

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1987 • \$3.50

The Women of TV's "Casanova"
A Steamy Private Screening

- Death at Dawn: How CBS Killed Its Morning News
- Jeans Too Sexy for Ads
- Rae Dawn Chong Tells What's Hot (and What's Not)
- Greed and Grit on Wall Street: An Exclusive Interview with Louis Rukeyser



If you smoke...

Here's the latest comparative information for smokers who want lower tar & nicotine.

Because times and tastes change, and because of claims and counter-claims, we, the makers of CARLTON, present these few facts to you:

In 1964, CARLTON first recognized the desire of some smokers to know the tar and nicotine content of the cigarettes they were smoking. CARLTON became the first brand to put these figures right on the pack. During the next 20 years CARLTON introduced a whole range of products, including the lowest in tar of all brands, the lowest menthol, and the lowest 120's.

In the last 21 reports issued by the U.S. Government, no cigarette has tested lower than CARLTON. In the latest such report, CARLTON Box King was reported as less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine.

As you read through this statement, from CARLTON, you will see how CARLTON compares to other low tar products. For example:

And if you're a Merit smoker, it might interest you to know that Merit 100's have 10 mg. tar, 0.7 mg. nic vs CARLTON Box 100's at 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic. And the comparisons continue.

Our point is simply this. If you are interested in the tar content of your cigarette, you should compare the tar content of your cigarette vs CARLTON. If you are interested in the lowest...



**Carlton
100's Box**
1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.



**Merit
100's**
10 mg. tar
0.7 mg. nic.

**LATEST
U.S. GOV'T
REPORT
CONFIRMS:**

no brand lower than Carlton
Box King—less than 0.5
mg. tar 0.05 mg. nic.

**CARLTON
IS LOWEST**

Box King—lowest of all
brands—less than
0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.





**Carlton
100's Box**
1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.



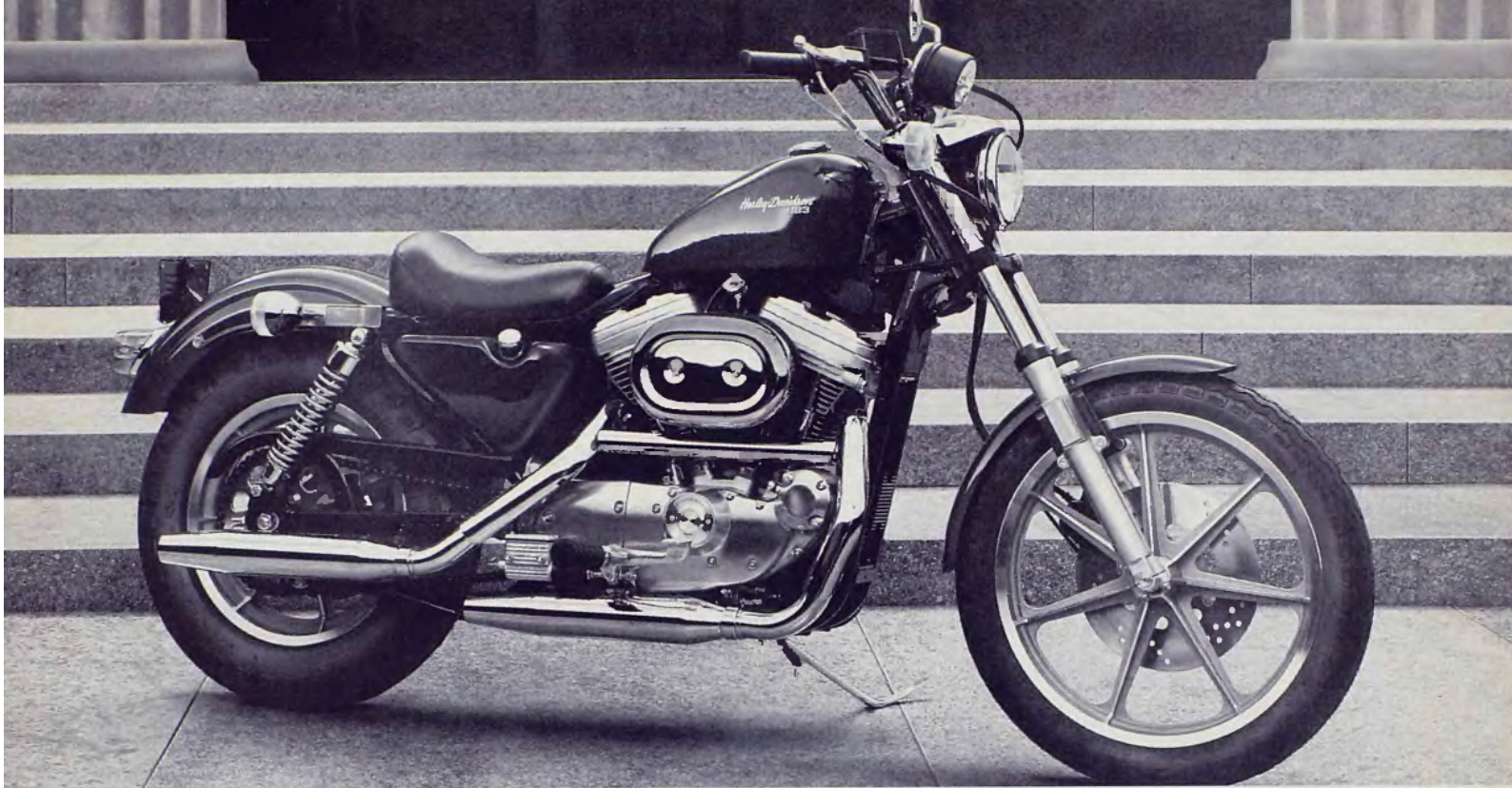
**Vantage
100's**
9 mg. tar
0.7 mg. nic.

