats, it's a sleek, band-crafted American walnut-and-chrome-plated yacht. Schneider would die for it. You won't misplace that widget again.

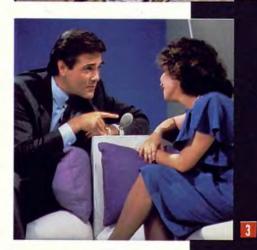




THE ROBE: What feels better than a soft terrycloth robe after a long, hot bath? OK, we can think of a few things ourselves. But a classic, blindingly white robe is definitely right up there. And you and she can take turns wearing it, too. This one, from I. Magnin in Chicago, is number one. Made from the softest and terriest of terrycloth, it's \$150—but, when you stop to think about it, all you ever bave to buy is one.







2

4

BEST BROADCAST NEWS: On the radio, it's Morning Edition, National Public Radio's intelligent New York Times of the air—and there's no small smudgy print. For the BEST NIGHTLY TV NEWS, it's CBS Evening News with Dan Rather. Despite corporate cost-cutting, its domestic and foreign coverage hasn't forfeited completeness, concision or halance. And a special award for

BEST NEWSCAST-ER'S LIPS to Deborah Nor-ville, NBC News, Chicago. Watching her wrap them around all the local ethnic names brightens up the usual mayhem and city-

usual mayhem and citycouncil wars.

ELSEWHERE DN THE AIR:
The BEST AM RADIO
STATION, mon, is WLIB in Manbattan,
1190 on your dial, broadcasting all
Third World music—mostly Caribbean.
The only drawback is that it goes off
the air at sunset. And the BEST FM RADIO
STATION is KROQ in Pasadena, the spikehair station that pioneered playing
avant-rockers. You can hear Dead Kennedys
and the latest groups, such as Mulched
Lunch or Bloody Holly—all day and night.

BEST WRETCHED-EXCESS TV GAME
SHOW: Is there any doubt? Love Conmection. Amazing. We love it—as do har
bettors nationwide. Betcha a drink they
pick the geek in the bow tie.

MILES AND MILES: Another one who's sui
geoeris is Miles Davis. He has singlehandedly redefined jazz two or three times,
and his bittersweet Kind of Blue is

the 4 BEST JAZZ LP of all time.

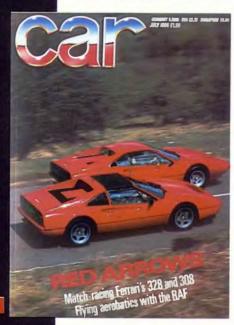
BEST_PIPES, LONG-HAUL DIVISION: Who else? The swoon was practically invented because of him. When he first samp with Dorsey in '39, he made all our moms and grandmas get a little . . . moist. So he invented groupies, too. The Voice has let some notes get away from him, but that was never the point; Sinatra is in a category by himself

by himself.
Our pick for 6 BEST DISC JOCKEY is
Kid Leo, who rocks the heartland afterooons from two to six on WMMS in Cleveland, where rock 'n' roll was born.

THE BEST CAR MAGAZINE is England's beantifully wrought, literate Car. Along with solid data on the latest dream machines, cars are photographed like the torrid toys they are.







LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENTS



ALL-TIME BEST PINBALL MA-CHINE: Release Fire Gods! Even the Playboy pinner notwithstanding, Bally's Fireball, from 1974, has never been surpassed. It's as hard as they come—a berserker spinner in the centerboard and three balls flying around at once when you get the Fire Gods going—

THAT NUMBER IS . . . :
And another to Rolodex, a longtime ally of the forces of good in the hopelessly ongoing battle between order and chaos.

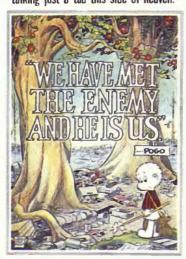


but requires strategy as well as reflexes. We blush to admit how many hours we've put in testing this one.

BEST-DESIGNED SPORT: It exists out of time, concluded by a victory, not by a clock. It is physically and theoretically elegant. The distances and the number of outs, strikes and balls have a transcendent perfection. Plato would approve. The rules, the pacing, the setting all combine to create a subtle dynamic no other sport provides. Add the smell of hotdogs, fresh-mowed grass and a sunny day in the 80s—we're talking just a tad this side of heaven.

SUPPORT: A special lifetime achievement award to Jockey shorts. Life would be a lot less comfortable without them.

LL-TIME BEST COMIC Walt Kelly started as



COOKIE MONSTER: The best all-American Cookie is the Oreo celebrating its 76th birthday this year. Inspiration of racy folklore ("the Oreo menage") and erudite essays on its intricate detail and ingenious design, the Oreo is nonpareil.



BEST INVESTMENT IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS: No, it's not some trendy computer stock or biotech wonder, it's a Dwight Gooden bubble-gum card from his rookie year. An initial 25 to 30 cents for a pack three years ago, the cards now fetch \$30-\$50 for the Topps and \$70-\$100 for the Fleer—at the very least, around a 100-times returo. That's a strike.

BEST MUTUAL FUND: According to Sheldon Jacobs, or of the best-selling Handbook for No-Load.

According to Sheldon Jacobs, author of the best-selling Hamdbook for No-Load Fund Investors, the best performer over the past five years has been Fidelity Magellan, which has returned an average of 297 perceut a year, or a total profit of \$2979.90 on a \$1000 investment. It has also heen the best performer over the

investment. It has a
the best performer over the
past ten
years, earning \$16,990 for
an initial \$1000
down. Some fund.

BEST CREDIT
CARD: You can get
cheaper ones from
various banks, and
there are some with
more frills, but the best
according to Andrew
Tobias, the man we trust
about money, is the hasic
American Express Green Card.
It provides the most and best
service at the most reasonable
price. It's the prettiest, ten.

St sic Card.

Dwight Gooden Priches Sonable Cfl.

BEST HIGH-POWERED JDB PERK: There's nothing wrong with your own limo, interest-free loans or first-class international travel—but the very best perk in a mojo job that demands much, more precious than stock options, is good old-fashioned time off. Nothing else is worth the money.

BEST-DESIGNED MDNEY: It doesn't exist just to buy things with—some money is good-looking, too. Our pick for the best use of art on filthy lucre is from the Seychelles, islands that are pretty good-looking themselves and so isolated in the Indian Dcean they remain a jet-set hideaway.





CONSUMING PASSIONS



BEST CHAMPAGNE BAR:
Beluga caviar is priced as a
loss leader at Beverly Hills' Nipper's. That's so it doesn't distract from the 83 champagnes.
After a glass or two, take a
starlet on tour of the dance floor.

BEST RARE WINE: Even though we wouldn't send back a 1945 Château Mouton-Rothschild if it were offered, the '47 Château Cheval Blanc is the wine of the century. There are château-bottled and English-bottled versions of it, and a bottle goes for around \$500—if you can find one. Here's Christie's wine expert, Michael Broadbent, putting words to what's on the tip of his tongue: "A complacent, abundantly confident bouquet, calm, rich, distinguished... slightly sweet, plump, almost fat, ripe, incredibly rich, high in alcohol. A magnificent wine, almost portlike." We'd like to meet a girl like that.

BEST COFFEE: It's Jamaican Blue Mountain, the whole beans that come in a cloth bag and that you grind yourself. Yes, it costs four or five times more than Folger's—more than \$20 a pound—but it's the best there is. The Japanese, who have to wake up 15 hours before we do, buy up almost the entire crop.

BEST FROZEN PIZZA: We chewed our way past the crust of this category, and Totino's bubbled up gooey and magnificent. Unlike the others, after shrugging off the effects of the cryogenics, it rehydrates and resurrects itself and tastes like the real thing.

BEST BOTTLED WATER: We're very fond of San Pellegrino, but our pick—confirmed by a recent taste test—is Voslau, from Austria. The panel found it "light, with strong, tiny bubbles." It's wonderful to find a water made like a really good champagne.

BEST CHOCOLATE BAR: The Mayans used it for currency (ten nibs = one rabbit or the services of one concubine) and Peruvian Indians believed it was an aphrodisiac. Europeans attributed medicinal qualities to it and used it as a breath sweetener before tooth paste—but it took Swiss Rodolphe Lindt, 100 years ago, to develop conching, a method that took away chocolate's natural graininess and bitterness and gave it that dreamy melt-on-the-tongue quality that we all know and love too much. This, in turn, led him to invent the chocolate bar—and his very first, Lindt Surfin, still can't be beat. Outrageous, Rodolphel

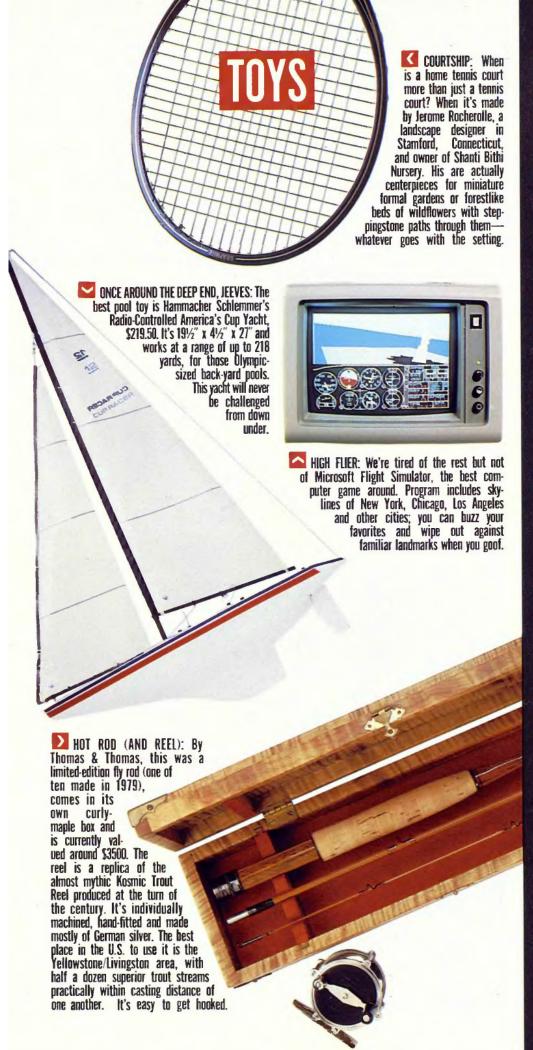






BEST FIRST-CLASS AIRLINE MEAL: It's hard to believe that the country that thought up fondue could produce the best airline food in the world, but practically everybody who does that long, hard, international first-class duty agrees that it's Swissair. Let's see, we'll start with the terrine de foie de volaille aux morilles, and then the homard au champagne brut et fleurons; then, for the entree, the Châteaubriand sauce Béarnaise looks good. . . .





ME PLACES

The way you choose to relax—and where—should exploit the best the world has to offer. Our top-of-the-line choices:

BEST 20 MINUTES ON SKIS: At Snowbird Ski and Summer Resort in Utah—for some of the steepest and longest runs. The slopes really slope, and Snowbird is known for consistently having the lightest and best powder snow in the world.

BEST RACE TRACK: Saratoga. The best horses and the most civilized socializing. During the season, you can play the ponies alongside some of the mest beautiful former debs in the country. It's also America's oldest major track.

BEST FIVE DREAM VACATIONS: One-man travel-reporting industry Stephen Birubaum loves hotels. His top five are the Villa d'Este on Lake Como, Grand Hôtel dn Cap on Cap d'Antibes, the Hotel Hana Maui in Hawaii, Las Brisas in Acapulco and (the name says it all) the Ritz in Paris.

MOST ROMANTIC CARIBBEAN ISLAND: Petit St. Vincent. Jest south of St. Lucia, P.S.V. (as old bands call it) is an island that's *all* resort—all 113 of its sandy acres. A honeymooners' delight.

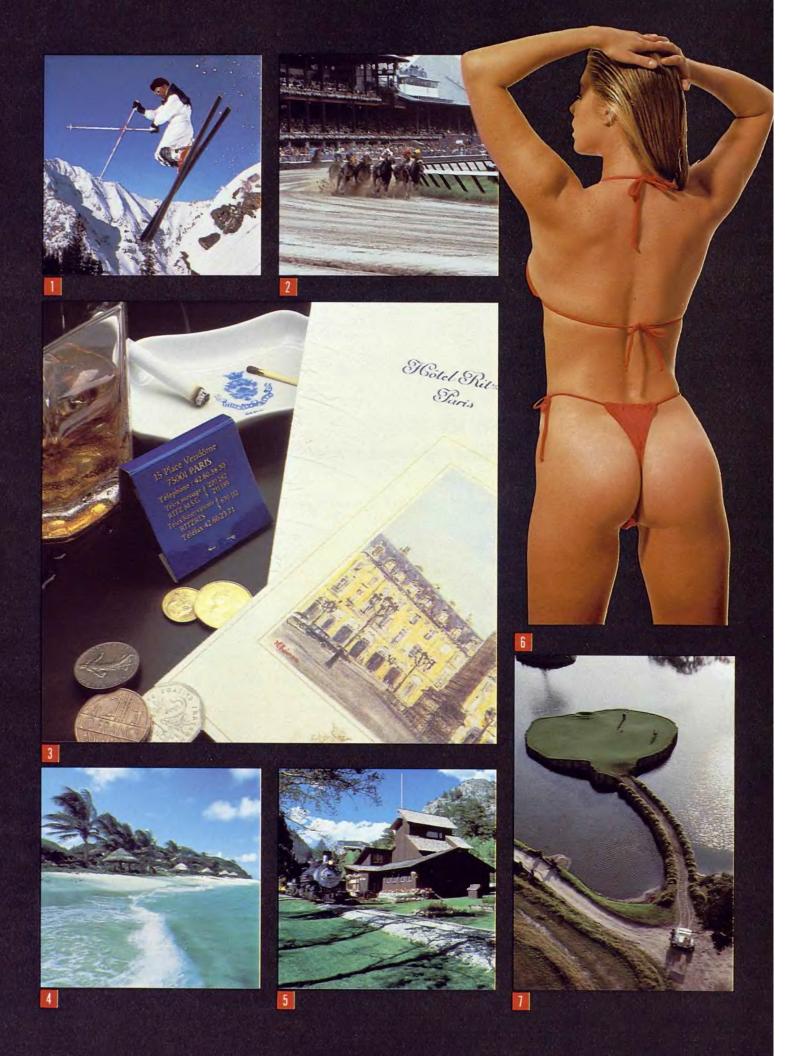
BEST COOL-OUT RESORT IN THE U.S.: No phones, of course. But no roads, either—a narrow-gauge train takes you in from near-by Durango, Colorado. It's called Tall Timber and it's there where you can become overwhelmed by natore's awesome and leafy healing properties. Thirty-two guests, tops; cottages among the aspen—wilderuess luxury for \$1185 a week per person in the high season.

BEST GIRL-WATCHING SPOT ON EARTH: There's no better, more mind-boggling ogling than on Copacabana Beach, Rio de Janeiro. The combination of Brazilian women and the suits they don't quite wear (such as this one from Darling Rio called the Thong) is enough to make a man realize that the best is not only worth having, it is also worth just looking at. The best is its own reward.

BEST GOLF COURSE (THAT YOU CAN PLAY): The TPC course at Sawgrass resort in Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida. The very best is California's Cypress Point, but it's private. Sawgrass almost matches it to a tee. There are four courses, with holes, such as the one shown here, that are beautiful and challenging—or just maddening.

BEST U.S. CASINO: Caesars Palace. There are three gaudy, raucous casinos and a Brahma shrine for contemplating such eterual mysteries as why the guy after you always hits on the slots.





THE CONSUMMATE CYNIC-SONGWRITER TAKES ON SHORT PEOPLE (AGAIN), HIS AMIGOS AND THE PLEASURES OF DOING YOUR JOB WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT

RANDY NEWMAN'S • GUIDE TO LIFE•

as told to david sheff

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO RANDY NEWMAN

ON WRITING, FOR HOLLYWOOD

It was like having a real, respectable job. Every day, Steve Martin, Lorne Michaels and I would get together at Steve's house from two to six or seven to work. We would hang around and say things like "Now they have to do this." A lot of time was taken up trying to get out of difficult situations without a rocket ship's picking you up and taking you away.

Steve, whom I knew from Saturday Night Live, asked me to work with him on iThree Amigos! He just thought I was funny, and he knew from Lorne, who is a friend of mine, that I might be interested in doing something like this. Actually, I think it was that they knew if they let me work on the script, I'd write some songs for them. Otherwise, I wouldn't have. I'd suggest something for the script and they'd say, "Yeah, yeah, that's fine. When are you going to write the songs?"

ON PROFESSIONAL DISCRETION IN HOLLYWOOD

The story of *¡Three Amigos!* is this: A small Mexican town in 1916 gets in trouble and needs help and, through a series of horrible errors, sends for these three guys who are ill equipped for the job. At first, the studio told me it didn't want me to talk about the plot. I don't understand why; it isn't as if there were a surprise ending or anything. When it comes to my

songs, I'll say anything—but in the movie business, they persuade you to be very careful what you say. I've been co-opted. I never thought I would be so conservative, but—you know, you want your stock to go up. In Hollywood, they test things. If a test-tube audience laughs, they leave a joke in. If it doesn't, they take it out. If I exposed my songs to that, I'd end up with nothing. Nothing.

So, anyway, it's a great movie and I wrote three songs for it and a third of the script, and if it does more than \$400,000,000, I get some money. I also make my acting debut. There's a singing bush in this thing. That's me singing.

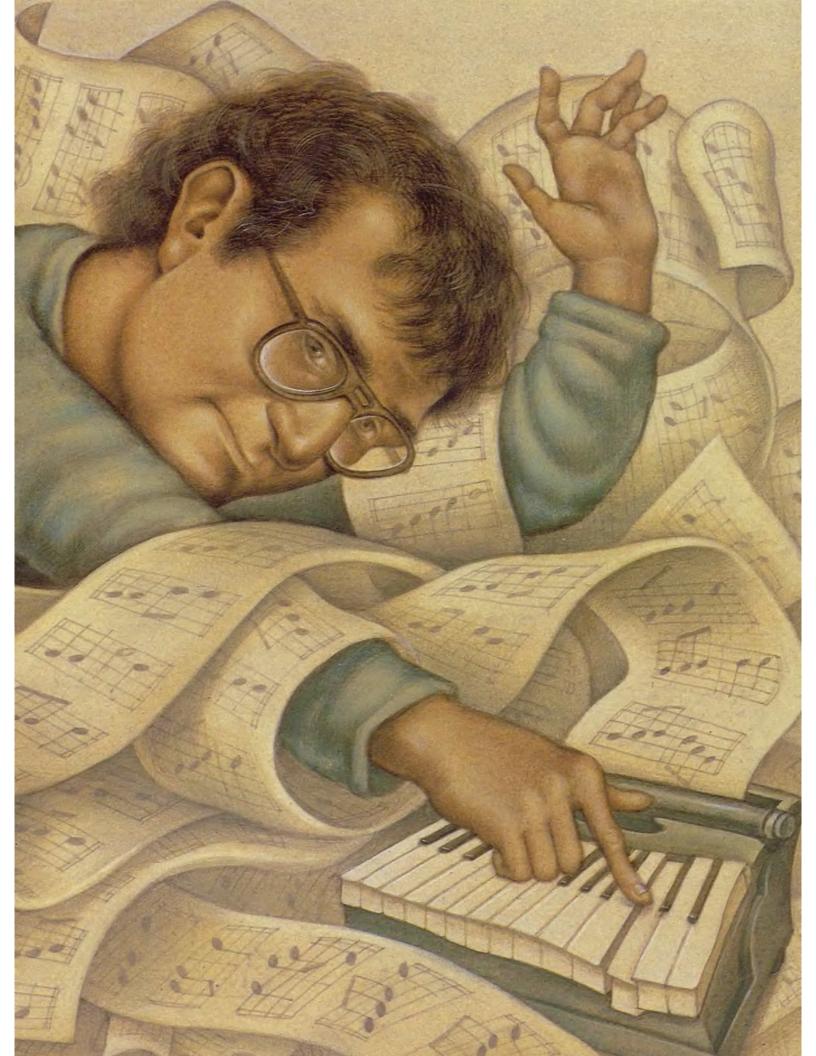
ON THE MUSE

I don't know where the songs come from. I just sit until something happens. I've tried everything—looking through The Elton John Songbook or listening to Prince, taking piano lessons again, scribbling nonsense down, listening to classical music. I've tried playing basketball, swimming in the pool. Everything. But what I mainly do is just sit there four hours a day, though I don't always make four hours. I make myself sit there and hope that experience and everything else will make something good happen.

ON EASY LISTENING

I prefer making a little noise to being mellowed out. If I had to eliminate easy listening or heavy metal, I'd eliminate easy listening. If one thing had to go,





I'd eliminate the sort of nice, mellow music to chew potato chips and talk to your friends by. I don't care for that too much. I like the edge to rock. Mostly, I admire people who say something.

ON A SONGWRITER'S SONGWRITERS

I admire Prince. Even if it's babyish sex stuff, he's saying something. I prefer him to Springsteen-to almost anybody else, in fact. He tries new things. He's brave. He takes chances that people won't like him in the music and the lyrics. I don't even know if he knows what he's doing harmonically, but the stuff interests me a lot more than anyone else's music at this moment. I also like Don Henley for taking chances. That's what you oughta do. It's easy to talk about the old U.S.A., but I'm not interested in easy. None of this has anything to do with selling records. Hall and Oates, for instance, sell records. Musically, it's so good, it's so slick, but I don't care what the lyrics are, except Familv Man, which I like, I like Neil Young, Paul Simon is a conscientious writer. Says stuff. Tries. Works hard. Good musically. Sings very well. Rickie Lee Jones is an enormous talent. Some substance to the stuff. She can create a world in a song. Dylan at his best is the best. I don't know whether he's been at his best for a while. I loved Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again, Girl from the North Country-that period. He and Lorenz Hart are it for lyrics. Hart's stuff, like "I took one look at you . . . /And then my heart stood still. . . . " Mmmmm.

ON BAD-MOUTHING THE BOSS

Springsteen's all right, but I'm not one of the converted. I hear that as a performer, he's the best in the world. I hear that from people who never liked him that much before they saw him. And, by the way, I loved *Nebraska*. I don't think Springsteen as a writer can shine Prince's shoes. They're not even in the same league. Springsteen's not in the same league as Stevie Wonder musically.

ON WIMPY MR. LLOYD WEBBER

There are people who don't have the talent for writing music but do it successfully. Andrew Lloyd Webber, for example, doesn't have any talent that I can see. (I wouldn't say this if he were an American.) He keeps doing it and he's enormously successful. I can't hear one note in Cats that would indicate he has any talent. And that Requiem Mass of his is the wimpiest, limpest thing I've ever heard. So you can gather I really don't like the guy's stuff. I assume he doesn't like my stuff, either. It's OK with me.

ON WRITING HIT SONGS

I've had only a couple. People thought Short People was sort of cute. People liked Mama Told Me Not to Come when Three Dog Night did it. Sail Away has done well because so many people have covered it. I don't try to write a hit. It's not like I can do what Hall and Oates do and have hit after hit, and I'm just not interested—I'm too good, ya know. That ain't quite it. The frustrating thing about not having a hit is that a record goes away so fast. It can be over in a week. If it weren't for I Love L.A., which came in through the back door because of the Olympics, my last record would have been a six-week record—after I put in nine months making it.

ON HIS RECORD COMPANY

They've never told me what to do, though maybe they've hurt my feelings a few times at dinner. I'm sort of a loss leader for them. They have hope, but I've always been sort of a prestige artist. They made money on Little Criminals, but now they're a little behind—though not like \$1,000,000. Regardless, they let me keep doing it. If I couldn't do this anymore, I could do something else. I could certainly do movie scores for the rest of my life. Still, there's nothing as great as the feeling of having written a song.

ON THE HEALING PROPERTIES OF A GOOD SONG

When you've written a good song, you feel, Look what I did! No one else in the world can do this as good as me and I'm the greatest, for maybe 20 minutes, and then it goes away. I used to get it for longer. It used to be that anything could happen to me if I had written a great song. That would insulate me against anything. I wouldn't care. Nuclear disasters? Hey, no problem. Nothing bothered me. I went through the whole Vietnam war like that.

ON RHYME AND REASON

Yeah, I have a rhyming dictionary, but I don't use it much. My attitude about rhyming is a little irreverent. Some people say you can never rhyme time and mine, but I don't care. I'll rhyme mine and time. I know Hart wouldn't have done it, but Neil Young would. And I would. The way I pronounce things, it doesn't matter. It's like Fats Domino's rhyming New Orleans and shoes. It's acceptable. Sometimes I may rhyme girl and world, which makes some people crazy, but it's a crazy game we're playing, anyway.

ON THE SUBJECT OF ART'S BEING THE ARTIST HIMSELF

I write about other people because that interests me more. I don't think it's shyness and personal reticence. I'm just more interested in oblique characters.

Maybe people want personal confessions. Maybe that's why I don't sell 2,000,000 records. In fact, I always thought people could tell what I was like

from my stuff more easily than they necessarily could tell about a confessional kind of songwriter, like Simon or John Denver or Dan Fogelberg—who shouldn't all be mentioned in the same sentence, but what the hell. You know what I mean? I don't know what Fogelberg is like from his songs. You can tell what I'm like.

ON WHO WOULD HE THINK HE WAS, GIVEN HIS SONGS, IF HE DIDN'T KNOW HIMSELF

Sort of a pseudo-intellectual, well-fed West Side liberal. And that's what I am.

ON HUMAN NATURE

I got this real good idea for a song called I Want You to Hurt Like I Do, which I think is a very real human trait. Maybe I'm wrong; maybe I'll find out it's just me—no one else thinks that way. It's like what happened with Queen's song Fat-Bottomed Girls. They put it out thinking, Everyone thinks that's funny—fat-bottomed girls on bicycles. But everyone heard it and thought, Something's the matter with these fellows. That's what it might be like. Still, I Want You to Hurt Like I Do is apt. I know we are the world, but I don't believe it. And I didn't believe it in the Sixties, either.

ON PIE-EYED IDEALISM, SIXTIES STYLE

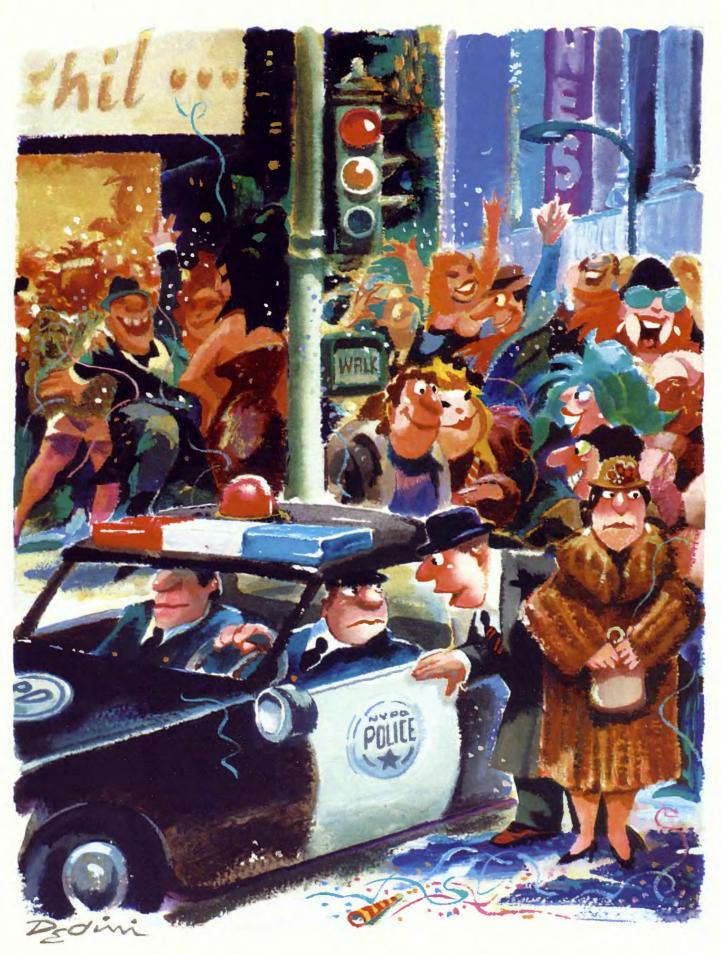
I knew it wasn't going to happen. People aren't like that. They haven't been like that for the past 4000 years. Why are they going to be like that now-'cause of acid? And yet I'm not cynical about people as individuals. In general, I think people are pretty good. One thing happened out of the Sixties: I was allowed to do what I do. There weren't singer/songwriters before then. You were allowed to be not a handsome guy; you could write your own stuff and not have a traditional voice. But the flowers aren't in anybody's hair anymore. I knew it was transitory. It's too bad, because the idealism was nice. It just ain't gonna work. Instead, it's the Japanese winning the war-all business.

ON PARENTING

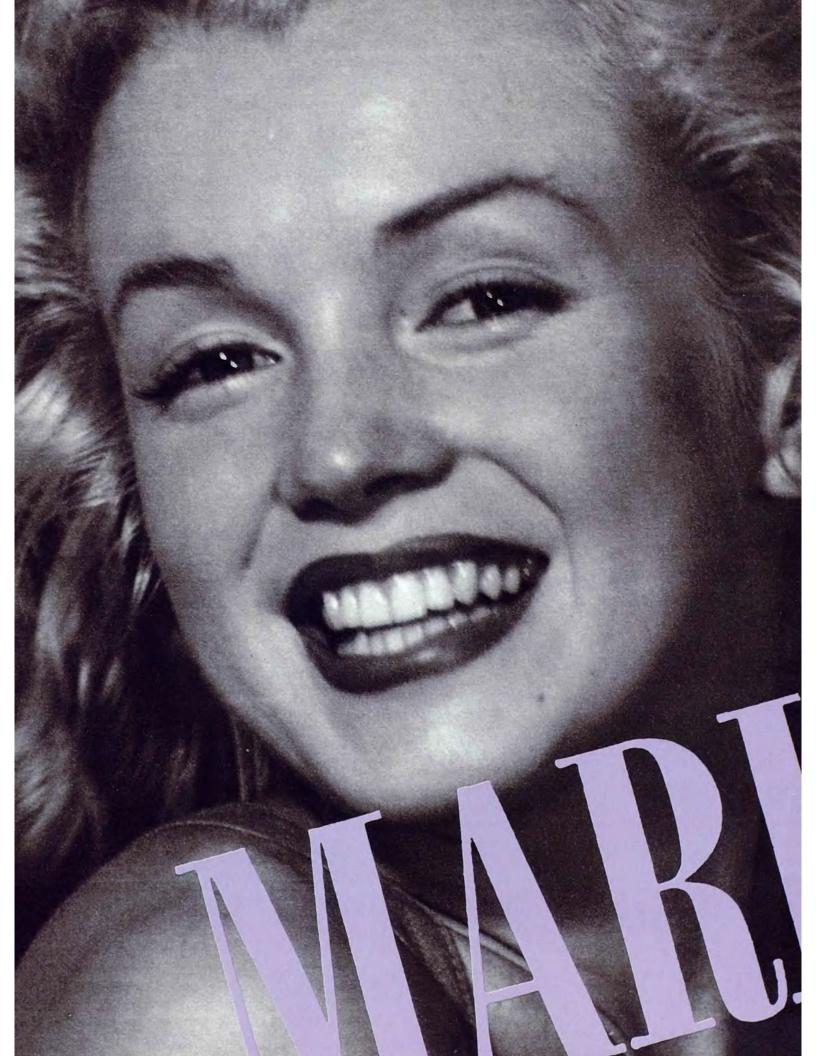
I got ideas from the Sixties, but they didn't work. My first kid went to nine schools. It was awful how we jerked him around. He went to one that was completely unstructured and then to one that was so structured it made him sick—and it was the place he learned the most. I sent my kids to touch-me-feel-me schools for a while where they'd be sensitive, and they'd come home with lice.

ON FILIAL FEEDBACK

My kids think I'm OK, but it's not like they come up to me and say, "Your new album is great, Dad." My little boy was a giant Duran Duran fan for a while—had their pictures up and everything. Had me worried. (continued on page 180)



"Get Ed Meese on your radio—all these people must be breaking some laws!"



a loving tribute by Hugh M. Hefner

bol of sexual

freedom to both

of us, and it

played an impor-

tant part in both

of our lives.

almost a quarter of a century since Marilyn Monroe died. Marilyn and I were born the same year (1926) and we grew up in the same sexually repressive America of from that moment on, the Thirties and Forties. Nudity became a sym-

Calendar artist Moran and his sexiest model.

"The urge to go nude was her most public whim," reported Time magazine.

" I dreamed

T DOESN'T SEEM possible, but it has been on,' she recalled, 'and all the people there were lying at my feet.' Years later, she posed nude for

> Christendom's most famous calendar, and she was the only blonde in the world. "



When PLAYBOY pub-

of the Month (though we called her Sweetheart of the Month in our initial issue), the future of both the actress and the publication seemed assured and were forever after interconnected. I wrote of her on that occasion, "She can put more sensual appeal into a simple glance or movement than any Oomph, It, Snap, Crackle or Pop girl in Hollywood's sensual history. She's as famous as Dwight

lished that Tom Kelley nude as our first Playmate

Eisenhower and Dick Tracy, and she and Dr. Kinsey have so monopo"Sweetheart of the Month."

lized sex this year [1953],

up in church without any clothes

I was standing

some people in high places are investigating to



make certain no antitrust laws have been bent or broken."

We continued to chronicle her career throughout the decade. In the December 1960 issue, we devoted a pictorial toast to her titled *The Magnificent Marilyn*. It included a provocative photo of her having breakfast in bed shot by Hollywood glamor photographer André de Dienes; a

sophisticated series of black-and-white stills taken by Milton Greene while she was in New York studying with Lee Strasberg; and a previously unpublished double exposure from her original nude calendar shooting that resulted when Kelley, understandably disconcerted, neglected to change film between poses.





The 19-yearold Norma
Jean, who
struck Moran
as his best—
and sexiest—
model ever,
was starting a
career that
would soon
make her the
most famous
woman on
earth.





We had been planning a December 1962 pictorial of Marilyn, shot by Lawrence Schiller and William Read Woodfield, of the nude swimming scene for the never-completed 20th Century Fox film *Something's Got to Give*, directed by George Cukor and co-starring Dean Martin. Agnes Flanagan, Marilyn's hair stylist, reported, "After she

made the swimming sequence, she asked me, 'Do you think it was in bad taste?' I told her there was nothing suggestive about it at all. Her figure was more beautiful than it had ever been. A perfect body like Marilyn's looks beautiful nude, and beauty is never vulgar. Her animal magnetism, though sometimes flamboyant, always had an appealing,





Above and on the facing page are two of artist Earl Moran's figure studies of the world's finest figure. Moran used his photos of Marilyn as guides for his celebrated calendar pastels, one of which appears at left.

childlike quality which seemed to be poking fun at the very quality she symbolized."

I had intended to shoot a very special 1962 Christmasissue cover of Marilyn posing with a white fur that would prove to be more revealing when the reader opened the magazine to a reverse image shot simultaneously from the rear. Those plans never materialized, because Marilyn died of an overdose of barbiturates in August of that year.

Playmate Sheralee Conners posed for the two-sided December 1962 cover, and we postponed the nude swimming-pool pictures a year, publishing them in the January 1964 issue as part (continued on page 214)

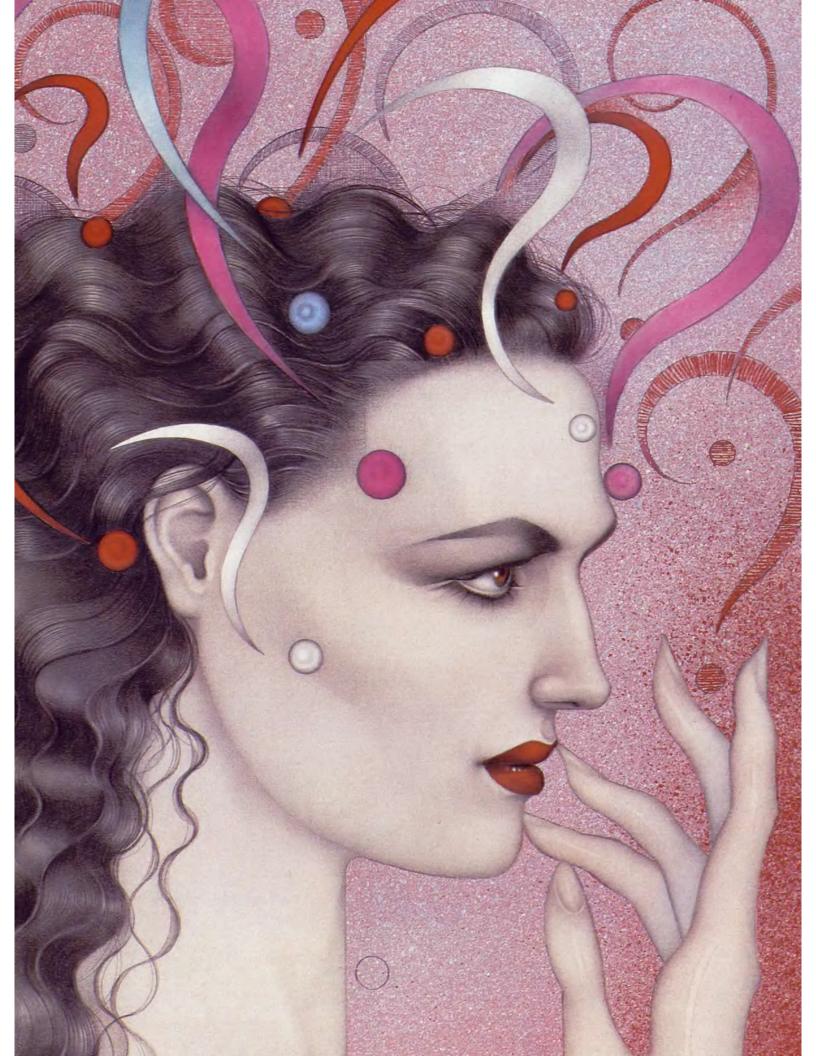


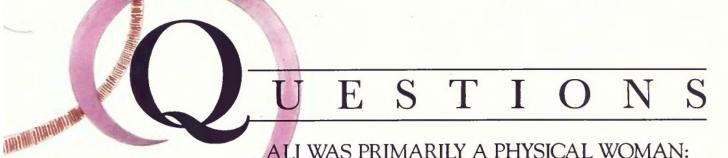


Later, with the world watching, she would purr a sexy "Happy birthday" to her President, J.F.K., marry two famous men, win respect as actress and comedienne: but Marilyn's career began in the studio of Earl Moran.









ALI WAS PRIMARILY A PHYSICAL WOMAN: A DELECTABLY RICH, RIPE CONCORD GRAPE. HER LOVER WAS MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR HER

SHE WAS 31 years old, her lover was 20 years old; should that have worried her? She knew it was a mistake to get involved with him, but she couldn't prevent it from happening. She hadn't known he was suicidal at the time.

His name was Barry, which didn't suit him—he might better have been called Jerzy or Marcel or Werner. He had a look, Ali thought, both American and exotic. He was an undergraduate in the college, not one of her students, a tall, thin boy with lank dark hair, mushroom-pale skin, accusing gray-green eyes, a habitually pinched expression. Two gold studs in his left ear, overlarge shirts and sweaters, Nike running shoes worn without socks. Could you guess he'd gone to Exeter? Or that his father was a State Department official? He had been a prelaw student originally but was now interested in "theater arts." His life would be devoted to acting and to writing poetry, he said; one day-soon-he hoped to be acting in his own plays. Ali regarded him with both affection and skepticism. Didn't he imagine himself, as many undergraduates did these days, as a performer in a film or video of his own life? As Ali, though not of his generation, imagined herself, at times, an actress in a film of unknowable proportions?

Ali had fallen in love with Barry while watching him perform in a campus production of Peter Weiss's The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade. The production was billed as a revival, since the play had been originally performed on campus back in 1968. Barry played the role of the erotomaniac Duperret and played it with nearhysterical intensity; he had no natural gift for the stage that Ali could see, but something about his tall, gaunt, slopeshouldered frame, his bony elbows, his sullen air, quite won her. She was a fullblooded woman of some experience who liked to be "won."

She was high, too; she and her friend Louis (who taught East Asian studies and was faculty advisor to the campus gay organization) were both high, having shared some of Louis' prescription Dexedrine before going to the play. Ali turned to Louis with tears in her eyes and whispered, "Who is that beautiful boy? Is he one of yours?" and Louis whispered back with mock primness:

"Ali, he's too young for you."
Ali thought, That's for me to decide.

She was born and baptized Alice; she'd long ago named herself Ali. For a while during their marriage—while they were living (continued on page 172)

JOYCE CAROL OATES

they clarify, they edify, they stupefy—they're pr specialists and they get paid to change your mind

article by Alexander Cockburn and Andrew Cockburn

ARLY IN 1985, a stocky public-relations man in his middle years named John Scanlon, a vice-president of the firm of Daniel J. Edelman, began what he came to call his Believe It or Not file. From newspapers across the country, he clipped every story he could find of outrageous claims in personal-injury cases. There was the bishop in Florida who injured his knee while playing on a U.S. Navy tennis court and sued the Government on the grounds that he had trouble genuflecting. There was the woman who sued a college chancellor because he had failed to impregnate her as promised. There was the man who jumped in front of a subway train and survived to sue the transit authority on the grounds that the train had not stopped quickly enough. These and many others went into Scanlon's file.

Then Scanlon began to send his collection around to carefully chosen names from his bulging Rolodex: influential reporters, columnists, editors, TV producers. He had more in mind than mere eagerness to communicate the state of litigation fever in America. He had recently scored a triumph by helping a client, CBS, turn the public-relations tables on General William Westmoreland in the celebrated libel case that ended in the general's abject surrender. Scanlon had emerged from that contest with a reputation as an expert in litigation PR, and he had now been retained by the law firms of Arnold & Porter and Shook, Hardy & Bacon, which were, in turn, acting as counsel for cigarette makers Philip Morris, Brown & Williamson and Lorillard. The tobacco companies and their lawyers were becoming seriously concerned about the prospect of a damage suit against them arising from cigarette use. Scanlon's job was to lay the public-opinion groundwork for the firms' defense. Musing on his strategy, he explains, "There was very little chance of being able to turn the public's mind around on the issue of smoking, even though I

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE WHOOPS!

The Good: Every year, the Public Relations Society of America presents the Silver Anvil awards for good PR, whose quality is "ultimately shaped on the anvil of public opinion," as the P.R.S.A. says.

In 1986, Tang March Acrass America for MADD (Mothers Agoinst Drunk Driving), submitted by Richard Weiner, Inc., and its client General Foods, swept the field in the Special Events and Observances (More than Seven Days)—Business category. The campany had introduced Sugar Free Tang in April 1985. Richard Weiner was retained to develop a comprehensive PR program that would target mothers. The result was the march.

The results? Without the expenditure of a penny in paid advertising, 47 newspapers featured the promotion on the front page. The morning network-TV shaws covered it extensively, as did the local affiliates: "More than 325,000,000 consumer impressions were generated," according to one citation. MADD got a lot of publicity and Tang sales jumped 12 percent.

The Bad: NASA, described by space expert John Pike of the Federation of American Scientists as a "publicrelations operation with a space agency attached," must qualify as the biggest PR disaster of 1986. What was essentially a public-relations stunt—the orbiting of schoolteacher Christa McAuliffe aboard the shuttle Challenger literally blew up in the faces of America's schoolchildren.

For a parallel to the shuttle explasion, seasoned flacks go back to the unhappy experience af drug company Eli Lilly in 1982. The company introduced a new drug called Oraflex, promoting it in media releases as on arthritis remedy. It subsequently tronspired that overseas trials had indicated the strong passibility of an unfortunate side effect—Oraflex killed people. Apparently, Lilly management had been aware of that fact before launching the drug in the U.S. with a \$12,000,000 media drive. Sales were stopped after 61 deaths caused Oraflex to be banned in Britain. Lilly chairman Richard D. Wood later claimed that he had halted sales nat "from a scientific point of view" but only because adverse reactions had become a media event. In other words, Oraflex was worse than lethal—it was bad PR.

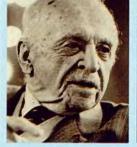
The Whoops!: Flocks had a PR disaster all their own in 1986 when Detroit PR man Anthony Franco, who while president of the Public Relations Society of America liked to lecture about professional ethics, came under SEC investigation for a little insider trading in a client's stock.



THE ARCHITECTS OF MODERN PR

IVY LEE applied his practical PR approach by colming things down for Jahn D. Rackefeller after his company had knocked off 21 men, wamen and children during a miners' strike in Colorado. EDWARD BERNAYS, nephew of Sigmund Freud and PR's first philosopher,







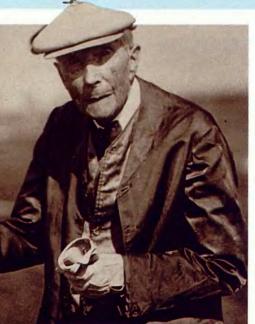


SONNENBERG

DEAVER

great manipulators' hall of fame

believed that "the consciaus and intelligent manipulation of the arganized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society." BEN SONNENBERG, a former press agent, pioneered the cancept of self-promotion, which revalved around a salon to which he invited the great and near great. MICHAEL DEAVER directed the White House line of the day, treating the Presidency as if it were a movie. When he entered private business, Deaver was accused of trading on his White Hause connections.



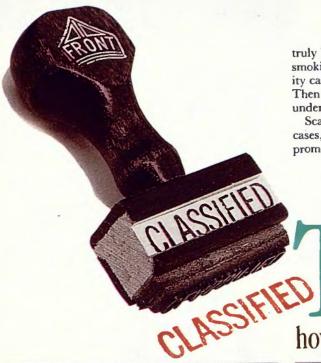
Economic titon John D. Rockefeller hoted his robber-boron image. PR mon Ivy Lee's remedy: kiddie philonthropy. He had Rockefeller give a dime to every child he met (at left and below left). Edward Bernays helped the tobacco industry knock out the tobac against women's smoking. He invited debutontes to take a stond for female rights by smoking cigarettes in New York's 1929 Easter parade (below).