BRANDS	TAR	NIC.
CARLTON 100's Box	1 mg.	0.1 mg.
Carlton King	1 mg.	0.1 mg.
Now 100's	3 mg.	0.3 mg.
Kent III 100's	4 mg.	0.4 mg.
Benson & Hedges Ultra Lights	5 mg.	0.4 mg.
True King Size	5 mg.	0.4 mg.
Merit King Size	8 mg.	0.5 mg.
Camel Lights	8 mg.	0.7 mg.
Kent Golden Lights	9 mg.	0.8 mg.
Vantage Kings	10 mg.	0.7 mg.
Marlboro Lights	10 mg.	0.7 mg.
Marlboro Lights 100's	10 mg.	0.7 mg.
Benson & Hedges 100's	16 mg.	1.0 mg.
Winston Kings	16 mg.	1.1 mg.

...There's a Carlton for you. Carlton Box King (less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic); Carlton 100's Box, 100's menthol Box and menthol King (less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic); Carlton King Soft Pack (1 mg. tar, 0.2 mg. nic); Carlton 100's Soft Pack and 100's menthol Soft Pack (5 mg. tar, 0.5 mg. nic); Carlton Slims and Slims menthol (6 mg. tar, 0.6 mg. nic); Carlton 120's and 120's menthol (7 mg. tar, 0.7 mg. nic).

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Box and 100's Box Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine;
Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;
100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine;
120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.
Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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Harley-Davidson® motorcycles have always held their value. First, because the people who build Harleys ride motorcycles. They know from experience what works and what doesn't. Second, because into every Harley-Davidson we pour more steel, more handwork, more attention to detail, and something you can't get from any other motorcycle—more pride.

If that's not enough to convince you, here's something else only Harley-Davidson can offer:

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Buy a new Harley Sportster® 883 at a participating dealer before July 31, 1987, and Harley-Davidson will guarantee you \$3995 if, within two years of the purchase date, you trade up† to a new FX or FL model Harley.*

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machine that is pure American styling.

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Declare your independence.

See the new Harleys at your nearby dealer, and ask about the 883 Ride Free Guarantee†

You'll discover it's not what you put into a Harley-Davidson. It's what you get out of it: Liberty, fraternity, equity. See your participating dealer for complete rules and details.

*\$3995 Sportster 883 available in vivid black only. Other colors slightly higher. Manufacturer's suggested retail price, excluding taxes, title and registration fees, destination charges and dealer prep (if any).

†Trade-in must be in average condition and good working order, as explained in the rules. Your participating dealer is an equal contributor to this trade-up offer and his participation may affect final consumer cost.



THINGS ARE DIFFERENT ON A HARLEY.®



This season, Jack Frost will be nipping at your navel.

THE PEACHTREE FROSTY NAVEL

The Peachtree Fuzzy Navel has just undergone a delightful change of season. We call it the Frosty Navel.

Simply blend 1 1/4 oz. DeKuyper® Original Peachtree™ Schnapps, 1 oz. orange juice and 2 oz. ice cream or Half & Half® with some crushed ice. Serve in a champagne glass.

And enjoy a special kind of spirit this season.

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PLAYBILL

LIFE AT PLAYBOY can be rough. After long days of offering the best writers in the country high fees for their great fiction and nonfiction, and then facing up to our responsibility to review hundreds of seductive photographs of beautiful young women, we editors can get pretty worn out. As we fight the unceasing battle, it does us good to read about journalists who have suffered similar trials (well, not *exactly*) and lived to tell the tales.

Two examples spring to mind. First up, there's **Peter McCabe**, who left magazine publishing for the redeye world of the *CBS Morning News*. Arbor House will soon publish his full account of the ordeal in *Bad News at Black Rock—The Sellout of CBS News*, but we invite you to sneak an early peek. In this exclusive excerpt (illustrated by **Robert Risko**), McCabe uses his front-row-at-a-train-wreck perspective as a producer of the show to recount such mishaps as co-host **Phyllis George's** suggestion that convicted rapist **Gary Dotson** and his recanting victim, **Cathleen Crowell Webb**, hug each other on national TV.

Also improving office morale is **Fred Reed**, who battled a landmark assemblage of goons while laboring in the editorial trenches of the mercenary rag *Soldier of Fortune*. In *Playing Soldier*, Reed introduces us to the magazine's yahoo in chief, **Bob Brown**, and to the *Soldier of Fortune* readers themselves, who may have more in common with Dumbo than with Rambo.

Such media struggles make the hard life at PLAYBOY a bit easier to take. After all, our readers are sophisticated men and women, and the only hugs recommended around here are those approved by the Playboy Advisor. Things could be worse.

We could work for an overnight-air-express company, for instance. In *They Fight by Night*, illustrated by **Anita Kunz**, author **J. Max Robins** takes us over roughly 50,000 miles of bumpy research flights across the land of "When it absolutely, positively has to be there overnight." Getting back down to earth, our first fiction offering—*Intentional Pass*—listens in on lunchtime talk between lawyers who were once in love. **George V. Higgins**, a frequent contributor to PLAYBOY, wrote this tale of unresolved desires, and **Dennis Mukai** did the accompanying artwork.

A different conversation is featured in **Warren Kalbacher's** *Playboy Interview* with stock-market maven **Louis Rukeyser**. The witty host of *Wall Street Week* slams inside traders and skewers slow-witted institutional investors. As a special *Interview* side-light for those who are mindful of the upcoming tax deadline, we grill the co-author of the new tax law, Democratic Representative and 1988 Presidential candidate **Richard A. Gephardt**. And as you watch your earnings drain away, you may wish to consider **Andrew Tobias's** interesting proposition in *Quarterly Reports: Real Deals*. He spots you \$25,000 and offers the chance to invest in (1) a play about four dead nuns, (2) farmland or (3) apartments and motels. Which investment is best? The answer may surprise you.

While you're studying facts and figures, visit with brainy, beautiful **Rae Dawn Chong**, who kicked off her career with a memorable PLAYBOY pictorial in May 1982. Now an accomplished film actress (*The Color Purple* is among her many credits), Chong here answers Contributing Editor **David Rensin's** 20 Questions.

Playing 20 pictures in this issue is Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**, who shot a collection of beauties in and out of their Calvins for *Jean Dreams* and also traveled to Spain to photograph **Richard Chamberlain** and the women of his ABC-TV movie *Casanova*. The program was filmed once for American TV, with female flesh under wraps, and again for the racier European networks, with breasts a-poppin'. We deplore cover-ups and offer Fegley's pictorial as a public service.

Rounding out the highlights are our peripatetic Playmate, **Anna Clark**; part one of Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne's** look at spring and summer fashion; *Playboy Music '87*; and one more thing—what was it? Something from the fiction department. Oh, yes, now we remember: **Michael Lubow's** *The Little Blue Pill*, which takes a skewed view of a miracle—um, memory—pill. We hope your month takes a few memorable turns as well.



MC CABB



RISKO



REED



ROBINS



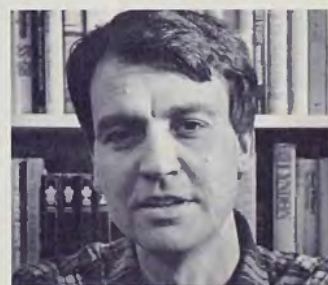
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Foltène[®], Europe's answer to thinning hair

For fuller, thicker, healthier looking hair

Facts about thinning hair.

Beyond the age of 25, our bodies tend to lose the vibrance and vitality they had in youth. And so does our hair. Fewer hairs are produced, and they tend to be weaker. One major reason is that the microcirculation to our hair follicles slows like our circulation elsewhere. Once starved of the nutrients circulation brings, activity within the hair follicle slows down. The hair begins to lose sheen, manageability and strength.

Another natural symptom of maturity is that the body may produce fewer natural hair conditioners. Hair becomes thinner in diameter, weaker and more susceptible to breakage.



You are not alone.

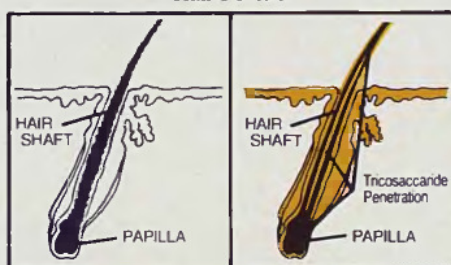
Thinning and weak hair is a problem for men and women all over the world. Nearly 43% of all men have thinning hair and by 50 years of age, 25% of all women start experiencing hair thinning. Unfortunately, no product available to date has been proven to cure baldness or restore lost hair.

Some encouraging news from research

Recently, heart research scientists, both in Europe and America, noticed that special compounds they were testing had

a beneficial side effect. When used in topical hair treatments, condition of thinning hair significantly improved. The researchers then mixed a number of these biological extracts together to create a compound called Tricosaccaride[®] which is the basis for Foltene[®].

Hair Follicle



Before
Foltene Treatment

After
Foltene Treatment

When massaged into the scalp, the Foltene double action system actually penetrates both the hair shaft and the hair follicle, strengthening each hair shaft and rejuvenating the follicle. Although no product has been proven to stop baldness or restore lost hair, Foltene treatment can provide fuller, thicker, healthier looking hair and better manageability with improved shine and hair strength.

How to get Foltene.

Foltene Treatment for Thinning Hair will soon be available at selected department stores and better hair styling salons. Or you can order directly from Foltene by calling toll free 1-800-847-4438. (In Minnesota, call 1-800-742-5685.) Each package of 10, 7 ml ampules costs \$45.00 plus \$3.50 postage and handling. For the initial attack phase, two packages are recommended.



PLAYBOY®

vol. 34, no. 4—april 1987

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	15
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS 28
MEN	ASA BABER 30
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL 32
AGAINST THE WIND	CRAIG VETTER 33
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	37
DEAR PLAYMATES	39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	41
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LOUIS RUKEYSER—candid conversation	51
CONGRESSMAN RICHARD A. GEPHARDT—quick conversation	58
THE SELLOUT OF CBS NEWS—article	PETER MCCABE 64
JEAN DREAMS—pictorial	68
THEY FIGHT BY NIGHT—article	J. MAX ROBINS 78
DRESS TO IMPRESS—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE 80
INTENTIONAL PASS—fiction	GEORGE V. HIGGINS 88
PLAYING SOLDIER—article	FRED REED 90
NIGHT MOVES—modern living	GARY WITZENBURG 92
ADVENTUROUS ANNA—playboy's playmate of the month	94
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	106
THE LITTLE BLUE PILL—fiction	MICHAEL LUBOW 108
TIN-CAN GALLEY—food	HERBERT B. LIVESEY 110
PLAYBOY MUSIC '87—survey	112
QUARTERLY REPORTS: REAL DEALS—article	ANDREW TOBIAS 120
HERE COMES CASANOVA—pictorial	122
20 QUESTIONS: RAE DAWN CHONG	132
FAST FORWARD	136
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	171



Casanova's Companions P. 122



Fighting Fly Boys P. 78



April's Anna P. 94



Street Smarts P. 92



COVER STORY Miss August 1986, Ava Fabian, fills out the contours of a deco jacket to perfection. Our thanks to Art Director Tom Staebler for the design, to Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda for the photo, to Pat Tomlinson for make-up and to Perry/Hollister for styling; her hair is by John Victor. Ava's getting easier to see, too; she will appear in Universal's movie *Dragnet* 1987.

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LOVING LEE

What a way to start the new year! Luann Lee (PLAYBOY, January) is, without a doubt, the most gorgeous Playmate ever. I tip my hat to Stephen Wayda for a splendid job of photography. Luann certainly has the inside track for 1988 Playmate of the Year.