After o Union Corbide snofu in Bhopal, Indio, poisoned 2153, Burson-Marsteller sent U.C. chief Worren M. Anderson (below) to Bhopal, where he was promptly orrested. Flacks sow that as positive event.







truly believe there's a body of facts that demonstrates clearly that the health dangers of smoking are overstated. But start, as I did, with the proposition that most of these liability cases are a demonstrable effect of the increase in the number of lawyers in America. Then try to generate a body of data about lawyers' excesses that the public can easily understand. My clients could only be the beneficiaries of that kind of consciousness."

Scanlon's strategy was this: Before juries started handing out millions in smoking cases, he would stir up a public ground swell against the lawyers who facilitated and promoted personal-injury suits. The campaign worked. By 1986, the ground swell, now

how to make it better

When Johnson & Johnson's Tylenol capsules were linked to a series of deaths, J. & J. averted panic with moves such as removing capsules from stores (below) and introducing o triple-seal package, o tamper-resistant caplet and a \$100,000 reward for fingering the killer. Tylenol sales are zooming. Below left, J. & J. chairman James E. Burke grasps o caplet big enough for his corporate headache.

WORDS TO HYPE BY

Important jargon no flack can do without! CLASSIFIED-Along with secret and top secret, this word is a serious press attractant. Just slug it on a sleepy report of doubtful credibility and watch on unquestioning press drool.

PITCH—An attempt to snag a journalist's interest in a client or a product, as in, "I gave him my pitch."

PRESS RELEASE-A short piece of writing about a client, crafted to make a low-budget newsroom view it as

COPY POINTS-The main message a client wants the PR operative to put across.

THE DRILL-As in "I put him through the drill," meaning that the PR professional has been interviewed by the press and has addressed the prearranged points.

PROFESSIONAL-Anyone in public relations above the secretarial level.

COORDINATOR-A public-relations secretary.

MEDIA CONSULTANT-A press agent.

SPOKESPERSON—Any expert or celebrity who has been chosen to get the client's message across. Often requires a make-over and spokesperson training. Frequently requires a PR operative to help control his/her excesses. For example, a major-league ballplayer and spokesperson for a drug company onnounced, with no scientific knowledge to back him up, that within three or four years there would be a cure for a widespread disease. The company's PR department was apoplectic; the star was told to temper his imagination.

INCREASINGLY COMPETITIVE SUBJECT-An overex-

NEWS BUREAU—An information center that appears to have no commercial connections but is really a phone in on office manned by a flack who is being poid by commercial interests to give the right answers.

MEDIA EVENT-A gimmick that will get the medio out when there is no story.

POSITION PAPER—A document designed to address the weak points of the client or product. In the words of a professional, "Position papers provide loopholes and generally cover your ass."

SURVEY—A study financed by a client solely to get news coverage. If the product or issue requires a plug, just commission a survey and then publicize the results. The media will almost always mistake it for news.



directly promoted and amplified by the insurance industry as a whole, had led a number of state legislatures to set caps on liability awards amid the public presumption that America was being laid waste by a "tort explosion" and a "liability crisis," in the words of insurance-industry flacks. Scanlon's targeting of the lawyers was a crafty stroke, with the Believe It or Not type of clips finding fuller expression in the twin pinnacles of a PR man's dream: 60 Minutes and a speech by President Ronald Reagan.

In March 1986, Harry Reasoner, bluff amazement etched in his craggy countenance, was reporting to his vast audience that hard-working Bernie Kline, boss of the Lynn



Jimmy Carter abetted his falksy pase by hefting his own bags (left). The Reagans prefer to wave at the top of the ramp (belaw left), which pravides goad press with na interviews. Below, at Utah Beach D-day rites, Ronald Reagan achieved a large measure of dignity with na questions about how he'd spent World War Twa.



THE WHIZZES

a guide to the crackerjack flacks

JOHN SCANLON

A vice-president at Daniel J. Edelman, Scanlon specializes in litigation PR. He helped CBS turn the PR tables on General William Westmoreland.

WILLIAM NOVAK

Novak is the pre-eminent flack biographer, having co-written puffy tomes with Lee lacocca, Herb Schmertz and Sydney Biddle Barrows, a.k.a. the Mayflower Madam.

DANIEL MURPHY

The vice-chairman at Gray and Company, the Washington firm that leads the rest in country management. Former Navy admiral Murphy has sailed clients such as Angola into calm waters.

MATT REESE

Reese redefined grass roots. For a fee, through the magic of geodemographics, he produces and directs instant grass-roots campaigns nearly anywhere from his office in Arlington, Virginia.

HERB SCHMERTZ









Ladder & Scaffolding Company of Massachusetts, had been forced to fork over \$300,000 in damages to a man who had "hurt his ankle" when the ladder on which he was standing had slipped on a pile of dung. As Kline wryly put it, "Unfortunately, we didn't warn him about the viscosity of horse manure." Around the same time, the President, wallowing in his favorite element, the pithy anecdote, made rich sport with the tale of the fellow in California who had sued the phone company because a drunk driver plowed into the phone booth in which he

happened to be standing.

As with many such stories, both, as presented, were substantially untrue. Reasoner had not bothered to discuss Kline's ladder with the jurors in that case, who had been driven to their verdict by the fact that the improperly manufactured ladder had broken when bearing less than half its advertised maximum carrying weight. The plaintiff, who got only \$200,000, was permanently crippled. Horse manure was not an issue. The phone company was held to be liable in the California case because the fellow in the booth, fully aware of the approaching driver and eager to escape, had been unable to open the door, which had jammed. For that interesting and corrective information, we have to thank the press package of those hated foes of the insurance industry, The Association of Trial Lawyers of America. Notes Scanlon, "In fact, our Chicago office represents them. I never talk to them. It would clearly be a conflict of interest." Welcome to the world of public relations.

Scanlon's is but one particularly fertile brain in an industry surging to ever greater strength, prosperity and respectability in Reagan's America. If the mission of the PR person, or flack, is to put the best light on a situation that may, in fact, be very bad, to manipulate his client ever higher in public esteem or simply to control the flow of information on subjects of his or her interest, then the U.S. is becoming a vast public-relations factory in which the practice of flacking is regarded as an honorable activity. Not only do colleges offer courses in public relations but the flacks are flacking to become licensed professionals, like doctors and lawyers. Credentials: a liberal-arts degree and at least two years of specialized study in the social sciences. This gets you a master's degree in public relations and the right to apply for a license. There is even a professional code promulgated by members of the Public Relations Society of America, basing "their professional principles on the fundamental value and dignity of the individual, holding that the free exercise of human rights, especially freedom of speech, freedom of assembly and freedom of the press, is essential to the practice of public relations."

All the talk about a professional code and standards may mask the essence of public relations, which is an effort to gull, diddle and otherwise bamboozle people into thinking that something is different from what they believe it to be. The public-relations man tilts reality to suit his taste, and he has engendered a national disease—a taste for form rather than content, appearance rather than reality, perception rather than truth. The attitude is found everywhere, and it ranges from the anecdotal to the catastrophic.

First an anecdote, the way it happened to our friend Bill Broyles, Vietnam veteran, columnist and former editor in chief of Newsweek. Eager to move himself, his wife and his children from their costly Manhattan co-op overlooking Central Park to a slightly cheaper one up the street, Bill was relieved to find the dream apartment at a reasonable price. Better still, it was in a building inhabited by a dear friend and influential editor whose wife had been a close colleague of Bill's. While the real-estate agent went about closing the deal, Bill lost no time in breaking the glad tidings to his friends and future neighbors. A couple of days later, the agent reported troubling signs of a hitch in the deal. Bill mentioned these to his friends, who expressed sympathy and concern. Worse news followed. The apartment had been sold to someoneaccording to the Realtor-"living in the same building." A few weeks later, Bill learned the awful truth. The mystery buyers were his friends. He called the husband to remonstrate. How could they have done this? Their children had played together. There was a long silence. Finally, his friend made an Eighties confession, as Broyles vividly recalls: "Yes," he said, "I guess I handled that badly."

I handled that badly. Ethics and the ties of loyalty and friendship were not deemed to be at issue; but, rather, the matter was one of lousy PR.

Move now from Broyles's housing problems to the sadder fate of the inhabitants of Bhopal, India. In December 1984, 2153 of them were killed by a release of poison gas from the Union Carbide plant there. It was the worst industrial accident in history, but in certain quarters, it is remembered in a more upbeat way. According to Public Relations, Strategies and Tactics, a textbook for college courses on the subject, "Union Carbide was able to generate a level of public respect in the days immediately following the disaster by implementing a crisis communication plan that portrayed genuine company concerns for the victims. Corporation chairman Warren M. Anderson flew to India within hours of the accident. Serving as the company's chief spokesman on the disaster, he made himself available to hundreds of reporters clamoring for information. Reporters were impressed with his open manner and found him believable when he said the disaster was Union Carbide's 'highest priority.'"

This all sounds fine until you listen to Jim Lindheim, a senior executive at Burson-Marsteller, the largest publicrelations firm in the world and the advisor to Union Carbide in its hour of crisis. Apparently spontaneous gestures, such as Anderson's dash to India, turn out to have been the result of earnest confabulations within the massed ranks of PR men and lawyers pondering the company's best strategy for handling the issue. After careful calculation, they decided to dispatch Anderson to India, where he was immediately arrested on arrival. This, according to Lindheim, was a "positive development," since the chairman's travails demonstrated that the "company was reaching out." In addition, "it was also helpful that it happened in India. It distanced it. People have this image of flaky Indians. It isn't really true, of course, but, you know, teeming masses. . . ." Burson-Marsteller was happy to steer the press to the Union Carbide plant in Institute, West Virginia, which ran smoothly under conditions of First World efficiency. Things took a turn for the worse when, eight months later, Institute also sprang a leak and Bhopaled the neighborhood. But by that time, to a certain extent, the heat was off.

Burson-Marsteller is the acknowledged master in handling crisis PR. Battle honors include Tylenol (cyanide contamination), Jewel's Hillfarm Dairy (salmonella), Jalisco Mexican Products (listeriosis) and the asbestos industry (cancer). Reviewing the honor roll, Lindheim stresses, along with other tips of the trade, the importance of the "style of communication," even if—as was the case in the Bhopal affair—you don't immediately know much of what is going on. "It is important to express the degree of concern and indignation that the situation demands."

By no coincidence, the birth of the American public-relations industry can be dated to an exercise in crisis management, handled in a manner on which Burson-Marsteller could hardly have improved.

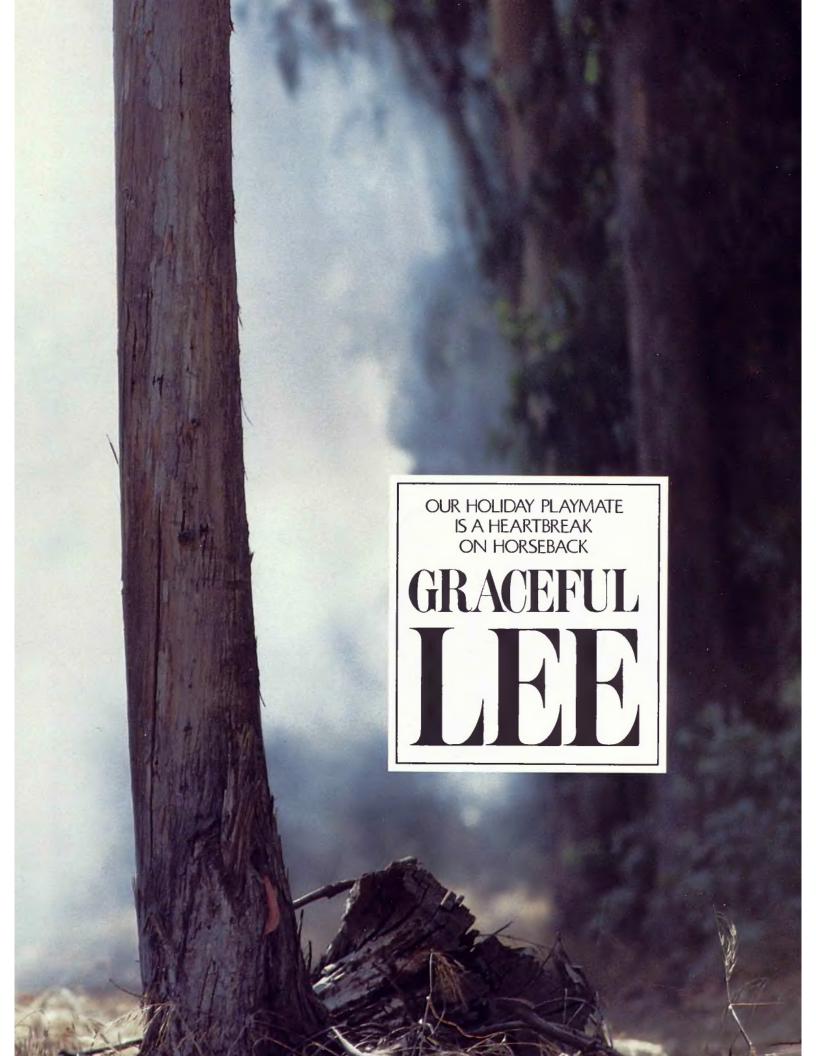
In 1914, minions of John D. Rockefeller, the richest and most hated man in America, caused the state militia in Ludlow, Colorado, to attack an encampment of miners and their families on strike against a Rockefeller company. Rifles and machine guns were used, and the tents were deliberately set on fire. Twenty-one men, women and children died. Even for the craven establishment press of the day, this was a bit much. Under a hail of public vilification, Rockefeller sent for a newspaperman named Ivy Lee and retained him to do what he could to quiet things down.

Lee's strategy was strikingly modern, even if his billing—\$1000 a month—was (continued on page 193)



"To hell with the sands of time—I think I'll stay to breakfast!"

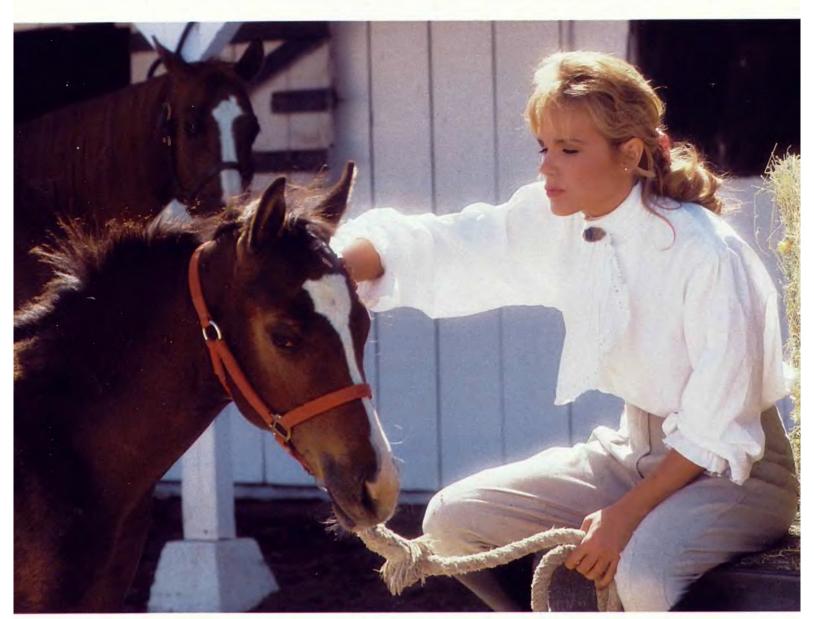






PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"I'm daring. I had to be when we shot these pictures. That horse—that big, powerful Arabian tried to kidnap me. We jumped a few fences. But I respect power. That's a definite turn-on for me."



UANN LEE doesn't waste time. Get a good look as she gallops past, because Miss January never occupies a space for long. A Valley girl with a Wall Street turn of mind, Luann was graduated from Thousand Oaks High School a year early (of course), then turned the full force of her attentions to the challenge of making it big, Yuppie style. She wanted to be a singer, but not a poverty-stricken one. So she got down to business first, becoming, at 21,

one of the youngest Metropolitan Life insurance agents in the company's 114-year history. She left the Met to be a national sales rep for one marketing firm, then became national marketing director for another. At which point she put money in the bank and went back to singing. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Now, at 25, she's lighting up Las Vegas' Maxim Hotel as the newest of Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll. And she's starring—VCR owners, rejoice—in the fourth *Playboy Video Centerfold*,





"Guys who tend to sit around will just sit around when they're with you. Athletic guys tend to be athletic with you. I like that. I like to be seduced—but only by a guy who knows how to do it with finesse."



available now if you hurry. Luann makes the most of her investments, both of time and of money. Guess what she bought last month. "A hundred and twelve thousand pounds of sugar," says the fledgling commodities trader. "Sugar futures have to go up only a few pennies for me to parlay that into a chunk of money. Cotton may be next." This is the consummate late-Eighties woman. "I'm pragmatic," Luann says. "I didn't want to starve to be a singer, so I followed the business route. Now I'm singing

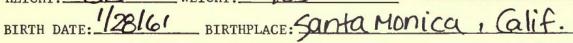
again. Things have worked out wonderfully. Working hard when it's worktime and playing when it's playtime—that's the way to be a Yuppie." She is actually a Yguppie—a young, gorgeous urban professional—with two bits of advice for playboy readers. The first: When you're hung over, try an Agatha Christie novel and popcorn. "This is my theory," she says. "The mystery keeps you engrossed, while the popcorn gets to your stomach and absorbs everything." The second: Bid those sugar futures up.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: LUANN L. LEE

BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 34"



AMBITIONS: TO BE THE BEST I CAN BE. TO BE A GENUINE, RELIABLE, SENSITIVE FRIEND. TO BE SUCCESSFUL. TURN-ONS: PROTIC PERFUME, SENSUOUS CLOTHING Laughter, POWER, A Good Listener, CLASS.

TURN-OFFS: NARROW-MINDED PEOPLE, INDECISION, People of weak character.

EXTRACURRICULAR PURSUITS: SINCLING, BARGAIN SHOPPING, READING MURDER MYSTERIES, CLASSICAL MUSIC FAVORITE FOODS: Pasta, vegetables, All Thai food. FAVORITE PERFORMERS: BETTE MIDLER, JOHNNY (ORSON, STEVE PERRY, AL JORREON, CHAKA KHAN. FAVORITE INVESTMENTS: A RELATIONShip with a GOOD MAN! REAL SSTOTE, Faith in God, COMMODITIES MORKET. IDEAL MAN: SENSE OF HUMOR, DIRECTION, UNDER CHANDING, integrity, sexy, Handsome, conversationalist,







PLAYING IN the water FIRST MODELING PLAYBOY'S GIRLS at the age of 16 JOB- age 24



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The English nobleman returned home unexpectedly and surprised his wife receiving the energetic attentions of her lover. The enraged husband reached for his shotgun and aimed it at the encroacher. Just then, the gentleman's butler touched him on the shoulder. "Remember, you're a sportsman, sir," he whispered. "Get him on the rise."

'm not saying my date was an airhead or anything," a guy told his roommate, "but she thought nirvana was where Wheel of Fortune contestants stand."



A couple matched by a dating service began their introduction by phone. After ten minutes of conversation, the fellow said, "I'm nine inches long and four inches around. Interested?

"Interested?" she replied. "I'm fascinated. So how big's your dick?"

Three bulls were grousing about the expected arrival of a fourth one. The first bull raged that he had been on the ranch for 20 years and had 20 cows and was not about to give up a single one to the newcomer. The second bull, with ten cows, insisted that he wasn't giving up any of his, and the third bull, with five cows, wasn't budging, either.

The next day, a truck pulled up and the rancher led out the biggest, blackest, meanest bull the others had ever seen.

"Well," said the first bull, "twenty cows are really a strain. He can have some of mine."
"Ten are really too much for me, too," said

The third bull, however, stood kicking up dirt and snorting. The two others looked at him as if he were crazy and one said, "Look, five cows aren't worth getting beaten up for.'

"To hell with the cows," the third said. "I just want him to know I'm a bull."

Let me slip into something more comfortable," the fashion model purred to her new boyfriend. Returning a moment later in the nude, she assumed a runway pose and asked. "How does it

"Honey," he said approvingly, "on you it looks good."

We're told that the unofficial police term for a two-bit hooker is a quarter-pounder.

As a young executive parked his car in a singlescondominium parking lot, he heard a whistle. Looking up, he saw a stunning redhead beckon him from a third-floor balcony. She called seductively for him to join her in apartment 313. Barely believing his luck, the young man rushed into the building and up in the elevator. The woman greeted him in a sheer black negligee and offered him a martini. As they sat on her sofa, she began to rub his leg suggestively and, in response to his obvious state of excitement, told him to make himself more comfortable. When the flushed young man had removed his stiff penis from his trousers, she asked if she could touch it. When he nodded in approval, she smacked it with her hand and said, "Maybe that'll teach you never to park in my spot again!"

You think your wife's a lousy cook," the banker said, wolfing down a plateful of complimentary hors d'oeuvres at a local tavern. "Mine uses the smoke detector as a timer.



Two girls were walking along the road when a toad croaked, "Kiss me and I'll turn into a handsome Texas oilman.'

One of the girls stooped over, picked the toad up and stuffed it into her purse.

Aren't you going to kiss him?" the other asked in amazement.

"Texas oilmen ain't worth a hoot these days," she explained, "but a talkin' toad's worth a fortune."

An elderly man walked into the church and took a seat in a confessional.

"Father," he said, "I am making love twice a day to an eighteen-year-old girl."

'Mr. Solomon, you're Jewish," the priest replied. "Why are you telling me?"

'I'm telling everyone!"

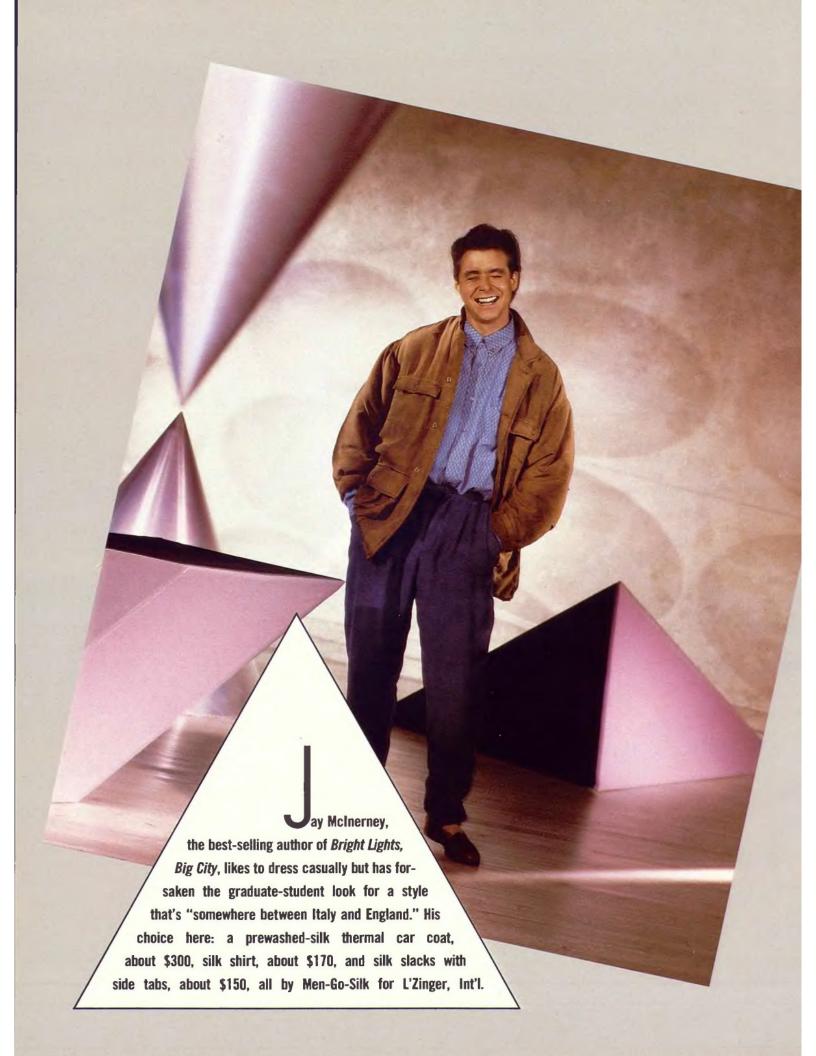
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"You told me to stay sober to drive you home safely, and I am, aren't I?"









THE BOOKSELLER

mr. buggage and miss tottle had 88 bank accounts between them. their clients were dying to know how they made their money

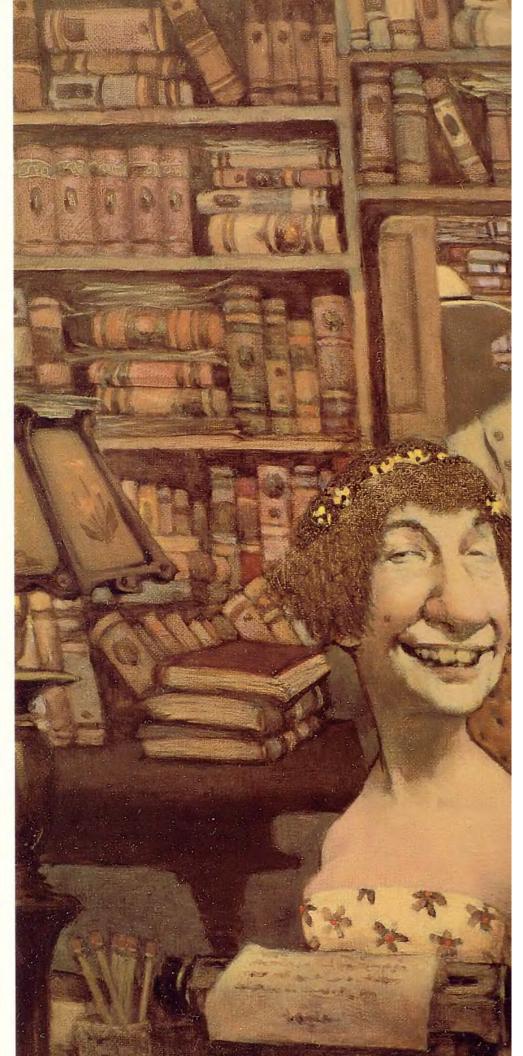
IF, IN THOSE DAYS, you walked up from Trafalgar Square into Charing Cross Road, you would come in a few minutes to a shop on the right-hand side that had above the window the words WILLIAM BUGGAGE—RARE BOOKS.

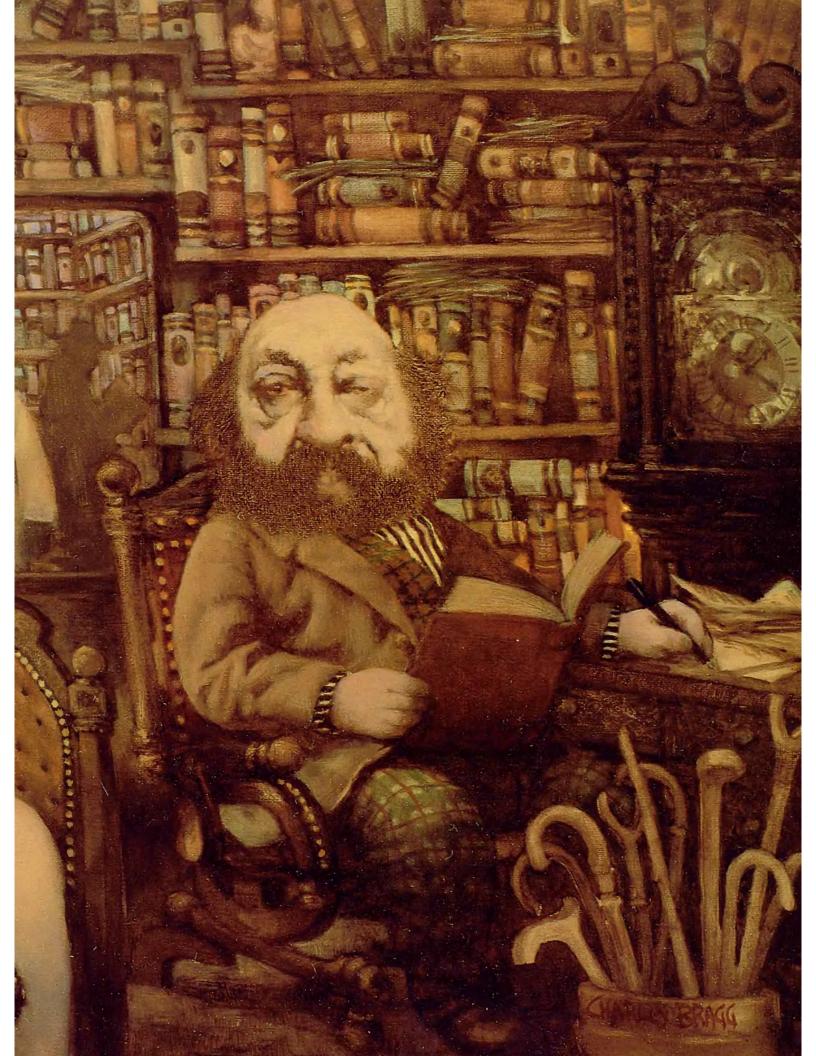
If you peered through the window itself, you would see that the walls were lined with books from floor to ceiling, and if you then pushed open the door and went in, you would immediately be assailed by that subtle odor of old cardboard and tea leaves that pervades the interiors of every secondhand bookshop in London. Nearly always, you would find two or three customers in there, silent, shadowy figures in overcoats and trilby hats rummaging among the sets of Jane Austen and Trollope and Dickens and George Eliot, hoping to find a first edition.

No shopkeeper ever seemed to be hovering around to keep an eye on the customers, and if somebody actually wanted to pay for a book instead of pinching it and walking out, then he or she would have to push through a door at the back of the shop on which it said office—Pay Here. If you went into the office, you would find both Mr. William Buggage and his assistant, Miss Muriel Tottle, seated at their respective desks and very much preoccupied.

Mr. Buggage would be sitting behind a valuable 18th Century mahogany partner's desk, and Miss Tottle, a few feet away, would be using a somewhat smaller but no less elegant piece of furniture, a Regency writing table with a top of faded

By ROALD DAHL





green leather. On Mr. Buggage's desk there would invariably be one copy of the day's London Times, as well as The Daily Telegraph, The Manchester Guardian, the Western Mail and the Glasgow Herald. There would also be a current edition of Who's Who close at hand, fat and red and well thumbed. Miss Tottle's writing table would have on it an electric typewriter and a plain but very nice open box containing note paper and envelopes, as well as a quantity of paper clips and staplers and other secretarial paraphernalia.

Now and again, but not very often, a customer would enter the office from the shop and would hand his chosen volume to Miss Tottle, who would check the price written in pencil on the flyleaf and accept the money, giving change when necessary from somewhere in the left-hand drawer of her writing table. Mr. Buggage never bothered even to glance up at those who came in and went out, and if one of them asked a question, it would be Miss Tottle

who answered it.

Neither Mr. Buggage nor Miss Tottle appeared to be in the least concerned about what went on in the main shop. In point of fact, Mr. Buggage took the view that if someone was going to steal a book, then good luck to him. He knew very well that there was not a single valuable first edition out there on the shelves. There might be a moderately rare volume of Galsworthy or an early Waugh that had come in with a job lot bought at an auction, and there were certainly some good sets of Boswell and Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson and the rest, often very nicely bound in half or even whole calf. But those were not really the sorts of things you could slip into your overcoat pocket. Even if a villain did walk out with half a dozen volumes, Mr. Buggage wasn't going to lose any sleep over it. Why should he when he knew very well that the shop itself earned less money in a whole year than the back-room business grossed in a couple of days? It was what went on in the back room that counted.

One morning in February, when the weather was foul and sleet was slanting white and wet onto the windowpanes of the office, Mr. Buggage and Miss Tottle were in their respective places as usual and each was engrossed, one might even say fascinated, by his or her own work. Mr. Buggage, with a gold Parker pen

poised above a note pad, was reading The Times and jotting things down as he went along. Every now and again, he would refer to Who's Who and make more

Miss Tottle, who had been opening the mail, was now examining some checks and adding up totals.

"Three today," she said.

"What's it come to?" Mr. Buggage asked, not looking up.

"One thousand six hundred," Miss Tottle said.

Mr. Buggage said, "I don't suppose we've 'eard anything yet from that bishop's 'ouse in Chester, 'ave we?"

"A bishop lives in a palace, Billy, not a house," Miss Tottle said.

"I don't give a sod where 'e lives," Mr. Buggage said. "But I get just a little bit uneasy when there's no quick answer from somebody like that."

"As a matter of fact, the reply came this morning," Miss Tottle said.

"Coughed up all right?"

"The full amount."

"That's a relief," Mr. Buggage said. "We never done a bishop before, and I'm not sure it was any too clever."

"The check came from some solicitors." Mr. Buggage looked up sharply. "Was there a letter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Read it."

Miss Tottle found the letter and began to read: "'Dear Sir, With reference to your communication of the fourth instant, we enclose herewith a check for five hundred and thirty-seven pounds in full settlement. Yours faithfully, Smithson, Briggs and Ellis.'" Miss Tottle paused. "That seems all right, doesn't it?'

"It's all right this time," Mr. Buggage said. "But we don't want no more solicitors, and let's not 'ave any more bishops, either."

"I agree about bishops," Miss Tottle said. "But you're not suddenly ruling out earls and lords and all that lot, I hope?"

"Lords is fine," Mr. Buggage said. "We never 'ad no trouble with lords. Nor earls, either. And didn't we do a duke once?"

"The duke of Dorset," Miss Tottle said. "Did him last year. Over a thousand quid."

"Very nice," Mr. Buggage said. "I remember selectin' 'im myself straight off the front page." He stopped talking while he prized a bit of food out from between two front teeth with the nail of his little finger. "What I says is this," he went on. "The bigger the title, the bigger the twit. In fact, anyone's got a title on 'is name is almost certain to be a twit."

"Now, that's not quite true, Billy," Miss Tottle said. "Some people are given titles because they've done absolutely brilliant things, like inventing penicillin or climbing Mount Everest."

"I'm talking about in'erited titles," Mr. Buggage said. "Anyone gets born with a title, it's odds-on 'e's a twit."

"You're right there," Miss Tottle said. "We've never had the slightest trouble with the aristocracy."

Mr. Buggage leaned back in his chair and gazed solemnly at Miss Tottle. "You know what?" he said. "One of these days, we might even 'ave a crack at royalty."

"Ooh, I'd love it," Miss Tottle said. "Sock them for a fortune."

Mr. Buggage continued to gaze at Miss Tottle's profile, and as he did so, a slightly lascivious glint crept into his eye. One is forced to admit that Miss Tottle's appearance, when judged by the highest standards, was disappointing. To tell the truth, when judged by any standards, it was still disappointing. Her face was long and horsy, and her teeth, which were also rather long, had a sulphurous tinge about them. So did her skin. The best you could say about her was that she had a generous bosom, but even that had its faults. It was the kind that makes a single long, tightly bound bulge from one side of the chest to the other, and at first glance one got the impression that there were not two individual breasts growing out of her body but simply one big, long loaf of bread.

Then again, Mr. Buggage himself was in no position to be overly finicky. When one saw him for the first time, the word that sprang instantly to mind was grubby. He was squat, paunchy, bald and flaccid, and as far as his face was concerned, one could only make a guess at what it looked like, because not much of it was visible to the eye. The major part was covered over by an immense thicket of black, bushy, slightly curly hair, a fashion, one fears, that is all too common these days-a foolish practice and, incidentally, a rather dirty habit. Why so many males wish to conceal their facial characteristics is beyond the comprehension of us ordinary mortals. One must presume that if it were possible for these people also to grow hair all over their noses and cheeks and eyes, then they would do so, ending up with no visible face at all but only an obscene and rather gamy ball of hair. The only possible conclusion one can arrive at when looking at one of these bearded males is that the vegetation is a kind of smoke screen and is cultivated in order to conceal something unsightly or unsavory.

This was almost certainly true in Mr. Buggage's case, and it was therefore fortunate for all of us, and especially for Miss Tottle, that the beard was there. Mr. Buggage continued to gaze wistfully at his assistant. Then he said, "Now, pet, why don't you 'urry up and get them checks in the post, because after you've done that I've got a little proposal to put to you."

Miss Tottle looked back over her shoulder at the speaker and gave him a smirk that showed the cutting edges of her sulphur teeth. Whenever he called her pet, it was a sure sign that feelings of a carnal nature were beginning to stir within Mr. Buggage's breast, and in other parts as well.

"Tell it to me now, lover," she said.

"You get them checks done first," he said. He could be very commanding at times, and Miss Tottle thought it was wonderful.

(continued on page 157)



surprise: the star of the x-rated behind the green door-the sequel is a sweet girl with impeccable g.o.p. credentials

NOT LONG AGO, Elisa Florez was stumping for Ronald Reagan as a diligent Republican National Committee operative and working the phones in the office of conservative Utah Senator Orrin Hatch, a strait-laced Mormon. Today, she can be seen on video screens across America, being ravished by hoofed and hairythighed man-beasts and a



Behind a different set of green doors, Missy poses for these exclusive PLAYBOY photos. She arrived in our Chicago office for her shooting carrying an armload of attractively packaged safe-sex samplers, which she handed out to staffers. "We all have to have a social conscience when it comes to having sex nowadays," she said, sounding-not surprisingly-rather like a politician on the campaign trail.





swarm of lusty vestal virgins wielding industrial-strength vibrators. For Elisa Florez has lately become Missy, star of the campy "safe sex" porn film *Behind the Green Door—The Sequel*, the follow-up to the 1972 X-rated classic. What do we have here? Another wholesome girl from the heartland, corrupted by drugs and sold into the flesh trade? Don't bet on it, says 24-year-old Florez, who prefers the moniker Missy. She insists that she is still a political activist, but now she campaigns for freedom of sexual expression and the judicious use of latex in the age of AIDS. "You've heard of Reagan's freedom fighter? I am," declares Missy in her characteristically blunt but sweet way, "a freedom fucker." America is a land of born-agains and quick-change artists. We are all well acquainted by now with the stories of the virile athlete, the holier-than-thou Congressman, the celebrity drug fiend who suddenly changes his sex, confesses his craving for boys, finds God—or does *(continued on page 178)*

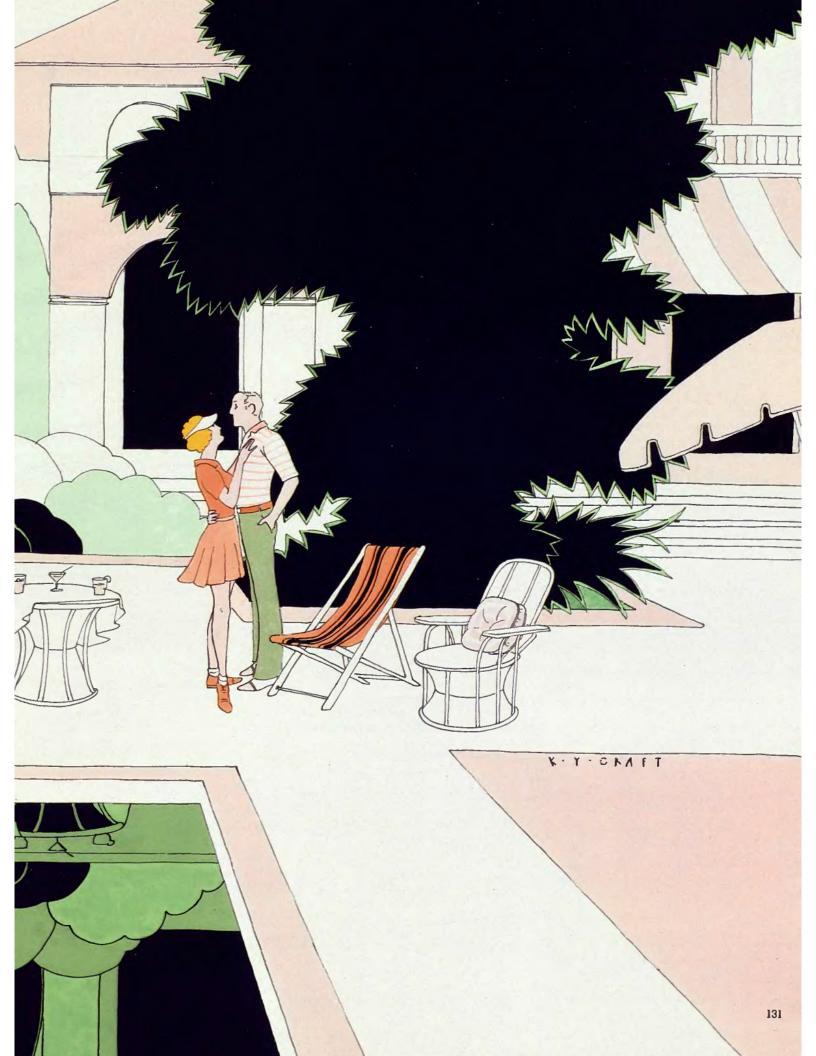
Will Missy become known as the new Marilyn Chambers, who made the original Green Door? "Marilyn is incredibly beautiful and very sexy, and she did something outstanding when porn was socially unacceptable," she says. "But she's an individual and so am I, so you can't make a comparison. She and I might make an R film together, though. I won't make another X-rated one; I've made my statement."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG







tennis courts at the club, and in the same conservation groups, the couples drew closer. Kirk laughed at Spencer's jokes-Kirk himself could not make jokes; his tongue wasn't hinged that way-and took him on as a golf partner, though he was a solid eight and Spencer a courtesy 20.

Dulcie was a steady, up-the-middle 13-from the women's tees, of course. She had oodles of honey-gold curly hair held in place by her visor, and tidy brown legs exposed to mid-thigh by her taut khaki golf skirt. The one time Doris, Spencer's unfortunate first wife, showed up to make a Sunday-afternoon foursome, she horrified the other three by wearing blue-jean cutoffs, with the shadow of a Sixties-style heart patch on the backside and muddy Adidases in place of golf shoes. All of Dulcie's costumes were impeccably Eighties-suburban. When she and Spencer first began to meet illicitly, her broadshouldered, waistless wool suits and summer frocks of fine-striped ticking, or her scoop-necked georgette blouse with a flickering skirt of pleated crepe de Chine, gave him the thrilling impression that Kirk himself had dressed her; Spencer could picture him, sitting with his intent, humorless handsomeness in the clothing store, surrounded by multiple reflections of his fluffy hair, as Dulcie docilely paraded out of the dressing room in one smart outfit after another. And when her furtive, giggly luncheons with Spencer blossomed into intimacy, this impression spread to her underwear-lace-trimmed. bikini-style, yet not really frivolous, in its military tones of beige or black-and even to her skin, which was silken with lotions that perhaps Kirk's hands had spread, especially on that unreachable, itchy area just under the shoulder blades.

In the Matthews house, after the figurative roof fell in, Spencer would stretch his tired body and ease his battered spirit amid Kirk's heavy, leathery furniture. He admired the matching plaid walnut suite in the den lined with Books of the Month, the stereo and record cabinets expertly cut and mortised by Kirk's sharp-toothed array of power equipment in the basement and, upstairs, the monolithic bed that consisted simply of an Airfoam mattress on a low wooden platform. Perfect-seeming Kirk had had a bad back, Dulcie revealed; another unsuspected debility was that, according to her, he had been in-

credibly boring.

Spencer always tried to defend him. "I always found him pleasant. Not a laugh a minute, exactly-

"Like incredibly darling and amusing you," she interrupted, giving him such a hug that the wooden platform creaked beneath the Airfoam.

He found her adoration unexpected and, he could not but feel, undeserved. Spencer had some trouble understanding how he had come to be in this other man's

wife's embrace, trying to pick a prong of her tumbling golden hair out of his eye. he finished. "But jolly," natured."

"He was rigid and brutal," Dulcie insisted. "This tactic with the eviction notices is so typical; he knows how terrified I am of the police."

In truth, it was an impressive sight to see the sheriff's new Chevrolet Celebrity coupe, with its twirling blue light and silver lettering, pull up the driveway to deliver the latest beribboned, notarized document.

"Just getting a parking ticket used to make me cry." This kind of small revelation, this little glimpse of her feminine softness, had had a slightly different quality when she was still Kirk's lawful wife. Then, it had been a peek into paradise; now, it was a mere datum. "Whereas he scoffed at tickets and used to rip them off the windshield and throw them into the gutter. I used to pick them up when he wasn't looking and pay them.'

"He did?" Spencer said. "That's

fascinating."

"It used to make me hysterical. He liked that. That's why he's doing all this now, to make me hysterical. It's his way of still interacting." He felt her skin take on an oily, preening texture as he mechanically rubbed below her shoulder blades.

"Oh, now," he said comfortingly. "Don't forget, he's hurting. We've badly

hurt him."

"Pooh," she said, her face unseen beneath her heap of hair, except for a corner of her painted lips, where a bubble of saliva had popped with the exclamation. "I don't know," she went on woefully. "It's horrible, being a woman. Sometimes I feel you're both against me. Everything he does, you seem to defend."

"I just think we should be fair and try to understand Kirk. All this suing and so on is just his way of dealing. We have each other, and he has nothing."

"He has his own precious pretty carcass, and that's all he ever cared about, anyway."

"Yes, it was pretty," Spencer had to

Even when the lawsuit for alienation of affections was far advanced, Spencer imagined he could glimpse, through the swirl of correspondence and the hours of stilted conferences with dapper lawvers, a twinkle in Kirk's eye. At one point in the actual proceedings, he found himself bumping through the padded courtroom doors in synchrony with the plaintiff and made a joke ("Must have been part of a padded cell") at which Kirk curtly, grudgingly chuckled. Away from Dulcie's calorie-and-fiber-conscious cooking, the man had put on weight and looked, as he testified, a bit jowly. He looked grim and unsympathetic; between responses, he clenched his teeth so his masseters bulged.