Jim Steel
Portland, Oregon

NOT-SO-PLAIN JANE

Back in 1980, my then girlfriend talked me into taking her to see the film *Some-where in Time* because she had a thing for Christopher Reeve. I anticipated a dull evening, but was I ever wrong! I was absolutely mesmerized by the exquisite Jane Seymour. During the years since then, many girlfriends have come and gone, but Jane has remained firmly entrenched as my number-one fantasy. For six long years I have waited with diminishing patience for PLAYBOY to recognize this extraordinary woman with a pictorial. Now, at last, you've done it. Thank you, PLAYBOY and Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley, for a true work of art (*Jane Seymour, Enchantress*, PLAYBOY, January). I have only one question for you: What took you so long?

Dennis E. Dziadowicz
Vernon, Connecticut

I find the photographs of Jane Seymour in your January issue totally inadequate. Your initial portrait, which appears on page 138, should be a harbinger of things to come. Instead, you serve the dessert before the appetizer, without a main course in between. Less flattering photos of her have appeared in other, less seemingly publications; the release of further images in the style of your Joan Collins, Sonia Braga, Pamela Bellwood and Maud Adams pictorials would make said tawdry outtakes obsolete and unappealing to all but the most tasteless of men and women.

May I suggest that you bring this matter to Miss Seymour's attention immedi-

ately so that we, the public, may be graced with her *total* loveliness without delay?

Walter Emil Teague III
Attorney at Law
Fountain Valley, California

I loved the pictorial on Jane Seymour, especially those romantic costumes by Emanuel. Are they available commercially?

Rita Galworthy
Dallas, Texas



Indeed, they are—at David and Elizabeth Emanuel's Emanuel Shop, 10 Beauchamp Place, London S.W. 1. Here's one you haven't seen before.

JOHNSON WAXED

Thanks for the look at the man behind the glamor-cop image, Don Johnson (*Playboy Interview*, January). Johnson obviously takes himself very seriously with his rap about drug education and deglamorization. If he expects other people to listen, then he must educate himself first. His statement "Remember they said pot leads to other things" was his rationale for getting into hard drugs. Here we are back to the *Reefer Madness* days; the evidence shows that most drug abusers



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begin with beer, not pot. *Miami Vice* looks good; too bad Johnson is so naïve that he believes that going to dinner with the Reagans will help prevent drug abuse.

Jack Miller
Dana Point, California

If January's interview with Don Johnson had been a book, I would have stayed up all night reading! It was fascinating, almost titillating, to get the real low-down on this sexy man. Don's next logical step is to go for an autobiography. Believe me, it'll sell, babe, it'll sell!

Audrey K. Kerzner
Long Beach, New York

RANDY DANDY

It was a pleasure to read Randy Newman's fine thoughts on fatherhood and nine-to-fivers (*Randy Newman's Guide to Life*, *PLAYBOY*, January), especially in an issue that lionized a no-talent such as Don Johnson. Thanks, Randy, for recognizing the real heroes.

Chris Erskine, Jr.
New Orleans, Louisiana

SKIRTING THE ISSUE

I am of Spanish descent. This is why I take a very strong exception to Bob Boze Bell's depiction of the Spanish Santa (*Christmas 1986*, *PLAYBOY*, December) as a transvestite. To my knowledge, neither Spain nor Mexico is reputed to be a center of transvestism. Bell's other Santas (Egyptian, Greek and Hopi) are humorous in that they play on traits for which those peoples have been known: Egyptians for their river dependency and haughtiness; Greeks for their Olympian attitudes and cuisine; and Hopis for their mode of travel and snake dance. The Spanish depiction, however, is purely insulting. I feel *PLAYBOY* owes the Spanish world an apology.

James Logan Diez
Lovelady, Texas

Bell's reply:

I am sorry you feel that I offended only Spanish people. My intent was to offend the Neanderthals, Egyptians, Greeks, Hopis and Spanish equally—for, as I have long maintained, you can offend some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but it is my dream to do both.

CARR CONQUERS CARRIER

This past November, the aircraft carrier Enterprise celebrated her 25th anniversary of commissioned service. As planners for the celebration party, we hoped to get various celebrities to make video appearances and wish the ship a happy birthday. The notion of asking Miss December, Laurie Carr, to extend her wishes to our *grande dame* led us to Bill Farley of your Los Angeles office. His enthusiasm and quick response made our project easier to accomplish and helped assure its resounding success. Miss Carr, besides being beautiful and talented, is very warm and

friendly and an ideal spokeswoman for PLAYBOY. She and Farley proved once again that PLAYBOY has been and always will be a friend of the Services. In a day when it seems that people write only to complain, we wanted to say, "Thanks, PLAYBOY." You've got some pretty terrific people working for you, and we wanted to make sure you knew it. Keep up the good work.

Lt. Comdr. Dan Rippling, U.S.N.

Lt. Fred Eliot, U.S.N.

U.S.S. Enterprise, CVN-65

FPO San Francisco, California

POWER PLAY

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Dale L. Gayken

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cover of PLAYBOY. Seems very apropos since we are both in the business of turning people on. More power to you.

Dale Gayken
Eustis, Florida

STUPID-EDITOR TRICK

I would like to correct what I felt was a major misquoting of me in your *Fast Forward* column in January. What I *said* was that I enjoyed "barging into people's lives and screwing *around* with them," meaning "joking around with them." What I was quoted as saying was that I like to "screw them around," which I guess implies that I like to do what I can to make other people's lives a living hell. Which, of course, is *not* what I meant, a fact of which I believe the representative of PLAYBOY who screwed *me* around was well aware. I'm pissed off (and embarrassed).

Merrill Markoe
Malibu, California

Sorry about the misquote, Merrill. Don't blame interviewer Eric Estrin, though; the transposition occurred in the editing process. In other words, we screwed up.

BELIEVE OR NOT

James Baldwin's January article *To Crush the Serpent* stands as one of the finest pieces ever to appear in PLAYBOY about religion. As a former theist, I related to it quite strongly.