Spencer (who had lost seven pounds) felt disappointed by Kirk's deterioration and further disappointed by the verdict of not guilty and no damages. The judge was a woman to whom the very charge savored of a bygone sexism. In this day and age, wasn't a woman free to change men if she so desired? Was she some sort of chattel for men to bandy back and forth?

"It was sad," Spencer confided to Dulcie, "to see him come such a cropper."

"Why?" she asked, wide-eved. "I thought it served the bastard right. Now he says he's going after custody of the children.'

There had been something lovable, Spencer had thought, in the erect dignity with which Kirk had marched away at the head of his little team of legal advisors, none of them quite so tall nor so gravely tan nor so tastefully grayed as he.

"Poor guy. I'm afraid he doesn't have

much of a chance."

"Not if you make me an honest woman, he doesn't."

Married and reduced to impecuniousness by their legal fees, Spencer and Dulcie resigned from the club and played at public courses, she giving him three strokes a side. Kirk got fatter and uglier and his legal attentions became a mere embarrassment. When he sullenly, silently came to pick up the children on alternate weekends, Spencer would spy on him from the upstairs window or from behind the library curtains, probing his old admiration much as the tongue warily probes the socket of an extracted tooth. His heart would flutter, his face get hot. It took a long time for Kirk's silvery magic to tarnish entirely.

He loved hearing from Dulcie details of her other marriage, especially the early vears-the rainy honeymoon in Bermuda, the quarrels with his possessive Upstate mother, the progressively larger and less shabby living quarters, like the pearly chambers of a nautilus, spiraling out from the heart of the city into increasingly affluent and spacious suburbs. Kirk at first was almost painfully thin, a bean pole, and totally innocent about alcohol, among other things. Then there was a period of problem drinking, and flirtations with these tarty, man-hungry girls who worked at his office. But such a dear father, at least in the beginning, when the children were little and thought he was God, before this obsession with his own career, his own condition, even his clothes. "You see, Spencer dear-don't tickle like thatthey didn't have the word Yuppie in those days, so Kirk didn't know exactly what he was until he was forty, and it was almost

Spencer's own early married life had been spent in exotically different circumstances, on the other coast, in rebellion . (concluded on page 186)

PLAYBOY'S Basketball PREVIEW

our pre-season picks for the country's top teams and talent

sports By ANSON MOUNT

COLLEGE BASKETBALL has undergone more creative changes than any other spectator sport. Fans of 30 years ago would barely

recognize the game today.

Last season, the introduction of the 45-second rule prevented teams that were ahead at the end of a game from stalling for long periods of time and boring spectators. But the most innovative—and exciting—change in the history of the game goes into effect this season. A semicircular line will be painted 19 feet, nine inches from the center of the basket on all college basketball courts. A shot from that distance or farther will score three points.

Coaches are now scouting fast long-distance sharpshooters. The seven-footers who just stand under the basket and dunk the ball will no longer be so critical to a team's point production. Our Coach of the Year, Louisville's Denny Crum, predicts that there will be fewer zone defenses and more man-to-man pressure. There will be less congestion under the basket and more games will be won or lost in the last few minutes.

THE EAST

Although St. John's lost two of last year's best players, including All-American Walter Berry, the Redmen have a nucleus of experienced veterans, plus three high-quality freshmen, Jayson Williams, Elander Lewis and Marcus Broadnax, who should fill the voids left by graduation. Playboy All-America guard Mark Jackson and forward Willie Glass will be the critical players.

Villanova will be a strong contender for the Big East championship. Freshmen Rodney Taylor and Barry Bekkedam will make a big splash their first year, and sophomore Doug West will emerge as one of the best forwards in the country. West's

potential is incredible.

Georgetown's fate this season will depend on how well last year's supporting cast takes over the four vacant starting positions. Rookie guards Dwayne Bryant and Mark Tillman could put in a lot of playing time, because last year's best backcourt players graduated. The premier point producer will be Playboy All-America forward Reggie Williams.

Center Rony Seikaly will be the key to the success of Syracuse. He will get a lot of



Can North Carolina's Tar Heels battle their way through the annual clash of the titans and make it to New Orleans? Emerging stars such as Curtis Hunter (43) hold the answer.

MOUNT'S TOP 20

1. North 11. Alabama Carolina 12. Nevada— 2. St. John's Las Vegas 3. Kentucky 13. UCLA 4. Indiana 14. Duke

5. Geargia Tech 15. Oklahama

6. Villanova 16. Arizona 7. Louisville 17. Texas Christian

8. Purdue 18. Virginia 9. California 19. Kansas

10. Georgetown 20. Temple

Possible Breakthroughs

North Carolina State, Wyaming, Texas Tech, Syracuse, Washington, Bradley, St. Joseph's, Navy, Florida, Notre Dame. help from rookie forward Derrick Coleman, the prize catch in one of the best recruiting crops in the country.

New Pittsburgh coach Paul Evans faces the challenge of getting a team of talentladen players to reach their potential. He will try to do that with some much-needed discipline. The front court, with Charles Smith and Demetreus Gore, could be awesome. Evans' main concern will be finding a consistent point guard. Rookie Jimmy Rogers could solve that problem.

Providence will again face one of the toughest schedules in the country. Fortunately, The Friars will be reinforced by seven newcomers with the ability to contribute immediately. The best of the recruits is transfer guard Delray Brooks.

The Seton Hall team was very young last season and was plagued by injuries. This year's squad will benefit from experience and will feature a front court reinforced with two of the prime high school prospects in the country, Frantz Volcy and Michael Cooper.

Both Boston College and Connecticut have new coaches who inherited teams that lost three of last year's key players. Dana Barros will be the sparkplug at Boston College and could be a strong All-American candidate. Prime rookie Tate George will be the starting point guard at Connecticut.

Temple will win the Atlantic Ten Conference championship this year if guard Nate Blackwell and shot blocker Tim Perry play to their full ability. They will be reinforced by a crew of seasoned veterans. However, the schedule is the toughest in school history.

A strong defense will again be the trademark of St. Joseph's team. A major rebuilding job must be done in the backcourt, but the front line, featuring shot blocker Rodney Blake, will be very strong.

Although three of last year's best West Virginia players are missing, the Mountaineers expected to be a top-20 team this season because of an infusion of gold-nugget recruits. That was before academic requirements took a toll, disqualifying one of their key prospects. Fortunately, at least two surviving rookies will make big contributions. The best of the new players is point guard Steve Berger. Forward Darryl Prue, only a sophomore, is destined for

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

CENTER
WASHINGTON



ERVIS ELLISON
CENTER
LOUISVILLE

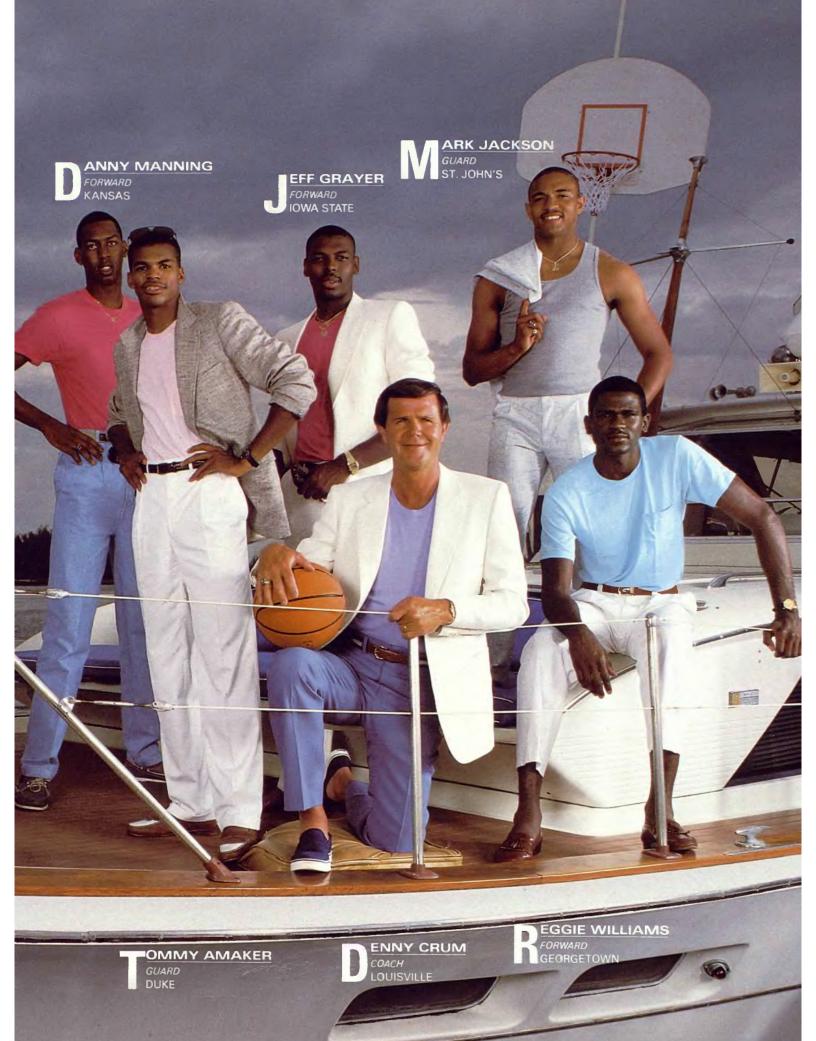
ICKY BERRY
FORWARD
SAN JOSE STATE

ERSEY HAWKINS

GUARD

BRADLEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



All-American honors before he graduates.

The best news at Duquesne is the return of versatile player Emmett Sellers. Last year's thin squad will be reinforced by two promising front-court recruits, Pete

Freeman and Kevin McCarthy.

St. Bonaventure's Achilles' heel last season was the lack of rebounding and a solid inside game. That problem could be less troublesome this year because of added maturity.

Rhode Island's graduation losses were minimal, and three recruits will supply a lot of new talent.

Penn State, a very young team a year ago, will profit greatly from having a season of play under its belt. If the line-up remains stable, the Nittany Lions could be the surprise team of the conference and have a winning season for the first time in memory.

THE BEST OF THE REST

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-American team)

FORWARDS: Darryl Prue (West Virginia), Todd Mitchell (Purdue), David Boone (Marquette), Winston Bennett (Kentucky), Matt Bullard (Colorado), Derrick Chievous (Missouri), Reggie Miller (UCLA), Armon Gilliam (Nevada–Las Vegas), Mark McCathrion (San Francisco), Eric White (Pepperdine)

CENTERS: Charles Smith (Pittsburgh), Chris Dudley (Yale), Rodney Blake (St. Joseph's), David Robinson (Navy)

GUARDS: John Bajusz (Cornell), Harold Jensen (Villanova), Steve Alford (Indiana), David Rivers (Notre Dame), Rod Strickland (DePaul), Kenny Smith (North Carolina), Bruce Dalrymple (Georgia Tech), Tyrone Bogues (Wake Forest), Cedric Hunter (Kansas), Carl Lott (Texas Christian), Kevin Johnson (California), Todd Lichti (Stanford), Brian Shaw (Santa Barbara)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who will make big contributions to their teams)

Elander Lewis, guard
Rodney Taylor, forward
Derrick Coleman, forward
Dwayne Bryant, guard
Anthony Allen, forward
Mark Tillmon, guard
Delray Brooks, guardProvidence
Frantz Volcy, forward Seton Hall
Alvin Lott, guard lona
Dean Garrett, center
George Papadakos, center Michigan State
Anthony Pendelton, guard lowa
Willie Burton, forward
Stan Kimbrough, guard
Clinton Hinton, forward Oral Roberts
J. R. Reid, forward North Carolina
Scott Williams, center North Carolina
Brian Oliver, guard
Alaa Abdelnaby, center
Mike Giomi, forward North Carolina State
Rex Chapman, guard Kentucky
Dwayne Schintzius, center
Fess Irvin, guard Louisiana State
Felton Spencer, centerLouisville
Wally Lancaster, guard Virginia Tech
Sylvester Gray, forward Memphis State
Tito Horford, center
Mark Randall, forward
Ricky Grace, guardOklahoma
Tony Papa, center Texas Christian
John Tresvuant, forward
Ron Huery, forward Arkansas
Bryant Walton, guard
Eldridge Recaser, guard
Kevin Richardson, guard
Chris Blocker, guard Texas—El Paso

THE EAST

BIG EAST CONFERENCE

1. St. John's 2. Villanova 6. Providence 7. Seton Hall

3. Georgetown 4. Syracuse 5. Pittsburgh 8. Boston College 9. Connecticut

ATLANTIC TEN

1. Temple 6. Rhode Island 2. St. Joseph's 7. Penn State 3. West Virginia 8. Massachusetts 4. Duquesne 9. Rutgers

5. St. Bonaventure 10. George Washington

METRO ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

 1. Iona
 5. Army

 2. La Salle
 6. St. Peter's

 3. Fordham
 7. Holy Cross

 4. Fairfield
 8. Manhattan

IVY LEAGUE

1. Pennsylvania 5. Oartmouth 2. Yale 6. Brown 3. Princeton 7. Columbia 4. Cornell 8. Harvard

OTHERS

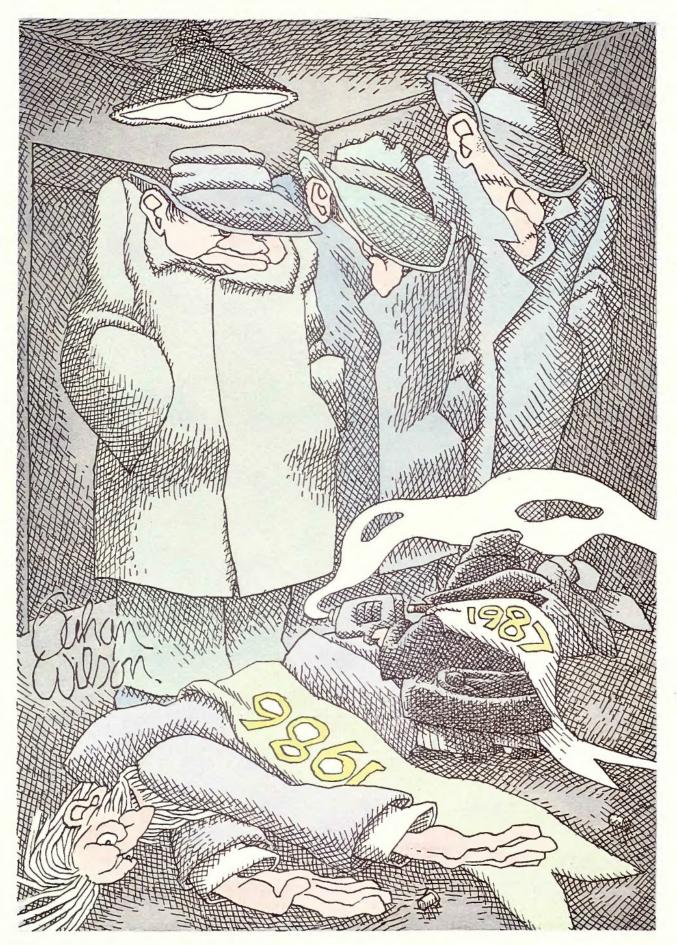
1. Navy 4. George Mason 2. Canisius 5. James Madison 3. Niagara

STARS IN THE EAST: Jackson, Glass (St. John's); Jensen, Wilson (Villanova); Williams, Jackson (Georgetown); Seikaly (Syracuse); Smith (Pittsburgh); Donovan (Providence); Bryant (Seton Hall); Barros (Boston College); Gamble (Connecticut); Blackwell, Perry (Temple); Blake (St. Joseph's); Prue (West Virginia); Sellers (Duquesne); Anderson (St. Bonaventure); Owens (Rhode Island); Hovasse (Penn State); Sutton (Massachusetts); Riggins (Rutgers); Frick (George Washington); Simmonds, Lott (Iona); Legler (La Salle); Paterno (Fordham); Gromos (Fairfield); Houston (Army); Haynes (St. Peter's); Durkee (Holy Cross); Holmdahl (Manhattan); Bromwell (Pennsylva-nia); Dudley (Yale); Williams (Princeton); Bajusz (Cornell); Barton (Oartmouth); Visscher (Brown); Couch (Columbia); Webster (Harvard); Robinson (Navy); Heinold (Canisius); Arlauckas (Niagara); Sanders (George Mason); Brent (James Madison).

Massachusetts will also be greatly helped by the added experience of a still very young squad. Lorenzo Sutton has developed into one of the best shooting guards in the East.

All of last year's Rutgers players return, and the heart of the team will again be forward Eric Riggins. Sophomore Anthony Duckett has the potential to be an All-American by his senior year.

(continued on page 216)



"From now on, you guys take your orders from me, see?"



NCHANTRESS

ONCE THE WICKED QUEEN OF TV DRAMA, OUR HEROINE CASTS A BEAUTIFUL SPELL

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON



Whether she's wetting down (os at left) or climbing the storied walls of her stately home in Bath (obove), Lady Jone shows photographer Richard Fegley the inimitable style that moved one admiring director to call her "a dangerous octress."

ER BEWITCHINGLY wicked portrayals of a string of naughty ladies have cinched Jane Seymour's title as the queen of the miniseries and made-for-TV movie. One critic dubbed her "the epitome of evil" in ABC's memorable East of Eden, from which she segued to roles as Hemingway's racy Lady Brett Ashley in The Sun Also Rises, as identical twins (one a psychotic) in Dark Mirror, TV's remake of an Olivia de Havilland classic, and as a predatory sexual adventuress in last year's Crossings (a girl so bad, says Jane, "she makes Alexis on Dynasty look good"). Next: a stunning change of pace as Sir John Gielgud's niece in Herman Wouk's War and Remembrance, a sequel to The Winds of War. It's the role originated by Ali MacGraw, and ABC and I are betting on Jane to wow 'em in the lavish 30-hour follow-up, which promises to be the most costly in TV history.

Taking a page from her awn boak, Jane Seymour's Guide to Romantic Living, milady (right and opposite) sashays in and out af a gown created for her by London designer David Emanuel. For television, Jane assumes other selves in the miniseries Crossings (belaw, with Lee Horsley) and in the upcoming, monumental War and Remembrance (at bottom).







uring a hiatus from the arduous shooting schedule of War and Remembrance, Jane returned for R&R to St. Catherine's Court, the sumptuous English manor house she shares with husband David Flynn and their two children. There, Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley and PLAYBOY'S West Coast Photo Editor, Marilyn Grabowski, found her surrounded by family, friends, horses, antiques and her highly prized costume collection—all accouterments of the romantic living about which she could, and did, write the book. The Flynns' other home, in California, is so splendidly stylish that Architectural Digest paid them a visit there last summer. A Harley Street gynecologist's daughter who began her career as a dancer with the prestigious Kirov Ballet, Jane was forced by a knee injury to stop dancing; she took up acting instead. Moviegoers will recall her, at 22, as the virtuous Solitaire to Roger Moore's 007 in Live and Let Die. She languished for a while in such potboilers as Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders until her luminous star quality began to glimmer in Somewhere in Time, opposite Christopher (Superman) Reeve.



Lounging at hame from balustrade to bed, like a Victorian vixen ar any of the classic heroines she seems a natural to play, Jane luxuriates (here and overleaf) in heaps of gauzy finery by Emanuel, who also designs regal trifles for Princess Di.



ow firmly established as a bicontinental love goddess, Jane declares herself mellowed by marriage and motherhood, though she's still determined, ambitious and self-sufficient. "I'm capable of doing everything by myself, but . . . I like having a mate and I like it to be a man, and I like him to be manly." As a financial consultant to top showbiz personalities (including Goldie Hawn and Warren Beatty), husband David, who wed her while she was playing Constanze in Broadway's Amadeus, handsomely fills the bill. What we see is what Flynn gets, a face and figure that prompted one smitten cinematographer to rave, "Wow . . . if Bo Derek is a ten, this lady is a ten and a half." Hard to believe

she ever portrayed "a female monster" in a TV Frankenstein, but that's just more evidence to support the theory that when she's bad, she is very, very exciting, highlighting her exceptional beauty with subtle bitchiness, like a latter-day Bette Davis or Joan Crawford. When she's good, she is also pretty impressive, and the new Wouk maxiseries should prove the point from Beverly Hills to Bangladesh. She takes it all in stride, scorning reminders that her huge successes on the tube far outstrip the big-screen movies she has left for dead. Her eloquent riposte: "Most feature films today are for 17-year-olds, prize fighters and vigilantes . . . the best roles are in TV." And England's unplain Jane has a richly earned reputation for playing them.







QUARTERLY

article
By ANDREW TOBIAS

COMPENSATION

ISCOUNT BROKER Charles Schwab leads off his book of advice by describing an "eager-beaver stock salesman" he says he knew who took a prospect to look at the boats in the harbor. "As they surveyed the various luxury craft floating before them," Schwab writes, "the salesman pointed out all the yachts owned by successful brokers. 'But where are the customers' yachts?' the prospect innocently inquired."

Ît's odd that Schwab would appropriate this famous bit of Wall Street lore as his own—the story was considered old even in 1940, when it was recounted in a wonderful book called Where Are the Customers' Yachts?—but it's a telling little legend nonetheless. An awful lot of money gets made in the investment world; but the exciting returns, by and large, are raked in

by the croupiers.

I know a 23-year-old, first job out of college, who makes six figures trading foreign securities for a top-of-the-line New York firm. ("My job is to bullshit the customers," he says.)

I know an only slightly older fellow who makes seven figures trading bonds.

"Whoa," I said when he first revealed the number—seven figures is a lot of money for a kid, even on Wall Street— "let me see the pay stub."

Maybe this isn't the sort of challenge one is supposed to pose in polite society ("My, my, Mrs. Partridge, what stunning jewels—are they real?"), but Truth is my job objective, bluster my bête noire—and what connection have Wall Street trading desks ever had to polite society? Anyway, I wanted to see what a seven-figure pay stub looked like—if, in fact, this young man could produce it.

He could; he did. One million six hundred seventy-two thousand dollars. It was his bonus. (Otherwise, it looked pretty much like any other pay stub.) The problem was, he said, it wasn't enough. He'd been promised a percentage of profits on his trades—he is a very smart trader—and now they were trying to get off with a lousy \$1.672,000.

lousy \$1,672,000.

It was the Richie Isaacs thing all over again. Richie—I can call him Richie

"The problem was, he said, it wasn't enough.
He'd been promised a percentage of profits on his trades—and now they were trying to get off with a lousy \$1,672,000."

because everyone else does—was trading G.N.M.A.s for Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb and quit in a huff when his bonus check came through for just \$2,000,000. He went to Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, where he says he's much happier.

Of course, these aren't your average Wall Street traders. Your average Wall Street traders these days make—what, I don't know—\$200,000, \$300,000 a year.

But for the good ones, you gotta expect to pay up. Here was this one kid at Hutton (or was it Shearson or Salomon? My lips are sealed), again 23, making—well, it couldn't have been more than \$70,000 or \$80,000, one of his colleagues told me, but the entire G.N.M.A. desk at Merrill Lynch had up and left one day, en masse, for another firm, and now Merrill was, quick like a bunny, trying to regroup. (A G.N.M.A. desk is a bunch of guys connected to telephones and video screens,

trading millions of dollars of Government National Mortgage Association bonds and related securities.) So Merrill hired some senior fellow and charged him with putting together a new team. Which is how it came to pass that one morning, a year out of Princeton (or was it Yale?), the 23-year-old I'm thinking of went in to work to say he was leaving. He felt really bad, he said, but Merrill Lynch had made him an offer he couldn't refuse.

Now, you're thinking, How much of a bump would Merrill have had to offer a young guy like this to renege allegiance? Double what he'd been getting? Triple?

Merrill Lynch offered \$600,000. But the kid didn't jump after all. You know why? His employer matched it.

"Hi, honey, I'm home!"

"How'd it go today?"

"Not bad. I got a \$530,000 raise."

This column is about making money the old-fashioned way. If by the time you read it, things have already collapsed, perhaps this will help explain why. If they're still flying high, maybe it's time to take cover.

Not that the mid-to-late Eighties bear much resemblance to the mid-to-late Sixties, the last time we had some really good old-fashioned excess on Wall Street. Back then-The Go-Go Years, if you want to read John Brooks's fine account of themchampagne was flowing much as it is today. And then, as now, the Dow was not far from all-time record highs. But then you had daily merger-and-acquisition headlines, as financial wizards like Jimmy Ling used "funny money"-inflated stock-to build industrial enterprises of questionable long-term viability (L.T.V. for short). Today there are daily mergers, true. But with advisory fees to the investment bankers running routinely into the millions and very often the tens of millions-\$100,000,000, in the case of Pantry Pride's acquisition of Revlon—you can be sure these deals are much more solidly grounded. (This time, instead of shaky stock, they're using shaky bonds.)

Then you had the much-publicized money-manager "gunslingers," like Fred

REPORTS

making money the old-fashioned way

Alger and Jerry Tsai; today, merely the much-publicized arbitragers (and, well, Fred Alger and Jerry Tsai back again, the latter most recently on the cover of *Business Week*).

Mutual-fund sales were booming back in the Sixties (remember Bernie Cornfeld?); today they're booming again, but and here's the critical difference—this time, investors won't get hurt.

Finally, today you've got a much saner new-issues market. Back then, you had a company like National Student Marketing Corporation (my first job out of college) going public at six dollars a share and rising in the first day of trading to \$14 (and then to \$143). Today you've got Home Shopping Network going public at \$18, rising to \$42 that same day and hitting \$133. But-and here's the critical difference-Home Shopping Network, unlike National Student Marketing (whose stock slid from \$143 to \$3.50), is no temporary marketing phenomenon. Students graduate, but there will always be shut-ins with money to burn watching TV.

So the differences between that era and this are stark. No more have we a gunsand-butter policy in Vietnam sowing the seeds of inflation; today our military and domestic spending is well within our means (give or take 200 billion dollars).

But I digress. (And actually, there really are enough differences to allow some hope; anyway, we'll scrape through.) What I mean to be talking about here is compensation—specifically, the hint of unreality that has crept into pay at the apex. Has greed run amuck? There was investment banker Dennis Levine earning more than \$1,000,000 a year, yet looking to supplement his wage with some really serious money from insider trading.

"It's crazy, isn't it?" a young partner of what was once Lehman Brothers asked a group of us at an investment-community dinner party. He was marveling at how much everyone, himself included, was making. Not that pay stubs were being passed around the room. But you had to figure that average compensation for those in the circle was \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, if not higher. And this fellow, as he neared



his 40th birthday, having built up a net worth of \$5,000,000 or so by going to the right schools and plugging away honorably and conscientiously for his firm, lo these dozen years, thought it was all a little crazy. "Isn't it?" he asked again. Apart from my own head, nodding like a piston, the rest of the heads in the circle seemed not to grasp exactly what he meant.

I sat next to a classmate at a similar dinner who had helped develop a financial-planning program for households, like his own, earning \$250,000 a year and up. "Gee," I said, "that can't be a very big market. How many households have that kind of income?" Oh, I'd be surprised, he said, sipping the \$50 wine that had been brought to our table. He didn't have the figures right with him, but it was several million—something like one household in 11.

One in 11 American households with an

income of \$250,000 or more!

In fact, of course, the number, though hard to ascertain exactly, is more like one household in 500. It's just that a preponderance of those happy households are clustered in this fellow's neighborhood.

And speaking of households, I asked this classmate and the others at the table, just to see if they would be as surprised as I had been when I ran across the figure, what proportion of American homeowners they thought had mortgage debt of \$75,000 or more. I was relying on 1983 data, I confessed—home prices and, presumably, mortgage amounts have risen some since then—but this was the data I had, so this was the quiz. What did they think?

The consensus was around 30 percent.

What proportion of homeowners, I persisted, was \$50,000 or more in mortgage debt?

The consensus grew to 50 percent.

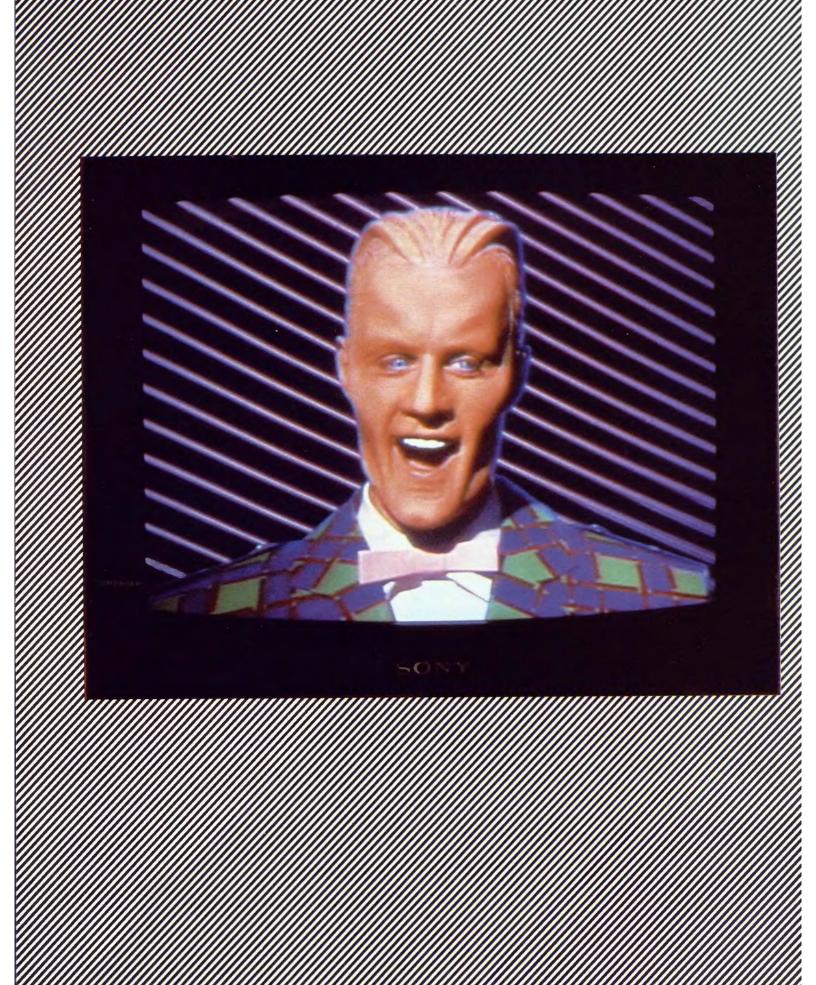
Yet the answers, according to a Government survey published by the Federal Reserve at the end of 1984, were two percent and eight percent. Only two percent of American homeowners in 1983 owed \$75,000 or more on their homes; only eight percent owed \$50,000 or more.

This is hard for investment bankers to imagine, because investment bankers live in Manhattan. In Manhattan, a three-bedroom apartment costs \$800,000.

They're making so much money on Wall Street these days that even the lawyers are "Leaving the Law for Wall Street," as the *New York Times* Sunday magazine titled a recent cover story. In it, the senior partner of one top-paying New York law firm complained, "We are simply unable to pay the kind of money that a good man with two, three, four years of experience can get. The \$200,000-to-\$500,000 range just isn't possible."

Average American household income is in the \$20,000-to-\$30,000 range. Basically, it breaks down this way: Poor folks make four figures, most folks make five figures, rich folks make six figures, celebrities and a select few plastic surgeons and business types make seven figures, Victor Posner and a very few others make eight.

Just what (continued on page 203)



20 QUESTIONS: MAX HEADROOM

the smirking computerized king of tv talk channels his obsessions: golf and the person with whom he'd like to share a horizontal hold

Max Headroom is the world's first "computer-generated" talk-show host and author, whose hit biweekly Cinemax program gives new meaning to the word eccentric. His personal history is a little murky, but we do know that he started out as Edison Carter, a television news reporter investigating something called blipverts-tiny series of condensed TV commercials that enter the human brain, causing home viewers to explode. Alas, Carter got a little too close to the nefarious source of the blipverts and suffered a motorcycle smashup under mysterious circumstances. Upon recovery, he took his name from the last thing he had seen before the crash: a warning sign that read MAX HEADROOM 2.3 METERS. We settled down in front of his monitor for a chat and found his reception quite good.

PLAYBOY: You're the first personality to

be generated within a TV set. Is it hard to have a Sony for a mom? HEADROOM: I honestly don't believe I'm the first personality to be generated within a TV set. Surely, Johnny Carson's personality wasn't generated by the nation's watching him make whole-meal bread in the kitchen or clipping his toenails in the bathroom. Hasn't he become a personality within a TV set? Of course, if

you actually mean I'm the first per-

sonality to be venerated within a TV

set, well, that's a different matter.

PLAYBOY: Size up your competition: Johnny Carson, David Letterman, Phil Donahue, David Frost. What don't they know about television that

HEADROOM: Basically, what it's like to be on the inside of one looking out. Put it this way: If you picked up a hammer and smashed vour screen, you wouldn't find David Letterman inside, would you? You'd just find a mess on the carpet. I'd see the hammer coming. You see, it's all a question of vision.

3.

PLAYBOY: Clear up the confusion: What's on the minds of the youth of today? While you're at it, what do women really want?

HEADROOM: The vouth of today are rather like a collection of electrical gadgets. The point is, if you don't give them something to do, they just take up space. Young kids need to be constantly activated, made to feel useful; otherwise, they must go wrong. So what happens? One kid goes wrong, and instead of repairing it, the parents get another one and end up with a houseful of them.

PLAYBOY: OK, so what do women HEADROOM: A load of electrical gadgets.

PLAYBOY: Other talk-show hosts would kill for some of your guests. What's your secret?

HEADROOM: There isn't a secret. Like golf balls, some celebrities seem to be drawn toward the rough of TV and others toward a beautiful holding green. Letterman felt a bit like that when I appeared on his show. A bit green, I mean. Actually, he is fantastic, and he is someone I'd do anything for to get on my show-even appear on his show again. Isn't this biz incestuous?

6.

PLAYBOY: When Vidal Sassoon trashed golf on your show, it sent you into a tantrum. Want to talk about it? HEADROOM: Have you ever felt really disappointed? You take a well-known man of taste, such as Vidal Sassoon, and he says that he doesn't like golfthe most tasteful and aesthetic pursuit known to man or computer, the game that blends art and movement into one perfectly rounded whole-an 18th hole! Ah, comedy! No, but seriously, I'm sure old Vid was only kidding with his antigolf stance. In fact, we had a quick nine holes after the interview, and I won 16 of them.

7.

PLAYBOY: Explain golf's allure. HEADROOM: Well, when you are standing there in a peaked cap with a green bobble on it, a pink V-neck sweater, Minnesota checkered pants, crocodile spiked shoes and a big bag with 13 clubs in it, you'd look pretty silly doing anything else.

8.

PLAYBOY: How would you complete this sentence: "I want a girl just like the girl who . . . "? HEADROOM: Wears a very short, tight black-rubber dress. And not for the

reason you think. It's because I'm

sexually aroused by it.

PLAYBOY: Give us the profile of the typical Headroom groupie.

HEADROOM: I'm afraid there isn't anything typical about my fans, and I hope I'm not being oversensitive, but I always think groupie makes them sound like fish. However, if I had to choose one thing that they all have in common, I'd probably say taste. But that's just me-I'm a bit tongue in cheek. Well, I rest it there occasionally. Especially after eating fish.

10.

PLAYBOY: You're one of its foremost practitioners; is smirking the facial expression of the Eighties? HEADROOM: I didn't realize you could

identify decades by expressions, but now that you come to mention it, I wonder who started all the roaring in the Twenties. Smirk. It's smile and quirk together, isn't it?-one of those combination words, like faction, which is what happens when fiction crosses fact. Unlike friction, which is what happens when my producer crosses me. Yes, the smirking Eighties; it's got a nice ring to it.

11.

PLAYBOY: You bear an uncanny resemblance to actor Rutger Hauer. Has he complained?

HEADROOM: Why should he complain? Actually, I interviewed old Rutger on my show recently and he didn't mention it. In fact, I asked him how he came to have an uncanny resemblance to me and was met by stony silence. The man is a gentle giant and very friendly but, unfortunately, colorblind. I tried to ask him questions that would make him see red and he just smiled.

12.

PLAYBOY: How do you remain cool in a room-temperature world?

HEADROOM: You make me sound like a bottle of Bollinger. In the end, I suppose, it is a question of keeping your head screwed on when everyone else is popping his.

13.

PLAYBOY: What advice have you for young people who hope to become vacuous?

HEADROOM: Vacuous can mean "empty and lacking in substance"; but very intelligent people, such asdare I say it?-PLAYBOY interviewers, use it to describe something "rare that is uncommon, exceptional, etc." I'm sorry, but I didn't want anyone to be confused-not everyone can lay his hands on a dictionary. Isn't English a wonderful language?

14.

PLAYBOY: Surprisingly enough, some people find you shallow, and we've even heard you called twodimensional. Would you care to

answer the charges?

HEADROOM: There's a lot of jealousy in this business, and it wouldn't surprise me if those same people called Bob Hope's jokes or Barry Manilow's songs or Sylvester Stallone's intellect shallow. What can I say? I could debate whether or not being a "some people" type of critic is a more shallow business than being an actual performer all day. But I can't be unkind; I couldn't if I wanted to be. As to my being two-dimensional-well, what's a dimension here or there between shallow friends?

15.

PLAYBOY: Which is inherently better-a live broadcast or a recorded

HEADROOM: Whether I do a show live or recorded makes no difference to

> 66As to my being twodimensionalwell, what's a dimension here or there between shallow friends?

me. You just get to the first tee quicker with a live show.

16.

PLAYBOY: What special features that the rest of us should envy do you have as standard equipment?

HEADROOM: Please, don't use words like envy. Envy is demeaning; it destroys people and brings adults down to the level of children, with their irrational whims and unattainable demands. But, since you ask: perfection!

PLAYBOY: Are you as good in black and white as you are in color? Describe the philosophical differences between the

HEADROOM: I don't think I am as radiant in black and white. The reason is that color gives you a rather full and strange effect with things like reds, blues and greens. And black and white makes things look sort of black and white. But let's not get too philosophical.

18.

PLAYBOY: What would it take for you to become president of CBS? HEADROOM: A far less interesting inter-

19.

PLAYBOY: Two writers are being given a lot of credit for your success. Do you resent that?

HEADROOM: Do you mean Paul Owen and David Hansen? No, I don't resent it. They've tried ever so hard to get out of the Sixties time warp they've been in. When I first met them, they were traveling around Europe with open-toed sandals and a copy of some Ken Kesey novel and were living on five dollars a day. That was two years ago. Actually, we get on quite well, considering that they flatly refuse to tear the PETER, PAUL AND MARY stickers off their briefcases. It's embarrassing; I mean, I found them late at night standing on the open-air balcony at Heathrow airport in London, waiting for the Beatles to come back from America. How could you resent people like that? Pity-yes. Resenthardly.

20.

PLAYBOY: With whom would you like to share a horizontal hold?

HEADROOM: Well, this may sound rather romantic and even a bit naïve, but I'll share my program space with any caring and sensitive ladypreferably someone with room in her space for mutual respect, with the right ebb-and-flow attitude and with a compatible spirit that gels to make a meaningful relationship with shared growth. And big tits are a must.



MAX, HAVE WE GOT A GIRL FOR YOU!

we zapped 20 minutes into the future to come up with the one thing max headroom *doesn't* have

NOW THAT you've just read all about his successes, you probably think that Max Headroom's got it all, right? Not quite.

Despite his charming exterior, Max, it appears, is a loner: no computer-generated babe to gently charge his electrofield; no companion with whom to share program time once the test pattern has clicked on for the night. Nobody, that is, until now. After all,

even Frankenstein had a bride. And Pee-wee had a big adventure. We figured Max should have a compatible interface. She'd have to be everything Max is, of course—smirky, quirky, a bit plastic-looking. But, more in keeping with the PLAYBOY tradition, she'd have to be beautiful.

So here she is, ladies and gentlemen of the airwaves—turn on to Maxine Legroom.

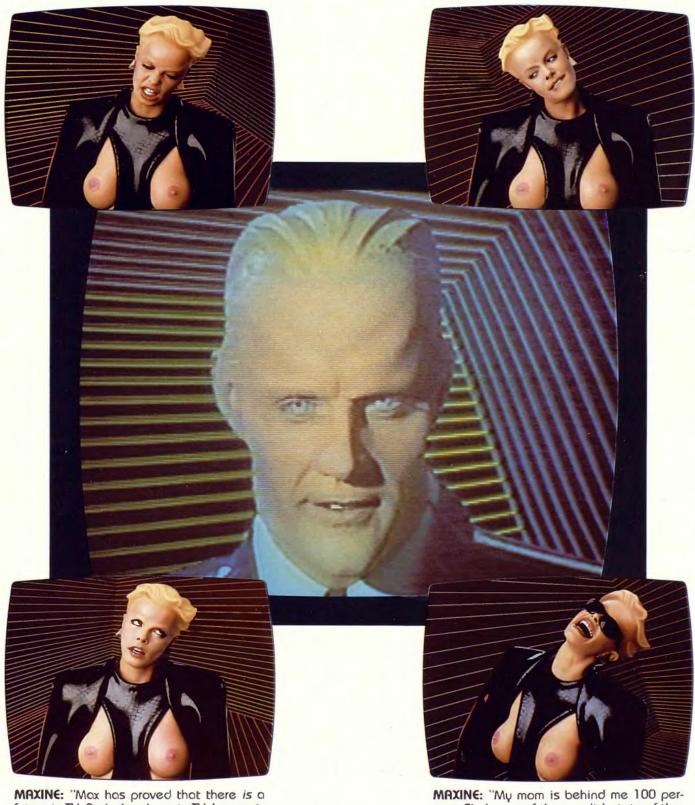
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

PRODUCED BY KERIG POPE/MAKEUP BY ART ANTHONY/WARDROBE BY BRENDA JOHNSON/KALIBRÉ JEWELRY, COURTESY OF POMPIAN



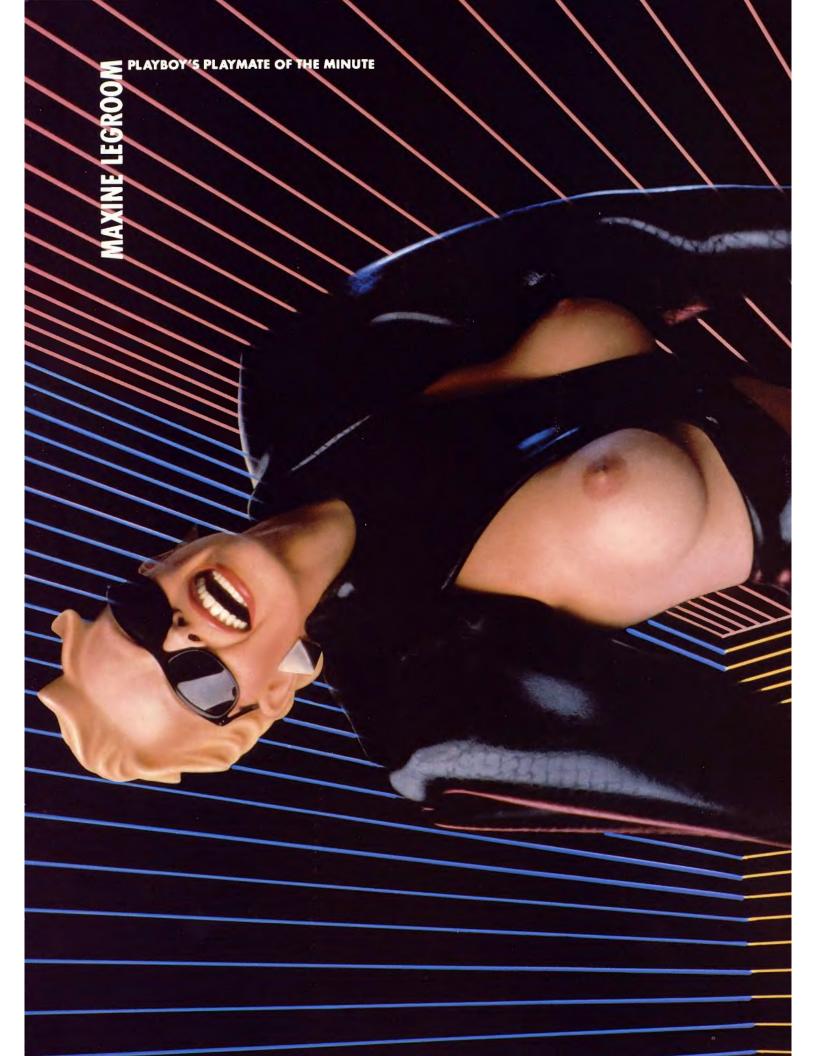
MRXINE: "It's great to be PLAYBOY'S first computer-generated Playmate. And I can hardly wait to go on line with Max Headroom. I'd like to mangle his mainframe and interface my floppy function with his hardware. Oh, gosh, did I actually say that?"

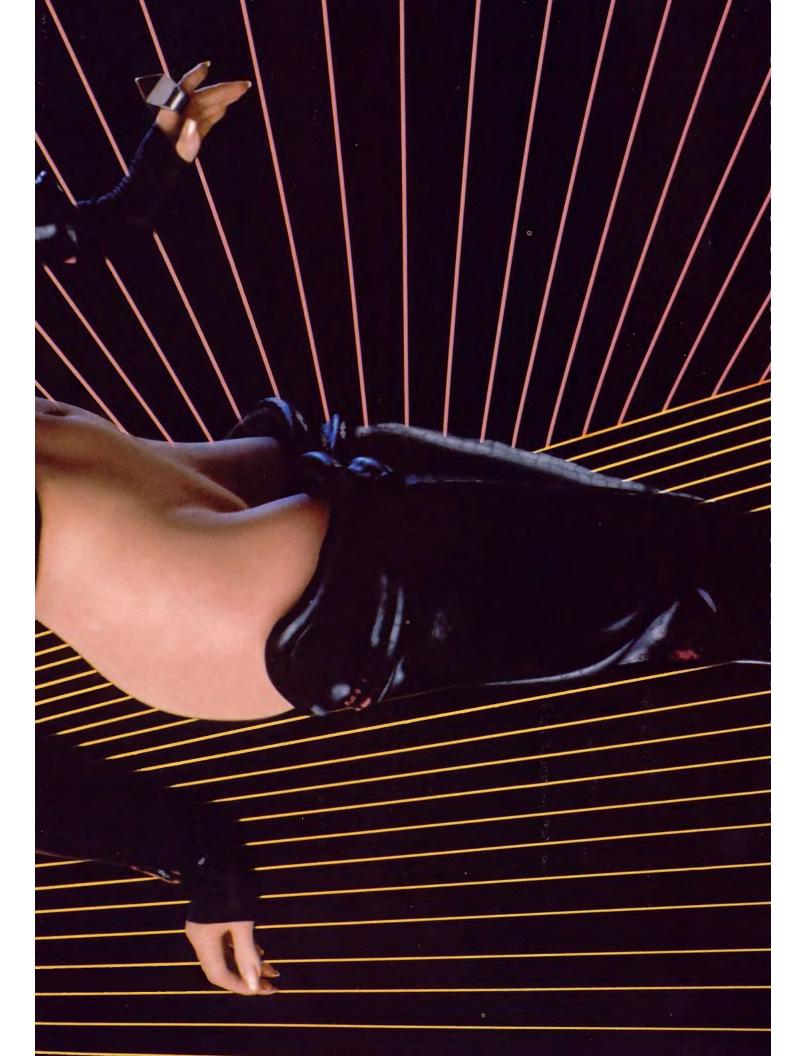
MAXINE: "If I met Max? Gee, I don't know. first thing, my tint would probably go completely red. Then my vertical would zapouta whack. But once I'd warmed up, our joint reception should be compatible. I've got binaries he'd love to take a byte of."



MRXINC: "Max has proved that there is a future in TV. And when I say in TV, I mean in TV. I don't plan to model my career after his, mind you. I may be more user-friendly than he is. But for the time being, you can tell the press we're on the same wave length."

MAXINE: "My mom is behind me 100 percent. She's one of those solid, state-of-theart model parents who believe that kids should tune in and turn on whatever and whenever they want. My dad's different. He sees things only in black and white."





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Maxine Legroom

BUST, WAIST, HIPS, HEIGHT, WEIGHT: Vary

with mood and screen size.

BIRTH DATE: Yesterday.

BIRTHPLACE: Industrial Lust & Magic.

AMBITION: To be reprogrammed as the first

3-D hologram foldout.

TURN-ONS: Laser massages, electrical storms,

high-tech lingerie.

TURN-OFFS: Hackers, signal scramblers,

guys who dump their programs

with a single stroke.

FAVORITE BOOKS: What's a book?

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Betty Boop, Barbarella, the Jetsons.

FAVORITE SPORT: People watching.

IDEAL MAN: Max Headroom from the neck down.

SECRET FANTASY: To spend an evening in

Paul Shaffer's synthesizer.



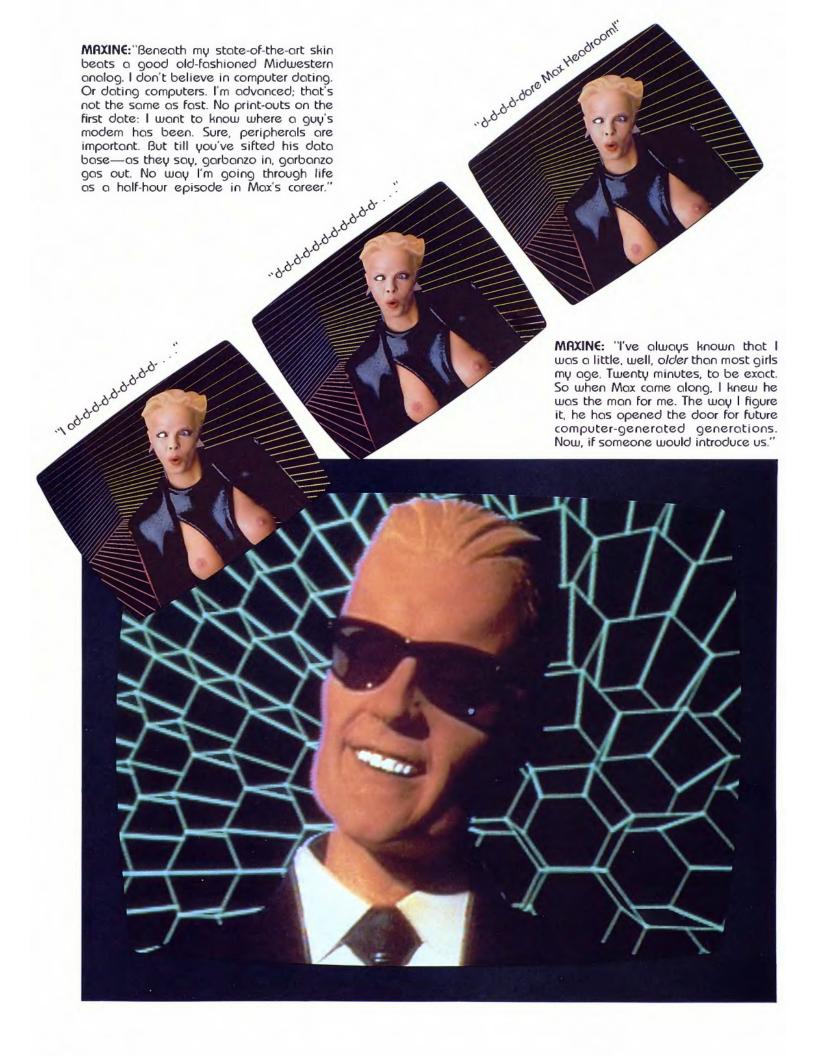
1943/My earliest incarnation, as a V-2 scientist's synthetic polka partner.



1984/My first close-up. Hair of the dog!



Late 1984/The basement tapes--my programmer finally finds my boobs!



"'Why on earth should a millionaire like me be sittin' 'ere in this filthy freezin' weather?"

Miss Tottle now began what she called her Daily Audit. This involved examining all of Mr. Buggage's bank accounts and all of her own and then deciding into which of them the latest checks should be paid. Mr. Buggage, you see, at this particular moment, had exactly 66 different accounts in his own name, and Miss Tottle had 22. These were scattered among various branches of three of the big banks, Barclays, Lloyds and National Westminster, all over London and a few in the suburbs. There was nothing wrong with that. And it had not been difficult, as the business became more and more successful, for either of them to walk into any branch of these banks and open a current account, with an initial deposit of a few hundred pounds. They would then receive a checkbook, a paying-in book and the promise of a monthly statement.

Mr. Buggage had discovered early on that if a person has an account with several or even many different branches of a bank, this will cause no comment by the staff. Each branch deals with its own customers, and their names are not circulated to other branches or to the head office, not even in these computerized times.

On the other hand, banks are required by law to notify the Inland Revenue of the names of all clients who have deposit accounts earning interest exceeding £400. But no such law applies to current accounts, because they can earn no interest. Nobody takes any notice of a person's current account unless it is overdrawn or unless, and this seldom happens, the balance becomes ridiculously large. A current account containing, let us say, £100,000 might easily raise an eyebrow or two among the staff, and the client would almost certainly get a nice letter from the manager suggesting that some of the money be placed on deposit to earn interest. But Mr. Buggage didn't give a fig for interest, and he wanted no raised eyebrows, either. That is why he and Miss Tottle had 88 different bank accounts between them. It was Miss Tottle's job to see that the amounts in each of these accounts never exceeded £20,000. Anything more than that might, in Mr. Buggage's opinion, cause an eyebrow to raise, especially if it were left lying untouched in a current account for months or years. The agreement between the two partners was 75 percent of the profits of the business to Mr. Buggage and 25 percent to Miss Tottle.

Miss Tottle had in her filing cabinet 88 different files, one for each bank account, and 88 different checkbooks and 88 different paying-in books. Miss Tottle's task was not a complicated one, but she had to keep her wits about her and not muddle things up. Only the previous week, they had had to open four new accounts at four new branches, three for Mr. Buggage and one for Miss Tottle. "Soon we're goin' to 'ave over a 'undred accounts in our names," Mr. Buggage had said to Miss Tottle at the time.

"Why not two hundred?" Miss Tottle had said.

"A day will come," Mr. Buggage said, "when we'll 'ave used up all the banks in this part of the country and you and I is goin' to 'ave to travel all the way up to Sunderland or Newcastle to open new ones."

But now Miss Tottle was busy with her Daily Audit. "That's done," she said, putting the last check and the paying-in slip into their envelope.

"'Ow much we got in our accounts altogether at this very moment?" Mr. Buggage asked her.

Miss Tottle unlocked the middle drawer of her writing table and took out a plain school exercisebook. On the cover she had written the words MY OLD ARITHMETIC BOOK FROM SCHOOL. She considered this a rather ingenious ploy to put people off the scent should the book ever fall into wrong hands. "Just let me add on today's deposit," she said, finding the right page and beginning to write down figures. "There we are. Counting today, you have got in all the sixty-six branches one million, three hundred and twenty thousand, six hundred and forty-three pounds, unless you've been cashing any checks in the past few days."

"I 'aven't," Mr. Buggage said. "And what've you got?"

"I have got . . . four hundred and thirty thousand, seven hundred and twenty-five pounds."

"Very nice," Mr. Buggage said. "And 'ow long's it taken us to gather in those tidy little sums?"

"Just eleven years," Miss Tottle said.
"What was that teeny-weeny proposal you were going to put to me, lover?"

"Ah," Mr. Buggage said, laying down his gold pen and leaning back to gaze at her once again with that pale, licentious eye. "I was just thinkin'. . . here's exactly what I was thinkin': Why on earth should a millionaire like me be sittin' 'ere in this filthy freezin' weather when I could be reclinin' in the lap of luxury beside a swimmin' pool, with a nice girl like you to

keep me company and flunkies bringin' us goblets of iced champagne every five minutes?"

"Why, indeed?" Miss Tottle cried, grinning widely.

"Then get out the book and let's see where we 'aven't been."

Miss Tottle walked over to a bookshelf on the opposite wall and took down a thickish paperback called *The 300 Best Hotels in the World*, by Rene Lecler. She returned to her chair and said, "Where to this time, lover?"

"Somewhere in North Africa," Mr. Buggage said. "This is February, and you've got to go at least to North Africa to get it really warm. Italy's not 'ot enough yet, nor is Spain. And I don't want the flippin' West Indies. I've 'ad enough of them. Where 'aven't we been in North Africa?"

Miss Tottle was turning the pages of the book. "That's not so easy," she said. "We've done the Palais Jamai in Fès . . . and the Gazelle d'Or in Taroudant . . . and the Tunis Hilton in Tunis. We didn't like that one. . . ."

"'Ow many we done so far altogether in that book?" Mr. Buggage asked her.

"I think it was forty-eight the last time I counted."

"And I 'as every intention of doin' all three 'undred of 'em before I'm finished," Mr. Buggage said. "That's my big ambition, and I'll bet nobody else 'as ever done it."

"I think Mr. Rene Lecler must have done it," Miss Tottle said.

"'Oo's 'e?"

"The man who wrote the book."

"'E don't count," Mr. Buggage said. He leaned sideways in his chair and began to scratch the left cheek of his rump in a slow, meditative manner. "I'll bet 'e 'asn't, anyway. These travel guides use any Tom, Dick and 'Arry to go round for 'em."

"Here's one!" Miss Tottle cried. "Hotel La Mamounia in Marrakesh."

"Where's that?"

"In Morocco. Just round the top corner of Africa on the left-hand side."

"Go on, then. What does it say about it?"

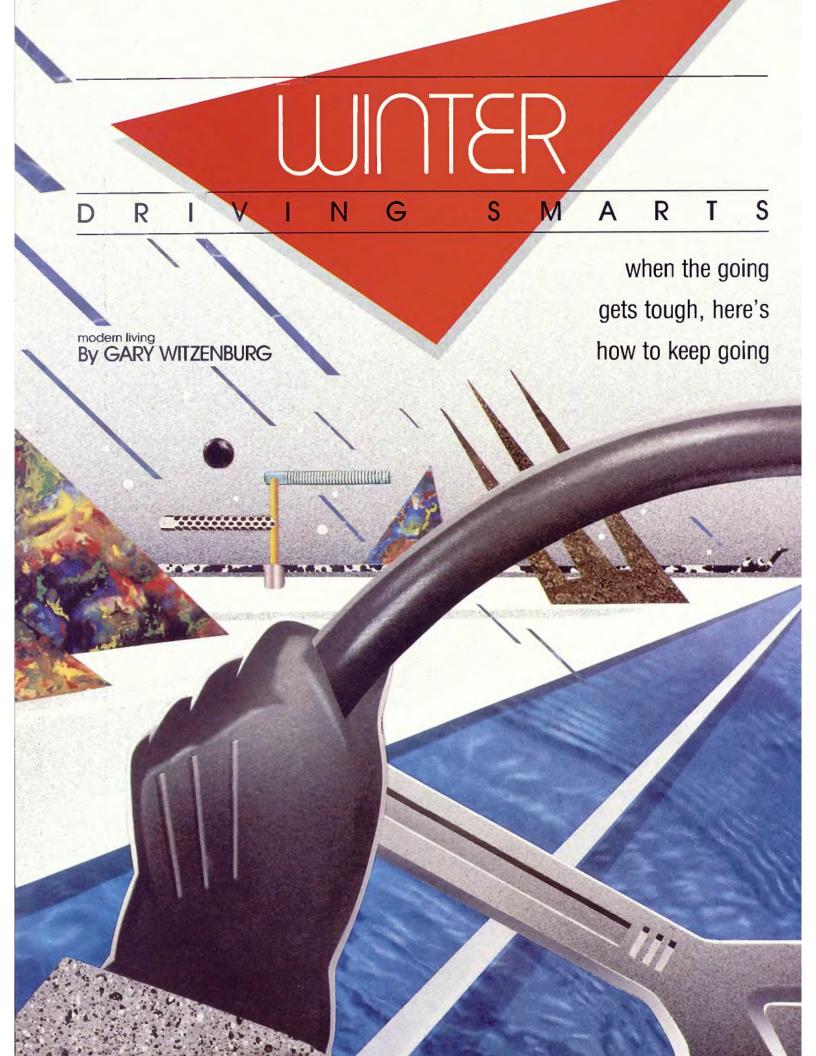
"It says," Miss Tottle read, "'This was Winston Churchill's favorite haunt, and from his balcony he painted the Atlas sunset time and again."

"I don't paint," Mr. Buggage said. "What else does it say?"

Miss Tottle read on: "'As the liveried Moorish servant shows you into the tiled and latticed, colonnaded court that serves for a foyer in La Mamounia, you step decisively into an illustration of *The 1001 Arabian Nights...*"

"That's more like it," Mr. Buggage said. "Go on."

"Your next contact with reality will (continued on page 188)



WINTER DRIVING is treacherous, because it's so unpredictable. Just when you're sure everything is under control, some idiot in front of you slows unexpectedly. A soupy fog bank lurks over a brow. A patch of ice under the slush waits to spit you into the puckerbush.

The primary key to slipperysurface control is smoothness. Jerky movements upset the car's suspension and unstick its tires. So every turn of the wheel, every touch of the brakes, every move of the throttle must be as gentle, smooth and gradual as possible. Pretend there's a cup of scaldinghot coffee in your lap. Practice not spilling it.

Rule number two when the going gets touchy is to stay alert. The more slippery it gets, (continued on page 201)

When winter trouble arrives in the form of a skid, remember these simple rules for recovery: For front-wheel skids (understeer, near right), lift off the gas, leave the steering pointed down the road, where you want to go, and wait for the tires to regain traction. For rear-wheel skids (oversteer, far right), quickly steer in the direction the back end is going (which is also the way you want to go) while lifting off the gas; then straighten as the rear comes into line and steer a bit the other way to catch any counterskid. Accelerate slightly and very gently to stabilize the car. Above all, in any skid, stay off the brakes or you'll lock up the wheels and punch a big hole in the frosty winter scenery.





oversteer



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

once again, we're giving you a chance to let us know whom you'd like to see named Playmate of the Year. All you have to do is pick up your phone to put your opinion on record.

We've assigned a special 900 number to each Playmate; that number is listed beside her photograph on the following pages. Decide who your favorite is and dial her number. Each call will be acknowledged and registered by computer. Because your response to last year's phonathon was unexpectedly huge (we received more than 100,000 calls, plus a telegram from 113 crewmen on the U.S.S. Saratoga who couldn't get to a phone booth, during the 14 days that the special numbers were in



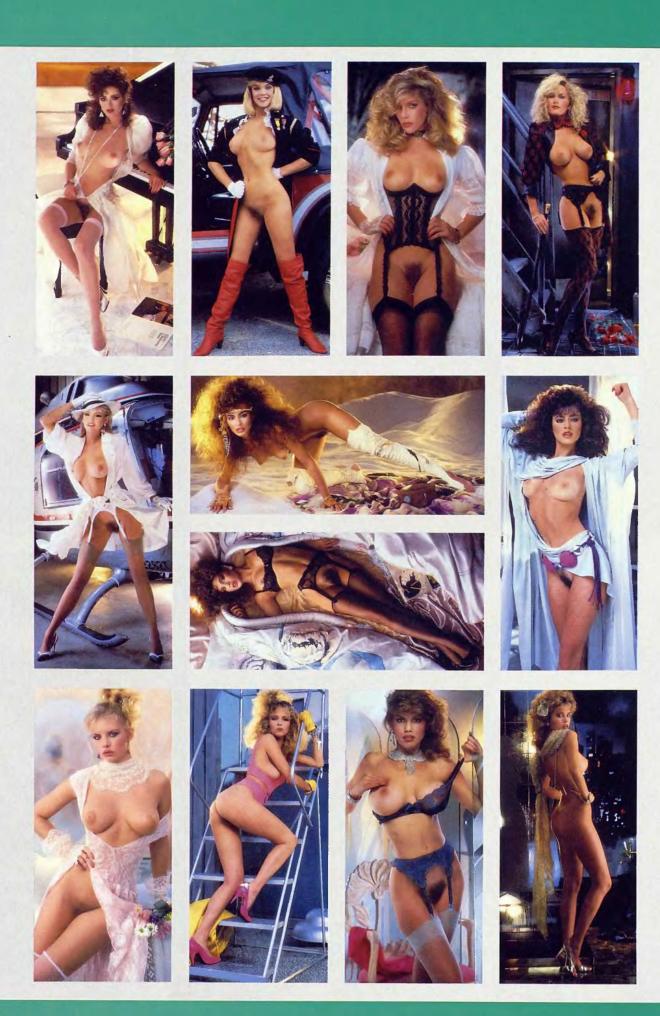
Kathy Shawer, reigning Playmate of the Year, makes the day of one of the many thousands of telephone callers who supported her successful candidacy last year. service), we've decided to double the length of time you can call in, from two weeks to a full month. The phone lines will be open 24 hours a day, from 12:01 A.M. E.S.T. November 20 through 11:59 P.M. E.S.T. December 20. From any of the 50 states, Canada, the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico, the cost is 50 cents per call. You can call from anywhere else in the world as well, but international callers will be charged 'regular long-distance rates. If you don't get through right away, be patient; you will. This year, those of you who didn't have a chance last year will (we hope) be able to go on record for your favorite Playmate. We look forward to hearing from you!

TAKE A CHANCE ON TALKING WITH YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE

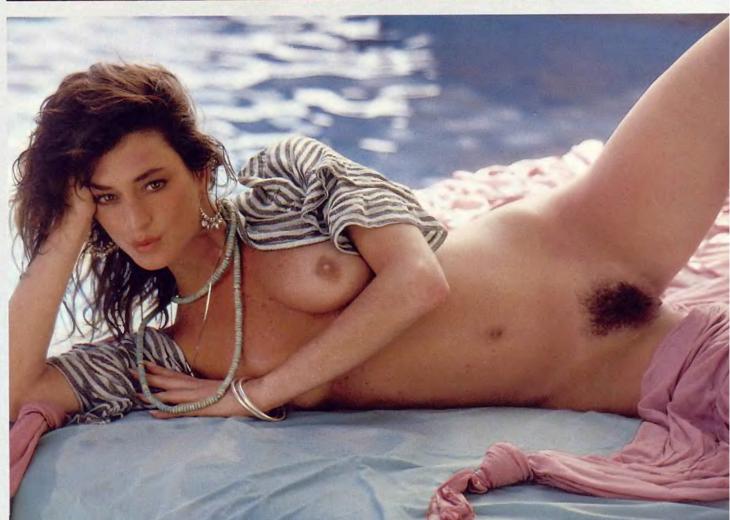
As a bonus, you may get to talk with the woman of your dreams. Each day during the phone-in period, at least one of 1986's 12 centerfold beauties will personally answer randomly selected calls. So if you're one of

the lucky ones to get through, you'll talk person to person with your favorite Playmate. Or, to paraphrase Ma Bell, you'll reach out and touch someone gorgeous. Want to refresh your memory first? Turn the page.

Special to cable-TV viewers: You may get to talk with your favorite Playmate on the air during *Playboy's Holiday Shopping Show*, a new 90-minute program airing daily in many cities. Check with your local cable system for times.







Miss October 1-900-720-0070

Since her centerfold appeared, Katherine Hushaw (left) has taken up a career as a still photographer. She also visited the National Gallery of Art "to be face to face with paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe, my favorite artist." She says of O'Keeffe, who died last year at 98, "I want to live that long and be surfing up to the last minute."

Miss November 1-900-720-2160

Donna Edmondson (right) made her first trip to New York City, to be interviewed by the *Times*, and came away impressed. "It's so big; the buildings are so tall. I jogged along the East River and visited the UN headquarters, but I didn't see nearly enough. I want to go back for a shopping spree—that's every woman's dream, I guess."

Miss August

Ava Fabian (left) has been busy acting in films (The Whoopee Boys and Terminal Exposure) and rock videos (including one for Olivia Newton-John) and promoting the latest album of her favorite band, Cheap Trick. Oh, yes—someone stole the hubcaps off her 1966 Mustang. "Whoever you are, guys, please return them."







Miss March
1-900-720-2660

"It's been a great year," says Kim Morris. "I modeled for a poster, but when a feminist protested, it was banned from San Francisco's BART system. Then I was named a spokesperson for a chain of 24-hour fitness spas and also for a company that makes hunting scents and lures. To top it off, I got married."



Miss February
1-900-720-4720

Julie McCullough has moved from Texas to Hollywood, and "out here, my modeling career has taken off." So has her love life. She's been dating actor Scott Baio and has received "very nice fan mail" from a couple of N.F.L. football players. However, says Julie, "I'm not really into huge guys." Luckily for Scott.



Miss May 1-900-720-6300

Christine Richters (right) says becoming a Playmate led to her being reunited with her father, whom she hadn't seen for 16 years. "A guy in the city clerk's office found my birth certificate, ran it through a computer and wrote telling me where I might find my dad. I called him and we're getting reacquainted, thanks to PLAYBOY."

Miss January

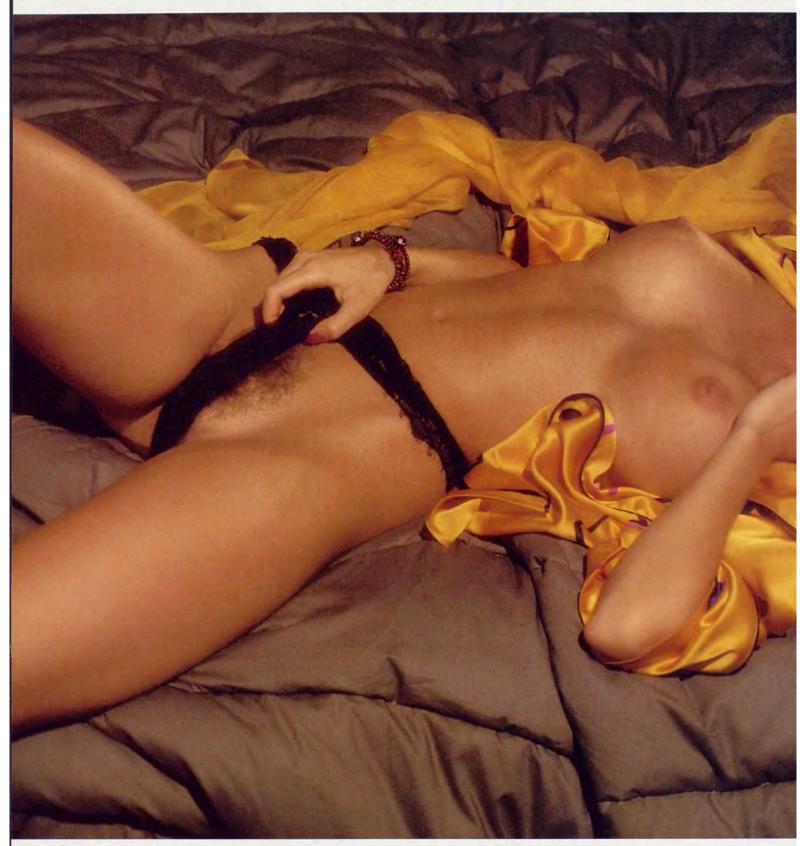
After her centerfold appeared, Sherry Arnett (left) became a poster girl for Michelob Light beer. The perks: "I get to travel a lot and all the beer I can drink." She has also "been traveling like crazy to about 75 cities" promoting her Playmate video (our first), which made it to number three on Billboard's chart and went platinum.

Miss April 1-900-720-9606

Teri Weigel (right) landed lead roles in two films, High Heels and The Light on the Shore, and her centerfold video roamed the charts for 18 weeks, peaking at number six. When we talked, she'd just returned from Monte Carlo, performing in Playboy's Hit Parade. While there, she dated Monaco's Prince Albert.







Miss December
1-900-210-1222

When we checked in with Laurie Carr, she'd returned from a vacation in Mexico, where she'd been priming her tan for a scheduled *Playboy Video Centerfold*. She'd already had two appearances in the *Fantasies* series on The Playboy Channel, and she's being considered as a 1987 cover girl.





Miss July 1-900-210-5210

Canadian readers who have already pinned up her centerfold can also find Lynne Austin on the latest posters for Schooner beer, distributed north of the border. Lynne's goal for next year is to help Hooters, the Clearwater bar she helped make famous, open several branches around the country.



Miss September

Rebekka Armstrong (left) has been actively promoting her Playmate centerfold video (number three) and taking on a few select modeling jobs, including ones for the Playboy swimwear catalog and Frederick's of Hollywood. She also looks forward to answering her phone calls from readers: "Hey, guys, I want to hear your voices."

Miss_June 1-900-720-0010

In the past few months, Rebecca Ferratti has been in demand as an actress in music videos, making appearances in half a dozen of them, including the latest from The Gap Band, Eddie Murphy and The Beach Boys. Next up are two film parts—one in *iThree Amigost*, with Chevy Chase, and another in Gor, with Klaus Kinski.



QUESTIONS (continued from page 97)

"Ali liked to stroke his body, running her soft, fleshy hands over his bones."

together, that is; they were, in fact, still legally married-her husband called her Alix, the word's second syllable, -ix, given a hissing malevolence he'd thought was amusing. "Alix, dear, where are you? Alix, darling, why don't you answer?" She had not seen her husband for nearly two years now, though they spoke on the telephone sometimes, as a matter of practical necessity. He lived in their old loft on Greene Street, just south of Houston, where he painted during the day (and taught art at the New School at night); Ali lived in Vermont, where she taught film and film criticism at a small liberal-arts college famous, or infamous, for its experimental curriculum and its unstructured atmosphere. She was a popular, audacious teacher, a campus celebrity of sorts-who else reviewed fairly regularly for New York publications? Who else would organize a film festival of "banned" films?-a fierce, fleshy woman with long, dense curtains of jet-black hair, dramatic slanted eyes, full lips. She dressed and behaved provocatively, though she was an ardent feminist-provocation was simply her style, as meticulously observed as the styles of the great film directors whose work she admired. Certainly Ali Kohl was highly intelligent, but she was also-was primarily-a very physical woman: a ripe, rich Concord grape, as a lover once said of her. Delectable!

Ali had made an early reputation as a bright young film critic-she'd published books and essays on Fellini, Buñuel, Truffaut, Fassbinder, Herzog, Schlöndorff, Bergman and many others; she'd even published her rather abstruse Ph.D. dissertation on André Bazin's ontological concept of the photographic shot as the "deconcealment of Being." For the past several years she had been working, in alternately frenzied and desultory cycles, on "magic realism" in contemporary West German film. In the little college town up in the mountains, all sorts of wild and extravagant rumors circulated about Ali that she rarely troubled to correct; she reasoned they made her appear more interesting. Wasn't she married? Wasn't her husband gay? Didn't she have affairs with colleagues, even with students? Hadn't she once had an affair with the dean of the college (now relocated on the West Coast with his wife and children)? On the door to her office was a large fullcolor poster of Klaus Kinski in Herzog's Aguirre, the Wrath of God-Kinski's extraordinary face so radiantly composed in madness, one could hardly bear to look at it. Above the poster was Buñuel's militant NOTHING IS SYMBOLIC in bright-red letters. Although Ali didn't give high grades as promiscuously as many of her colleagues, her classes were jammed with students—for which reason, as he said, Barry Hood had avoided her for two years. He thought too highly of himself to succumb to mass movements. He'd once quoted Nietzsche to Ali in the early days, or hours, of their relationship—"'Where the rabble worships, there is it likely to stink.'"

Ali was both wounded and delighted by the boy. What arrogance! What assurance! She leaned forward impulsively to kiss his mouth; she ran her fingers roughly through his hair. You'll pay for that, you smug little bastard, she was thinking. But really she adored him.

Their "friendship," as Ali called it, was sporadic and whimsical on her part, carried on while she was negotiating another, more serious affair with a man, a film director, who lived in New York City and worked on the Coast. Each affair kept the other in perspective-Ali knew the risk of expecting too much from a single source. Barry Hood fascinated her as a presence, a phenomenon, 20 years old yet, in a way, aged, worn out, though in other ways he was much younger than 20-he was shy and arrogant and clumsy, brattish, spoiled, yet, at times, almost unendurably sweet as a child is sweet, in utter unselfconsciousness. "A child of his times," Ali said of him, but not to him. They were not to sleep together many times and never (in Ali's secret opinion) altogether satisfactorily, but she was quite taken with his style, as she called it-those distinct, pure, unmistakably American-aristocratic features beneath the sullen, glowering boy.

Much of their time together was spent in talk-passionate talk. The kind Ali never remembered the next morning but quite enjoyed at the time. Barry and Ali and often Barry's black roommate. Peter Dent-black only nominally, since he was as fair-skinned as Ali herself-in one or another of the campus places or in Ali's apartment, smoking dope. Peter Dent's father was a lawyer, too, like Barry's, but he was in show-business law; he divided his time between New York City and the Coast and was evidently very successful. Ali knew that when students spoke with bitter humor of their families, it meant only one thing: success. Scholarship students whose families were relatively poor invariably spoke of them in warmer terms.

Then, dear God, you were likely to get heart-wrenching tales of sacrifices, grandmothers, older brothers and sisters, complicated illnesses with difficult names. Ali much preferred her boys Barry and Peter, who dismissed bourgeois convention as "shit" and never spoke of their families except in terms of lofty contempt.

Barry was not as beautiful close up as he'd appeared on stage, but he had remarkable gray-green eyes that darkened or lightened or welled with tears, depending upon his mood. When they made love, he fairly quivered with passion-his ribs rippled beneath his skin; his very skeleton seemed to tremble in ecstasy. Ali liked to stroke his body, running her soft, fleshy hands over his bones, reminded of Buñuel's camera in its erotic glidings and circlings of Deneuve's perfect body in Belle du Jour. Bunuel had understood that sensuality is a matter not of the whole but of parts; the wholeness of the human "human" being-the being-hardly exists at such times.

Barry was moody, capricious, unpredictable. How seriously he took himself, daring to pay Ali the compliment, one night, of telling her she was the first woman in his life who didn't try to make him eat! He wrote poetry of an "experimental" kind and kept a voluminous journal in longhand, which he refused to let Ali read: It was the only place, he said, he could tell the truth. "I feel pure and innocent and redeemed only when I'm writing or acting," he said in a slightly contentious tone, as if he believed Ali might protest. She did not.

She said, "I feel pure and innocent and redeemed only when I'm making love." It was a provocative statement, certainly not true.

Like most of the undergraduates at the college, Barry smoked dope at least once a day and took drugs whenever they were available. Yet he held himself aloof from his classmates; he never went to the parties that were held at different dormitories each weekend and had become famous. or infamous, throughout the Northeast, Barry belonged neither to the druggies, as they were called, nor to the straightsthere were only a few people he believed he could trust. Ali was moved and flattered that she was one of them, but how had it happened so quickly? One night he told her in a sudden rush of words that his mother had committed suicide during his freshman year at Exeter and that he often felt her "lure"—even when he was happy. In bright daylight, he said in a voice tremulous with pride, he felt the powerful attraction of night.

Ali had not known how to reply except to say, "How terrible, how tragic"—words that offended with their banality. She knew she was expected to say more, much more, to ask how and why and had they been close and how had his father

(continued on page 206)

TOP 40 PARTY COLLEGES

a ranking by those who know best—the students themselves of the nation's most dedicated good-time campuses

compiled by Wayne Duvall Yes, it's cleanup time. Drinking-age limits have been raised, AIDS is scaring the bejesus out of casual sex and recreational drug abuse is, thankfully, being cracked down on. All to the good, we say. But, we wondered, how are college students reacting? Are campuses really turning into monasteries? Or is there a parallel universe out there where kids are doing what kids have always done?

We decided to poll the undergraduates themselves. Not the freshmen who've already decided which investment bank they're going to interview for-this was social research, folks. Over a

six-month period, we interviewed campus club leaders, dorm rush chairmen, fraternity presidents and other campus social lights at more than 250 colleges nationwide and asked them if the partying was really over. The answer, from California to Rhode Island, was "Hell, no!" We were inundated with candidates for leading party schools and then compiled this list of the top contenders.

So here, as a reminder that life goes on even in solemn times, is the definitive ranking of fun schools as selected by the students.



- 1. CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, Chico
- 2. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI, Coral Gables
- 3. SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY, San Diego
- 4. UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, Burlington
- 5. SLIPPERY ROCK UNIVERSITY, Pennsylvania
- 6. UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT, Storrs
- 7. WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY, Morgantown
- 8. PLYMOUTH STATE COLLEGE, Plymouth, New Hampshire
- 9. MERCER UNIVERSITY, Macon, Georgia
- 10. UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Charlottesville
- 11. STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK, Cortland
- 12. COLOR ADO STATE UNIVERSITY, Fort Collins
- 13. ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY, Tempe
- 14. UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, Las Vegas
- 15. BOSTON UNIVERSITY, Boston
- 16. CENTRAL MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, Mount Pleasant
- 17. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY, Carbondale
- 18. BALL STATE UNIVERSITY, Muncie, Indiana
- 19. OKLAHOMA STATE UNIVERSITY, Stillwater
- 20. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE UNIVERSITY, **New Britain**

- 21. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, College Park
- 22. UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, University
- 23. WEST GEORGIA COLLEGE, Carrollton
- 24. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS at Austin
- 25. MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY. Cambridge
- 26. UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS, Lawrence
- 27. KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY, Manhattan
- 28. GLASSBORO STATE COLLEGE, Glassboro, New Jersey
- 29. UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA, Gainesville
- 30. EASTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY, Richmond
- 31. UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, Iowa City
- 32. UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, Norman
- 33. BROWN UNIVERSITY, Providence, Rhode Island
- 34. OHIO UNIVERSITY, Athens
- 35. UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS at Amherst
- 36. UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, Athens
- 37. LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY, Baton Rouge
- 38. UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI/Rolla
- 39. REED COLLEGE, Portland, Oregon
- 40. FAIRHAVEN COLLEGE, Bellingham, Washington

HONORABLE MENTION

AUBURN UNIVERSITY, Alabama • CLEMSON UNIVERSITY, South Carolina • COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York • DARTMOUTH COL-LEGE, New Hampshire • GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, Washington, D.C. • IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY, Ames • KENT STATE UNIVERSITY, Ohio • MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY, East Lansing • PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY, University Park • PURDUE UNIVERSITY, Indiana • RUTGERS UNIVERSITY, New Jersey • TRINITY COLLEGE, Connecticut • UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, Tuscaloosa • UNIVER-SITY OF COLORADO AT BOULDER • UNIVERSITY OF RHODE ISLAND, Kingston • UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE AT KNOXVILLE

- 1. California State, Chico: Normal people have moved out of the area because of the partying. "It's so hot here that it'll make your skin bubble."
- 2. University of Miami, Coral Gables: Campus location a plus; students have access to (and can afford) most party refreshments. "We have sex in hot tubs. Preferably in orguns."
- 3. San Diego State: The most beautiful women in California and the place that made the beach party legendary. "School is a nice thing to do between parties."
- 4. University of Vermont: Students drive Saabs with ski racks; the school boasts the most beautiful women in the East. "We'll make any excuse for a party."
- 5. Slippery Rock University: Move over, Penn State; this little school has an infamous party rep. "People here like to get naked and run around."
- University of Connecticut: New England's most uncontrollable partiers.
- 1. West Virginia University: Once dubbed a "quintessential party school" in Lisa Birnbach's Colleges Book; students claim, "Anything goes here. People think we're drunken hilbillies. They're probably right."
- 8. Plymouth State College: Chock-full of phys-ed majors and future nail pounders. "Instead of doing something constructive, we party."
- 9. Mercer University: Small, private Southern Baptist school with a genteel party rep. "We get 'em from all over—sunny Florida, lusty Georgia, you name it."
- 18. University of Virginia: Home of the Tilkas—the exclusive and honorable society (circa 1800s) made up of the best drinkers on campus. "If you come here, you're expected to party."

Campus <u>Nickname</u>s

publicly given or self-imposed

Many of our campuses are called (or
call themselves) the
Zoo. Some other
interesting monikers:
BOSTON UNIVERSITY: B Screw U.
CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE: The
Bitchin', Dukin' Blue

COLORADO STATE:
The Ram Slammers.
OHIO UNIVERSITY:
The Bong Cats.
UNIVERSITY OF
FLORIDA: Sodom of
the South.

Devils.

UNIVERSITY OF RHODE ISLAND: U.R. High.

UNIVERSITY OF VER-MONT: Groovy UV. UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA: The Wahoo Crush.

Colleges that don't need nicknames:

- 1. BALL STATE
- 2. SLIPPERY ROCK

EST STUDENT BODY DESCRIPTIONS

We asked for thumbnail sketches of campus populations. Here are some we liked.

Guys:

UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE'S "C&W rednecks in cowboy hats with chaws in their mouths."

COLORADO STATE's "crewcut, Bermuda-shorts Yuppies who aspire to be cartoonists."

SAN DIEGO STATE's "surfers trying desperately to become corporate executives."

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO's "young lacocca types with no facial hair and a dresser drawer full of Argyle socks."

Girls:

COLORADO STATE's "tall, tan, blonde and bubbly future housewives in shorts."

REED COLLEGE's "radical-feminist hippies, rugby women and mother goddesses."

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA'S "cross between the corporate whiz and Joni Mitchell gone surf."

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA's "shorts, Converse high-tops and a T-shirt wrinkled from last night's sleep-over."

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI's "genuine hard-bodies."

WAKE FOREST's "good-looking Southern belles who are naughty on the side."

OOLEST TEACHER AND COURSE

who says school can't be fun?

FAVORITE PAR-TY TEACHERS:

- The econ prof in the South who regularly cuts his own class to play golf.
- The business-law prof in the Southwest who supposedly teaches frats how to "get around the law. . . ."
- The knockout at a New England college who teaches marriage and sexuality and lectures on "the best way to give a blow job."
- The glass-blowing instructor at a Kansas university. (Twelve students actually major in this.)
- The teacher at a Rhode Island campns who—clad in leather—rides a Harley-Davidson chopper into the classroom. On Halloween, grad assistants carry him to class in a coffin.

FAVORITE PARTY COURSES:

· The one-time course offering at a

Southwestern school dubbed How to Get Maximum Pleasure from Your Sex Life.

- At a Midwestern college, Poli Sci Pop Culture—"We listen to Jim Morrison music."
- The touchy-feely psych course at an Eastern college in which you "daydream, hum and meditate"; and the soc class in which you buy your grades with play money.
- At 10WA STATE, Courtship and Marriage, affectionately known as Woo and Screw.
- The MIT course actually titled Creative Seeing.
- The Midwestern college oceanography course "that's had the same test for the past ten years."
- A PURDUE sex-ed class that shows porn movies.
- The course at the University of Vermont listed as World Food & Population; students call it Pop & Crops.

EST PARTY CAMPUS TRADITIONS

DARTMDUTH COLLEGE: Humming competitions. **GLASSBDRO STATE:** Taping kitchen utensils to athletes' bodies. (Why? "Oh, it's just something to do.") **MICHIGAN STATE:** The Ugliest Male Contest—a charitable fund-raising event. **MIT:** These techies like to drop rubber balls and pumpkins from the roofs of tall buildings—just like Galileo and Letterman. **PLYMOUTH STATE:** Medieval Forum Festival—"People spend a weekend running around in tin cans and tights. They look uglier than a can of smashed frogs." **PURDUE:** The Nude Olympics—200 students of both sexes run bare-assed through the snow; girls stand near ice patches "to help pick up those who slip." **UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT:** Cow tipping—freshmen kneel next to a cow while cronies tip it over.

BEST

UIRGIN LEGENDS

BROWN: If students visit all six campus libraries during their first year, they'll remain virgins for life.

IOWA STATE: In order to be a full-fledged coed, a girl has to be kissed at the campanile bell tower at the stroke of midnight. If she's a virgin, the bricks will crumble. *Note:* The tower's still standing.

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA:

At a bar called The Field House, any visiting freshman virgin will supposedly leave happier and wiser.

UNIVERSITY OF MARY-LAND: If a virgin graduates, the metal statue of the Maryland Terrapin will spring to life and fly around the mall until gunned down by the R.O.T.C.

UNIVERSITY OF MAS-SACHUSETTS: The statue of the Indian Metawampe will drop its spear if a virgin graduates.



"The national trend has moved away from casual sex—no more screwing in the periodicals section of the library."

The hoyloft in the barn is old hat to the Eighties college student. In fact, unless there's an element of danger involved in a make-out spot, it's downight boring. Ask the gangs at Reed and Trinity. They've found some creative uses for the chapel. Some other popular places:

BROWN: The 13th floor of the science library; the "piano lounge" in the grad center.

CALIFORNIA STATE: Bidwell Park's lovo pits (a.k.o. Bear Hole and Salmon Hole). "A lot of eruptions happen there."

GEORGETOWN: Atop Yates Field House, with its "lovely skyline view."

LOUISIANA STATE: The 14th and 17th holes of the golf course.

SAN DIEGO STATE: Atop the 140-foot Hardy Bell Tower.

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA: Burge Hall, "the Party Education Center." UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI: The ten-meter boards at the pool.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI: The wooded area surrounding William Faulkner's home.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA: The steps of The Rotunda—Tom Jefferson's old hount.

BLOWOUT DAR OF THE YEAR

Saint Patty's Day, naturally, is a runaway choice for big bashes—such as the one at the University of Missouri/Rolla with the famed eightman, quarter-keg Hop. Skip and Puke competition. We found some holidays we never knew existed.

CALIFORNIA STATE: Pioneer Days—"nine days of celebrating, vandalism and world-class rowdiness."

EASTERN KENTUCKY: The annual rugby-team party, traditionally held at a scuzzy bar, during which participants have been known to slide naked across the wooden floor.

MERCER COLLEGE: Qaddafi Sucks parties. MIT: Steer roasts run by the "smut and lust committees"—they show Mary Poppins and porno films simultaneously.

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI: The Aphrodisiac Jam—boxer shorts and teddies required.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLA-HOMA: Kill-a-Keg Parties: "A guy once mixed alcohol and dye, then dropped in a goldfish. Whoa. Talk about Technicolor blow-chow."

UNIVERSITY OF VER-MONT: Hawaiian Party at Sigma Nu—they had an ice fountain with punch running through it and a "lei but" in the middle of the floor. 11. State University of New York Cortland: A haven for partying jocks and God's-gift-tothe-world bodybuilders. "We're so hot, you have to take your shirt off And most girls do." 12. Colorado State: Agricultural majors put in more time on the ski slopes than in the field. Students from other campuses trek here to party. We've got won coming out of the woodwork 13. Arizona State A consistent winner in party-school polls. Students' goal: to be thin, tan and popular. "Most of the guys here

heat."
14. University vgas:
The 24-hour party
school in the
24-hour town.
"Most of the
women here don't
wear bras and like

are in permanent

good times."

15. Boston University: Birnbach rated this one as the most promiscuous school. The word from a Harvard student: "BU? Yeah, they're into wild parties and rampant sex."

16. Central Michigan University: To calm this crew down, they once had to hire a crew of extra cops. It didn't help. They're proud that they parties "usually make page one."

17. Southern Illinois University: All other Illinois schools bow to this one; most college handbooks pick it as well. Why? "We'd put our sexual temperature at about 105degrees."

18. Ball State University: It may be small, but it boasts a girl-to-guy ratio that men love. Students also have party-till-you-can't-see bashes.

"If you need a place to fall into the gutter, this is it."

19. Oklahoma
State: Despite its
location, the
waters aren't still
on this Okie campus. "Good of boys
doin' the two-step
and partyin'."

20. Central Connecticut State: Coeducation here means that hitting the books coexists with hitting the party circuit. "We like to call ourselves the roundthe-clock party connection."

21. University of Maryland: This school is the town, and this town rocks. "We don't know where we're goin' after we graduate, 'cause we don't know when we're graduatin'."

22. University of Mississippi: Rich kids who have mint-julep-on-theveranda parties. "They call us the country club of the South."

23. West Georgia College: Students' long-term goal: "To get the minimum grade-point average so Mom and Dad will let us stay in school." Shortterm goal: "To scrape up enough money to buy a rase."

24. University of Texas at Austin: You gotta shell out the bucks, but the parties are "lavish and wild." Rumor has it there's not a single unattractive girl on campus.

25. MIT: The big surprise is that these mildmannered nerds by day are explosive, high-tech partiers by night. "We're frenzied and sweating and absolutely insane."