Religion should help you lead a better life, not control it. It should help you think better, not do your thinking for you. It appears to me that a modern philosophy based on reason, productive achievement and high self-esteem is preferable to one based on the beliefs of spirits.

Roberto Santiago
New York, New York
(concluded overleaf)

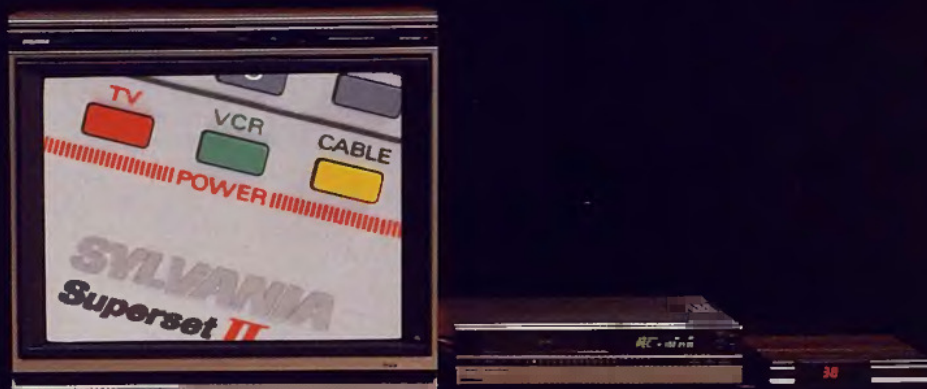
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While we're on the subject of VCR's, we suggest you look at the Sylvania SuperTech, which we think is superior. The SuperTech has all the recording and playback features you need... and it's backed by Sylvania's exclusive three-year limited warranty on video heads.

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WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR

I, along with other students of Hobart College who read your article *Top 40 Party Colleges* (PLAYBOY, January), take personal offense at your incorrect survey. Hobart College wasn't mentioned once, which came as a shock.

John W. Lane
Hobart College
Geneva, New York

The majority of the student body at the University of California at Santa Barbara realizes that everyone occasionally makes a mistake of great magnitude. That is why we are willing to forgive Wayne Duvall's overlooking UCSB as one of the top 40 party colleges. Duvall gives San Diego State University credit for being "the place that made the beach party legendary." Unfortunately, SDSU's beach is at least a 20-to-30-minute drive away. Our campus is located on the beach.

Kevin A. Song
Representative, Fifth Floor
San Miguel West Dormitory
Santa Barbara, California

Brown University? Come on, now, really? Whatever happened to Colgate?

Alan Shirakawa
Colgate University
Hamilton, New York

You overlooked a major contender, Boston College. We have rivers of alcoholic beverages and oceans of rich and/or beautiful women.

Daniel F. DeFabio
Boston College
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

I was surprised that the University of Missouri at Columbia was not included.

Chris Lyon
University of Missouri
Columbia, Missouri

You must have bypassed southern New Hampshire during your recent poll.

Mike Byrne
Keene State College
Keene, New Hampshire

I am a junior at California State University, Chico. Thanks for nothing. The last thing in the world we need around here is more publicity about what a great party school Chico State is. It might interest you to know that two people were killed during one of our "world-class" Pioneer Day celebrations. If your so-called reporter Wayne Duvall had bothered to set foot on campus, he might have known that, along with a few other unpleasant facts about America's number-one party school. I'm involved with this place because I can't afford Harvard or Yale. What's your excuse?

Rudy Minger
Chico, California





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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SUFFER FOOLS GLADLY

Planning on playing a few April Fools' Day jokes? Here are ten favorites designed especially with that significant other in mind. They come from contributors Parker Bennett and Terry Runté, who, last time we checked, were both single. Somehow, we're not surprised.

1. Buy her the A.P.T.—Always Pregnant Test. It turns vivid violet every time!
2. Donate his/her wardrobe to Goodwill.
3. Place his/her name on the Church of Scientology mailing list.
4. Report his/her credit cards stolen.
5. Have an Ed McMahon look-alike show up at the door to hand over a check for \$10,000,000.
6. Buy a Whoopi Goldberg cushion—it makes the same sound as a regular whoopee cushion but receives critical acclaim for it.
7. Remove all the marshmallow bits from his/her Lucky Charms.
8. Replace ten-pound dumbbells with duplicates made of osmium, the densest element known to man.
9. Replace her daily multiple vitamins with testosterone.
10. Glue sandpaper to the inside of his/her favorite record sleeves.

FACTOID OF THE MONTH

The only two U.S. Congressmen ever elected as Socialists were both killed in traffic while crossing the street.

A recent survey of 2000 kids and their parents showed that given a choice of celebrity dolls, most of the kids would prefer to have a Vanna White. Their folks thought the kids should get Charlton Heston dolls. Soviet dissident Andrei Sakharov was the big loser once again.

SEX CHARGED

A gynecologist has invented a birth-control device that he says kills sperm by electrocuting them inside the female. The device, developed by Dr. Steven Kaali of the Women's Medical Pavilion in Dobbs

Ferry, New York, uses a quarter-inch battery that is inserted into the cervix or attached to a diaphragm. The battery creates a 3.3-volt electrical field in the cervical mucus and destroys the sperm, with no discomfort for the female. Thus far, of course, the device has been tested only on baboons.

PRESS RELEASE OF THE MONTH

From Rhino Records, this fine piece of flackery heralds the release of "Boots: Nancy Sinatra's Greatest Hits." We reproduce it verbatim.

"She's back!!! For the first time in 15 years, Nancy is gonna walk all over you. . . . NANCY has had 21 chart hits! including two Number Ones, *Boots & Somethin' Stupid* (with her Dad, Frank, who also sings).

"This beautiful package contains extensive historical annotation and features her biggest hits. Nancy was a trendsetter and go-go getter during the most exciting and influential years that rock has ever seen. A seminal '60's beauty and cutie who made pop history time and time again. . . .