26. University of Kansas: Sometimes called Snob Hill, this campus is loaded with "Frisbee throwers with that pseudo-California look who go all out during Waste Yourself Week at the beginning of schoot."

27. Kansas State: The agricultural party school that projects a good thell-raising party image. "We're wild Western-campus kids in a half inch of cowshit."

28. Glassboro State College: Small, suburban but jumping. "We're animalistic, it's the law of the jungle here."

29. University of Florida: Its annual football game with Georgia has been dubbed the world's largest cocktail party. "Face it, the closer you are to the equator, the crazier you get."

30. Eastern Kentucky University: The surrounding town is usually kept awake by the students' explosive bashes. "Hell, we're a bitch in heat."

CRIENS HAS LANGE OF THE CONTROL OF T

You may have thought Hollywood screenwriters make up all that stuff you see in campus-fraternity movies. Not so, according to our correspondents out there in the field. . . .

STATE: We've heard variations on this, but the Fijis claim they once sent their favorite sorority a box of doughnuts. The next day, when they were sure the doughnuts had been eaten, the frat sent the girls a photograph of themselves wearing the very same doughnuts.

COLUMBIA: Frat brothers like to drop ping-pong balls on the floor and pick them up with their butt cheeks.

KANSAS STATE: If you strike out at a Beta Theta Pi party, you'll wake up with a mannequin in your bed.

KENT STATE: One frat brother lies face down on the floor, playing surfboard, while another stands on his back; the rest whistle the theme from *Hawaii Five-O*.

MIT: T.E.P. whipped up a Penis Party a few years ago. The punch bowl had a large wax penis at the center and little penises floating in the punch around it.

SLIPPERY ROCK: Members of one frat reportedly like to strip and tie one another to trees. When girls come by, "they can touch us if they want."

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI: Wearing G strings and selling banana-raisin bread in the rain; demanding that pledges get body parts autographed.

op men's animal house, nationwide: S.A.E., by a head over Fiji. op women's animal house, nationwide:

The Chi Omega girls'. More than once, we've heard that little ditty "Chi O, Chi O/It's off to bed we go. . . ."

nimal house contenders:
STATE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
CORTLAND: The Beta boys call
their house The Tit Pit.

CENTRAL MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY: The South Main Street frats whose partying, *twice* in 1986, caused the county prosecutor to issue restraining orders—sort of a martial law.

GLASSBORO STATE: The Zeta Beta Tau boys who like to trash their living quarters and were evicted four times in three years.

OHIO UNIVERSITY: S.A.E. frat members have thrown refrigerators and stereos off their balcony ("The guy was pissed that his tape ended"), torn apart a log cabin for kindling and given a 21-moon salute to the housemother next door.

WEST GEORGIA COLLEGE: The Chi Phi boys are known for a party punch that is "strong enough to remove the paint from the broomstick they use to stir it."

HE ANIMAL HOUSE MEMORIAL AWARD:

To the University of Florida and Penn State frats for actually *having* toga parties.

OST HISTORIC STUNT CLEMSON: Students once tarred and feathered a guy for getting engaged. FAIRHAVEN COLLEGE: Students secretly spiked brownies at a faculty party. A faculty member allegedly got wasted. MERCER UNIVERSITY: Kappa Alpha stuffed cue balls in a cannon and shot them out of the administration building's windows. MIT: Ingenious techies hoisted a cow onto some nearby gasstorage tanks. The National Guard was called out to take it down. PLYMOUTH STATE: A "moosetype football guy" put a pan on his head and dove through a window. ("People just stood there and watched. Nobody knew why he did it, but who's gonna argue with him, right?") SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY: Springfest '86—a couple was visible next to the stage, happily humping to

the beat of the band. UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTI-

CUT: They still talk about 1975, when some men's

dorms went coed and they threw an End of the

Urinal party, at which the guys removed all of the

urinals from the dorms.

We asked the students what kind of fashion trends were being set on today's party campuses. The beach look (complete with JAMS and Wayfarer sunglasses) was quite popular, but we thought these deserved mention.

The Let's Get Practical Fashion Award: To Georgetown for its

beer goggles.

The Halloween
Costume Award:
fashion To Southern Illinois and Ohio universities—both
had guys who dressed up as penises
and recruited a bunch of costumed
sperm to run in front of them.

The Fashion Surprise of the Year Award: The return of tie-dye.

The Fashion Nostalgia Award: San Diego State actually brought back the freshman beanie. Fashion Quotes of the Year: From a guy at the University of Tennessee—"Our one rule is, no socks! If you wear socks, you are just low." And from a University of Missouri trend-setter—

"No one dresses up here. Not unless they have a job interview or something." The fashion word from Clemson—"You know a girl's a freshman when she carries a pocketbook."

The Not Too Subtle Fashion Award: To the Rutgers fraternity boys who wear cone hats that say, ORAL SEX.

EPRESENTATIVE SCHOOL SONG We thought we'd give students a chance to pick songs or lyrics that best represented them, and we're sorry we did. CENTRAL MICHIGAN: "Save my life—I'm going down for the last time" (Head East); COLORADO STATE: I Drink Alone (George Thorogood); KANSAS STATE: Back in the Saddle (Aerosmith); PLYMOUTH STATE: Jailbreak (Thin Lizzy); REED COLLEGE: The Sun Is a Mass of Incandescent Gas (children's song); SAN DIEGO STATE: Sit on My Face (and Tell Me That You Love Me) (Monty Python); SOUTHERN ILLINOIS: No Way Out (The Jefferson Starship) and the lyric "I think I'll be here forever / But I'm having a good time"; ALL OTHER SCHOOLS: Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw (Jimmy Buffett).

OST MEMORABLE S C A N D A L

BROWN: Could have happened anywhere, but it happened here: the student prostitution ring. REEO COLLEGE: A protest against a visiting Bible thumper in which students climbed into

trees, "flaunting our nudity."
UNIVERSITY OF
CONNECTICUT:
That off-campus
party that featured a woman
called Hoover—
nicknamed for
the vacuum
cleaner, not the
President.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTABLES

he Honor Roll Award (for the Most Interesting In-Class Exchange): We know we've heard it before, but we like it. To the teacher of the West Virginia University human-sexuality class who said that sperm was mostly glucose and to the girl who raised her hand and asked, "So how come it tastes so salty?"

he Sis-Boom-Bah Award:
To sports fans at Kansas
State and MIT. Kansas boys
throw plucked chickens onto the
gym floor during basketball games
and conduct after-game carramming riots in the parking lot.
As for MIT, the engineers apparently know how to rig huge balloons that self-inflate in the middle
of a game and also how to mix
chemicals that weld shut the gates
to Harvard Yard.

he Recordkeepers' Award:

1. To the sororities of LSU who outdid the fraternities in

a 1986 beer drink-off, consuming 150 more cases than the brothers. The Kappa Kappa Gamma ladies got best of show. 2. To San Diego State for "one of the lowest gradepoint averages in the CSU system." 3. To the frat boys at the University of Nevada who keep tabs on their "brother-getting-laid ratio."

he Favorite Party Game Award: To Trinity College for Drink One/Wear One.

est School Motto Award: Clemson's rise-and-shine (and party) maxim: "Wake and bake."

he "Nice Try" Award: To University of West Virginia and Mercer College for sending us letters and petitions urging us not to include them here.

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31. University of lowa: Forget the farm-boy image: "We're the rockin'est, most decadent party fools in the Midwest. We're radioactive and burnin' down our core every day. 32. University of Oklahoma: National center for future oil tycoons who party in jet-set fashion Their rationale: "We're not con cerned with the rest of our lives, so we may as well fuck up now. 33. Brown University: Students have preparties to gear up for the actual bashes. "We may be Ivy League, but we dance constantly. 34. Ohio University: Famous for its Halloween blowout, the school has a trick-or-treat

35. University of Massachusetts at Amherst: There are so many parties at "Zoo Mass," students say you can imbibe for free from Friday to Sunday, "We're out in the middle of nowhere, with nothing to do but party."

36. University of Massachusetts and the same and the same and the same are so with the same and the same are same and the same are same and the same are same are same and the same are s

image: The frats do

the tricking and everyone does the treating. "We have

uncontained eruptions."

Georgia: These farm boys supposedly come from 'partying families'' who've passed the tradition on to the kids. "No matter what you're lookin' for, it's here if you want it."

37. Louisiana
State: Known for
"don't-give-a-shit
attitudes," LSU
extends a special
invitation: "Just
bring a bathing suit
and baby oil."
38. University of

Missouri/Rolla: Known for its Saint Patty's Day explosion, which is more than your average brawl. "We have to party. The women are prick teasers who take engineering courses and cuss with the guys. 39. Reed College: The surprise party school of the usually quiet great Northwest. 'There's high sexual energy here. You can even get sensuously involved with your

40. Fairhaven College: A return to the psychedelic Sixties. "We're into sharing lovers here—in different combinations."

studies.

"There were some wild women working for the Republican National Committee—one with her nipples pierced."

all three. Nevertheless, when Elisa abruptly turned herself into Missy, colleagues from her past were flabbergasted. Missy's family of well-connected Republicans from Utah promptly banished her. Senator Hatch, more gracious, was no less flustered. "I remember her as an excellent worker," a perplexed Hatch told the wire services. She "worked long hours trying to elect Republican candidates.'

Later, someone from Hatch's office called Missy to make sure she did not intend to "embarrass the Senator or the President." The born-again porn queen assured Hatch's aide that she remains a loyal conservative. In fact, when Missy gets rolling on the positive aspects of the Reagan reign, she sounds like George Bush on Ecstasy: "Reagan has given America a powerful image in the world again. We're not going to take any more abuse from people like Qaddafi." Reagan, she continues, her eyes aglow with that it's-morning-in-America look, "has also returned a sense of initiative to people"in cheery contrast to the Democrats, whose policies "fostered dependency."

Where the Reagan Administration has gone woefully wrong, Missy tells her former co-workers and anyone else who will listen, is in launching a feverish assault on pornography in a fit of intolerance that shreds all its fine words about individual freedoms. "The Republicans had such a great party-we were having so much fun-then Ed Meese had to get ugly and spoil it," says Missy. She characterizes Meese's war on sexual arousal as a "blatant political payoff to the party's lunatic right wing. Those people decided they couldn't nail abortion or bring back school prayer, so they went after an easier target-the porn business.'

Missy thinks the party-poopers are out of step with most Republicans. "Talk with Goldwater conservatives in Arizona or with small businessmen in Ohio or with cowboys in Wyoming-none of them wants the Government telling him how to have fun. Americans put down money for 65,000,000 X-rated videos last yearthat's a lot!"

Contrary to liberal folklore, adds Missy, Republicans are not, as a whole, prissy about sex. In fact, she came across some of the bawdiest people she has ever met during her days in the G.O.P. "There were some wild women working for the Republican National Committee when I was there-one with her nipples pierced, another with a diamond stud in her genitals. There was a wild orgy one night with a well-known randy singer. Working there was a blast." Still, she says she herself didn't indulge in wild behavior during her Washington service.

So how did this young Republicanwhose fashion tastes run to Nancy Reagan hairdos, pink sweats and Reeboks-make her switch to porn on film? Although she prefers to keep the conversation focused on politics, she'll admit to another motivation-as all-American as that of Lee Iacocca or Chuck Yeager. She wanted to stand out. She wanted to be somebody. And for Missy, the way to do that was to become a sex symbol.

"I have two beautiful sisters and a beautiful mother," she says. "I was always the intellectual, the ugly duckling in the family. Then I moved to California and started working out two or three times a day. I became addicted to a fitness regimen, I went to a tanning salon, I changed my entire appearance. My mother and sisters, who had been fashion models, had always said I was too busty. Now I began to see this as an advantage. In California, away from my family, I was able to transform myself into Missy. I loved my new identity.

And what better way to demonstrate her new attributes than in a porn film? While some feminists, including a few of her friends, are obsessed by what they see as the exploitative aspects of pornography, Missy sees porn as something to be exploited for her own ends. There is power-both psychological and economic-in being desired, says she. "The sex business today gives women the same opportunities that sports have traditionally offered minorities," she contends. "It can be a way for a woman to move up, a way to make a lot more money than she would as a waitress or a librarian. It certainly has been a way for me to get ahead.'

Despite her transformation, Missy says she remains at heart a Yuppie with a sharp eye for business opportunities. She sees her porn debut as a savvy career move. Her next goal-and she sees nothing incongruous about it-is to become an investment broker. "I know I'll be great at it. You need lots of self-confidence to make it in that world, and after working in the sex business, I've got plenty of it. You're selling yourself, not some copying machine, every minute in the porn trade. Your ego is constantly on the line."

Missy's adventure in the Eros factory was made more agreeable by the fact that she was lucky, or shrewd, enough to work with Jim and Artie Mitchell, two brothers who run a porn-film operation as freewheeling and picaresque as the city in which it's based-San Francisco. The Mitchell Brothers established their name in the porn world with the original Behind the Green Door, starring Marilyn Chambers, another fresh-faced young woman who made a jolting leap-from the sweet innocence of an Ivory Snow box to the famous scene that gave new meaning to the word swinging.

The Mitchells have a better reputation than many porn-film makers when it comes to taking care of their staff, which includes a smorgasbord of lesbians, Filipinos, punks and graying hippies. Parties at their San Francisco theater draw a similar range-local literati, celebrated roués, liberal politicians, gay cabaret stars. Not long ago, Hunter Thompson worked a stint as night manager there to pick up material for a book in progress.

It was one of the Mitchells' more beguiling acquaintances-Margo James, founder of COYOTE, prostitutes'-rights group-who talked them into making a porn movie that promotes the idea of safe sex. "I first approached them when the Meesecommission hearings were being held in Los Angeles," recalls St. James. "I said, You guys should take the offensive here before they shut you down. Show that you're responsible citizens-help men get over their prejudices against rubbers. Make it smart and sexy to wear them."

The Mitchells bought St. James's argument, and now have become true believers: "The sequel to Behind the Green Door makes other porn films obsolete," declares Jim. "If the other porn producers don't like it, tough luck. It's a whole new sexual world out there, and they're going to have

to change with the times.'

Missy and the other performers in the new Green Door followed strict safe-sex guidelines during the making of the film: All cocks were sheathed in latex and, for good measure, erogenous zones were slathered with lubricants containing nonoxynol-9 (a mild spermicide that has been shown in lab tests to kill the AIDS virus and garden-variety venereal scourges). Much of the movie is played for laughs: The centerpiece orgy scene swarms with Felliniesque characters. When a bearded hermaphrodite is submerged between the billowing thighs of a rollicking fat lady, using a thin latex dental dam for protection, the movie skids beyond porn and sex education into lunacy.

Missy insists that she and the Mitchells are deadly earnest about the film's safesex message. She has seen young gay friends in San Francisco wither and die, and she says it sometimes feels as if the city is in danger of becoming a ghost town. In fact, she's donating a hefty portion of her modeling fee to the Rita Rocket Foundation, which provides Sunday brunches and entertainment for patients on AIDS wards at San Francisco General Hospital. Yet, despite the crisis, she says most heterosexuals remain unconcerned.

When she launches into her AIDS-isnot-a-gay-disease speech, Missy sounds



"It was a wild New Year's party—we started off with finger food and ended up with oral sex."

like a politician at a whistle stop. "I wouldn't have performed in this movie if it weren't a safe-sex film," she says. "The Mitchell brothers deserve a lot of credit for taking a chance with a movie like this. And we're planning to distribute safe-sex samplers, containing condoms and related products, with the video cassettes. If you can't find the movie at your video store, write to the Mitchell Brothers at 895 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, California 94109."

Is safe sex really any fun?

Well, OK, she concedes, it was kind of difficult keeping all those male porn stars cocked and ready, particularly with the condoms. "On porn-movie sets, they usually have a 'fluff girl' to get the men excited before the scene begins," says Missy. "But we couldn't use one because

of our safe-sex restrictions, so I had to get all the men hard by myself, put on the condoms and go to work on them before they lost their erections. It's time-consuming, and time means money in moviemaking—lots of it. With the lights on and the cameras rolling, I was under pressure."

The fact is, says Missy, she genuinely enjoyed herself during much of the filming. When the comely vestal virgins, wearing flower garlands and translucent gowns, surrounded Missy and fell upon her with their vibrators, she lost herself to the moment. "I had a screaming orgasm," Missy says. "I mean, if you can't get off with six people using vibrators on you, then there's something wrong with you."

Spoken like a true Republican.

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(continued from page 86)

IN DEFENSE OF L.A.

I like the weather. I know a lot of people here. I drive around with the top down, like in the song, but a nasty redhead I don't have. She's gone back to Cypress. So, anyway, I like the space. I feel a little enclosed if I'm somewhere like San Francisco, where I can't see a lot of distance. New York's the same, though New York I love.

ON HANGING OUT WITH ROCK STARS IN L.A.

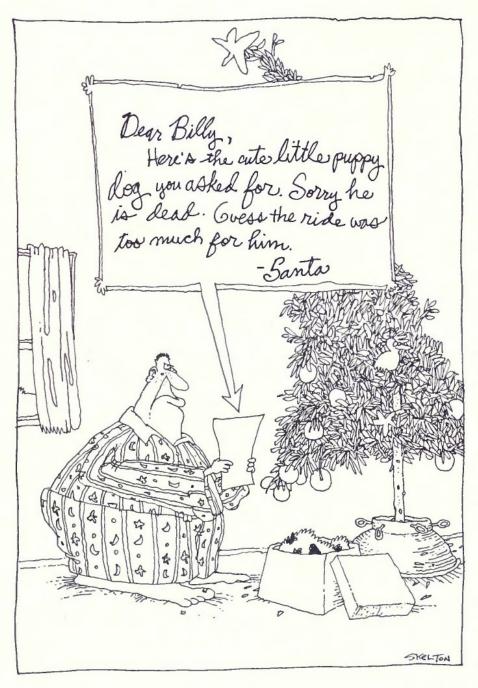
Never done it. I see Henley when we work. I've always had a family. I haven't been socially oriented, particularly. If there was a club of rock people, I wasn't in it. Maybe I wasn't asked. When The Troubadour was open, I'd go there occasionally. But I'd go there by myself and see if I could pick up a disease.

ON BEING MEAN

People think my songs are mean and cynical. I don't agree. Well, maybe one. The Blues was actually over the line of being a mean song. It sort of made fun of sensitivity. I hate that type of songwriter who is overtly sensitive, who says, "When I was a boy, music was my solace against the world," so I made fun of that. But I regret it a little bit. There is some truth to the idea that a songwriter, as a kid, would go to his room and play music and tune out the world, though I never did that. I read baseball statistics.

ON BEING MISUNDERSTOOD

It happens less than it used to, though I've felt that as a problem. People misunderstood Political Science. They thought I really wanted to bomb everybody. They misunderstood Short People, as if there were some cabal against short people. People really thought that. Half a Man is about homosexuality's being contagious, and I got some letters on that. Some gay kid in Houston was really upset about it. I called him, but he didn't change his mind. I was obviously making fun of people who think homosexuality is contagious. But some people didn't get it. And I do care. Remember in school when they'd give you a poem to analyze? You'd say, "It's about two monkeys that fly to the moon." Someone else would say, "It's about two lovers who are going on a vacation to Florida." The teacher would say, "That's right. You're right, too." I don't think so. I like people to get what I try to do. I used to be nervous about playing Rednecks in front of blacks. I still am a little. If I use nigger or another terrible word in a song and people don't understand why I'm using it, it worries me. I don't do it for fun. I don't do it without trepidation, but I have to do what I have to do. I wouldn't change the way I write for anything. (concluded overleaf)





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ON TAKING IT BACK ABOUT SHORT PEOPLE

I was right about the little suckers. They proved it. There were midgets picketing my shows. They sure got mad. I had a death threat. People don't like to hear the truth. Actually, the truth is that people don't like to work for their entertainment.

ON BEING CYNICAL

Well, I guess I am, but cynical reminds me of such narrow people. But I gotta admit it: You see what people do to one another and how things don't work out and it's like a failure of evolution. The mind hasn't gotten over things like jealousy and war and wanting other people to hurt like you're hurting, wanting people to be in the same hole you're in. No, there's nothing to be cynical about. But, you know, I've never been a big animal lover, but I am a fan of people. They try so hard, you know. They're so cute.

ON WHY SHORT BEAGLES GOT NO REASON TO LIVE

My song about animal lovers would be about the type who will watch 60 people get slaughtered on the screen, and then a dog will get hit by a car and he'll go, "Oooooh . . . look at the poor doggy." Maybe it'll be called *I Love My Puss*. They say that Hitler loved animals. And Hitler was short, too. Proves it.

ON HIS IDEAL GUEST SPOT ON MIAMI VICE

I have a Miami Vice calendar my kids gave me as a joke because I used to be so angry about all the posing on that show. "He's on stake-out! Where did he get that suit?" I know what I'll play: sort of a fat,

cigar-smoking know-it-all talking about poetry. That's how I sound to myself.

ON PET PEEVES

Beer commercials make me mad-that "We're all part of America" jingoism. It's not healthy. I know the country was way down in morale and now the morale has come up a bit because the economics are better, but neither way is healthy. That bothers me more than the Rambo stuff. People know Rambo is not real-it's a story about clear-cut bad guys and clearcut good guys and, anyway, Stallone played the part in the second one like a dumb guy in a car club in North Hollywood. Another peeve is how in movies, people tromp on other people's feelings and don't notice it. I remember in "10," some woman likes Dudley Moore. She's in a bar and she's older; she isn't pretty like Bo Derek, so he tramples all over her, makes fun of her, then just forgets about her. I don't like to see that kind of stuff, But I don't have any pet peeves in the actual world. I don't know anything about the actual world.

ON MONEY

One of my kids wants to be rich. It is a very strange thing. I say, "Yeah, what do you mean? That's not happy." He says, "There are happy rich people." I say, "Yeah, but what makes you happy is having a job you like and having a family you like. Look forward to going to work and look forward to going home. That's all you can ask for. The money is not the main thing." I would have been embarrassed to admit it when I was in school, but he's

into the whole thing—the Ralph Lauren shirt; he wants to go to Princeton or go to school in Switzerland.

None of my friends cared about money. I remember my brother's graduating class at medical school. They were all going to go to Biafra or New Guinea and help starving people, and now they're all plastic surgeons and gynecologists. I told him at the time, "This isn't going to happen. They're going to get ground down." I was right. But I have not succumbed. I can say lots of bad things about myself, and I live well, but I don't base my life on money. Never will. Even when I didn't have money, I didn't. I base my life on pride in the work I do. That isn't going to look good in print, but it's absolutely true.

ON SELF-CRITICISM AND BAD STUFF ABOUT HIMSELF

I'm lazy. I'm not a good friend, probably. I'm a good father, probably, but not a good husband. I'd run over my mother for a song. If I had to use her in a song and use her up, I would do it.

ON REAL MEN

To me, being a real man means always doing your job. Real men are the nine-to-fivers who get up every day and drive to work whether they like it or not. They're there for their kids and take them to zoos and museums or to see *Pete's Dragon*. They go places they don't want to go. They take their kids to the beach when they'd rather watch a ball game. I'm better now than I was. I'll go play ball with my kids even when I'd rather watch a basketball game on TV or go take a pain pill and sit in the sun.

In high school, you tended to admire people who could do these little unimportant things very well-great surfer, great pool player, guy who could dance great, guy who had a lot of girls, guy who could drink four quarts of gin. I was playing basketball with a friend of mine recently. I hadn't played with him in 20 years. He had the same jump shot, the same everything. He said, "Look at all the time we wasted doing this." He was right. None of the high school stuff means a thing. At the reunions, we saw how things changed: bitter little guys with millions of dollars who used to sit under the geek tree; big-deal guys who used to be on top of everything, doing nothing.

ON THE IDEAL WOMAN

No such thing. Just real women and real men. Either way, people should be willing to do things with their mates that they don't want to do—and do them relatively cheerfully. To give of themselves to each other, just like to their kids. And everyone should be good at fighting.

IN SUMMATION ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, THE BASIC ADVICE IN ONE LINE

Don't bend over.



"Yep, it's still Reagan."

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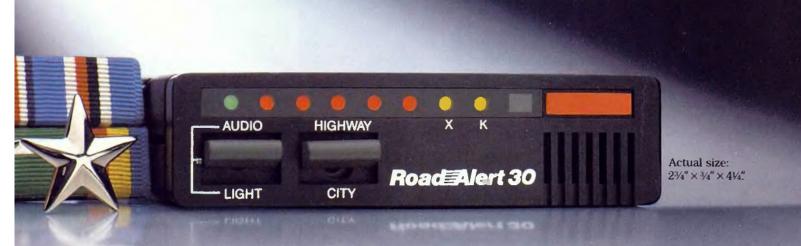
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F4STFORWARD

PUBLIC INVESTIGATOR

Even as a high school student, Brian Ross showed the instincts of a good investigative reporter. Covering the city council for a local radio station, he decided to check up on a councilman who had skipped six meetings in a row, always pleading urgent business. "I drove right out to his house during a city-council meeting," Ross, 38, recalls,

"and caught him in his back yard, barbecuing.

These days, as a correspondent for the NBC Nightly News, Ross makes more consequential discoveries. Along with his partner, producer Ira Silverman. he has broken stories union corruption, Robert Vesco's Cuban hideaway, Mobconnected payola in the recording industry and drug payoffs to Bahamian offi-

GOES Bogosian is one of the few performers actually wanted the audience to throw bottles at them. "It was in 1979, and I had a lot of punk energy. I was trying to create the same nutso pandemonium as bands the Screamers were generating," remembers

the 33-year-old monologist, whose volatile oneman shows portray a seamy mix of drunks, junkies and killers. After starting in the dives of SoHo, Bogosian moved to off-Broadway and an Obie; and if his new movie deal with 20th Century Fox stays on track, he'll progress to Hollywood. While his audience may have become mainstream, Bogosian claims his work will not. "I'm not into pastels," he says. "I like hard edges and loud music." — MICHAEL KAPLAN

cials. Not surprisingly, Ross claims he has "the best job in journalism. Ira and I are permitted to do the stories we want to do, pretty much at our leisure." There are drawbacks, however. "You're under tremendous stress. Stories result in lawsuits, and at times you feel as though your life may be in danger." Ross maintains a healthy skepticism about his accomplishments. "Look at Jackie Presser," he says. "I've done 50 stories on this guy, and the more I've done, the higher he's gone up in the Teamsters. If you expect to get immediate results in this business, you're going to be sorely disappointed." -ROBERT KEARNEY

> **NETWORKING** "I've always said that if I were to program the USA Network for myself, I'd be the only one watching," says Kay Koplovitz. "My job is to see what people want and give it to them."

> That's what Koplovitz has been doing with surprising success during her nine years as president of cable's USA Network. In a quicksandlike business, she has transformed USA from a money-losing sports service to a more traditional network, with shows aimed at all segments of the audience. Not only does USA turn a

> > profit-a rarity in cable—it earns plaudits for revivals and for original programing, including the USA-produced Robert Klein Time and Calliope. - BRUCE KLUGER

RRITAIN HILL

CHEERS "This stuff is going to be very big," predicts **Anthony Terlato** as he pours some Aperol into a glass. The slightly citric, 22-proof aperitif is the latest venture for Terlato and the company he heads, Paterno Imports, the nation's leading importer of premium Italian wines. And because he's the man who introduced Corvo wines, Frescobaldi chianti and Gancia asti spumante to America, his predictions carry a lot of weight.

Terlato, the Brooklyn-born son of Italian immigrants,

was practically weaned on wine. Fifty-two years later, he holds the Cavaliere Ufficiale con Motu Proprio, bestowed on him by the president of Italy for doing for Italian wine what Colonel Sanders did for chicken.

When he's not searching the Italian countryside for likely prospects to import, Terlato can be found in his Chicago headquarters, greeting guests and presiding over working lunches in a facsimile of an Italian trattoria.

KAREN STEVENS

to go barging into people's lives and screw them around," says Merrill Markoe, 37. But when she barges, she does so with a camera crew, first as a producer-writer on "Late Night with David Letterman"—where she sent the host out of the studio to engage shopkeepers in funny banter—and now on her own, as the resident humorist on L.A.'s channel 13 news.

Markoe's success with "Late Night" was clouded by the fact that she is also Letterman's

girlfriend, though it's now a commuter relationship. "After working with Dave, I wanted to do more, and I never could without seeming like Linda Eastman—you know, the aggressive girlfriend, pushing her way behind the keyboard," she says. "I like it much bet-

self than I ever did I get to see each through to the end, which is real bliss for me.''

—ERIC ESTRIN



for Dave. Now

piece

MARK HANAUER

BANANA REPUBLICANS

knew nothing about retail and nothing about business," recalls Mel Ziegler, 41, president of the Banana Republic Travel and Safari Clothing Company. That lack of knowledge did not stop Mel and his wife, Patricia, 37, from leaving their jobs at the San Francisco Chronicle (he was a reporter, she was an artist) in 1978 and opening their first store dedicated to jungle-chic apparel. What the Zieglers lacked in business savvy they made up in knowledge about travel, comfortable clothes and publishing—and as a result, they now have 55 stores across the country, grossing a reported \$60,000,000 in sales in 1985, and a catalog that is better than many magazines, with such Banana Republic fans as Garry Trudeau, Nora Ephron and Roy Blount Jr. contributing "reviews" of the clothes. The catalog is so successful, in fact, that it may spawn a new travel magazine. "We are a couple of artists who made life work by discovering business," says Mel. "We call it profitable bohemianism." -VICKI SHEEF

"Kissing him was like putting your mouth against an automatic bank teller, where it swallows your card."

and riot, experimenting with drugs and organic farming. Doris had been a perfect hippie, hairy all over and serenely stoned. Even the divorce she had been relaxed and philosophical about. He begged Dulcie, "Tell me about the pajamas again."

"Well, darling, there's really nothing much to tell. I think I began to hate the marriage when he insisted I iron his pajamas. When we were first married, he was still such a boy he would sleep in the underwear he had worn that day, the way he would in college, and then for years these simple Dacron pajamas with a drawstring, no monogram or anything, and it was plenty good enough if I simply folded them when they were fresh out of the drier, before the wrinkles really set in. But then, a-hundred-percent Sea Island cotton that he said had to be hand-washed in lukewarm water, and he wanted sharp creases just to put himself between the covers in. And the eyeshades, and the ear stopples-I felt utterly shut out."

"And the shoes," Spencer prompted. "Did he have shoes?"

"Did he have shoes? They covered the

entire floor of his closet, row on row, and went right up one wall. He had a separate pair for every suit; and then on the weekend, if he raked leaves, it would be the suede Hush Puppies; but if I asked him to haul just one load of mulch over to the rose bed, he would go back into the house and put on the shit-kickers. It was like his skis: He had the pair for corn and the pair for icy conditions and then a third kind for deep powder. And the gloves: If he couldn't find one certain pair of gloves, with grease stains already on them, he wouldn't touch the engine of the car, even just to add windshield-washer fluid."

"And did he take a long time in the bathroom or a short time?" Spencer asked, knowing full well the answer. In time he knew all the answers, had extracted every molecule of the departed husband from his wife's memory. He saw her through a shimmering veil of Kirk's odors and deodorants, his habits both annoying and endearing, the quarrels they had and the orgasms he gave her or, increasingly during the last years, failed to.

"I love kissing you," she confided to Spencer. "With him it was like putting your mouth against an automatic bank teller, where it swallows your credit card. And his hair! You had to be so careful not to muss his hair. That fluffiness wasn't natural, you know. It was set." There was a limit to this sort of information. Kirk slowly became boring. The veil of her first husband fell from her, so that eventually Dulcie stood naked, fit to be loved.

Spencer loved her. Warming the dawn and evening of every day, the source and goal of every commute, the light and animator of every weekend, Dulcie was his prize, the gold from which Kirk's dull residue had been panned away. He loved her cascading hair, her sturdy legs, her sweet, calm golf swing, which never strayed from the fairway in an ill-advised attempt to achieve more distance. They rejoined the golf club, their finances again permitting and Kirk having long ago resigned.

It was there, at the post-four-ball barbecue, in the fullness of the happiness of Dulcie's team's having won the women's division, that a copper-haired woman approached Spencer. "Hi, there," she said, speaking just like a name tag, "I'm Deirdre." Her handshake was a little too firm and her green-eyed gaze a shade too level. "Ol' Dulce was terrific out there, though I was the one got the gross par on the dog-leg eleventh, which with my twenty handicap made a net eagle for the team."

Dulcie had come up behind the other woman and gave her a comradely hug. Their two curly heads were side by side, their tan faces with pale laugh crinkles at the corners of the eyes. "Isn't she terrific?" Dulcie asked, though Spencer couldn't see quite how. But, then, years ago, he remembered, he had been insensitive to Dulcie's charm. "The Harrises have just moved to town, and I've promised to have them over."

Deirdre glanced around, a trifle wildly. "Let me find Ben." She hurried into the crowd, which was dressed with facetious country-club gaudiness—scarlet pants, straw hats—under the hanging cloud of mesquite-flavored smoke. Spencer felt a fateful sliding in his stomach.

"I don't want to meet any new people," he told his wife.

"You'll like him," Dulcie said.

The aggressive copper-haired woman was dragging a tall man toward them—a tall, dazed sacrificial lamb with a sheepish air, an elegantly high-bridged, narrow nose, slicked-down black hair and a scersucker suit that gave him, with his blue buttondown shirt and striped necktie, an endearingly old-fashioned, vaguely official ambience. He was, in his way, beautiful.

Spencer, his face heating up, hardly had time to protest, "I don't want to like him."

A



"Look! Mr. Foster gave me a battery-operated martini stirrer!"



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"In this world, it's not 'oo you are, my girl, nor even 'oo you know. It's what you got that counts.""

come when you pay the bill on leaving."

"That don't worry us millionaires," Mr. Buggage said. "Let's go. We'll leave tomorrow. Call that travel agent right away. First class. We'll shut the shop for

"Don't you want to do today's letters?"

"Bugger today's letters," Mr. Buggage said. "We're on 'oliday from now on. Get on to that travel agent quick." He leaned the other way now and started scratching his right buttock with his right hand. Miss Tottle watched him and Mr. Buggage saw her watching him, but he didn't care. "Call that travel agent," he said.

"And I'd better get us some traveler's

checks," Miss Tottle said.

"Get five thousand quids' worth. I'll write the check. This one's on me. Give me a checkbook. Choose the nearest bank. And call that 'otel in wherever it was and ask for the biggest suite they've got. They're never booked up when you want the biggest suite."

Twenty-four hours later, Mr. Buggage and Miss Tottle were sun-bathing beside the pool at La Mamounia in Marrakesh, and they were drinking champagne.

"This is the life," Miss Tottle said. "Why don't we retire altogether and buy a grand house in a climate like this?"

"What do we want to retire for?" Mr. Buggage said. "We got the best business in London goin' for us and, personally, I find that very enjoyable."

On the other side of the pool, a dozen Moroccan servants were laying out a splendid buffet lunch for the guests. There were enormous cold lobsters and large pink hams and very small roast chickens and several kinds of rice and about ten different salads. A chef was grilling steaks over a charcoal fire. Guests were beginning to get up from deck chairs and mattresses to mill around the buffet with plates in their hands. Some were in swimsuits, some in light summer clothes, and most had straw hats on their heads. Mr. Buggage was watching them. Almost without exception, they were English. They were the very rich English, smooth, well mannered, overweight, loudvoiced and infinitely dull. He had seen them before all around Jamaica and Barbados and places like that. It was evident that quite a few of them knew one another, because at home, of course, they moved in the same circles. But whether they knew each other or not, they certainly accepted each other, because all of them belonged to the same nameless and exclusive club. Any member of this club could always, by some subtle social alchemy, recognize a fellow member at a glance. Yes, they'd say to themselves, he's one of us. She's one of us. Mr. Buggage was not one of them. He was not in the club and never would be. He was a nouveau and that, regardless of how many millions he had, was unacceptable. He was overtly vulgar and that was unacceptable, too. The very rich could be just as vulgar as Mr. Buggage, or even more so, but they did it in a different

"There they are," Mr. Buggage said, looking across the pool at the guests. "Them's our bread and butter. Every one of 'em's likely to be a future customer.'

"How right you are," Miss Tottle said.

Mr. Buggage, lying on a mattress that was striped in blue, red and green, was propped up on one elbow, staring at the guests. His stomach was bulging out in folds over his swimming trunks, and droplets of sweat were running out of the fatty crevices. Now he shifted his gaze to the recumbent figure of Miss Tottle, lying beside him on her own mattress. Miss Tottle's loaf-of-bread bosom was encased in a strip of scarlet bikini. The bottom half of the bikini was daringly brief and possibly a shade too small, and Mr. Buggage could see traces of black hair high up on the insides of her thighs.

"We'll 'ave our lunch, pet, then we'll go to our room and take a little nap, right?"

Miss Tottle displayed her sulphurous teeth and nodded her head.

"And after that, we'll do some letters."

"Letters?" she cried. "I don't want to do letters! I thought this was going to be a holiday!"

"It is a holiday, pet, but I don't like lettin' good business go to waste. The 'otel will lend you a typewriter. I already checked on that. And they're lendin' me their 'Oo's 'Oo. Every good 'otel in the world keeps an English 'Oo's 'Oo. The manager likes to know 'oo's important so 'e can kiss their backsides."

"They won't find you in it," Miss Tottle said, a bit huffy now.

"No," Mr. Buggage said. "I'll grant you that. But they won't find many in it that's got more money 'n me, neither. In this world, it's not 'oo you are, my girl. It's not even 'oo you know. It's what you got that counts."

"We've never done letters on holiday before," Miss Tottle said.

"There's a first time for everything,

"How can we do letters without newspapers?'

You know very well English papers always go airmail to places like this. I bought a Times in the foyer when we arrived. It's actually the same as I was workin' on in the office vesterday, so I done most of my 'omework already. I'm beginning to fancy that piece of lobster over there. You ever seen bigger lobsters than that?"

"But you're surely not going to post the letters from here, are you?" Miss Tottle

"Certainly not. We'll leave 'em undated and date 'em and post 'em as soon as we return. That way, we'll 'ave a nice backlog up our sleeves."

Miss Tottle stared at the lobsters on the table across the pool, then at the people milling around; then she reached out and placed a hand on Mr. Buggage's thigh, high up under the bathing shorts. She began to stroke the hairy thigh. "Come on, Billy," she said, "why don't we take a break from the letters same as we always do when we're on hols?"

"You surely don't want us throwing away two or three thou a day, do you?" Mr. Buggage said. "And a quarter of it yours; don't forget that."

"We don't have the firm's note paper, and we can't use hotel paper, for God's

"I brought the note paper," Mr. Buggage said, triumphant. "I got a 'ole box of it. And envelopes."

"Oh, all right," Miss Tottle said. "Are you going to fetch me some of that lobster, lover?"

"We'll go together," Mr. Buggage said, and he stood up and started waddling round the pool in those almost kneelength bathing trunks he had bought a couple of years back in Honolulu. They had a pattern of green and yellow and white flowers on them. Miss Tottle got to her feet and followed him.

Mr. Buggage was busy helping himself at the buffet when he heard a man's voice behind him saying, "Fiona, I don't think you've met Mrs. Swithin-Smith . . . and this is Lady Hedgecock.'

"How d'you do?" "How d'you do?" the voices said.

Mr. Buggage glanced round at the speakers. There were a man and a woman in swimming clothes and two elderly ladies wearing cotton dresses. Those names, he thought. I've heard those names before, I know I have . . . Smith-Swithin . . . Lady Hedgecock. He shrugged and continued to load food onto his plate.

A few minutes later, he was sitting with Miss Tottle at a small table under a sun umbrella and each of them was tucking into an immense half lobster. "Tell me, does the name Lady 'Edgecock mean anything to you?" Mr. Buggage asked, talking with his mouth full.

"Lady Hedgecock? She's one of our clients. Or she was. I never forget names like that, Why?"

"And what about a Mrs. Smith-Swithin? Does that also ring a bell?"

"It does, actually," Miss Tottle said.

"Both of them do. Why do you ask that suddenly?"

"Because both of 'em's 'ere."

"Good God! How d'you know?"

"And what's more, my girl, they're together! They're chums!"

"They're not!"

"Oh, yes, they are!"

Mr. Buggage told her how he knew. "There they are," he said, pointing with a fork whose prongs were yellow with mayonnaise. "Those two fat old broads talkin' to the tall man and the woman."

Miss Tottle stared, fascinated. "You know," she said, "I've never actually seen a client of ours in the flesh before, not in all the years we've been in business."

"Nor me," Mr. Buggage said. "One thing's for sure. I picked 'em right, didn't I? They're rollin' in it. That's obvious. And they're stupid. That's even more obvious."

"Do you think it could be dangerous, Billy, the two of them knowing each other?"

"It's a bloody queer coincidence," Mr. Buggage said, "but I don't think it's dangerous. Neither of 'em's ever goin' to say a word. That's the beauty of it."

"I guess you're right."

"The only possible danger," Mr. Buggage said, "would be if they saw my name on the register. I got a very unusual name, just like theirs. It would ring bells at once."

"Guests don't see the register," Miss Tottle said.

"No, they don't," Mr. Buggage said.
"No one's ever goin' to bother us. They never 'as and they never will."

"Amazing lobster," Miss Tottle said.

"Lobster is sex food," Mr. Buggage announced, eating more of it.

"You're thinking of oysters, lover."

"I am not thinking of oysters. Oysters is sex food, too, but lobsters is stronger. A dish of lobsters can drive some people crazy."

"Like you, perhaps?" she said, wriggling her rump in the chair.

"Maybe," Mr. Buggage said. "We shall just 'ave to wait and see about that, won't we, pet?"

"Yes," she said.

"It's a good thing they're so expensive," Mr. Buggage said. "If every Tom, Dick and 'Arry could afford 'em, the 'ole world would be full of sex maniacs."

"Keep eating it," she said.

After lunch, the two of them went upstairs to their suite, where they cavorted clumsily on the huge bed for a brief period. Then they took a nap.

And now they were in their private sitting room and were wearing only dressing gowns over their nakedness, Mr. Buggage in a plum-colored silk one, Miss Tottle in a pastel pink and pale green. Mr. Buggage was reclining on the sofa, with a copy of yesterday's *Times* on his lap and a *Who's* Who on the coffee table.

Miss Tottle was at the writing desk, with a hotel typewriter before her and a notebook in her hand. Both were again drinking champagne.

"This is a prime one," Mr. Buggage was saying. "Sir Edward Leishman. Got the lead obit. Chairman of Aerodynamics Engineering. 'One of our major industrialists,' it says."

"Nice," Miss Tottle said. "Make sure the wife's alive."

"'Leaves a widow and three children,'"
Mr. Buggage read out. "And . . . wait a
minute . . . in 'Oo's 'Oo it says, 'Recreations, walkin' and fishin'. Clubs, White's
and the Reform.'"

"Address?" Miss Tottle asked.

"The Red House, Andover, Wilts."

"How d'you spell Leishman?" Mis Tottle asked. Mr. Buggage spelled it.

"How much shall we go for?"

"A lot," Mr. Buggage said. "He was loaded. Try around nine 'undred."

"You want to slip in The Compleat Angler? It says he was a fisherman."

"Yes. First edition. Four 'undred and twenty quid. You know the rest of it by 'eart. Bang it out quick. I got another good one to come."

Miss Tottle put a sheet of note paper into the typewriter, and very rapidly she began to type. She had done so many thousands of these letters over the years



that she never had to pause for one word. She even knew how to compile the list of books so that it came out to any sum Mr. Buggage thought the client would stand. One of the secrets of this particular trade, as Mr. Buggage knew, was never to be too greedy. Never go over 1000 quid with anyone, not even a famous millionaire.

The letter, as Miss Tottle typed it, went

like this:

WILLIAM BUGGAGE—RARE BOOKS 27a Charing Cross Road, London

Dear Lady Leishman,

It is with very great regret that I trouble you at this tragic time of your bereavement, but regretfully I am left with no alternative in the circumstances.

I had the pleasure of serving your late husband over a number of years and my invoices were always sent to him care of White's Club, as, indeed, were many of the little parcels of books that he collected with such enthusiasm.

He was always a prompt settlor and a very pleasant gentleman to deal with. I am listing below his more recent purchases, those which, alas, he had ordered in more recent times before he passed away and which were delivered to him in the usual manner.

Perhaps I should explain to you that publications of this nature are often very rare and can therefore be rather costly. Some are privately printed; some are actually banned in this country, and those are more costly still.

Rest assured, dear madam, that I always conduct business in the strictest confidence. My own reputation over many years in the trade is the best guarantee of my discretion. When the bill is paid, that is the last you will hear of the matter, unless, of course, you happen to be able to lay hands on your late husband's collection of crotica, in which case I should be happy to make you an offer for it.

To Books:

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. Izaak Walton, First edition, good clean copy. Some rubbing of edges. Rare. £420

VENUS IN FURS. Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, 1920 edition. Slip cover. £75
SEXUAL SECRETS. Translation from Danish. £40
HOW TO PLEASURE YOUNG GIRLS WHEN YOU ARE OVER SIXTY. Illustrations. Private printing from Paris. £95
THE ART OF PUNISHMENT—THE CANE, THE WHIP AND THE LASH. Translated from Ger-

man. Banned in U.K. £115
THREE NAUGHTY NUNS. Good clean edition. £60
RESTRAINT—SHACKLES AND SILKEN CORDS. Illustrations. £80
WHY TEENAGERS PREFER OLD MEN. Illustrations. American. £90
THE LONDON DIRECTORY OF ESCORTS AND HOSTESSES. Current edition. £20
Total now due £995

Yours faithfully, William Buggage

"Right," Miss Tottle said, running the note paper out of her typewriter. "Done that one. But you realize I don't have my bible here, so I'll have to check the names when I get home before posting the letters."

"You do that," Mr. Buggage said.

Miss Tottle's bible was a massive cardindex file in which were recorded the names and addresses of every client they had written to since the beginning of the business. The purpose of this was to try as nearly as possible to ensure that no two members of the same family received a Buggage invoice. If this were to happen, there would always be the danger that they might compare notes. It also served to guard against a case where a widow who had received one invoice upon the death of her first husband might be sent another on the death of the second husband. That, of course, would let the cat right out of the bag. There was no guaranteed way of avoiding this perilous mistake, because the widow would have changed her name when she remarried; but Miss Tottle had developed an instinct for sniffing out such pitfalls, and the bible helped her do it.

"What's next?" Miss Tottle asked.
"The next is Major General Lionel
Anstruther. Here 'e is. Got about six
inches in 'Oo's 'Oo. 'Clubs, Army and
Navy. Recreations, ridin' to 'ounds.'"

"I suppose he fell off a horse and broke his flipping neck," Miss Tottle said. "I'll start with *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, first edition, right?"

"Right. Two 'undred and twenty quid," Mr. Buggage said. "And make it between five and six 'undred altogether."

"OK."

"And put in *The Sting of the Ridin'* Crop. Whips seem to come natural to these fox-huntin' folk."

And so it went on.

The holiday in Marrakesh continued pleasantly enough, and nine days later, Mr. Buggage and Miss Tottle were back in the office in Charing Cross Road, both with sun-scorched skins as red as the shells of the many lobsters they had eaten. They quickly settled down again into their normal and stimulating routine. Day after day, the letters went out and the checks came in. It was remarkable how smoothly the business ran. The

psychology behind it was, of course, very sound. Strike a widow at the height of her grief, strike her with something that is unbearably awful, something she wants to forget about and put behind her, something she wants nobody else to discover. What's more, the funeral is imminent. So she pays up fast to get the sordid little business out of the way. Mr. Buggage knew 'is onions. In all the years he had been operating, he had never once had a protest or an angry reply. Just a check in an envelope. Now and again, but not often, there was no reply at all. The disbelieving widow had been brave enough to sling his letter into the wastepaper basket and that was the end of it. None of them quite dared to challenge the invoice, because they could never be absolutely positive that the late husband had been as pure as the wife believed and hoped. Men never are. In many cases, of course, the widow knew very well that her beloved had been a lecherous old bird, and Mr. Buggage's invoice came as no surprise. So she paid up even faster.

About a month after their return from Marrakesh, on a wet and rainy afternoon in March, Mr. Buggage was reclining comfortably in his office with his feet up on the top of his fine partner's desk, dictating to Miss Tottle some details about a deceased and distinguished admiral. "'Recreations,'" he was saying, reading from Who's Who, "'Gardening, sailing and stamp collecting...'" At that point, the door from the main shop opened and a young man came in with a book in his hand. "Mr. Buggage?" he said.

Mr. Buggage looked up. "Over there," he said, waving toward Miss Tottle.

"She'll deal with you."

The young man stood still. His navyblue overcoat was wet from the weather, and droplets of water were dripping from his hair. He didn't look at Miss Tottle. He kept his eyes on Mr. Buggage. "Don't you want the money?" he said, pleasantly enough.

"She'll take it."

"Why won't you take it?"

"Because she's the cashier," Mr. Buggage said. "You want to buy a book, go ahead. She'll deal with you."

"I'd rather deal with you," the young man said.

Mr. Buggage looked up at him. "Go on," he said. "Just do as you're told, there's a good lad."

"You are the proprietor?" the young man said. "You are Mr. William Buggage?"

"What if I am?" Mr. Buggage said, his feet still up on the desk.

"Are you or aren't you?"

"What's it to you?" Mr. Buggage said. "So that's settled," the young man said. "How d'you do, Mr. Buggage." There was a curious edge to his voice now, a mixture of scorn and mockery.

Mr. Buggage took his feet down from



What did you do to deserve Beefeater?



The best of times deserve the best of taste.

the desktop and sat up a trifle straighter. "You're a bit of a cheeky young bugger, aren't you?" he said. "If you want that book, I suggest you just pay your money over there, and then you can 'op it. Right?"

The young man turned toward the stillopen door that led to the front of the shop. Just the other side of the door there were a couple of the usual kind of customers, men in raincoats, pulling out books and examining them.

"Mother," the young man called softly. "You can come in, Mother. Mr. Buggage is here."

A small woman of about 60 came in and stood beside the young man. She had a trim figure for her age and a face that must once have been ravishing, but now it showed traces of strain and exhaustion, and the pale-blue eyes were dulled with grief. She was wearing a black coat and a simple black hat. She left the door open behind her.

"Mr. Buggage," the young man said,

"this is my mother, Mrs. Northcote."

Miss Tottle, the rememberer of names, turned round quick and looked at Mr. Buggage and made little warning movements with her mouth. Mr. Buggage got the message and said as politely as he could, "And what can I do for you, madam?"

The woman opened her black handbag and took out a letter. She unfolded it carefully and held it out to Mr. Buggage. "Then it will be you who sent me this?" she said.

Mr. Buggage took the letter and examined it at some length. Miss Tottle, who had turned right round in her chair now, was watching Mr. Buggage.

"Yes," Mr. Buggage said. "This is my letter and my invoice. All correct and in order. What is your problem, madam?"

"What I came here to ask you," the woman said, "is, are you sure it's right?"

"I'm afraid it is, madam."

"But it is so unbelievable, . . . I find it impossible to believe that my husband bought those books."

"Let's sec, now, your 'usband, Mr. . . . Mr. . . . er. . . . "

"Northcote," Miss Tottle said.

"Yes, Mr. Northcote, yes, of course, Mr. Northcote. 'E wasn't in 'ere often, once or twice a year, maybe, but a good customer and a very fine gentleman. May I offer you, madam, my sincere condolences on your sad loss."

"Thank you, Mr. Buggage. But are you really quite certain you haven't been mixing him up with somebody else?"

"Not a chance, madam. Not the slightest chance. My good secretary over there will confirm that there is no mistake."

"May I see it?" Miss Tottle said, getting up and crossing to take the letter from Mr. Buggage. "Yes," she said, examining it, "I typed this myself. There is no mistake."

"Miss Tottle's been with me a long time," Mr. Buggage said. "She knows the business inside out. I can't remember 'er ever makin' a mistake."

"I should hope not," Miss Tottle said.
"So there you are, madam," Mr.

Buggage said.

"It simply isn't possible," the woman said.

"Ah, but men will be men," Mr. Buggage said. "They all 'ave their little bit of fun now and again and there's no 'arm in that, is there, madam?" He sat confident and unmoved in his chair, waiting now to have done with it. He felt himself master of the situation.

The woman stood very straight and still, and she was looking Mr. Buggage directly in the eyes. "These curious books you list on your invoice," she said, "do they print them in Braille?"

"In what?"

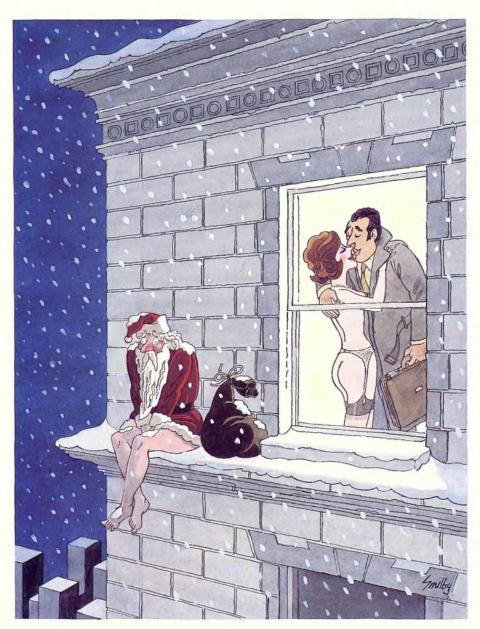
"In Braille."

"I don't know what you're talking about, madam."

"I thought you wouldn't," she said.
"That's the only way my husband could have read them. He lost his sight in the last war, in the battle of El Alamein, more than forty years ago, and he was blind forever after."

The office became suddenly very quiet. The mother and her son stood motionless, watching Mr. Buggage. Miss Tottle turned away and looked out of the window. Mr. Buggage cleared his throat as though to say something but thought better of it. The two men in raincoats, who were close enough to have heard every word through the open door, came quietly into the office. One of them held out a plastic card and said to Mr. Buggage, 'Inspector Richards, Serious Crimes Division, Scotland Yard." And to Miss Tottle, who was already moving back toward her desk, he said, "Don't touch any of those papers, please, miss. Leave everything just where it is. You're both coming along with us."

The son took his mother gently by the arm and led her out of the office, through the shop and onto the street.



(continued from page 102) not. As a start, he distributed "fact sheets" of astounding mendacity, defending the Rockefeller record. Then he dispatched John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to go out to Ludlow and mix with the miners, dance with their wives and generally project concern. He was even to spend a day toiling in the mine itself. It all worked. The press lapped it up, giving ample and uncritical space to pictures and accounts of young Rocky consorting with men whose friends and relatives his family had recently caused to be incinerated. The Rockefeller name was slowly winched out of the mud. Astounded at Lee's success, the grateful plutocrat then retained him permanently to carry out the task of burnishing the Rockefeller image. The great PR man succeeded brilliantly in making the old robber's name synonymous with philanthropy through such simple strokes as advising his client to give a dime to a child whenever there was public opportunity to do so.

If Lee was the founding practitioner of modern public relations, its first philosopher activist was Edward Bernays, now 95 years old and still active as the leading proponent of the move to license public-relations professionals. Symbolic of the enduring and fruitful connection between the twin 20th Century disciplines of PR and psychoanalysis, Bernays is the nephew of Sigmund Freud and, indeed, supervised the first translation and publication of Freud's writing in the U.S. Arising from the dingy ignominy of a Broadway press agent's life, Bernays spent World War One working for the Government, flacking Wilsonian war aims. After the war, Bernays pressed on to fame and fortune, applying the lessons learned on Broadway and in Government, not to mention his uncle's notions about the human psyche, on behalf of corporate clients.

Bernays understood that theorizing on the nature of his calling, formulating a rationale for its existence, which he did in a stream of books and articles, some of which later found their way onto the bookshelf of Joseph Goebbels, could only augment the respectability of the new profession and, thereby, its power and profits. In Propaganda, which was published in 1928, he laid it out straightforwardly enough: "The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country.

"We are governed, our minds are molded, our tastes formed, our ideas suggested, largely by men we have never heard of." Just when the average reader or corporation president may be thinking that this is some communistic radical talking, Bernays assures the reader that this is, CATALOGS U.S.A.® WINTER COLLECTION

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in fact, a good thing: "Vast numbers of human beings must cooperate in this manner if they are to live together as a smoothly functioning society."

Bernays defined the role of public relations as "the engineering of consent." A year after Propaganda was published, he gave sound practical demonstration of what such engineering could involve. One of his clients was George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, who was displeased that the taboo against American women's smoking in public was limiting the sales of Lucky Strike cigarettes. He called for Bernays. Bernays, in turn, consulted the eminent psychoanalyst A. A. Brill. Brill gave Bernays the hot poop from the couch, which was that cigarettes were "torches of freedom" and, therefore, their denial, at least in public, to women symbolized man's oppression of the second sex. For Bernays, the rest was easy. He solicited a number of New York debutantes to make a political gesture for women's rights by marching in the 1929 Easter parade, smoking. Gratifyingly copious press coverage ensued: The taboo was cracked.

The third member of the pioneering trinity was Benjamin Sonnenberg, who, like Bernays, began his career as a press agent. Sonnenberg was the great master of self-promotion as an important asset in the profession of profitably promoting others. He occupied a handsome town house in New York's Gramercy Park, which he furnished with costly art and antiques and in which he threw lavish parties, commanded an extensive personal staff and organized a salon to which clients-most of whom, as corporate executives, earned less than he did-would come and marvel at the range of his acquaintances. He took care to make the frequently straightforward task of propaganda a mystery in which he alone held the secret of sinister persuasive powers, but he appears to have been rather less self-important than Bernays about the whole business. He used to say that his tombstone should be inscribed, I NEVER TOOK A CENT FROM JOSEPH KENNEDY OR HOWARD HUGHES. To Sonnenberg, in 1958, came the Ford Motor Company, urgent and anguished over how to handle the humiliating failure of the Edsel. Sonnenberg announced that his price for the answer to the problem would be a flat \$50,000, whatever that answer might be. At the end of three days, he announced that his plan was ready. Eager for the recipe to restore the company's good name, the Ford men rushed to his office. Sonnenberg gave them two words: "Do nothing.'

"Is that all?" cried the incredulous Ford

"Yes," said Sonnenberg serenely as he trousered the \$50,000.

In many ways, the era in which both Sonnenberg and Bernays achieved their greatest influence—the Thirties—had significant similarities with the era that prompted the present great boom in corporate and political PR, which began around 1974. Both eras saw crisis ravage the system. In the Thirties, it seemed as though capitalism and, hence, corporations had failed America. In the Seventies, it looked as though the President and the corporations had betrayed it.

The American citizen of 1974 had, for a decade, been told by Ralph Nader that big business was selling him shoddy and possibly lethal products, poisoning his air and fouling his water. By 1974, this same citizen had come to the belated realization that he had been lied to for a decade about what was happening in Vietnam. That same year, he watched the captains of corporate America admit that they had been black-bagging slush funds into the Committee to Re-elect the President. Finally, he had watched the resignation in disgrace of Richard Nixon. The American citizen drew the appropriate conclusions. Between 1966 and 1976, for example, the percentage of the public describing itself as having a great deal of confidence in corporate leaders dropped from 51 to 20.

Nor was it just a matter of confidence. The arms manufacturers, already shaken by the negative PR stemming from their part in the Vietnam war, also faced the lowest defense budgets since the overflowing trough before the Korean War. For the oil companies, the situation was potentially even worse. Not only was there public mistrust over their possible complicity in the oil-price explosion of 1973–1974 but the U.S. Congress was threatening to break them up.

At this grave hour, corporate America began to fight back and the golden age of the PR profession began. The most visible counterattack came from the Mobil Oil Corporation and its pugnacious vicepresident for public affairs, Herb Schmertz. Mobil had been running its "issue" advertisements on the op-ed page of The New York Times since 1970. In the wake of the oil shock, their tone became sharply combative as Schmertz and his copy writers began to confront the enemies of Big Oil, most notably the consumer lobby and critical journalists. So saturated have the media now become with corporate selfadvertisement that it is hard to remember the stir that Mobil's aggressive posture caused and the criticisms leveled at The New York Times for running Schmertz's essays on its opinion page.

Schmertz and his boss, William Tavoulareas, tried to bring off the tricky shot of turning a major oil corporation into the underdog, maligned by slapdash journalists and rabid McGovernites. Mobil's advertising program expanded from *The New York Times* to hundreds of newspapers and magazines across America. Simultaneously, Schmertz went about the business of securing a captive middle-and upper-income audience on television for Mobil commercials and in the process

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established for himself the reputation of being the most munificent patron of culture since Lorenzo de' Medici. He did this by getting Mobil to sponsor Masterpiece Theatre on PBS. Schmertz, the patron, and Stan Calderwood of the PBS station WGBH in Boston, the original object of his patronage, can take a lot of the credit for turning public television into the prime corporate showcase, returning in the process to the sponsorship system from which commercial networks had extricated themselves in the early Sixties.

Today, Schmertz, by virtue of shouting louder, is one of the best-known flacks in the country, a notoriety on which he has capitalized by publishing Good-bye to the Low Profile, a chatty bundle of reminiscences and tips to C.E.O.s on how to handle themselves when Mike Wallace and other irritants come knocking on the door. Appropriately enough, Schmertz retained the services of a flack, William Novak, to write his book for him. If Novak, who wrote Lee Iacocca's autobiography, can turn the chairman of Chrysler into a possible candidate for the Presidency, what might he not achieve for Schmertz?

While Schmertz was giving PR a high profile, roaring his corporation's defiance, some equally determined men were embarking on a far more devious enterprise in public relations.

In the mid-Seventies, the arms companies and their partners in the Defense Department tried to restore diminished defense contracts by quietly orchestrating the most successful PR campaign of our era: the selling of the Soviet threat. The success of this campaign can be gauged very simply. In 1975, defense spending was at a 20-year low, a matter of extreme concern for both the bureaucracy in the Department of Defense and its pals in industry. By 1985, the military budget was higher in real terms than at any time during the wars in Korea and Vietnam. This triumph was achieved not by running noisy advertisements but by the more effective strategy of getting almost every journalist in the country to accept the premises of the campaign: that the U.S. was vulnerable and the Soviets were ahead,

The most important asset for any PR campaign is the need of journalists for material, preferably organized for them in a coherent fashion. The more "exclusive" or "secret" the material, the more receptive the journalist. Thus it was that in October 1975, James Schlesinger, then Secretary of Defense, disclosed that "new intelligence" made it clear that the Soviet Union was spending twice as much on defense as had previously been estimated by the CIA. What the CIA had, in fact, discovered was that the Soviet defense industry was half as efficient as previously supposed and that, therefore, it was costing the Soviets twice as much as U.S. analysts had previously reckoned to build a tank or a plane or a missile. Soviet military capabilities had not doubled, as Schlesinger and his associates had implied, but no matter. The spending gap was born.

News of the Soviet "spending surge" slowly seeped into the journalistic culture, where, though bogus to the core, it became the focus for discussion in hundreds of editorials, columns and news stories. The hidden persuaders had achieved the first objective in a public-relations campaign, which is to get the topic on the public agenda while at the same time framing the terms of the debate.

The man at the heart of this extraordinarily effective PR campaign stands in striking antithesis to Schmertz. Whereas Schmertz strutted on the ramparts of corporate H.Q., spanking his chest, Paul Nitze had no need of such posturing. In 1975, the former Deputy Defense Secretary was 68 years old and had devoted the previous quarter of a century as an arms consultant to the successful promotion of the Soviet threat and the consequent maintenance of U.S. military spending at a high level.

His lifelong experience had taught this crafty manipulator the crucial importance of intelligence assessments in public discussion of defense matters. The CIA at that time was, from the point of view of Nitze and his fellow hawks, taking an insufficiently alarmist position on the Soviet threat. In 1975, therefore, he organized a coup. With the help of George Bush, then director of Central Intelligence, Nitze supervised, from behind the scenes, the formation of Team B, a group of reliably hawkish figures, to scrutinize the data on which the CIA based its assessments of Soviet strength and strategic intentions and, if necessary, to reassess the agency's conclusions. This they did, and their findings-that the CIA had been dangerously complacent in its estimates-were duly leaked to The New York Times. One key conclusion arrived at by the team was that the Soviets were now perfecting nuclear-missile-guidance systems that would enable them to launch a successful first strike against the U.S

The timing of the leak was crucial, for it appeared on December 26, 1976, less than a month before Jimmy Carter took up residence in the White House. So Carter, who had campaigned on a promise to reduce the Pentagon budget, found the terms of the debate already framed for him by Nitze and his friends. Within three years, Carter found himself throwing the full weight of the Administration behind Nitze's claim of U.S. vulnerability to a first strike and had inaugurated a huge boom in military spending. Under Reagan, of course, the arguments that appeared tendentious in the mid-Seventies have become so much part of the official scenery that Nitze himself is now treated by the liberal press as a responsible moderate.

Part of the success of Nitze's campaign can be traced to two inherent advantages enjoyed by defense public relations: a supposed monopoly of information and an actual monopoly of images. A working journalist is constitutionally incapable of resisting anything with the word SECRET stamped on it. Once given the TOP SECRET report on some new Soviet superweapon, he will generally feel relieved of the necessity to do any further checking to see if the report bears any relation to the truth.

A TV journalist operates under a further constraint in that he or she is entirely dependent on the Pentagon for film of any military activity. Since modern weapons at work and play make for exciting televised images, the networks are usually happy to make the unspoken but wellunderstood bargain of benign commentary in exchange for access.

Carter's pledge to cut the defense budget (albeit by a modest amount), so easily snuffed out by a well-organized public-relations campaign, was not the only irritant bequeathed by post-Watergate America to the establishment. Carter was also following public sentiment of the time when he pledged to make human rights an important consideration in the dealings of the U.S. Government with other countries.

As Carter took office, the right-wing military junta in Argentina was embarking upon a campaign to murder and torture thousands of its citizens. Its political strategy was pithily expressed by General Iberico Saint Jean, the governor of Buenos Aires, in May 1976: "First we will kill the subversives; then we will kill all their collaborators; then . . . their sympathizers; then . . . those who remain indifferent; and, finally, we will kill the timid."

These developments did not pass unnoticed in Washington: Patricia Derian, Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, took her duties seriously enough to make strong public criticisms of the Argentine regime. The PR firm of Burson-Marsteller, on the other hand, was able to turn the horrifying image being projected to the world by the generals into a profitable opportunity. At the end of 1976, it submitted to Buenos Aires its program for an international communications strategy for Argentina.

The strategy, according to the plan, amounted to the PR firm's taking over the junta's nongovernmental relations with the rest of the world, in exchange for \$1,000,000. When an Argentine ambassador arrived in the U.S. or Britain or Japan, he would speak to the press and public in lines scripted for him by Burson-Marsteller. Argentine officials would learn to reply to press queries and criticism according to the guidelines drilled into them by the PR professionals. Burson-Marsteller would arrange for visits to Argentina of "opinion formers" from around the world. As the proposal reveals,

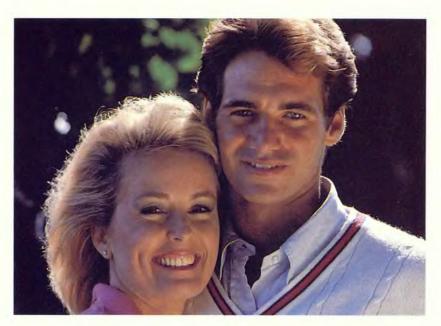
the major problem in cleaning up the junta's image was a "well-defined subversion campaign of international origin." The firm's advice, as an example of the PR technique and flack mentality, has a relevance beyond the story of a propaganda campaign on behalf of a bunch of murderous, anti-Semitic Fascists.

The campaign, as mapped out in the proposal, was to be aimed at "those who influence thinking, which includes the press, Government functionaries and educators. It is important to note that we are not looking at the press as a conduit for transmitting specific messages, as is the usual case, but rather more as itself a target audience." Two other targeted groups were "those who influence investment, which includes key persons in banks and commercial enterprises, investment counselors, Government functionaries concerned with international trade, businessmen and administrative consultants' and "those who influence travel, which includes travel agents, travel writers, airline personnel and tour operators."

Having defined the targets, the plan then details the themes to which they were to be subjected. The firm urged the junta to strive above all else to project an image of economic and political stability. "The matters of terrorism and human rights, the alleged anti-Semitism and repression and isolationism must all be put to rest if Argentina is to assume its rightful place in the world." On the thorny subject of terrorism and repression, the firm suggested that the junta should stress that it was fighting terrorism not only of the left but of the right. "The government should release a white paper on what it is doing to combat terrorism, showing that the police are being controlled and that right-wing terrorism is not condoned," explains the proposal. As the writers at Burson-Marsteller must have been well aware, the government of Argentina was the right; but they also knew then, as now, that solemn oaths to extirpate terrorism are a sure way to achieve international respectability. Thus, in the interests of international public relations, the junta should "attempt, through diplomatic channels, to obtain the cooperation of a large number of other free-world governments in calling a meeting to examine terrorism and means of eliminating it. The identification of Argentina as a member of a group of freeworld nations condemning all classes of terrorism and committed to using all legal means to dissipate terrorism would immediately unite it with those countries which respect human rights and civil liberties."

To a certain extent, Burson-Marsteller's advice was worth the \$1,000,000. Articles sympathetic to the Argentine "predicament" in the face of terrorism did appear in the foreign press. Argentina's "responsible" and "tough-minded" finance minister's effort to bring stability to a troubled economy brought good reviews in the business press. Once the Reagan Administration took office, the task became easier as Jeane Kirkpatrick and others spoke up for the bloodstained generals.

Country management of the sort practiced by Burson-Marsteller on behalf of Argentina is now an increasingly important part of the PR industry. It is not entirely novel. Back in the Thirties, both the legendary Ivy Lee and Carl Byoir, whose name until recently adorned the third-largest PR firm in the U.S., took on the task of selling Nazi Germany. Today, however, in tune with the free-enterprise ethos of the Reagan Administration, the foreign relations of the U.S. are becoming increasingly privatized, with the top firms vying to represent foreign governments. When Jonas Savimbi, the South Africanbacked Angolan insurgent, went to Washington in 1986 on a fruitful trip to generate support for his cause, his visit was entirely organized and superintended by the operatives of Black, Manafort, Stone and Kelly. So alert was Savimbi to the importance of PR that he actually took time off from an important battle in the Angolan bush to negotiate his contract with the emissaries of the Washington firm. While Savimbi went with Black, Manafort, the Angolan government thought it only prudent to retain the services of Gray and Company, the best



"We switched to Ramses EXTRA because the spermicidal lubricant gives us EXTRA protection."

Her Story:

We had been using ordinary condoms for some time. When we heard about Ramses EXTRA with spermicidal lubricant, it did make a lot of sense to us. I like the lubricant and the spermicide adds EXTRA protection we never had before. I don't have to worry about any health side effects. We're both confident Ramses EXTRA is the very best way for us. We both trust Ramses EXTRA.

His Story:

Why were we using ordinary condoms when Ramses EXTRA has a spermicidal lubricant for EXTRA protection? It was a good question. She suggested we switch to Ramses EXTRA and I agreed it was a good idea. It really makes sense to add a spermicidal lubricant to a condom. It was a good decision to switch and get the EXTRA protection. We both trust Ramses EXTRA.

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A member of the London International Group ple

known of the Washington firms specializing in this line of business. A Gray executive, Daniel Murphy, gave a telling example of the contemporary blurring of State Department and PR-firm functions when he announced in statesmanlike tones that the best thing for Angola would be the removal of Soviet, Cuban and South African troops from the country and that "Gray and Company would work toward this end."

Just as relations between the United States and the rest of the world are increasingly becoming the province of the public-relations industry, so, too, are other old-fashioned activities that have hitherto managed to exist without the assistance of flacks. The growth of litigation PR, as popularized by John Scanlon, means that court cases are no longer a simple matter of advocates, judge and jury. And no Wall Street titan would dream of embarking on a take-over battle without the aid of expert advice in

merger-and-acquisition PR to blacken the name of the other side and defend his.

Then there is the vast and multifaceted field of public affairs, which is public relations as applied to the Government. This has long been a familiar feature of the political landscape under the more familiar title of lobbying.

Lobbying may be thought to be distinct from PR as it has been discussed here in that its object is not a mass audience but a limited number of relevant representatives or officeholders. To be sure, pressing the flesh-or greasing the palm-of a few selective movers and shakers is a prosperous and growing profession; there are more than 10,000 lobbyists listed in the Directory of Washington Representatives alone. But there are aspects to the profession today unknown to simpler ages. Is your corporation menaced by some legislation currently before Congress? Apart from having your lobbyist make the correct representations and campaign contributions, it may be wise to retain the services

of a firm such as Matt Reese and Associates of Arlington, Virginia. For a suitable fee, the Reese group will arrange for an instant grass-roots campaign to spring up in the districts of key legislators, which will shower the hapless representatives with letters and Mailgrams urging or denouncing whatever piece of legislation is the subject of the campaign. The business is rendered possible by geodemographics, a computer analysis of census and opinion-poll data that enables the specialists at Reese to identify and target what the specialists call lifestyle clusters who can be expected to respond to a suitably crafted appeal on behalf of the client. Thus, in a campaign on behalf of the natural-gas industry in 1984, Reese targeted, among others, Mid-American Blues-i.e., blue-collar families in the Midwest, deemed likely to be roused to action by the prospect of U.S. dependence on foreign gas unless U.S. natural gas were speedily deregulated.

Reese honed the skills he now applies to lobbying on behalf of large corporations while working for politicians running for office. Another and far-better-known professional to have moved from the political to the corporate lobbying business is Michael Deaver, a man who is perhaps more responsible than anyone else today for the dominance of public relations in our national life.

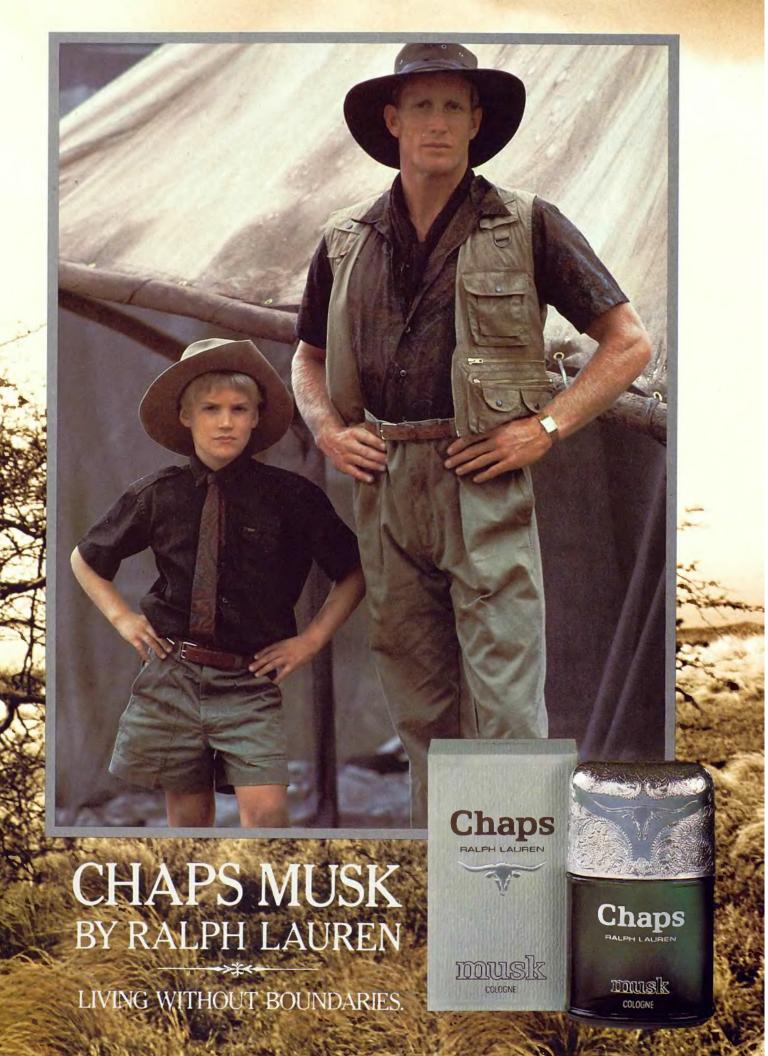
Deaver gained his greatest notoriety when he surrendered his greatest power. Until he left the White House in 1985 in the hope of making a lot of money as a lob-byist by trading on his close connections with the Oval Office, Deaver had been the most important and powerful public-relations man in the United States. He was the keeper of the President's image; and under his guidance, the image projected by the Chief Executive became far more important and powerful in the eyes of the media and the public than Reagan's actual behavior.

Deaver's great genius was to treat the Presidency as if it were a movie production of which he was the director. The President, a professional actor who had received the bulk of his political education as a flack for General Electric and who subsequently described the Presidency as "the best role I ever played," was in intuitive sympathy with Deaver's style.

With such a client, it was not hard for Deaver and his associates in the White House to put proven PR techniques to work. Thus, in accordance with the basic flack rule of setting the terms of the debate and controlling the flow of information from the White House, they instituted a line of the day. A meeting chaired by Deaver would consider the question "What are we going to do today to enhance the image of the President?" together with "What do we want the press to cover today and how?" Once decided upon, the line (which might be anything from the President's projection of his



"Yes, I thought he was a nice, jolly sort of person, too, before I went to work for him."





concern over Soviet arms-control proposals to Congress' responsibility for the budget deficit) would be relayed via computer to all senior Administration officials, as well as press spokespeople throughout the entire Federal bureaucracy. A fine example of this system at work came a few days after the bombing of Libya in April 1986. The media, after dutifully echoing Administration euphoria over the raid, were beginning to raise awkward questions about the precise number of innocent women and children killed in the attack. At that point, with one accord, official spokesmen at the White House, the State Department and the Pentagon expressed total lack of interest in Libya as a topic and refused to answer questions about it.

Having thus established a monopoly of theme in the daily national discourse, the White House flacks bent all their efforts to ensuring that this monopoly would not be eroded by the vigilant guardians of democracy collectively known as the Washington press corps. That meant giving access to the President under conditions of maximum control, best symbolized by the photo opportunities in which Ron and Nancy walk toward their helicopter smiling as the chopper's engines drown out any possibility of coherent discourse.

Against this ongoing backdrop, the PR campaign calls for a number of set-piece performances each year. A classic Deaver production was the D-day commemoration on the beaches of Normandy in 1984. Entranced with the visuals of Reagan on Omaha Beach, the press was adroitly steered away from any inconvenient questions about Reagan's whereabouts on June 6, 1944, and similarly failed to note that the logistics of Deaver's production had caused a large number of elderly veterans to be excluded from the ceremonials and the scene of their heroism 40 years before.

It is not as though the Deaver team were the first in White House history to think a lot about public relations. Nixon was surrounded by PR men, most notably Bob Haldeman, who enjoyed, at least for a while, a considerable measure of success. Jimmy Carter had his image minders in the form of Jody Powell, Gerald Rafshoon and Pat Caddell. But the Reagan White House has two advantages denied the Nixon and Carter teams. There is the client himself, seasoned by his years in Hollywood and with G.E. to a profound understanding of public relations and self-projection.

But in addition, and perhaps more important, Reagan has been the beneficiary of all those other PR onslaughts on the American people. The way was paved for his benign policies toward big corporations by the long campaign of Schmertz and his fellow corporate flacks. Public acceptance of vast increases in military spending since 1981 would hardly have

been so easily gained without the unremitting efforts of the Nitze school. Antiterrorism, now so frequently a line of the day, had earlier been recognized by Burson-Marsteller as a suitable foil for otherwise unappealing policies. If the issues with which the White House public-relations team must deal are to a considerable extent the products of other PR campaigns, then they are that much more susceptible to "handling."

The success of PR in dominating the Government of this country can be gauged by the rare occasions on which it breaks down. To the anguish of his minders, the President must give a number of press conferences each year and, thus, face questioning for half an hour under conditions of less than total control. To the ordinary viewer, these performances are sometimes horrifyingly incompetent. In a June 1986 press conference, for example, the President displayed complete ignorance of a major Supreme Court decision on abortion earlier that day, twice answered the wrong question and reversed his recently announced decision to abandon SALT II, for which error he had to be sharply corrected by his own press flack the next day. An unkind person might have said that the President belonged in a nursing home. The networks were not unkind, and neither were the major political correspondents. Reagan's astounding performance barely raised a ripple.

And that is the measure of the cumulative impact and success of PR in our time. Acts and consequences cease to have a causal, moral relationship. Thus, when the President distorts the historical record or misstates a major policy decision, the media do not conclude that Ronald Reagan is therefore a liar or an ignoramus. Like the journalist who lied to Bill Broyles, they say that the President could have handled himself better and comment knowledgeably about the PR stratagems that will be brought into play to restore the image. Reality becomes a matter of PR techniques. In fact, the assumption that public relations must be the dominant factor in all acts of state is applied to the rest of the world. In 1985, the Soviets suggested that both sides stop testing nuclear weapons. The Administration responded with an obviously PR-inspired invitation to the Soviets to come to Nevada and watch a U.S. nuke go off. The media began to talk about the "publicrelations war" over nuclear testing.

When Bernays wrote his book on propaganda in 1928, he spoke of his colleagues in the business as manipulators and as "an invisible government" ruling the country. So saturated today is American democracy by the ethos and techniques of the public-relations profession that the manipulators no longer need remain invisible. They glory in their power. Public relations has finally come of age in the visible Government of Ronald Reagan.

DRIVING

(continued from page 159)

the farther down the road you have to look and think. Test for changing conditions with gentle braking, adjust speed accordingly and don't underestimate your speed. Allow double your normal stopping distance when the road is wet, triple on snow, even farther on ice.

Follow these two basic rules and you'll likely have little trouble. But winter-road trouble, if it does come, usually arrives in the form of a skid. And skids don't just happen; they're caused. You turn into a curve too fast or brake or accelerate too hard, and some or all of your tires lose their grip. The next thing you know, you're out of control.

Well, not yet: Skid recovery is really pretty simple. Usually, all you have to do is back off the gas, get off and stay off the brakes and keep the steering pointed down the road. Try to look where you're steering, not where the car may be headed as a result of the skid. Driving is a little like shooting a gun: To have any hope of hitting the target, you have to look where you're aiming. Let your peripheral vision take care of whatever you're trying to avoid at the side of the road.

There are two basic types of skids: understeer and oversteer. Understeer is a front-wheel skid—you turn the wheel, but the front tires lose their grip and the car wants to keep going straight. It ends up turning less than expected. The solution: Ease off the gas, which slows you down and transfers weight forward to help the front tires regain their grip. Don't add more steering, but do keep it aimed where you want to go when traction suddenly returns, as it will.

Oversteer is a rear-wheel skid. The rear tires lose traction, the back end slides side-ways and the car turns more than expected. Uncorrected, oversteer leads to a spin. The trick here is to catch it quickly by steering the front wheels the same way the rear is going—which, not coincidentally, turns out to be down the road, the way you want to go.

To recover, just ease off the gas and, again, stay off the brakes. When the tires regain their grip and the ass end starts swinging back into line, steer straight ahead, then just enough the other way to prevent any counterskid. A little gentle acceleration at this point also helps stabilize the car.

Remember, your brakes can be your worst enemy. When there's precious little traction available, what's used for slowing can't be called on for steering, which is usually more important. Locked-up wheels (everyone's most common mistake) give no control at all. If you can't stop in time, it's better to ease off the brakes and steer gingerly around something than to slide into it.

When you do have to stop in a hurry

(see *Hit the Brakes!*, PLAYBOY, September 1986), always *squeeze* the brake pedal very gently. If any wheels start to lock and slide (you'll notice a lighter steering feel or the rear's getting loose), release a *little* (not all) pressure momentarily to get them rolling, then squeeze again. Repeat as necessary: Squeeze, release; squeeze, release. But don't madly pump the pedal. That never gives the tires a chance to grip.

One excellent technique for avoiding most potential panic stops is what professional driving instructor (and former top racer) Bertil Roos calls brake alert. Simply apply just enough pressure to take up the slack in the pedal whenever there's a hint that you may have to stop—while cresting blind hills and approaching intersections, for example. "Anywhere or any time your intuition signals a situation that is unclear or potentially dangerous, don't wait," Roos advises. "Immediately apply brake alert while you evaluate the situation further. Then increase braking pressure if necessary."

If you get into a skid in a manual-shift car, Roos recommends quickly depressing the clutch to remove all forces from the drive wheels. But, he warns, never try shifting an automatic transmission into neutral for a skid recovery. An automatic essentially freewheels as soon as you lift your foot off the gas; better to keep both hands on the wheel and not risk finding reverse or park by mistake.

Roos also has a special technique for making it up a slippery hill: Wait until there's no other traffic, so nothing will force you to slow or stop part way up. Get a good run on the hill (within the bounds of common sense and safety) to build up momentum and, as the grade increases and the car begins to slow, ease off the gas gradually to prevent wheelspin. Whether or not you make it depends on how you handle the throttle. Too little pressure makes you lose precious momentum; too much starts the drive wheels spinning with the same unwanted result.

Roos advises trying not to stop at all on icy roads, even flat ones, since it's usually tough to get going again. When you do have to stop, use a higher gear (second with a manual gearbox; D2 or the equivalent with an automatic) and feather-foot the throttle to prevent wheelspin for the best start-up traction. On the other hand, if you have to stop and find you can't, try using the snow piled up alongside the road as a last-resort braking aid. "Try to ride along the bank with the front wheels turned slightly inward to the snow," he says, "and continue to pump the brakes gently. If done properly, this usually won't cause any damage to your car as long as the angle to the snow is kept small."

Swedish auto maker Saab publishes an excellent free booklet called *Winter Motoring*, which is packed with good tips and advice. Examples: When you're approaching intersections, watch out for ice polished superslick by other drivers' locking

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up their wheels and sliding to a stop. On otherwise dry cold-weather roads, look out for ice (sometimes invisible) on bridges and overpasses, under bridges and overpasses, wherever the road is shaded and where melting snow can flow over the payement and refreeze. Always try to drive across ice patches in a straight line, without steering, braking, accelerating or decelerating until you're back on dry pavement. On the other hand, if your tires start to plane on heavy slush, don't steer, but do back off the gas until they begin biting through it again. (For a copy of Saab's Winter Motoring, write to Winter Motoring, Saab-Scandia of America, P.O. Box 697, Orange, Connecticut 06477.)

On uncleared roads, it's best to stay in the tracks from other vehicles, even though those tracks may be more slippery than the snow. If you need to steer out of them (say, for better braking grip or to change lanes), do so very gently and at a shallow angle—and ease back into them the same way. If you feel you really have to pass on a slippery two-lane, Saab's advice is to reconsider. How much time will you save, and is it really worth the risk? If so, give yourself lots of room. Remember that you can't accelerate very quickly, and you certainly can't stop if someone coming the other way suddenly pops up over a brow.

Proper tires are extremely important if you spend much time on slippery winter roads. All-season radials are good; chunky mud-and-snows much better yet. Put them on all four wheels, if possible, for steering and driving grip; if you have only two, be sure they're up front on frontdrive cars.

Chains are best on ice (they're required in some areas) but must come off on dry pavement. For the best slick-road bite, set pressures (when the tires are cold) near the top of their recommended range, and remember: Pressure drops one pound for each ten-degree temperature drop. Trying to get unstuck by letting air out of the drive-wheel tires "for better traction" can create more problems than it solves and will guarantee unstable handling, quickly ruin the tires and may cause a wreck if you forget to reinflate them before driving away.

Another myth worth discrediting is the idea that loading a rear-drive car's trunk with extra weight increases safety. Adding some ballast (never more than 100 pounds) does increase traction at the rear wheels, which may help prevent your getting stuck. Once you're under way, though, a heavily loaded back end just acts like a pendulum in a skid and increases your odds of an ass-first entry into the scenery.

If you must park outside on a cold winter night and plan to go somewhere in the morning, avoid pointing the nose of your car into the wind. Switch off all accessories before cold-weather starting, give the engine a minute to warm up and never race it until the oil has had a chance to thin out and begin circulating.

For longer-than-routine trips, it's smart to check weather reports and consider alternate routes. Avoid potential trouble by having your car thoroughly checked (including wiper blades and washer fluid) and keep it at least half full of gas. That's all the fuel you'll have for heat and light should you end up spending a night in the snowdrift motel. Pack a basic emergency kit: first-aid equipment, flares, heavy clothing, blankets, sand, shovel, tools, flashlight, extra batteries, tow and jumper cables and some nonperishable food, just in case.

Even with good winter tires and techniques, you may one day find yourself stuck. If that happens, make sure your front wheels have a clear path and are pointed straight into it, turn off the radio and all accessories and roll down your window to listen for wheelspin. Shift to reverse and very gently try to inch the car back. Shift to second (or D2) and try easing it forward. Establish a rocking motion and time your throttle inputs to match it.

Don't abuse the transmission by shifting it rapidly back and forth, and don't spin your wheels. Spinning tires just dig in deeper and polish the surface. If this doesn't work, get some carpet strips, sand or Kitty Litter out of your trunk (you do carry traction aids, don't you?) and put it under the drive wheels. Another Saab tip: If your parking brake operates on the drive wheels (as it does on Saab's 900 model and on all rear-drive cars), applying it just part way will help keep them from spinning.

Saab also strongly recommends finding a safe, open area and practicing until you feel comfortable with the way your car accelerates, turns and stops on slippery surfaces. Cars with front-wheel drive, for example, tend to give good driving traction and can often literally pull themselves out of skids; but they also tend to lock up their front wheels more easily under hard braking.

Finally, for some fun, expert instruction and safe, inexpensive practice, we recommend former European rally driver Jean-Paul Luc's Ford Ice Driving School in Steamboat Springs, Colorado (303-879-6104). It operates seven days a week all winter long and offers combination ski/drive vacation packages on Steamboat's nearby superslopes. Or check out Roos's more comprehensive Procision (the O is correct) School of Advanced Driving at Pocono International Raceway near Blakeslee, Pennsylvania (717-646-7227). It runs from spring to fall (not winter) each year but doesn't need actual winter conditions, because Roos's cleverly modified slide cars simulate slippery-surface driving at safe speeds on dry pavement.

Our next "Street Smarts" feature will tell you all about night driving. Stay awake.

X



"OK, it's unanimous: The video tape we made of the office Christmas party should be destroyed immediately."

COMPENSATION

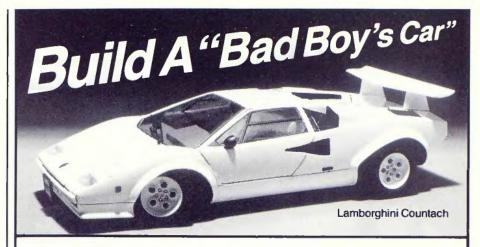
(continued from page 147) Victor Posner contributed to society to make him worth the \$12,700,000 salary and bonus he took from his financially troubled D.W.G. holding company in 1985, theoretically with his shareholders' approval (D.W.G. owns such companies as National Propane, Royal Crown Cola and Arby's), is open to question—though he did once contribute land to Miami Christian College that he valued so highly on his tax return it led to his conviction (subject to retrial) this past July on ten counts of tax-related offenses.

But don't get me wrong. When Steve Jobs makes half a billion inventing the personal computer, that bothers me not a whit—all the less so, in fact, because making a bundle was not his primary goal. Invention and entrepreneurship are the internal combustion that drives the American dream. More power to them both. As for Johnny Carson and his N.F.L. equivalents—more power to them, too.

Nor have I a beef with the first-year associates at Cravath Swaine & Moore. ("When he landed a job with Cravath Swaine & Moore, one of the nation's most prestigious law firms," reported The Wall Street Journal, "the 25-year-old law student could hardly believe his luck. Then he got even luckier: The firm raised his starting salary by \$12,000 to \$65,000 a year-two months before he was expected to start work.") While it's undeniable we have too many lawyers and hard not to wonder whether some, such as the gentleman who charged me \$200 an hour to get a swimming-pool permit, are overpaid, I have no beef with the starting pay at Cravath. First off, \$65,000 in New York is \$45,000 anywhere else; second, associates earn that working 80 hours a week, which is simply two normal \$22,500 40-hour jobs back to back. (Cry not, however, for Cravath's 56 partners, who averaged in 1985 a reported \$770,000 apiece and, one fervently hopes, a little more in 1986.)