The model '60's 'tough girl,' watch for an incredible girl-group resurgence in 1987. Led by NANCY. . . . Those legs, those thigh-high white go-go boots . . . that tiny little miniskirt. . . . How does that grab ya, darlin'???"

LINDA LOVELACE IS MY COPILOT

We're horrified to learn that the grisly story about a fatal crash caused by an act of fellatio is no longer just an urban myth. A recent issue of *Aviation Safety*, a staid technical journal that monitors airplane accidents, describes the late-night flight of a private plane that crashed into an escarpment near Overton, Nevada. The report concludes: "Investigators said lab tests showed the pilot's blood-alcohol level was 0.18 percent, and the level for his female passenger was 0.14 percent [and] local police reported that, as evidenced by the position of the bodies and certain injuries to the pilot, the passenger was performing an act of oral sex at the moment of impact." Aaaaargh.

ATTATURK!

It took six years in Turkish courts for Suleyman Gurerci to get a divorce. After his 21-year marriage ended, Gurerci went to a computer-dating service to find a new wife. Out of 2000 candidates, the computer selected his perfect date—Nesrin Caglasa, the woman he had just divorced. So he married her again. This time he plans to be more tolerant.

ONCE A COED. . . .

Ann-Margret, though an alum of Northwestern University, has promised to leave her body to the Harvard Medical School.

I HAVE A GUB

Attempting to rob a bank, Gerald Rodgers handed a teller a note in which he threatened to blow up the bank with a bum. The bum, said the note, would "go of whenever I won't it too, and I won't hesitate to kill anybody starting with you

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

Average number of letters received by the President of the United States in one day: 20,000.

Number of prayer calls from viewers of *The 700 Club* logged in a year: 4,000,000. In a day: more than 11,000.

Pieces of mail sent out by the Christian Broadcasting Network in one year: 26,400,000.

Amount spent on state-lottery tickets in the U.S. in one year: \$9,355,700,000.

Annual gross national product of Nicaragua: \$2,400,000,000.

Annual income per person in Nicaragua: \$720.

Public funds spent on 25,000 homeless individuals per city: in Chicago, \$2,500,000; in Houston, \$0.

Number of malls and shopping centers in North America: more than 26,000. Percentage of all retail sales that are transacted at shopping malls: 55 to 60.

Percentage of television owners who have VCRs: 38. Cities with the most VCRs per capita: Las Vegas and Reno, Nevada, where 61 percent of TV owners have them.

A few other areas in which Nevada leads all states: highest percentage of licensed drivers, 78.3; highest highway-fatality rate, 5.67 deaths per 100,000,000 miles of travel; lowest percentage of residents who told the census they'd voted in the 1980 national election, 49.3.

Percentage of people nationwide who told the census they'd voted in the 1980 election: 59.2. Percentage who actually voted in it: 51.6.



Percentage of individual tax returns not examined by the Internal Revenue Service in 1984, the most recent year for which figures are available: 98.7.

Number of injuries in one year in U.S. involving cheerleaders: 5000; involving ashtrays: 6000.

Total number of McDonald's restaurants world-wide:

9000 and climbing.

Percentage of Japanese who fear 85-year-old Emperor Hirohito: four.

Percentage of Greeks who say they don't trust Jews: 57. Percentage of Greeks who say anti-Semitism is "little or not at all widespread": 53.

Proportion of Polish cities with sewage-treatment plants: less than half. Proportion of Polish rivers too polluted to drink from: nine out of ten.

Grenada's unemployment rate prior to 1983 U.S. invasion: 14 percent. At present: about 30 percent.

Most popular kind of music among South African whites: country. Least popular: opera.

Total of people in large American cities killed by police: in 1971, 353; in 1984, 172. Ratio of blacks to whites killed by police: in 1971, seven to one; in 1978, 2.5 to one.

Percentage of black quarterbacks in the National Football League: in 1975, 3.5; in 1985, 2.9. Percentage of black running backs: in 1975, 65.2; in 1985, 86.4.

Number of blacks in the National Hockey League: four. Number of Sutter brothers in the National Hockey League: four. Total number of Sutter brothers: six.

—TOM YOUNG and PAUL ENGLEMAN

first." The note warned bank personnel against using "markt money . . . explosive rubber bands" and further directed, "And you get of out thing alive. And whenever I leave act like nothing happen or eles." Rodgers got away with \$4550—temporarily. It seems he had scribbled the note on one of his mother's checks, from which he'd cleverly scratched out her name but left her account number.

AMAZING STORY

Sylvester Stallone, who disappeared as a Jimmy Hoffa clone in the film *F.I.S.T.*, surfaced late last year as a spokesman for the Teamsters' antidrug campaign.

HEADS-UP EMPLOYEE

A United Parcel Service worker in Louisville, Kentucky, opened a leaking package marked AEROSOL to see if it actually contained volatile aerosol cans, which are not acceptable cargo. He found 12 human heads, which *are* acceptable for shipment by U.P.S. Although "upset and discomforted," the worker eventually regained his composure, repacked the heads and shipped them off to a research center in Denver.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Life isn't fair, and that's why every comic has a heckler. That's also why every comic has certain stock lines that exist just to put hecklers in their place. We sent Michael Walker out to collect put-down lines from comedy stars and up-and-comers. Here's what he heard.

"What's your name? Bob? Can I call you Dick?"

"It's hard to believe that out of 8,000,000 sperm, you were the winner."

"Listen, I don't come down to McDonald's and hassle *you* while you're working."

"You're a good example of why some animals eat their young."

"Who did your hair, a robin?"

Most of those lines are the lingua franca of comedians the world over—originators unknown.

Some, however, are the sole property of their authors.

"I remember *my* first beer."—Steve Martin.

"I tried calling you earlier, but they said you were out walking your rat."—Johnny Carson.

"What were you expecting? An Aviance night?"—Bob Goldthwait.

"If Spam could talk, I guess you're what it would sound like."—Steve B. Smith.