I just feel uneasy when I hear that more than 20 employees of Merrill Lynch in 1985, and probably again in 1986, made more than \$1,000,000, even though Merrill Lynch's profitability has been suffering of late (could this be one reason why?); or when I read that to elbow your way onto Financial World's list of the 100 highestpaid Wall Streeters in 1985, you had to pull down a minimum of \$3,000,000; or when I hear that a neighbor of mine, an arbitrager, made \$40,000,000 that year and may double it for 1986; or when I hear that junk-bond emperor Mike Milken will make about \$100,000,000 in 1986. They've earned it; it's theirs; I'm not trying to take it away from them-fair's fair. But could things in some sense be getting a little toppy? Could a bit of froth have bubbled into the market?

I feel uneasy, too, when I read that



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top-executive pay outside Wall Street keeps climbing faster than everyday wages—as if the contribution of the C.E.O. grows steadily more important relative to that of the other 30,000 employees of the firm, or as if it's just damn hard to attract chief-executive talent at \$650,000 a year nowadays, so you've got to sweeten the pot. For it's not just on Wall Street that the deal makers, the guys with the leverage, reside.

Coopers & Lybrand compensation expert Edmund Schwesinger worries we may be creating a corporate royalty in this country, with such luxurious perks and such obsequious entourages that morale down the line could suffer. "It's an inappropriate thing for a democratic society," he says, thinking not about the C.E.O.s making hundreds of thousands a year but about some of those who make millions. "We shouldn't have a corporate royalty, or certainly not one fed by shareholders—especially when the shareholders are so largely pension funds."

In the past couple of years, he believes, things have really gotten out of hand. C.E.O.s are rarely stars singlehandedly responsible for the success of the enterprise; they're team captains. Yet instead of being paid that way, they're paid like

Joan Rivers.

There are ratchet effects at work here. Rather than base executive compensation on meaningful measures of performance (admittedly easier said than done), Schwesinger says, there is a natural tendency to focus solely on what's "competitive." What's the competition paying its guys? Typically, an executive-compensation study is commissioned and presented to the board. The board is then asked to approve pay at least equal to the industry average, to stay competitive. That pushes below-average companies up toward the average—and, thus, raises the average. (As you might expect, there's little downward pressure from above-average firms recommending to the board their pay be cut.) Ratchet.

The president and chairman don't recommend their own compensation, but if the board has just approved increases averaging 10.7 percent for the rest of top management, can it do much less for the

C.E.O.? Ratchet.

There's also the tendency for the lowerpaying industries to compare themselves with higher-paying ones, with little enthusiasm for doing the opposite. Ratchet.

And there's this pressure on the board members: If they let a valued key executive leave—like the C.E.O.—they do a real disservice to the company (and saddle themselves with a major chore). It's more prudent to err by overpaying a little than to err by underpaying. Ratchet.

If the opulence gets too showy, Schwesinger fears, Congress may pass an excise tax—70 percent, say, of executive compensation over \$2,000,000—which would effectively kill the golden goose.

Fortunately, corporate lawyers generally have the good taste to put the really big numbers near the back of the proxy statement, not in that little table that shows shareholders what the directors and officers of their company earn.

It was clear to the shareholders of little National Bank and Trust in Norwich, New York, that its chairman earned \$182,308 in 1985; but how many noticed the footnote on page 38 that disclosed his half-million-dollar retirement bonus? Some gold watch!

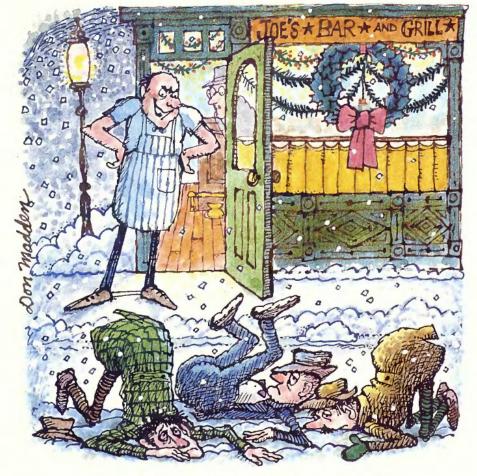
Nor is cash any longer the really meaningful factor in top-executive pay. John Byrne, lured from Geico to run Fireman's Fund Corporation, earned just \$283,333 there in 1985. But there's also the matter of his right to buy 2,500,000 shares of Fireman's Fund stock at \$26 a share after four years' stewardship. That right's already worth \$20,000,000 if the stock holds its current level for the next three years. Should it climb ten percent a year to boot—not impossible—his four-year bonus would be \$50,000,000.

So here I am, myself poised to make truly obscene sums (is ten cents a reader really asking all that much for a sexy column like this one? I ask the 15,000,000 of you), and I can't say I'm entirely sure what to make of all this excess—except, perhaps, that when things get so dizzy, they eventually fall.

I'll tell you what not to make of it, though. First is not to try to pass a law against it or levy some special tax on it—the free market has a way of correcting excess. (You might, however, if you're a shareholder, vote against some of it, especially if you're the shareholder who controls 1,000,000 shares in a pension fund.)

And second is not to lose too much sleep envying it. I know that's easy to say, but I spent an evening with yet another investment-banker classmate. This one has locked in a nice annual income for the next few years by setting up for his firm a profitable (well, OK, a very profitable) long-term hedge. (The idea with a hedge is that no matter which way things go, you make money.) He thought it up, he spends an hour or so a day overseeing it, to keep its ratios nicely balanced, and he gets his own little piece of it—\$2,000,000 a year. And do you know what? He's bored.

He makes 100 times as much money as you do (or maybe just 20 times as much if you've really turned out to be the hotshot your mom told me you'd be) but gets to see only the same movies and TV shows you do, sleeps in a bed very much like your own, eats and drinks only marginally tastier food and wine and spends a good part of each waking day trying to figure out what to do with his life. He's not sure what he wants. That, at least, is no problem for you: You want what he has.



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"She wondered who had given him her name and how much he knew. Did he intend to accuse her of—anything?"

taken it, but she resented the boy's telling her, at least at this time, when she'd been feeling so buoyant. They were lying together on a quilt on the floor of Ali's darkened apartment; they'd made love, were sharing a joint; in a few minutes, Barry would leave to return to his dormitory-why had he sprung this ugly revelation upon her? She knew that if she dared touch him, if she dared comfort him, Barry would shove her away with disdain.

Not long afterward, Ali broke off with Barry Hood, telling him that she and her husband were working on a reconciliation. He didn't protest or telephone her; but over Thanksgiving break, when she supposed he had gone home to Washington, he tried to kill himself by taking all the pills in his and Peter Dent's medicine cabinet-including Peter's prescription Quaaludes—and slashing his arms. When the news came, Ali was watching a video of Murnau's Nosferatu with friends, which struck her as the most ghastly of coincidences. When she hung up the phone, she was white-faced, giddy, as if someone had knocked her in the stomach. "What is it, Ali? Is it an emergency?" she was asked.

The drama of the scene thrummed and vibrated about her, beat against her, out of her control. "Yes," she said carefully. "It's an emergency. But not mine."

When she went to the hospital, she was told that Barry Hood was in the intensivecare ward, in critical condition; he was expected to live but could not receive visitors. Only members of his immediate family would be allowed to see him. A young Arabic intern named Hassan, whom Ali knew from the campus film society, told her what had happened: Barry had taken the drugs, slashed at his arms, collapsed in his room, revived, stumbled out into the hall, again collapsed, in front of the resident advisor's door. The R.A. had telephoned an ambulance at once, and it had come within three minutes. "So he didn't really want to die," Ali said.

The intern said, "Nobody really wants

to die, but it happens all the time." His tone was sarcastic; Ali was chilled and chastened but resentful-she'd meant her remark to be an innocent statement of fact.

She told Hassan the boy's mother had committed suicide a few years ago. If it was anyone's fault, it was that woman's fault.

Just as well, Ali thought afterward, that they hadn't let her see Barry. She could imagine his bruised, reproachful eyes; she knew how wretched, how aged postsuicidal people looked—she'd visited several in the hospital over the years.

And hadn't Ali been one herself, a long time ago?

It was emotional blackmail, pure and simple. You had to feel sorry for the boy, but you had to feel impatience, too-outright anger. What a trick! What manipulation! She'd taken two Libriums to steady her nerves, and now her nerves thrummed like a radio turned low. "Why, why did you do it?" she would have asked Barry. "Why, why, why?"-no matter that that was precisely the question he wanted Ali, and others, to ask.

Years ago, Ali had wanted to die, and she, too, had taken an overdose of drugsprescription barbiturates. She'd woken in Bellevue emergency, where terrible things were being done to her: a hose forced down her throat into her stomach, attendants holding her in place as she convulsed. Like the freeze frame at the end of Truffaut's 400 Blows-Ali sprawled helpless and broken on a table, forever and ever. In weak moments she saw that sight. Forever. It might be deferred, but it could never be erased. And the man she had hoped would be devastated by her death, the man she'd actually hoped might want to join her in death-he had broken off with her immediately. Hadn't even come to see her in the hospital.

But that was a long time ago. Ali was a big girl now.

Two days later, Barry's father telephoned Ali and asked if he might see her. He sounded hysterical over the phonespeaking in short, staccato phrases Ali could barely understand. She had known he was in town and she had thought perhaps he might call and she'd considered simply not answering her phone but knew that was a cowardly and ignoble thing to do. So she answered it. And there was Mr. Hood, distraught and choked, telling her that his son had slipped into a coma and he was desperate for someone to talk tosomeone to explain what had happened. He promised to take up no more than an hour of her time.

"A coma?" Ali asked, frightened. "I hadn't known."

Mr. Hood was speaking so rapidly, Ali could barely follow his words. She wondered who had given him her name and how much he knew. And did he intend to accuse her of-anything?

He insisted he would not take up more than an hour of her time. Ali didn't see how she could refuse to see him under the circumstances.

"The last time Barry was in the hospital here, I wasn't able to get to see him," Mr. Hood was saying. "That was his freshman year-did you know him then, Miss Kohl? Of course, it was only mononucleosis-which he'd had before, in prep school-but that can be deadly; it can lead to hepatitis. I was in Europe at the time on crucial business and I simply couldn't get back, and my wife-Barry's mother-wasn't able to get up here, either, for personal reasons." Mr. Hood







was speaking rapidly and not quite looking Ali in the eye. One of his eyelids was twitching; from time to time, he rubbed his knuckles roughly against it. "I don't feel that the boy has ever forgiven me for that-and other things. Though I tried, God knows, to explain my circumstances to him. And I've certainly tried to make it up to him." He paused. He was smoking a cigarette that he stubbed out now, briskly, in the ashtray. He looked at Ali and tried to smile. "Has Barry ever said anything about this to you, Miss Kohl? Has he ever said anything about-me, or his mother? Or. . . . " His voice trailed off into the cocktail hubbub around them. (They were having drinks in the Yankee Doodle Room of the Sojourner Inn, where Mr. Hood was staying.) "Has he ever shared any of his feelings about his family with you?"

It was an awkward question, though not awkwardly asked-Mr. Hood was an articulate man. Ali chose her words carefully in reply. She must not upset Barry's father any more than he was already upset, but she must not humor him, or lie. She'd seen at once that he was the kind of man-a Washingtonian, a State Department attorney, intelligent, acute, steelyeyed, hardly a fool-who, for all his anxiety, would see immediately through any ordinary attempt at subterfuge. She said, "I didn't really know Barry that well, Mr. Hood. Only the past few weeks-and then not really well. Your son isn't an easy person to get to know—he doesn't open up very readily. A very pri- Ali was ashamed of the weak, dull, flat tone of her voice, but Barry's father, staring so intently at her, made her extremely self-conscious. She said, "There must be teachers of his who know him better than I do. His resident advisor? And his roommate-he might, in fact, have several roommates.'

"Oh, I've talked with the roommate," Mr. Hood said impatiently. "The colored boy with the-what was it? Quaaludes? For schizophrenia, or manic depression, my God! Right there in the medicine cabinet, staring Barry in the face day after day! And he's always been such an excitable, impressionable boy-much less mature than he looks. Yes, of course I've talked with the roommate," Mr. Hood said. He was breathing hoarsely. But he managed to smile at Ali, a reassuring smile showing perfectly capped white teeth. "I wound up trying to comfort him—the poor kid is so scared Barry might die. Nice, sweet boy-Peter's his name. But he doesn't seem to know Barry any better than I do.'

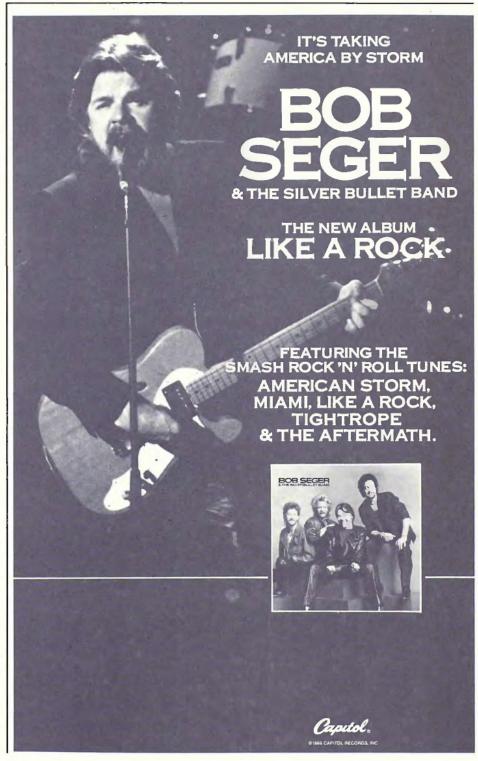
Mr. Hood laughed, his nostrils darkly distended, as if he'd said something particularly funny. Ali smiled uneasily. She asked casually, "Was it the roommate who gave you my name?"

But Mr. Hood went on to speak wonderingly of Barry's friends, or lack of friends, in prep school, grammar school, nursery school. How Barry had never seemed to mind their moving from city to city—claimed he looked forward to it. "Did you ever hear of a child expressing such a sentiment, Miss Kohl—Ali, is it? From the beginning this penchant for"—he stared at the cigarette freshly lit and burning in his fingers—"something you might call irony. If that's what it was."

Marcus Hood resembled his son only slightly, about the eyes—which was a relief. As soon as Ali shook hands with him in the hotel lobby, she knew that her worries were groundless—he didn't appear to be angry with her. He was eminently civilized, civil, a gentleman; an American patrician, in his mid- or late 50s, impeccably well groomed and con-

spicuously well dressed—camel's-hair-topcoat, powder-gray pinstripe suit, Cartier silk tie, gleaming black shoes. He was a handsome man, or had been at one time; now his eyes were raw-looking and his skin sallow. He reminded Ali just slightly of that brilliant actor in Bergman's repertory—Max von Sydow, years ago—the facial structure all verticals; eyes sunken deep in grief and mouth wounded. Sorrow stitched into the very flesh.

After his second martini, he began to speak with some bitterness. He accused himself of having let things slide in his family, of having neglected his only son. He'd been blind to certain danger signals:



Barry's habit of dropping courses or taking incompletes, Barry's disinclination to come home for holidays, Barry's disappointing grades. And although he'd always asked Barry if there was anything he wanted to talk about, Barry never took him up on the offer. And he'd supposed that meant things were all right.

Ali said carefully, "I suppose that at a time like this, the instinct is to blame yourself. But-

"Who else should I blame?" Mr. Hood said.

He talked, talked. Sometimes not even looking up at Ali, as if he'd forgotten she was there. What had gone wrong? How could he have done things differently? It was the pressure of his job, his jobs, all that moving around the country-New York, Los Angeles, Connecticut, Washington-when Barry was a small child. And his domestic situation, which, he said, was "difficult." His wife, Lynda-

"Barry told me about her, actually," Ali said.

"He did?"

Ali wondered if she had made a tactical error. She said hesitantly, "That she'd committed suicide when he was in prep school. And-

"Committed suicide? What?"

"Didn't she? Barry's mother-

Mr. Hood stared at her in utter astonishment.

"Lynda has done some extreme things, she's an extreme personality," he said carefully, "but to my knowledge, she has never attempted suicide. We're separated-not officially but de facto; I don't, in fact, know her precise whereabouts at this moment-but I'm certain that she is alive."

"She's-

"Barry must have been lying," Mr. Hood said. "I mean, of course he was lying. Suicide! Lynda! His mother! Of course, it's a symptom of his general disturbed state, but I wouldn't have thought him capable of such a-low thing. Such a-libel."

Now Mr. Hood was terribly upset. Ali could not think of a graceful way out. She said, "Well . . . you should probably know that Barry tells his friends that when he feels depressed, he finds himself thinking of his mother-of what she did. And he feels a certain attraction. A lure, I think he calls it."

"That's just self-dramatization," Mr. Hood said dismissively. "It's typical of him-of that kind of highly articulate, highly verbal temperament of his. Barry always had a morbid imagination and, of course, he was always encouraged to express it-every school we sent him to! Without fail! Still, to think he'd deliberately lie like that, saying such a thing about his mother-misrepresenting his own family to strangers. I can see that he might want pity, but-" Mr. Hood paused. His mouth twisted as if, for a moment, he couldn't bring himself to speak. After a pause, he said, "You don't-do you?-think he might be . . . ?" "Gav?"

Mr. Hood winced at the word. "Homosexual," he said. "Do you think . . .?"
"No," Ali said.

For a while, they sat in silence. A redheaded youngish man was playing desultory tunes at the cocktail piano; the lounge was gradually filling up. Ali's nerves were beginning to tighten again, and she wondered when she could slip away to the powder room to take another Librium. She always carried a supply of six capsules in her purse and replenished them at frequent intervals.

"Actually, Mr. Hood," Ali said, "Barry didn't seem to want pity. He had-hastoo much self-respect. I think you underestimate him."

"Thank you," Mr. Hood said. "I very much appreciate your saying that."

Over a third martini-Ali was having her second margarita, and it was reassuringly strong-he asked her again her personal impressions of Barry. Ali felt distinctly uncomfortable, as if, now, her own interrogation had begun. She explained carefully that she had not known Barry that well. He wasn't, for instance, enrolled in any of her courses.

"But you're involved in the theater, aren't you?"

"I teach film. But Barry hasn't taken a course of mine.'

"I see," he said slowly, though it was evident he didn't. He said, "But Barry is very-attached to you, Miss Kohl. I gather you know that?"

Ali said, brazening it out, "There are a number of students who are 'attached' to me, Mr. Hood," she said. "Because of the subjects I teach, primarily. And what they see to be my iconoclastic approach. But Barry is only one of them. And, as I said,



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he hasn't ever taken a course of mine. He doesn't seem to think that film is a serious subject."

"Well . . . I guess I'd been led to think something else," Mr. Hood said. He appeared subtly disappointed, perhaps a bit puzzled.

He asked Ali if he might take her to dinner here at the inn, since it was getting late and he'd kept her for so long, anyway. But first, if she didn't mind, he wanted to call the hospital to see if anything had developed.

At dinner in the inn's walnut-paneled, candlelit dining room, Ali began to feel more relaxed. She volunteered information about Barry she wouldn't have had to give Mr. Hood. One of his son's "distinctive" traits, she said, was his honesty-which could be abrasive. And he frequently asked questions of a rhetorical nature. "'Why is there Being and not, rather, Nothing?' Heidegger's question," Ali said. Mr. Hood asked her to repeat this but made no comment. "Another question I remember was 'Do we get what we deserve or deserve what we get?" Ali said. She paused, feeling, for a moment, rather excited. Marcus Hood was staring at her so intently. "It's a profound question, really, when you consider it.'

Mr. Hood lit a fresh cigarette, though there was still food on his plate. In the soft sepia-tinted light, his hair looked as crisp as fine hand-worked silver; his eyes were shadowed. He said, exhaling smoke through his nostrils as if sighing, "It is a profound question—I'm damned if I know the answer."

Near the end of the meal, he told Ali a story—something that had happened when Barry was ten years old. It was meant, he said, to illustrate his own failure of integrity. "Just so you know that, when I say I've been a poor father, I'm telling the truth—" 'His words were just perceptibly slurred.

It happened that his wife, Lynda's, older sister Elise came to stay with them in Rye, Connecticut, where they were living at the time. She was a beautiful, extremely intelligent woman but, unfortunately, irremediably neurotic-"high-strung," the family used to say. "Almost immediately, Elise began to affect our household in various disruptive ways," Mr. Hood said. "She ran up exorbitant telephone bills. She used Lynda's credit cardforged her signature. She cruised bars and hotels and picked up men-went out with blacks from the Third World embassiesstayed away for days at a time. Lynda, who had her own problems, was terrified that Elise would be found dead in a hotel room somewhere. The woman was a pathological liar, yet you couldn't help but believe her-she had a certain charismatic power. But, no-1 didn't fall in love with her or have an affair with her, if that's what you're thinking," he said, with an unexpected smile. "In fact, I was away most of the time, as usual; I tried to stay

clear of the problem. I hadn't been the one to invite Elise to stay with us, and I didn't feel I could ask her to leave. Still—I should have known it was an unhealthy situation for Barry to be in." He paused, sighed, rubbed at both eyes with his knuckles. "Well—what happened was, it came out one day that Elise had been caressing my son in certain ways. The woman—thirty-five, -six years old!—was undressing a ten-year-old boy and caressing him in an intimate way. Can you imagine anything so perverse? And it had been going on, evidently, for months."

"How did you discover it?" Ali asked.

"Lynda discovered it. Just by accident. She found them in the pool house together—but, of course, Elise denied everything. She's always been a superb liar, cool and bland, while Lynda slips into hysteria at the slightest provocation—what a pair! Elise said she was simply helping Barry with his swimming trunks, and Barry piped up and said that's all she was doing, too. Lynda had had a bit to drink and there was a terrible fight, and by the time I got back home, Elise had gone—moved out. But the damage had been done—Lynda, with her hysteria, had only made things worse."

"But Barry denied it?"

"He didn't know what to 'deny,' he was so young. I didn't have the heart to interrogate him."

Ali said carefully, "Of course, it's a disturbing story—if it really happened as your wife says—but I don't quite see why you have to blame yourself, Mr. Hood." She'd taken a second tranquilizer before dinner; she'd had a fair amount to drink. She was buoyantly high but lucid. "And, for all you know, your sister-in-law might have been innocent, as she said. How would you really know?"

"Lynda swore it happened the way she said. And she was so upset, she must have seen something."

Ali knew better than to fall in with Mr. Hood in what must have been an old dispute. He said, "In any case—hysterical woman aside—the blame lies with me for letting things slide the way I did. For not knowing, or not wanting to know, how disrupted my household was." For a sharp, painful moment, Ali felt the man's self-loathing as if it were her own.

"But how could you have known?" Ali persisted, "You had to be away on business."

Ali was suffused with emotion, ripe with it—her skin felt dewy, moist, warm. She was conscious of her rings' glittering in the candlelight. She said impulsively, "We're all guilty of behaving in ways we don't like from time to time. We're human, after all." She paused, smiling. She tried to imagine how she might look to Marcus Hood. "It's the human condition—fallibility."

"You're very kind, Ali, very generous, but—I don't think I behaved judiciously. And, of course, there had been other times, too—more than I care to remember. He holds them all against me; you can be sure of that."

"Barry doesn't strike me as a punitive person," Ali said, not entirely truthfully.

"As you said—you don't know him very well."

Ali did feel generous. Magnanimous. She decided to tell Mr. Hood a story about something that had happened to her a few years ago: "Just to illustrate my own failure of integrity."

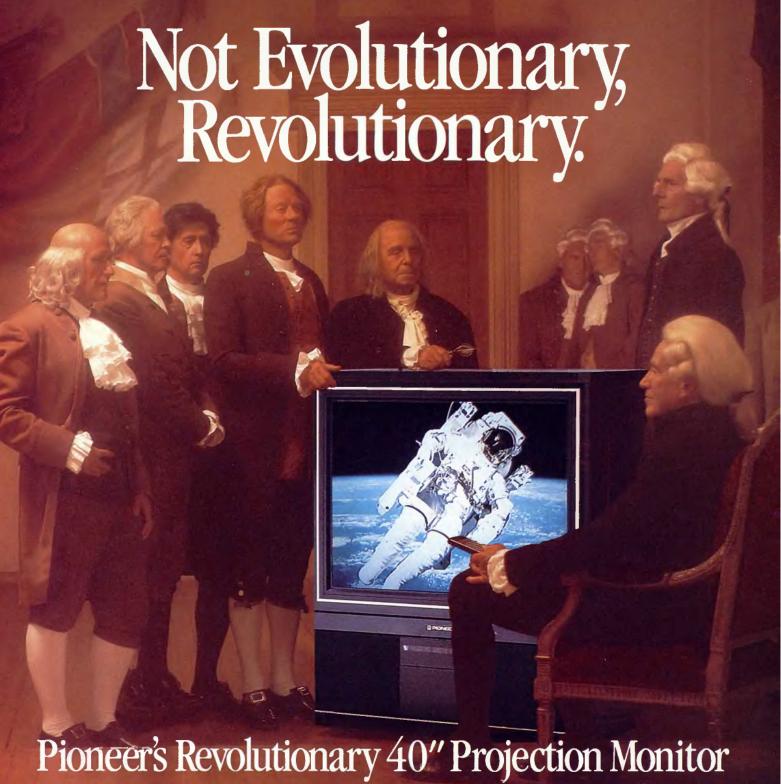
She was married then, living with her husband in a loft on Greene Street. In their wide circle of acquaintances were a sculptor and his wife, both flamboyant personalities, notorious, really-the wife no less than the husband. The wife had tried to befriend Ali from time to time, but Ali kept her distance, fearful of getting involved. She knew the couple had serious problems, and she and her husband had serious problems of their own. (Mr. Hood was listening sympathetically. "You must have married very young," he said.) The sculptor was a violent man, a drinker; it was generally thought he might even be emotionally disturbed; and one night, while they were quarreling, his wife fell, or was pushed, out of a window in their apartment and died in the fall-it was eight stories to the pavement. Ali thought afterward that she'd been a coward to withdraw when the woman had approached her. She felt sick with guilt and self-disgust; but the worst of it was, the sculptor claimed his wife had killed herself, had jumped out of the window during the quarrel, and most of their friends seemed to believe him and rallied around him. That is, the men rallied around him, helped him make bail.

"There was a memorial service for the woman, and I wanted to attend," Ali said, her voice swelling with emotion, "but my husband refused to let me. He said I couldn't appear to be supporting her and not him. 'She's dead, he's alive,' my husband said. 'And you know he's a vindictive man.' We quarreled bitterly; but in the end, I stayed away from the servicethe way so many of our friends did. I did what my husband wanted me to do, because I was too cowardly to resist." Ali's heart was beating erratically; in telling the story, she had made herself frightened. She said vehemently, "But I vowed that would be the last time I ever let men push me around. Any men."

Mr. Hood had listened sympathetically. He laid his hand lightly on her arm to soothe her. He said, "I can see that you're upset—it's an ugly story—but I don't see that you were a coward. Aren't you being awfully hard on yourself? You did defy your husband to a degree. And, after all, that maniac might have killed you, too. Don't tell me he's still free?"

"The jury voted to acquit," Ali said, her voice shaking. "'Insufficient evidence,' they said. Imagine!"

They sat staring at each other for a long



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impassioned moment. Mr. Hood's hand still lay, lightly, upon Ali's arm. His lips moved; his words were nearly inaudible.

"'Insufficient evidence,'" he whispered.

At Ali's apartment, Barry's father telephoned the hospital another time. Ali, making drinks in the kitchen, could hear his questioning, aggressive voice but could not make out his words. When she came out, she saw him standing motionless, staring at the floor with a quizzical smile. "Is there any news?" Ali asked.

He shrugged his shoulders irritably and took the glass from her. "None at all."

In Ali's fussily decorated living room, he paced restlessly, not wanting to sit down. He examined the framed movie posters on the walls, the many photographs, the aluminum bookshelves jammed with books and video cassettes. Atop Ali's television set was the tape of Murnau's Nosferatu. Mr. Hood picked it up absently and stared at the garish illustration on the box cover. "'Classic vampire tale'?" he said.

Ali said quickly, "I'm writing an essay on Herzog's *Nosferatu*—comparing the two," as if that explained everything.

Mr. Hood laid the tape down without comment.

Ali's apartment was on the 12th floor of a new high-rise building a few miles from the college campus. She'd taken it primarily because it overlooked a small lake and an expanse of pine-covered hills, but by night the living room seemed rather narrow and cramped. She wondered how it looked to Marcus Hood in his elegant gray-pinstripe suit, Marcus Hood of Washington and the State Department—Barry's "successful" father—as he strolled about, peering into corners. "Attractive place," he said. "I gather you live here alone?"

Ali told him yes. She lived here alone and always had.

His lips were tightly pursed and his nostrils distended as he breathed heavily, audibly. His skin was unevenly flushed, though, like Ali, he could certainly hold his liquor well.

In a casual voice he said, turning back to Ali, smiling, "You know, Miss Kohl—Ali—I read my son's diary, or whatever he calls it, the other day; I thought I had better. And there's a good deal in there about you. About—you and Barry." He paused, still smiling. "I assume it's mainly fantasy? Or entirely fantasy? A kid's crotic fantasy? That sort of thing?"

Ali said evenly, "Since I haven't read the diary, I don't know what you mean; but I think—yes, I'm sure—it would be something like that. Fantasy." She swallowed a large mouthful of her drink and held the thick, squat glass steady in both hands. "Barry had—has—a strange imagination. A lively imagination."

"A damned morbid imagination," he said with some heat. "But we've already

been over that ground."

From that point onward, things became confused. Ali would not remember afterward precisely what happened. They must have talked about Barry a while longer; then Mr. Hood was denouncing his wife, who was an alcoholic of the very worst kind, the kind that doesn't really want to be cured: "I don't even know where she is! She might even be with Elise! Two of a kind!" Then, suddenly, with no warning, Mr. Hood was crying; Mr. Hood was broken and sobbing, gripping Ali in his arms.

He was holding her so tight she was terrified her ribs might crack. She could hardly breathe. She tried to push him away, saying, "Mr. Hood, please——You're hurting me——Please——"

They stumbled together like a drunken couple. Ali's glass fell clattering to the floor. "You're so good, so kind; you're the one good, decent person," Mr. Hood was saying extravagantly, burying his face in her neck, "the one good, decent person in my life. You're so beautiful-" Ali, utterly astonished, tasted both panic and elation. She tried to pry his fingers loose, tried without violence to disengage herself from him, but he held firm. His body seemed enormous, pulsing with misery and heat. He sobbed helplessly, in a virtual frenzy of desire, besotted, whispering, "So good, so kind. So beautiful. Beautiful, beautiful woman-" Gripping her as tight as a drowning man.

So Ali thought, as she'd so often thought, Why not?

In her bathroom, 3:20 A.M. She has locked the door behind her, though Mr. Hood is asleep in her bed and will be asleep for a long, long time: Ali knows the symptoms. Slipped sly and sweaty out of his embrace, staggered, swaying across the tilted floor to get to the safety of the bathroom, where, hidden behind a bottle of Maalox, is what remains of a small supply of cocaine her New York lover had brought her the previous week. She also has a small cache of crystal Meth but, even in her disoriented state, reasons that that might be contraindicated here. Psychopharmaceutical error. "Death, my dear," Ali says wisely in a voice not her own. In Mr. Hood's crushing arms, beneath Mr. Hood's thrusting desperate body, she had felt perhaps a pinprick of pleasure that faded almost at once, to be replaced by a churning sensation at the back of her head, churning and screeching like the hundreds of death's-head monkeys overrunning Aguirre's raft at the end. She can still hear them in the bathroom, the door locked.

Only a few grains remaining of the coke, and she thought there'd been more. Spreading the snowy, glittering grains across the mirror, trying not to worry that her hands are shaking so.

What is the difference between something and nothing? Ali wonders, shutting her eyes and sharply inhaling.

After a few minutes, her hands are no longer shaking. Or if they are, it isn't visible.

Naked beneath her untied robe, hair in her face, panting, she kneels on the floor, presses her forehead against the rim of the bathtub. Whispers, "Barry—we are going to save you. Barry—we are going to save you. Barry—"

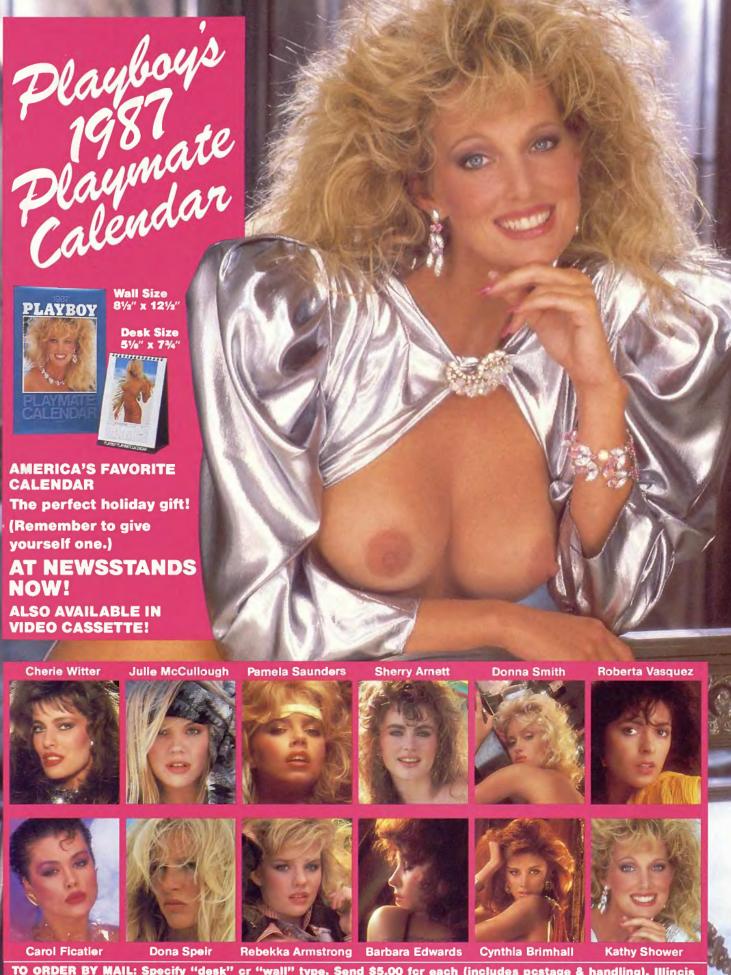
When she'd held him, she could see his skeleton shuddering inside the envelope of skin, the way they said the Hiroshima survivors could see their own bones through their flesh when the great bomb exploded. When she'd held him tight, tight, her eyes shut tight in triumph.

Her breasts are aching and she doesn't want to remember why. Her thighs are aching, too. Fatty ridges of flesh on the curve of her hips she can't bear to look at or to touch, but still they say she's beautiful—luscious, ripe Concord grape. Her head is clearing rapidly because of the lovely blizzardy white, and she is able to see things with remarkable lucidity. Methedrine comes in handy if she isn't feeling precisely herself on teaching days; you need that demonic edge, white-hot energy for 50 minutes, not fooling around the way the kids did but for therapeutic reasons, for professional reasons, to get back to the Ali Kohl most truly herself-not some slow, sad, dragging cunt cow. Then a Librium or two to bring her back down if she can't sleep. But there is nothing like coke, and she's half sobbing with relief and gratitude, pressing her forehead against something hard and white and cold and ungiving.

"Barry—we are going to save you."

Four-ten A.M. and Ali makes her way, groping, back to the bedroom, where a man lies in the center of her bed, breathing in long, deep, chopping strokes—is he asthmatic? Has he a mild heart condition? Will he die one day in her arms? He has told her he loves her; he has told her he is so lonely he can't bear it; can she believe him? A wise voice asserts itself through her own: "He is sleeping the merciful sleep of oblivion; do not wake him." Ali does not intend to wake him.

She stands barefoot in the doorway, her bare toes flexing against the floor. It is early morning but hours still from dawn. The white walls of the bedroom gleam faintly, mysteriously, as if from a distance. She feels good—in fact, very good, back in control and contemplating the options before her. Return to bed? Slip in quietly beside Mr. Hood and try to sleep? Or should she sleep on the living-room couch, or try to, as she has done in the past, never in comfort? Or should she give up entirely on the idea of sleep? She sees herself in that long, brilliant tracking shot at the end of Buñuel's Viridiana. All the cards have been dealt out, but what do they say?



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(continued from page 94) of a 14-page tribute titled MM Remembered, which included a reprint of the original PLAYBOY calendar pose and a striking semi-abstract portrait of her painted by Willem de Kooning during the period of his world-famous Woman series.

In the years that followed her death, Marilyn Monroe's stature and fame simply increased throughout America and the world.

Clark Gable remarked during the filming of The Misfits, which proved to be the last film that either of them would complete, "She's something different to each man, blending somehow the things he seems to require most."

Billy Wilder, who had directed her in Some Like It Hot, observed, "There will never be another one like her. . . . She had flesh which photographs like flesh. You feel you can reach out and touch it."

"Flesh impact" is Wilder's term for the effect. In Some Like It Hot, released in 1959, her impact was all at once incendiary and luminescent. Similarly, for soul impact, Wilder and his writing partner, I.A.L. Diamond, gave Marilyn the most elegiac line of her career: "Story of my life-I always get the fuzzy end of the lollipop." Norman Mailer, in his artful biography, likened her psyche at that moment to a "fragile shell." He wrote, "She is in the unendurable position of protecting an exquisite sensitivity which has been pricked, tickled, twisted, squashed and tortured for nearly all of her life." As she throatily boop-boop-a-doos her way through the tune I Want to Be Loved by You, her vulnerability is in full view. Wilder said of this performance, "When Monroe is on the screen, the audience cannot keep their eves off her.'

The celebrated photographer Philippe Halsman articulated the Monroe photogenic appeal this way: "Her inferiority complex, her pathetic, almost childlike need for security are the very things that made her irresistible." Sir Laurence Olivier, her co-star in The Prince and the Showgirl, noted that she was "happy as a child when being photographed.'

The observations are valuable. On an ethereal level, her relationship with the camera may well have been the only fulfilling one she knew. In her unfinished autobiography, Marilyn recalled her earliest nude-modeling experiences: "Sitting naked in front of a camera and striking joyous poses reminded me of the dreams I used to have as a child.'

Her childhood, as we've seen belabored elsewhere, was disconsolate. She never met her father, barely knew her mentally unbalanced mother and, in a futile attempt to discover herself, was married-albeit briefly-at the age of 16. She longed to emulate her idol Jean Harlow and was deeply bereaved by the star's death. Ironically, the cinematographer

who shot her first Fox screen test said of Norma Jean Dougherty (nee Mortenson, a.k.a. Baker), "She radiated sex like Jean Harlow." Throughout her life, she craved attention and drew it implicitly. Marveled a press agent, "She had such magnetism that if 15 men were in a room with her, each man would be convinced he was the one she'd be waiting for after the others left."

Beginning in 1946, when she was 19 and a hungry ingénue with the Blue Book Modeling Agency in Los Angeles, Norma Jean became a regular visitor to the Sunset Strip studio of the calendar artist Earl Moran, who, along with George Petty and Alberto Vargas, elevated the pinup to high art. He created his work by first photographing his models, and then, based on the print he found most provocative, he etched a charcoal outline to be fleshed in with pastels. The final sketches were both whimsical and coyly suggestive, a combination evocative of the tame prurience that tweaked America in those more innocent times.

PLAYBOY recently discovered a remarkable trove of never-before-published Moran photographs, seminude portraits of Norma Jean that predate the famous Kelley nude-calendar shooting. Over four years, posing almost monthly at the rate of ten dollars per hour (each session lasted two hours), she and Moran captured moments so indelible and engaging that it is a wonder they have never previously emerged in their original form. Here she demonstrates a visceral ebullience that perhaps tells more about her difficult youth than do the reams of ponderous psychoanalysis manufactured every year since her death. There is an unshackled, cuphoric quality on display in these pictures. We hear stories of how young Norma Jean was an astute study as a model. She asked innumerable questions of her photographers, intricate questions about the emotional nuances achievable in the poses she struck. She would then immediately concentrate her sensuous magnetism before the cameras.

"Emotionally, she did everything right. She expressed just what I wanted," Moran has said. "Her movements, her hands, her body were just perfect."

If her life, as has been suggested, was an endless yearning for approval, her sessions with Moran and all of her other photographers must have felt positively liberating. Mailer wrote, "She becomes the artist when she takes a pose: She paints the picture into the camera, and few photographers will fail to pay her homage."

"I liked my body," she would later write. "People have curious attitudes about nudity, just as they have about sex. Nudity and sex are the most commonplace things in the world. Yet people often act as if they were things that existed only on Mars. I thought of such matters as I posed. . . ."

Her professionalism in posing is a

theme that resonates. It was a passionate exercise for her, one she conducted with conscientious self-scrutiny and astonishing poise. "I'll focus on her," lensman Earl Theisen explained, "and then, looking in the finder, I can actually see the sex blossoming out, like it was a flower. If I'm in a hurry and want to shoot too quickly, she'll say, 'Earl, you shot it too quick. It won't be right. Let's do it over.'"

Gloria Steinem recently contributed to the ever-burgeoning speculative necrology of Marilyn Monroe with an insightful and unique biography. Attempting to conjure an alternative life for this promising woman had she not become a sex goddess, Steinem postulates, "A student, lawyer, teacher, artist, mother, grandmother, defender of animals, rancher, homemaker, sportswoman, rescuer of children—all these are futures we can imagine for Norma Jeane." (Note: The addition of the E was an affectation Marilyn adopted as a model, perhaps in an effort to glamorize herself.)

The impulse to fantasize over what might have been, however intriguing, seems to unnecessarily denigrate what she actually was. Marilyn Monroe did, at some point and in every sense, swallow Norma Jean whole. Her identity quavered privately, but stardom was always her dream. She bolstered a sorrowful life by inventing a new one for herself. Marilyn was self-created, exultantly so, and she always understood the implications of the creation.

"I have always had a talent for irritating women since I was 14," she wrote, essaying a mixture of dismay and pride. "When I see women frowning in my direction and cutting me up among themselves, I really feel sorry—not for them but for their menfolk. I have a feeling that such women are poor lovers and sexual cripples. The only thing they are able to give a man is a guilt complex,"

It was her modeling, in fact, that sparked Hollywood's interest. She had briefly fretted for her steadily rising acting career when the Kelley calendar nude became public knowledge. "I thought this would push me into the cold again," she recalled. Her fears were instantly allayed; the nude was integral in her glimmering ascendance in Hollywood. The actual upshot: "Everybody in the studio wanted me as a star in his movie. I finally went into Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and, after that, How to Marry a Millionaire. I liked the fact that I was important in making them a great financial success and that my studio cleaned up a fortune, despite that its chief had considered me unphotogenic. . . . I liked the raise I finally received to \$1200 a week."

Newspaperman and screenwriter Ben Hecht cannily asserted after her death, at a time when the film community was fraught with guilt, "Marilyn had been wrecked by the circumstances of her life since the age of five. The truth about Marilyn Monroe is that she was saved by Hollywood. Fame saved her. The spotlight beating on her 24 hours a day made the world seem livable to her. . . . It was the only world in which she could thrive. The real world held only hobgoblins for her, terrors that harried her nights."

A producer, she related in her memoirs, once brusquely advised her, "All you have to do is to be Marilyn Monroe." Yet nothing could have possibly been more challenging or intangible. More than any other figure in show-business history, she was, and is, a symbol. She is the celestial enigma with which every incandescent blonde has since been (usually unfavorably) compared. Her style was both timeless and matchless, her elegance ineffable.

As Diana Trilling deftly eulogized her, "She was alive in a way not granted the rest of us. She communicated such a charge of vitality as altered our imagination of life, which is the job and wonder of art."

Marilyn was art, purely and utterly. The palpable honesty we cannot help seeing in these poses is as bracing a tribute to her dreams as we can hope to encounter. If the story of her life was, indeed, to cling to the fuzzy end of the lollipop, she left all the sweetness for the rest of us.





"This will be the year Indiana regains the Big Ten championship. Alford will be the main weapon."

George Washington, still suffering from an over-all lack of athletic ability, continues the rebuilding process with energetic intercontinental recruiting. This year's squad, for example, will include a Russian-Jewish immigrant (Max Blank) and an Israeli national-team player (Moti Daniel). The latest word is that coach John Kuester is in Tasmania, recruiting a 7'6" point guard.

Iona, La Salle and Fordham will all be improved this year, and any one, with a little luck, could take the Metro Atlantic Conference championship. Our guess is that Iona will be the winner, because new coach Gary Brokaw inherits ten returning lettermen, including four starters. Transfer guard Alvin Lott will be a major addition to the Gaels' returning talent.

La Salle's new coach, Bill Morris, will also benefit from many experienced players. Freshman forward Lionel Simmons will be a major reinforcement.

Fordham enters this season with five senior starters. The main problem last year, a lack of team leadership, will probably be solved this season by transfer point guard Greg Pedro.

Fairfield lost the two best players of last year's Metro championship team. This season, forward Jeff Gromos and guard A. J. Wynder will be the Stags' most valuable players.

Because of its minimal graduation losses, Army could be the surprise team of the conference. Kevin Houston, the Cadets' leading scorer, is one of the East's best guards.

St. Peter's new coach, Ted Fiore, will debut with a team loaded with seasoned players. Freshman Matt McKenna, a great shooter, will make a big contribution his first year.

Pennsylvania will be the odds-on favorite to win the Ivy League championship, because all of last year's prime players return and are joined by one of the Quakers' best recruiting classes in many years. Guard Perry Bromwell, an explosive player, will again be the top scorer.