"Apparently, we're playing by American League rules and you're the designated asshole."—Jim Samuels.

"Nice body odor, lady. You smell like landfill."—Billy Crystal in his Buddy Young, Jr., character.

Life may not be fair, but it can be equalized.



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MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

BLONDIE was a group, and title blonde Debbie Harry all but vanished after the aggregation disintegrated five years ago. This was due partly to the long illness of her life collaborator, Chris Stein, partly to the disappointing sales of her klutzy solo album with Nile Rodgers. But with Stein (and Rodgers) chipping in and J. Geils music man Seth Justman at the controls, *Rockbird* (Geffen) skillfully updates Harry's half-moll, half-Marilyn half-parody. The lyrics are tough and sexy and slightly dizzy, the groove more lithe and professional than Blondie's pop punk, yet not so tricky that Harry trips over it. If the result could sound a mite fresher, that's mostly because Harry's competing with versions of herself—her innovations made the Bangles and Cyndi Lauper and Madonna and even Tina Turner commercial propositions. It's also because the late Seventies were Harry's heyday, and not many pop icons get more than one of those.

To prevent unprofitable confusion, the white Run-D.M.C. tells the truth at least once on *Licensed to Ill* (Def Jam): "We're the Beastie Boys, not Cheech and Chong." As for all the stuff about their guns, their girls, their dust, how they fucked the sheriff's daughter with a Wiffle-ball bat and went into your locker and broke your glasses, well, who knows? I'm not even positive they subsist on beer, ale, White Castle and Chef Boy-Ar-Dee—like Cheech and Chong, these three hard-core refugees aren't above exaggerating for effect. But they're funnier than Cheech and Chong, and not only do they have a better sense of rhythm, they have the whomping electrobeats and ripped-off power chords of hip-hop mastermind Rick Rubin leading them on. Exploiting his patently inauthentic protégés, Rubin seized his chance to go too far, and the Beasties weren't about to say no. Not since early punk has gleeful swagger been so much fun.

NELSON GEORGE

Bobby "Blue" Bland's *After All* (Malaco) is not a classic album; but then, this is not a classic period for blues. The core black audience that supported the blues, and Bland, for years has been diminished by age, while the white college students who were the heart of the late-Sixties blues revival now study municipal bonds and condo conversions for entertainment. Still, Bland, raspy voice and supple phrasing intact, continues (as one song title puts it) *Walkin' & Talkin' & Singin' the Blues*. Backed by the dedicated folks at Malaco Records and the bluesy soul producers Tommy Couch and Wolf Stephenson, *After All* is a statement of



A second chance to be wild about Harry.

New stuff from Debbie, Bobby "Blue" Bland and Little Steven.

craft, not inspiration, that pleases but doesn't excite.

Sadly, the same can be said of Doug E. Fresh's *Oh, My God* (Danya). Fresh, billed as "the original human beat box," is an exciting performer bursting with hip-hop enthusiasm. Yet the grooves and musical puns that made his *The Show* a rap anthem are repeated on cut after cut of his debut album, turning Fresh's charm into redundancy. But you've got to hear *Play This Only at Night*, a cut in which rap mates with a pretentious synthesizer arrangement that Yes would envy. It is "progressive rap," and it works.

DAVE MARSH

Little Steven Van Zandt superseded his status as a former member of the E Street Band with *Sun City* and his galvanizing presence on the final day of the Amnesty International tour. Both managed to express deep social concerns—ranging from apartheid to the incarceration of Native American activist Leonard Peltier—with music that combed rock 'n' roll, reggae and hip-hop and kept the best.

Freedom—No Compromise (Manhattan), Little Steven's third solo album, picks up where those events left off. His fusion of black American, Caribbean and African rhythms and native-American chants gains coherence because the underpinnings are red-hot guitar licks and intricate synthesizer playing that bring everything back to a common root in danceable rock.

The high-tech dance rock that results isn't inevitably successful—sometimes it's a mite mechanical and cold, and Van Zandt's singing is on the abrasive side of raucous—but at its best, it clears a space in which stories can be told.

Little Steven's last solo album, 1984's *Voice of America*, threatened to sink under the weight of its own slogans. *Freedom* offers fewer catch phrases, but it's a lot more convincing. In *Pretoria*, *Bitter Fruit* and *Sanctuary*, you feel the effects of the policies Van Zandt abhors because he creates characters who have to endure them. Opening *Pretoria*, he need say nothing more than "I was standing in Pretoria/Waiting for the sky to fall" to promise everything that Paul Simon is afraid to tackle in *Graceland*—and he delivers, too.

Van Zandt's skills as a collaborator also allow him to increase his emotional range greatly. His working with Rubén Blades makes *Bitter Fruit* the prettiest piece of music here; his working with Bruce Springsteen turns the defiance of *Native American* bittersweet, giving it Lennon-like emotional complexity. At the end, in

GUEST SHOT



TWENTY YEARS AGO, a young blues guitarist named Steve Miller signed his first contract with Capitol Records, saying, "I'm going to be making records here in 20 years." He was right. His latest Capitol release, *Living in the 20th Century*, is his 17th LP. We asked him to review "Live Alive," by another esteemed blues guitarist, Stevie Ray Vaughan.

"Guitar lovers, pay attention. Lie back and take off on a musical fantasy full of energy to burn: deep-blue endings, beautiful tone changes, thrilling vocals and amazing whang bar! I'm talking *Live Alive*, y'all, a double portion of Double Trouble with Stevie Ray Vaughan at the controls. In this double live set, Stevie puts you right on the sweet spot by playing brilliantly and innovatively. Every serious music buff should get this one. In fact, you should have his whole catalog in your library. Do yourself a favor—get it all on compact disc. It will really make your world turn around. 'Nuff said."