If Pennsylvania falters, Yale or Princeton will take the Brain Chain crown. Both schools return all of last year's best players. Yale center Chris Dudley has been the dominant big man in the Ivies the past two years. As he was last year, Princeton center Alan Williams will be the Tigers' leading scorer.

The Cornell team will, for the second year, be built around superguard John Bajusz.

Rookie center Walter Palmer could be Dartmouth's most valuable man his first season. Navy's inside game, led by center David Robinson, will be overpowering, but the school's all-time leading scorer, Vernon Butler, will be sorely missed. Major liabilities will be a tough schedule and a relatively untried bench.

Rookie Marvin Bailey will make a big contribution at Canisius this season, as will guard Alex Agudio at Niagara.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Indiana 6. Iowa Purdue 7. Ohio State Michigan 8. Wisconsin

3. Michigan 4. Michigan State 5. Illinois 8. Wisconsin 9. Northwestern 10. Minnesota

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Miami University
 Ohio University

Ball State
 Western Michigan

3. Toledo 4. Kent State Eastern Michigan
 Bowling Green

5. Central Michigan

MIDWESTERN COLLEGIATE CONFERENCE

1. St. Louis 2. Detroit 3. Loyola of Chicago Oral Roberts
 Butler
 Evansville

4. Xavier

OTHERS

Notre Dame
 Marquette
 DePaul

4. Dayton
5. Northern Illinois

MID-STATES GREATS: Alford, Calloway (Indiana); Mitchell, Lewis (Purdue); Grant, Joubert (Michigan); Johnson, Carr (Michigan State); Norman, Altenberger (Illinois); Marble, Wright (lowa); Hopson (Ohio State); Weber (Wisconsin); Morris (Northwestern); Burton (Minnesota); Newsome (Miami University); Graham, Jamerson (Ohio University); Burnham (Toledo); Wearsch (Kent State); Majerle (Central Michigan); Wesley (Ball State); James (Western Michigan); McCaskill (Eastern Michigan); Martenet (Bowling Green); Douglass, Gray (St. Louis); Humes (Detroit); Moore, Jackson (Loyola of Chicago); Larkin (Xavier); Akin-Otiko (Oral Roberts); Tucker (Butler); Jackson (Evansville); Rivers, Royal (Notre Dame); Boone (Marguette): Strickland, Comegys (DePaul); Young (Dayton); Davis (Northern Illinois).

This will be the year when Indiana regains the Big Ten championship. The Hoosiers' major weaknesses last season, lack of height and poor rebounding, will be cured by transfer center Dean Garrett. Major reinforcements will also come from five players who were redshirted last year. Guard Steve Alford will again be the Hoosiers' main weapon, and his scoring output will be even more impressive because of the new three-point rule.

If Indiana fails, Purdue will pick up the pieces. The Boilermakers are a young but very talented team and should improve dramatically as the season progresses. Rebounder Todd Mitchell and outside shooter Troy Lewis could be two of the nation's top players by season's end.

Despite severe graduation losses, Michigan's pre-season prospects were bright because of a star-studded group of recruits—until two premier recruits failed to qualify academically. The Wolverines, therefore, will have to depend on a strong backcourt led by Gary Grant and Antoine Joubert, while the youngsters hit the books in preparation for next season.

Michigan State is the dark-horse team of the Big Ten. The Spartans will benefit from improved height and enviable depth. The only possible trouble spot is the center position, but transfer George Papadakos could fix that by midseason.

Illinois lost some good players to graduation, but rebounder Ken Norman and guard Doug Altenberger return. The latter, a medical redshirt last season, was the team's most valuable player two years ago.

Iowa, Ohio State, Northwestern and Minnesota all have new coaches this year, and Northwestern has the best chance to profit immediately, because new coach Bill Foster inherits all of last year's best Wildcat players. Foster will build his first team around talented center Shon Morris.

New Iowa coach Tom Davis must find a quality point guard and a dependable center for his fast-breaking offensive style to work. Roy Marble, only a sophomore, will be the Hawkeyes' main offensive threat.

Guard Dennis Hopson will be the mainstay of first-year Ohio State coach Gary Williams. The Buckeyes, small and not very deep this season, will have to rely on their speed and quickness.

With nine returning lettermen and five promising recruits, Wisconsin could be the Big Ten's most improved team. Freshman forward Kurt Portmann could make a big splash his first year.

The best of many new players at Minnesota is forward Willie Burton. Let's hope that last year's turmoil, featuring legal, academic, medical and discipline problems, is finished. If new coach Clem Haskins can build a dependable backcourt, the Gophers could be a competitive team by season's end.

Miami of Ohio will repeat as the top team in the Mid-American Conference. Senior guard Eric Newsome will be the star player, but sophomore forward Karlton Clayborne could blossom into greatness by season's end.

New Ohio University coach Billy Hahn could have a very successful first year in Athens, because he takes over an impressive stable of young and talented players. Forward Paul Graham will be the Bobcats' main man.

The Toledo team will be stronger because of the wealth of returning experience. The front court, led by center Jeff Coil, should be among the best in the Mid-American Conference.

Kent State and Central Michigan will be the two most improved teams in their



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conference, because both squads will have most of last season's best players, plus some outstanding recruits. Center Terry Wearsch of Kent State and Central Michigan forward Dan Majerle will be among the league's best players.

Every team in the Midwestern Collegiate Conference (except last year's champion, Xavier) will be improved this season, so don't be surprised if a pre-season underdog wins it all. St. Louis seems to have the best chance because of an abundance of returning talent.

The league's dark horse will be Oral Roberts. Nigerian forward Akin Akin-Otiko and transfer Clinton Hinton could be an awesome scoring combination. Don't be surprised if as many as five returning Titan starters spend most of their time on the bench.

Notre Dame will again be one of the nation's most exciting teams if do-everything guard David Rivers recovers from injuries received in a disastrous automobile accident last summer. Graduation attrition will keep the school from contending for the national championship, but if the young front line develops, the Irish will be an excellent team by next March.

New Marquette coach Bob Dukiet (his

name rhymes with that of the school) could be a hero in Milwaukee by season's end. Much depends on whether or not David Boone can repeat his sterling performance of last season. Freshman center Roman Muller could also be a big help.

THE SOUTH

North Carolina will probably get off to a slow start, but it will be one of the nation's best teams by season's end. The Tar Heels are, as always, so loaded with talent that they are unfazed by the damaging player losses caused by graduation. Kenny Smith will be the star player this year, but Joe Wolf, who has been vastly underrated in the past, will finally get the credit he deserves, because he will be the take-charge man up front.

Despite having lost several seniors from last year's team, Georgia Tech will again be a top-20 squad if versatile guard Bruce Dalrymple lives up to expectations and an effective cast of supporting players can be developed from a group of highly touted freshman recruits. The best of the newcomers is guard Brian Oliver. Tech's schedule, as usual, will be a killer.

Duke will again be a very good team, but the absence of players who earned their diplomas last year will make it impossible for the Blue Devils to repeat last year's dream season. However, Playboy All-America guard Tommy Amaker is one of the nation's best, and freshman center Alaa Abdelnaby may make a big contribution his first year. Virginia could be the surprise team of the Atlantic Coast Conference. The unfortunate suspension of center Olden

Polynice and its resulting negative publicity may just be a big psychological boost to a team still loaded with talent. The two Kennedys, Mel and Andrew (no relation), will be the Cavaliers' leading scorers.

THE SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

- North Carolina
 - 5. North Carolina State
- Georgia Tech 6. Clemson 3. Duke Wake Forest
- 4. Virginia 8. Maryland

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

- Kentucky 6. Tennessee 7. Vanderbilt 2 Alabama 8. Georgia
- 3 Florida 4. Auburn 9. Mississippi 5. Louisiana State 10. Mississippi State

METRO CONFERENCE

- 4. Memphis State 1. Louisville Southern 5. Florida State Mississippi 6. South Carolina
- 3. Virginia Tech 7. Cincinnati

SUN BELT CONFERENCE

- Western Kentucky Jacksonville
- 3. Old Dominion
- 4. Virginia Commonwealth
- 5. South Alabama 6. Alabama-
- Birmingham **UNC Charlotte** 8. South Florida

OTHERS

- Miami 6 Davidson 2. Louisiana Tech
- New Orleans
- Marshall
- Tennessee-Chattanooga

Southwestern Louisiana 8. East Carolina

SUPERIOR SOUTHERNERS: Smith, Wolf (North Carolina); Dalrymple (Georgia Tech); Amaker (Duke); M. Kennedy (Virginia); Shackleford (North Carolina State); Grant (Clemson); Bogues (Wake Forest); Gatlin (Maryland); Bennett, Davender, Blackmon (Kentucky); McKey, Coner (Alabama); Maxwell, Moten (Florida); Ford (Auburn); Wilson (Louisiana State); White (Tennessee); Goheen (Vanderbilt); Anderson (Georgia); Smith (Mississippi); Brown (Mississippi State); Ellison, Crook (Louisville); Siler (Southern Mississippi); Lancaster (Virginia Tech); Boyd (Memphis State); Allen (Florida State); Foster (South Carolina); McClendon

nie (Virginia Commonwealth); Hodge (South Alabama); Ponder (Alabama-Birmingham); Milling (UNC Charlotte); Wallace (South Florida); Brown, Horford (Miami); Godbolt (Louisi-Tech); Grandison (New Orleans); ana (Marshall); Ivery (Tennessee-Henderson Chattanooga); (Davidson); Smith Rucker (Southwestern Louisiana); Henry (East Caro-

(Cincinnati); Johnson (Western Kentucky); Murphy (Jacksonville); Smith (Old Dominion); Stin-

Despite the loss of three of last year's starters, North Carolina State could be a powerhouse by season's end if the incoming blue-chip players live up to expectations. The best of the recruits are forward



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Mike Giomi and point guard Kenny Drummond. Sophomore center Charles Shackleford is blessed with tremendous talent and will be a consensus All-American before he graduates.

Transfer guard Michael Brown will join returnees Grayson Marshall and Larry Middleton to give Clemson a superb back-court. Depth and strength inside will be major deficiencies unless some incoming freshmen make major contributions, even though forward Horace Grant is one of the nation's best rebounders.

Tyrone "Muggsy" Bogues, a 5'3" guard, will again be Wake Forest's floor leader. Unfortunately, he won't have much help unless five incoming freshmen can make immediate major contributions.

The Maryland basketball program is in an unprecedented state of disarray. Assorted scandals, from cocaine use to charges of academic cheating, have taken their toll, and very few of last year's top players will return. It looks like a lean season in College Park.

Kentucky will, as usual, be the premier Southeastern Conference team. The Wildcat squad is, traditionally, so loaded with talent that graduation losses have little negative effect. Forward Winston Bennett will be the top scorer. Incoming guard Rex Chapman could make an immediate impact with his three-point goal shooting. He and returnees Ed Davender and James Blackmon will give the Wildcats an electrifying backcourt.

With a little luck, this could be a banner year for Alabama. The Crimson Tiders will be very quick and aggressive on defense. Last year's major problems, depth and size, will be significantly reduced by an influx of talented freshmen.

All of last year's Florida starters return, so don't be surprised if the Gators are the Southeastern Conference spoiler team. The three M boys, Ronnie Montgomery, Andrew Moten and Vernon Maxwell, will make up one of the South's most reliable backcourts. Towering freshman center Dwayne Schintzius could be an instant hero his first year.

Auburn lost only one important player, Chuck Person, to graduation, but that could be a devastating blow to the Tigers' prospects. No Auburn newcomer will make a big contribution his first year. Front-court depth and rebounding will be major weaknesses.

This could be a downer year for Louisiana State. The graduated talent can't be replaced. Two freshmen, point guard Fess Irvin and forward Wayne Sims, will make contributions; but this will be, at best, a rebuilding year in Baton Rouge.

Tennessee has one great asset—Playboy All-America guard Tony White. But although most of the other major players of last year return, the Vols' talent bank isn't very deep. The development of sophomore center Doug Roth will be important.

Vanderbilt's high academic standards are a drawback to its athletic program. The hot-shot recruits have to go to other Southeastern Conference schools, because they can't pass Vanderbilt's entrance exams. As usual, Commodore coach C. M. Newton will make the best use of

Ph.D. candidates who are merely aboveaverage players. Power forward Steve Reece will be the team leader, and center Will Perdue, a youngster with outstanding potential, could blossom into a superb player. Freshman guard Scott Draud, who can shoot the ball from the popcorn stand, will give Commodore fans a lot to cheer about his first year.

The key to Georgia's success will be finding a good point guard and some offensive punch to replace last year's top three players. Sophomore Toney Mack has explosive offensive skills and could be the team leader this season.

Both the Mississippi and the Mississippi State teams return most of last year's top players. However, the Rebels will lack a dominant center, and new Bulldog coach Richard Williams faces a major task in finding a replacement for all-purpose forward Chauncey Robinson. Flashy Eric Smith will be the Rebels' top scorer, and sophomore center Raymond Brown will be the main man under the basket at Mississippi State.

This will be a much younger Louisville team. Denny Crum, Playboy's Coach of the Year (so chosen because of the fabulous job he did last season), will benefit from a wealth of talent under the basket. Playboy All-America center Pervis Ellison will be backed up by towering newcomer Felton Spencer. Another rookie who could make a big impression is guard Craig Hawley.

Nearly everyone returns from last year's Southern Mississippi team, which played with a hot hand at season's end. With added experience and two exciting newcomers, center Roger Boyd and guard Randy Pettis, the Eagles could become an intimidating power.

Both Virginia Tech and Memphis State had heavy graduation losses, and this could be a bleak rebuilding season for both teams. The two best players on the Tech team could be incoming transfers Wally Lancaster and Russell Pierre. At Memphis State, two recruits, forward Sylvester Gray and guard Cheyenne Gibson, will make major immediate contributions.

New Florida State coach Pat Kennedy inherits most of the best players from last year's disappointing season. The backcourt, featuring guard Pee Wee Barber, will be the team's major strength.

South Carolina also has a new coach, George Felton, who takes command after an unsatisfactory year. Felton, a persuasive recruiter, will depend on sophomore forward Terry Dozier, who could be an All-American before he graduates.

This will be a lean year at Cincinnati, because four of last season's starters are missing. Guard Roger McClendon, an excellent long-distance shooter, will be the Bearcats' main man.

If the Western Kentucky team can adjust quickly to a new coaching staff headed by Murray Arnold, the Hilltoppers will be the best team in the Sun Belt



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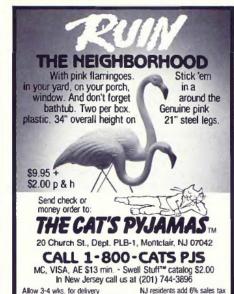


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Conference. Forward Kannard Johnson could be the best returning player in the league.

If Western Kentucky falters, Jacksonville may win all the marbles, because four returning starters are joined by six quality recruits, including two towering centers, Jason Cudd and Emmett Smith. Depth and versatility will be the Dolphins' main assets.

The Old Dominion team was nearly wiped out by graduation. There will be many new faces under the basket and depth will be a problem. Freshmen Kirk Eady and Howard Morgan will make big contributions.

Both Virginia Commonwealth and South Alabama will be much improved. Transfer John Thompson will command a lot of attention in Richmond, and recruit Junie Lewis could be the best player at South Alabama.

Coach Gene Bartow undertakes a big rebuilding project at Alabama-Birmingham. Fortunately, there is some latent talent among the inexperienced returnees, and the recruiting class is one of the nation's best.

Last season, major college basketball returned to the University of Miami for the first time since 1971, when it was discontinued there. Coach Bill Foster has done a remarkable building job in only two years, and the Hurricanes could soon become one of the country's top teams. This year's major recruiting catch is center Tito Horford, who could be Miami's dominant player his first year. His presence will allow last season's top player, Eric Brown, to move out from under the basket to a guard position. The Hurricanes' schedule, however, is very tough.

Louisiana Tech and New Orleans are also in the process of building major basketball programs. Both teams will welcome back most of last season's best players. Robert Godbolt will be the best player at Louisiana Tech. Ronnie Grandison and newcomer Ledell Eackles will be the main assets of the New Orleans team.

THE NEAR WEST

Oklahoma will again be a fast-paced and high-scoring team, and this year the bench, deeper in talent, will keep lategame exhaustion from being the big problem it was last year. Darryl Kennedy and Tim McCalister are among the best offensive players in the country, and rookie Ricky Grace will be the quality point guard the Sooners have needed for three vears.

The Kansas team will be built around Playboy All-America forward Danny Manning and super point guard Cedric Hunter. Although three of last year's starters are gone, a handful of stellar recruits will fill the openings. Rookies Sean Alvarado and Mark Randall will be immediate front-court starters.

Missouri's three returning starters will

be joined by a crop of quality newcomers. Freshman forward Nathan Buntin should be an immediate starter and, with veterans Derrick Chievous and Gary Leonard, will give the Tigers a powerhouse front

Iowa State is customarily a fastbreaking team, and this year it will be stronger defensively because of a more physical line-up. Playboy All-America forward Jeff. Grayer will repeat as the Cyclones' top scorer.

This season could be a bummer for Nebraska. Graduation took many good players, and the Cornhuskers probably won't have the depth and talent to post their 14th consecutive winning season. Forward Derrick Vick is the best of a lean crop of recruits.

New Oklahoma State coach Leonard Hamilton inherits a hodgepodge of leftover talent. Two veterans, center Alan Bannister and guard Melvin Gilliam, will have to carry most of the load while seven freshmen and two transfers sharpen their

Kansas State and Colorado also have

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

1. Oklahoma Nebraska 6. Oklahoma State Kansas Missouri

4. Iowa State

Kansas State 8. Colorado

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

1. Texas Christian

6. Southern Methodist 7. Arkansas

2. Texas Tech 3. Texas A & M 4. Texas

8. Baylor Rice

5. Houston

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Bradley 2. Tulsa

5. Wichita State 6. Indiana State

3. Illinois State 4. Drake

7. Southern Illinois 8. Creighton

BEST OF THE NEAR WEST: Kennedy, McCalister Manning, Hunter (Kansas); (Oklahoma): Chievous, Hardy (Missouri); Grayer (Iowa State); Day (Nebraska); Gilliam (Oklahoma State); Bullard (Colorado); Lott, Papa (Texas Christian); Chism, Gay (Texas Tech); Crite (Texas A & M); Fairs (Texas); Winslow (Houston); Williams (Southern Methodist); Huery (Arkansas); Middleton (Baylor); Hines (Rice); Hawkins (Bradley); Moore (Tulsa); Sanders (Illinois State); Miller (Drake); Santos (Wichita State); Applewhite (Indiana State); Middleton (Southern Illinois); Evans (Creighton).

new coaches and teams with sparse talent. Forward Matt Bullard will carry most of the load at Colorado.

The Texas Christian team should be the best in school history and is a solid favorite to win the Southwest Conference championship. Returning from last year's successful season are 14 lettermen, including four starters and four veteran redshirts. The new center will be Tony Papa, who could win All-Conference honors. Carl Lott is the best point guard in school history.

Texas Tech will also be an improved team, despite the loss of three of last year's best players. Four redshirts and three incoming freshmen with impressive credentials could make the Raiders a conference-title contender. Forward Wes Lowe will be the best of the newcomers, and he and veteran Dewayne Chism will give the Raiders a powerful front court.

Texas A & M will have difficulty duplicating last year's success. Transfer John Tresvuant and returnee Winston Crite will be a superb pair of forwards, but a topgrade center is badly needed. The Aggies' defensive play will again be their strong suit.

Texas' two top players of last year have graduated, so the early season may be tough going for the Longhorns. However, several newcomers could make big contributions by season's end. The best of the rookies are guard Travis Mays and forward Russell Green. The main problem will be finding a competent center.

Houston could be the surprise team of the conference if three highly rated rookies live up to their advance billings. The Cougars' biggest recruiting coup was the signing of seven-foot Brazilian center Rolando Ferreira. An aggressive defense and a nottoo-difficult schedule will also help.

Southern Methodist will be stronger under the boards this year, because post man Reginald Muhammad, who missed last season, will be back to help the Mustangs underneath. Transfer Carlton McKinney, a dazzling outside shooter, will also be a big plus. The most obvious problem for coach Dave Bliss will be developing a quality point guard.

Arkansas fans will need a program guide to tell the players apart this season, because a flock of newcomers will be starters and many of the veterans who seemed to give up and quit toward the end of last year's dismal season will be riding the bench. Coach Nolan Richardson had a fabulously productive recruiting season, signing a lion's share of the top prospects in Arkansas and Tennessee. Rookies Ron Huery, Larry Marks and Tim Scott could be instant stars.

Although all of Baylor's players from last season return, it will still be a young team. The main weakness will be lack of size. The best news is that the dark cloud of N.C.A.A. investigation has been lifted and the players can now concentrate on the game.

Forward Greg Hines will be Rice's premier player, but he won't get a lot of help. Eleven of the 15-man Owl roster are either first- or second-year players. Wait until next season.

With three starters and ten letter winners returning, including Playboy All-America guard Hersey Hawkins, Bradley will be a slim favorite to win the Missouri Valley Conference title. The odds will be in its favor if the team can produce a skilled point guard and a dominating center.

If Bradley falters, either Tulsa or Illinois State could seize the conference. Tulsa's advantages are its few graduation losses and the skills of forward Brian Rahilly. Illinois State, with the return of five starters and two freshman redshirts, will profit from their added experience.

The Drake and Wichita State teams will also be stronger because of insignificant graduation losses. Drake will play its toughest but most attractive schedule in recent years. Forwards Sasha Radunovich (from Yugoslavia) and Gus Santos will be the dominant players at Wichita State.

Indiana State suffered last winter from excessive injuries and players who abandoned ship. The Sycamores now have a larger and taller roster. Two promising freshmen are Eddie Bird (Larry's younger brother) and Duane Ivory.

The Southern Illinois team will again be undersized but much more experienced. The team iron man will again be guard Steve Middleton, and transfer Tim

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

- 1. California 2. UCLA Arizona
- 6. Stanford 7. Oregon 8. Southern California
- Washington 9. Oregon State 10. Washington State Arizona State

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

- 1. Wyoming 2. Brigham Young
- 6. Air Force 7. Colorado State 8. San Diego State
- Texas-El Paso

3. Utah

- Hawaii
- 5. New Mexico

PACIFIC COAST ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

- Nevada-Las Vegas 6. Fresno State New Mexico State
- 7. Santa Barbara 3. San Jose State 8. Irvine 9. Utah State Pacific
- 10. Long Beach State 5. Fullerton State

WEST COAST ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

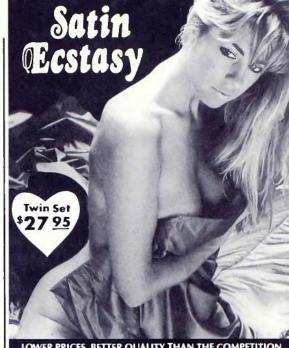
- 5. Santa Clara 1. Loyola Marymount San Francisco 6. St. Mary's
 - Pepperdine 7. Gonzaga

8. Portland 4. San Diego BEST WESTERNERS: Johnson, Butler (Califor-

nia); Miller, Richardson (UCLA); Elliott (Arizona); Welp (Washington); Beck, Thomas (Arizona State); Lichti (Stanford); Taylor (Oregon); Dowell (Southern California); Ortiz (Oregon State); Scholten (Washington State); Dembo, Leckner (Wyoming); Capener (Brigham Young); Springs (Utah); Blocker (Texas-El Paso); Scarborough (New Mexico); Lockwood (Air Force): Turcotte (Colorado State): Gilliam, Banks (Nevada-Las Vegas); Travis (New Mexico State); Berry, Owens (San Jose State); Rosario (Pacific); Webster (Fullerton State); Mitchell (Fresno State); Shaw (Santa Barbara); Brooks (Irvine); Nixon (Utah State); Purry (Long Beach State); Yoest (Loyola Marymount); McCathrion, Tention (San Francisco); White (Pepperdine); Thompson (San Diego); Weiss (Santa Clara); Robertson (St. Mary's); Haaland, McPhee (Gonzaga); Attaway (Portland).

Richardson will provide badly needed size at the center position.

Believe it or not: After several centuries, California is favored to win the Pacific Ten championship. The Golden Bears were the surprise team of the conference last



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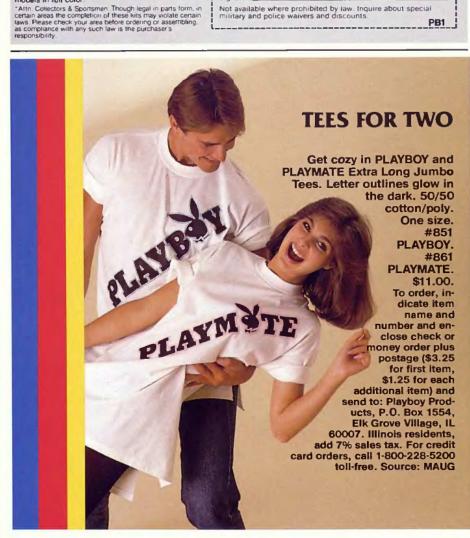
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year. With five starters returning and the finest recruiting class in memory, they will have the inside track this season. Last season's lack of backcourt depth will be remedied by two of the nation's finest incoming freshmen, Keith Smith and Bryant Walton. Kevin Johnson and David Butler (an academic All-American) will again be the Bears' two top players.

UCLA will also be a major Western power. Nine of last year's top ten players return and coach Walt Hazzard has added some promising recruits, including two 6'10"ers, Greg Foster and Kevin Walker. Best of all, floor leader Pooh Richardson is now an experienced sophomore, Forward Reggie Miller may be the finest pure shooter in the nation and will benefit greatly from the new three-point rule.

Arizona also has virtually its entire cast of players returning. Forward Sean Elliott and guard Steve Kerr will be the best of the lot, and transfer Tom Tolbert will make a major contribution. The Wildcats' biggest problem may be that they can no longer sneak up on other teams. It's easier to be the hunter than the hunted.

Washington will have its usual dominating inside game if it can find a couple of capable rookie forwards to help Playboy All-America center Christian Welp. The backcourt depth is excellent and point guard Greg Hill's sharpened skills will be a big addition.

The Arizona State team had made big strides by the end of last season, and with four returning starters and an easier schedule, the Sun Devils could be the surprise team in the Pacific Ten Conference. The backcourt, featuring guards Steve Beck, Arthur Thomas and Bobby Thompson, is deep with talent.

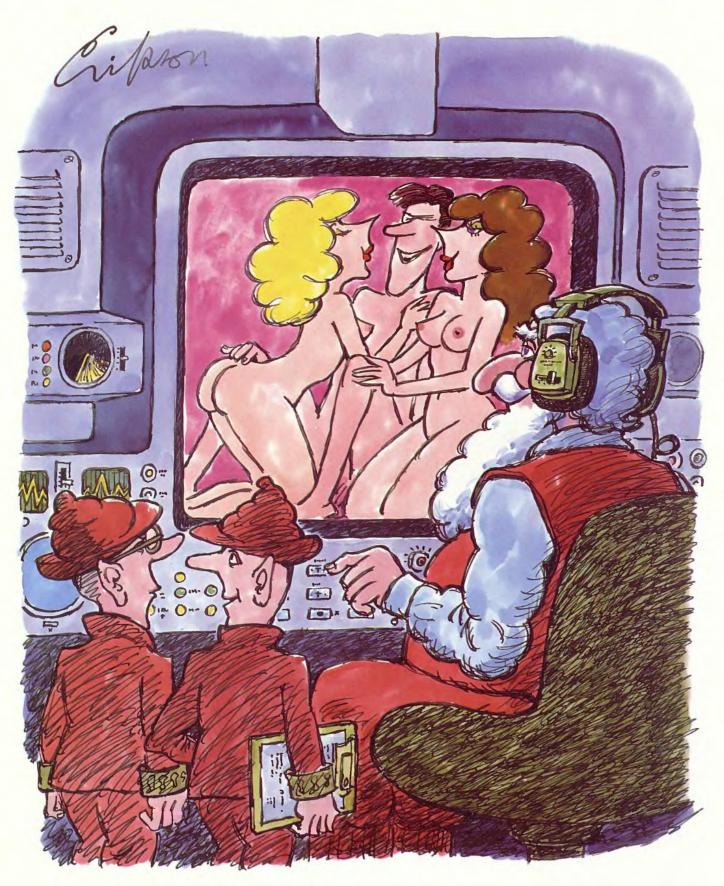
New Stanford coach Mike Montgomery will try to build a competitive team around supersoph guard Todd Lichti. The supporting cast, unfortunately, will be both thin and young.

The success of the Oregon team will depend largely on how well forward Kenny Sprague recovers from knee surgery and on the contributions of two transfers, center Sven Meyer and guard Leonard Jackson. The Ducks were a very young team last year and will benefit greatly from having played a season.

Graduation nearly wiped out the Southern California squad that finished last in the conference last season. New coach George Raveling will have to fill most of the voids with untested youngsters. Two forwards, Bob Erbst and Chris Munk, are the best of the incoming freshmen.

Oregon State also suffers from diploma depredation. Veteran center Jose Ortiz will be the anchor man, and at least three rookies could be starters, including promising forward Bill Sherwood.

The loss of superb point guard Keith Morrison will make this a lean year at Washington State. The season's most valuable player will be forward Dwayne



"It takes pretty sophisticated electronics these days to keep tabs on who's naughty or nice."

Scholten. The Cougars will have to improve their free-throw shooting—probably the worst in the country last year.

Wyoming is the favorite, by far, to win the Western Athletic Conference championship. The Cowboys started last season slowly, but as the youngsters matured, their speed and quickness overwhelmed most opponents. Almost everybody returns, including superscorer Fennis Dembo. Redshirt guard Kevin Richardson is the only newcomer with a chance to break into the starting line-up.

At Brigham Young, four of last year's starters will be joined by several talented mission returnees. The key to this year's success will be the molding of a smoothly functioning team from all the available talent. Guard Bob Capener will again be the sparkplug.

Utah will change from the outside attack of last season to an inside game. Veterans Mitch Smith and Albert Springs, plus towering freshman Paul Van Maren, will dominate play under the basket.

Texas-El Paso's graduation losses were few but critical. A host of newcomers, including prime transfers Chris Blocker and Chris Sandle, could keep the Miners in contention for the conference title.

There is no lack of talent on the New Mexico squad, but there is a big need for an effective team leader. Guard Kelvin Scarborough will probably fill that vacancy.

Lack of size is a perennial problem at Air Force. Not many seven-footers look forward to trying to fit into the cockpit of a fighter plane. The Falcons will again be a fast-breaking team, but an effective point guard must be found among the recruits.

Colorado State will have an effective backcourt, led by David Turcotte and Anthony Lee, but the inside game must be rebuilt around transfers Scott Mabey and Max Nicholson.

Graduation took the best of last year's San Diego State team, making this a very young and inexperienced crew. Forward Juan Espinoza and guard Tony Ross are the best of the newcomers.

This will also be a painful rebuilding year at Hawaii. However, big-bodied recruits Peter Martin and Bill Holcumb will help solve the Rainbows' height problem.

Nevada-Las Vegas will be the top team

in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association. The Rebels' main assets will be the shooting skills of guard Freddie Banks and the dominating power of forward Armon Gilliam. The center position will again be a question mark unless either Richard Robinson or redshirt David Willard is effective. Rookie Gerald Paddio will add a lot of scoring power.

Coach Neil McCarthy dramatically rejuvenated the inept New Mexico State basketball program last season. Now, in his second year, he will have a much more experienced squad, plus several excellent recruits. The most welcome of the new players is Derrick Hill, who will be the true center the Aggies so obviously lacked last season.

Playboy All-America Ricky Berry and teammate Reggie Owens will give San Jose State one of the best forward tandems in the country, but new manpower must be found for the backcourt and the center position. Newcomer Rodney Scott has the inside track as the team's playmaker, and sophomore Dietrich Waters, having had a year of experience, could become the needed power under the basket.

Squad depth will be Pacific's main asset and rebounding will be the most obvious weakness. Rookie forward Victor Minniefield could help solve that problem.

Center Herman Webster, an overachiever, will be the key player at Fullerton State, with help from a promising group of junior college transfers, best of whom is forward Derek Jones.

Fresno State will also benefit from excellent recruits. The most helpful will be center Rene Ebeltjes, a native of Holland.

"We have a bunch of rabbits this year," a Santa Barbara spokesman told us. The Gauchos' blazing running game will be reinforced by transfer guard Brian Shaw.

This looks like a downer year at Irvine because of graduation losses. The Anteaters' leader will be guard Scott Brooks.

Loyola Marymount will take the West Coast Athletic Conference championship unless the San Francisco reconstruction program comes to early fruition. Loyola, led by forward Mike Yoest, will be as strong as last year.

San Francisco will benefit from two bonanza recruiting years in a row. All that talent could meld into awesome power by late winter. Three San Francisco recruits, guard Keith Jackson, forward Pat Clardy and center Pat Giusti, could start.

Pepperdine, last year's conference champion, suffered diploma depletion, but forward Eric White, center Levy Middlebrooks and newcomer Dexter Howard will form an excellent front court for the Wayes.

Heralded freshman guard Osei Appiah will dominate at Santa Clara.

St. Mary's, with no graduation losses, will be much improved and could be the surprise team of the conference.



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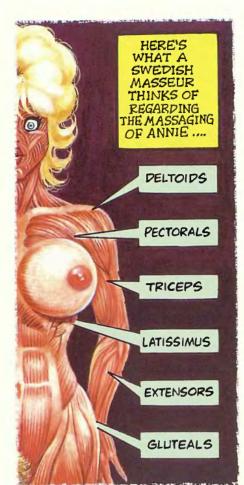
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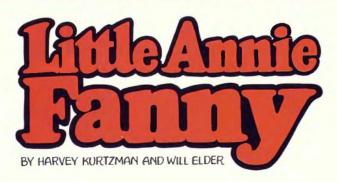
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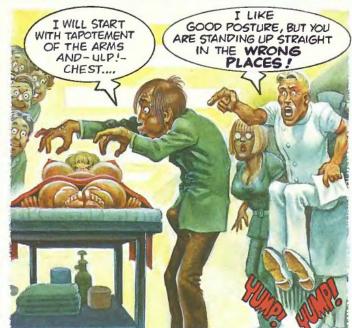


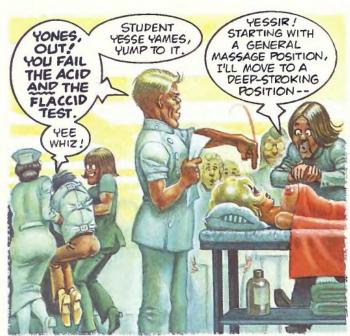


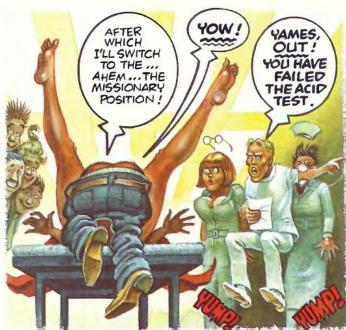












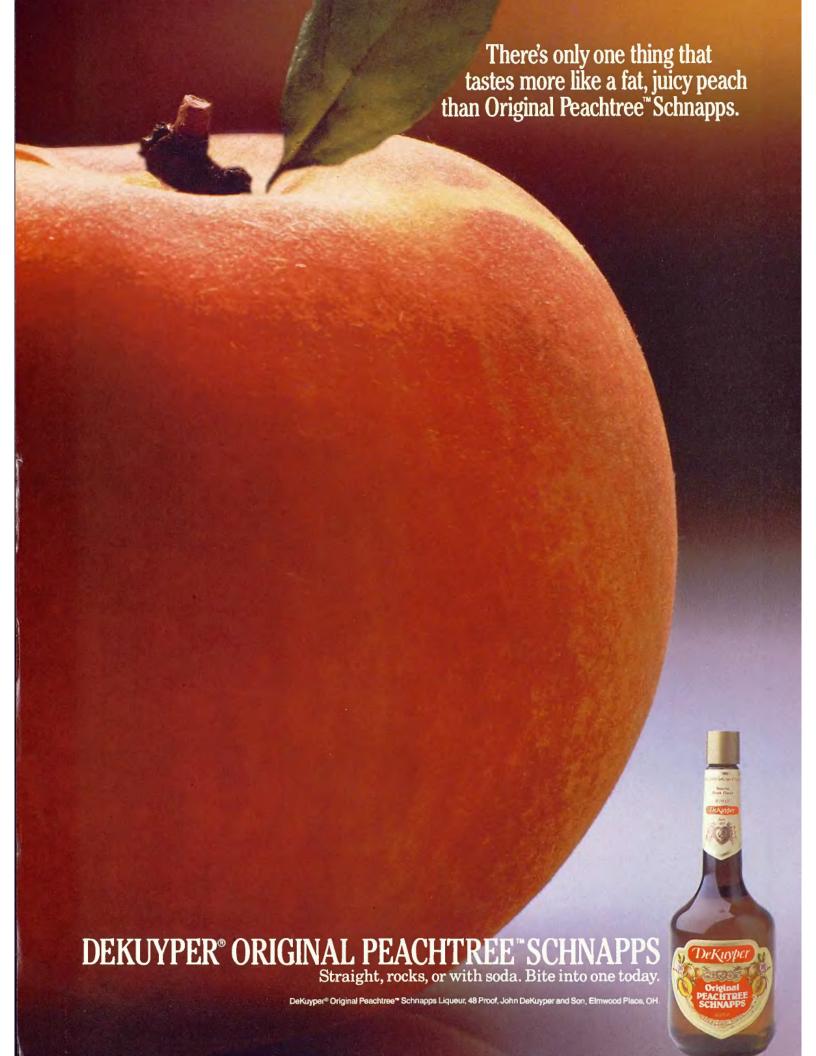














GEAR

he world's first pocket-sized cellular phone" is how Walker Telecommunications Corporation of Hauppauge, New York, describes its 15-ounce pocket phone. And with measurements of only 7½" x 2½" x 1½" (that's about half the size of other portable cellular phones), we'd say that Walker's new pint-sized product will be a ringing

success. Furthermore, the pocket phone is available with an optional car mount; powered by rechargeable batteries, the unit can work while you're in your wheels and then stay with you for the rest of the day. And a handy readout of information on a dot-matrix display lets you know both the strength of the signal and the battery strength. More cellular power to you, fella.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Kiss your little black book goodbye, Bunky; users of the Walker Pocket Cellular Telephone can scroll through the unit's memory, which stores up to 99 telephone numbers and the names that go with them. The price for the pocket phone is about \$3000, and Walker's Mobile Communications Division at 200 Oser Avenue, Hauppauge, New York 11788, has all the information. Or dial 516-435-0490 if you're too busy to write.

TOILETRIES

hen you're shopping for a new whiff to splash on, the current profusion of colognes for men can really put you off the scent. So we've selected a random sampling of designer colognes, figuring that if the likes of Ralph Lauren, Pierre Cardin, Calvin Klein, Oscar de la Renta and others are willing to give them their

olfactory stamp of approval, the products must be up to sniff. Each has a citrus top note that evaporates to reveal the cologne's distinctive characteristics. The base-note finale blends fragrance with body chemistry to create an aromatic aura that ought to leave the ladies saying, "Boy, does that guy smell good." If it does, call it the sweet smell of success.



Below, left to right: Geoffrey Beene's Grey Flannel blends woodsy mosses, musky amber and lime with herbal overtones, \$27 for 4 ozs. Monogram Cologne, by Ralph Lauren, combines citrus, spices and rich wood scents, \$21 for 1.8 ozs. 8ill Blass's 100 Strength Cologne has a bold scent with plenty of bite, \$25 for 4 ozs. The distinctively packaged Pierre Cardin Man's Musk is a contemporary, masculine scent

with a hint of lavender, about \$15 for 2 ozs. Obsession for Men, by Calvin Klein, has a warm amber base that creates a potent and seductive scent, \$35 for 4 ozs. Oscar de la Renta Pour Lui Eau de Toilette blends more than 150 ingredients; its base notes are a rich hint of sandalwood and vetiver, \$35 for 4 ozs. Last, Armani Eau Pour Homme Eau de Toilette is a balanced cologne for all-day wear, \$20 for 1.7 ozs.

RICHARD IZUI



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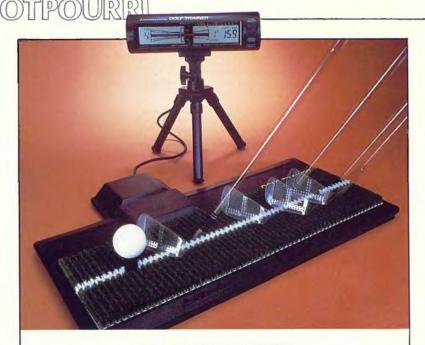
Sparkman & Stephens, the company that has designed eight out of the past ten America's Cup winners, has just created The Sailor's Game, and it's every bit as exciting and fun as those famous yachts. The glossy board is a chart of the globe, and players move pewter models of S & S's famous yachts across the Southern Ocean, following the path of right and wrong answers to more than 2000 questions. The price: \$40, sent to The Sailor's Game, Box 20382, Cherokee Station, New York 10028. You be Dennis Connor.



JANUARY SNOW JOB

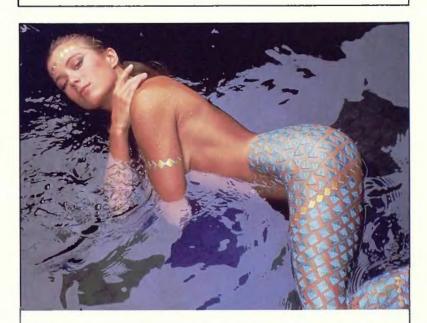
Snow bunnies who have an upcoming social calendar that's a sea of white should plan to spend January ninth on the slopes, as that's when the National Ski Areas Association/Ski Industries America is sponsoring a free National Learn to Ski Day. First-timers will receive a free lesson, rental equipment and access to beginners' slopes. (Call 1-800-238-2300 for more information.) An inexpensive follow-up program continues through February eighth. Head for the hills!





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CARRIE ON!

Carrie Leigh, the lovely first lady of Playboy Mansion West, is life-size in Hef's world every day (lucky him)—and now she can become a part of yours, too, as she has recently posed for the 26" x 74" poster pictured above. Sonoma Portal, 605 Broadway, Sonoma, California 95476, is offering it for \$11, postpaid—or you can find lovely Carrie hanging about your friendly neighborhood poster shop. (Don't you wish!) Carrie will be appearing again in our February issue. Better check it out!

LOPE ON DOWN THE ROAD

Taking to the jogging paths of America in leaps and bounds are Exerlopers, a new type of running footwear that's said to give the wearer "four times the workout of conventional running, while eliminating the bone-jarring shock of jogging." For \$159, postpaid, you get a pair of high-density molded boots with comfortable padded lining, to which are affixed leafcoil spring assemblies. (You can stand up in them, as Playboy Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen demonstrated, much to the amusement of the staff.) Biosig Instruments, Inc., P.O. Box 860, Champlain, New York 12919, is where to order them. Hop to it,



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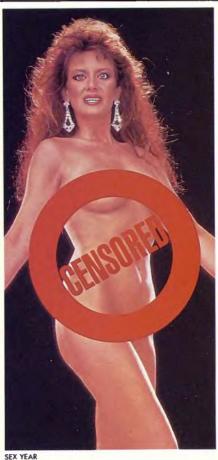


NEXT MONTH









"COCAINE AND COLLEGE BASKETBALL"-IN THE WAKE OF LEN BIAS' DEATH, THE AUTHOR OF SNOW-BLIND TAKES A HARD LOOK AT THE DANGEROUS MIX OF DRUGS, PRESSURE AND PROFIT IN AMERICA, THE WORLD'S FIRST SOCIETY TO MAKE HIGHER EDUCA-TION SUBSERVIENT TO SPORTS-BY ROBERT SABBAG PLUS: "THE VIEW FROM COURTSIDE"-A NOTED COL-UMNIST ASKS BIG-TIME COLLEGE BASKETBALL COACHES, AMONG THEM LOUISVILLE'S DENNY CRUM AND DUKE'S MIKE KRZYZEWSKI, WHAT (IF ANYTHING) CAN BE DONE TO REMOVE COCAINE FROM THE SPORT-BY THOMAS BOSWELL

"THE MAFIA PRINCESS"-HER LIFE STORY BECAME A BEST-SELLING BOOK AND A TV MOVIE. NOW **ANTOINETTE GIANCANA REVEALS EVEN MORE**

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"FLIGHT PAY"-HOW TO GET MAXIMUM MILEAGE FROM FREQUENT-FLIER PROGRAMS, BY THE EDITOR AND THE PUBLISHER OF THE BUSINESS FLYER, JANE COSTELLO AND JOHN HOLLAND

"INTERMISSION"-WITH ENOUGH IMAGINATION, A GIRL CAN BECOME KATHLEEN TURNER, DOROTHY LAMOUR AND PATTY HEARST IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO GO TO THE LOBBY FOR POPCORN. AN INVENTIVE YARN BY ROBERT COOVER

"DON'T PANIC"-CONCRETE ADVICE ON HOW TO AVOID THE DISASTERS HE PREDICTS IN HIS NEW BOOK THE PANIC OF '89-BY PAUL ERDMAN

"ETERNAL LEIGH"-BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND, THE FIRST LADY OF PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

PLUS: A NOTEWORTHY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW WITH LIONEL RICHIE; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF ONE OF YOUR FAVORITE SOAP SIRENS; "BACK-COUNTRY SKI-ING," FOR ALL OF YOU WHO ARE TIRED OF STANDING IN LIFT LINES, BY JAMES R. PETERSEN; "THE YEAR IN SEX"; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

Citadel Pass. A rugged place for the Christmas spirit to start.



ALBERTA, CANADA

When my dad first brought me up here for Christmas, I didn't know what to make of it. No crowds. No shopping.

Just the snow, and the dogs, and a sense of peace so profound I could feel it months afterward.

When I was older, my dad introduced me to Windsor Canadian. They make it nearby.

I don't think they could make it anywhere else. They'd never match the glacier water, Alberta rye, or the mountain air—the things that make Windsor Canada's smoothest whisky.

It's the smoothness that always brings back memories of this place. When he's older, I want my son to have memories like that.

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