FAST TRACKS



ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Stanley Jordan <i>Standards Volume 1</i>	4	8	8	5	7
Bob Geldof <i>Deep in the Heart of Nowhere</i>	2	5	5	6	6
Debbie Harry <i>Rockbird</i>	7	5	6	3	6
Duran Duran <i>Notorious</i>	5	4	7	4	5
Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble <i>Live Alive</i>	8	4	7	5	8

GOOD GOLLY, A NEW MISS MOLLY DEPARTMENT: We hear that **Little Richard** has converted to Judaism. Richard credits the bedside chats he had with **Bob Dylan** after his car accident as the catalyst.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Dionne Warwick** has been cast as a madam in *Rent a Cop*, starring **Liza Minnelli** and **Burt Reynolds**. . . . When *La Bamba*, the movie bio of **Ritchie Valens**, is released this summer, it will make Hollywood history by being the first live-action film to come out in English and Spanish simultaneously. It features music by **Los Lobos** and **Santana** and stars **Brian Setzer** as **Eddie Cochran** and **Marshall Crenshaw** as **Buddy Holly**. . . . **Robert Frank**, who directed a controversial and seldom-seen *Stones* documentary, is making *There Ain't No Candy Mountain* in Canada with **David Johansen**, **Tom Waits**, **Joe Strummer**, **Leon Redbone** and **Dr. John**. . . . Director **Taylor Hackford** will make *On the Line*, about a kid who works on an assembly line by day and plays in a rock band by night. He plans to find an unknown actor and then try to launch him as a recording artist. . . . Music by **Tears for Fears** and **Bananarama** will be featured in *Private Investigations*. . . . **Roger Daltrey** is set to star in his first American-made film, *Dark Tower*. . . . Look out for a **Huey Lewis** documentary, which will include concert footage, a Paris jam session with **The Boss** and **Huey** on the golf course.

NEWSBREAKS: *Miami Vice* and *Crime Story* producer **Michael Mann** has a two-hour pilot about the music biz ready to air. If it goes, it will be an NBC series. . . . **Mick** is working alone on his next solo effort and preparing, we hear, to tour with **Jeff Beck**, among others. . . . **Miles Davis** plans to collaborate with **Prince**, about whom he says, "I admire Prince, 'cause he don't miss." . . . A

Random House editor has inspected the recently discovered **Jim Morrison** manuscripts and believes they are authentic. **Peter Gethers**, editorial director of Villard/Random House, has made an offer for the 15 unpublished songs and a 24-page poem, hoping to publish them. . . . **China Kantner** is moving to New York to take a permanent spot on MTV as a video jock. The second generation rocks on. . . . Our favorite quote machine, **Ted Nugent**, recently spoke at the Alaskan Bow Hunters convention in Anchorage to promote the sport among young people. "It's the least I can do for my fellow man," says the Nuge. . . . After **Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers** release their new album, it's off to Europe with Dylan, followed by a summer tour in America. . . . **Bill Wyman** and **Graham Nash** are taping a TV pilot, with Wyman hosting in London and Nash in L.A. The half-hour show, *All the Young Dudes*, will focus on the relationship between music and the culture of the Sixties. . . . If the newly proposed immigration restrictions that call for an artist to prove extensive commercial success and command a high salary go into effect this year, a lot of acts won't make it over here until they're famous. Groups like **The Police** and **Squeeze** would never have been allowed in until after they proved their popularity. That would prevent us from seeing new talent and would leave artistic decisions in the hands of the immigration clerks. . . . **Susanna Hoffs** and **Vicki Peterson** of the **Bangles** are shopping for a publisher. They have a steamy book in the works. Peterson says, "It's about real sleaze-bags having a sexy slumber party where they decide to form a band." Look out, **Jackie Collins**.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Sanctuary, he does sling some slogans. But *Sanctuary* is supported by a track that picks up where *Sun City* left off, and in this context, you want to shout every line along with him.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

I put off listening to Bob Geldof's *Deep in the Heart of Nowhere* (Atlantic) a couple of weeks in fear he was going to make me feel guilty about something. God knows there's lots of stuff to feel guilty about, and that is Geldof's cross to bear: He organized Live Aid and acquired this image as savior/saint/politician of the New Age, and who can dance to songs when you are morally inferior to the singer? This is rarely a problem in rock 'n' roll, and Geldof has tried manfully to solve it with some nifty pop production by Rupert Hine and Jimmy Iovine. The first cut, *This Is the World Calling*, is completely successful and deserves to be a hit. The lyrics throughout the rest of the album, however, reveal an artist who is still wrestling with original sin and might have been more comfortable in seminary than in the pagan realms of rock 'n' roll. "Innocence will always be the only / True moral alibi / But I should never try to protect you / From being aware of our crimes," he tells his baby (of the infant variety) in *Night Turns to Day*. I hope Geldof runs for prime minister someday, and it was shameful he didn't win the Nobel Peace Prize, but I doubt that this album will be spending much more time on my turntable.

VIC GARBARINI

Stanley Jordan's *Standards Volume 1* (Blue Note) represents a quantum leap in taste and depth over the innovative guitarist's showboating 1985 debut, *Magic Touch*. *Standards* again relies on such old pop chestnuts as *The Sounds of Silence* and *Moon River*, but this time Jordan uses these shopworn tunes for some serious improvisational excursions. I mean, the man really *cuts* here. And as you marvel at the dazzling, filigreed orchestrations, you have to remind yourself that you're listening to just one man, one guitar—and no overdubs. On the other end of the spectrum, we have the **Georgia Satellites** (Elektra), a bunch of good ol' Atlanta boys who learned that archetypal Chuck Berry riff *real good*. Now they're going to use it to whomp upside the head all those wimpy young "roots" rockers who whine on about integrity and Miller Beer. We're talking huge, chunky guitars wrapping those whiplash riffs around those same three or four chords we all know and love. We're talking The Stones chugging Perrier from the Fountain of Youth. We're talking the original Faces' raucous charm, minus the sloppy edges. We're talking a bar band from heaven that's out to raise hell.



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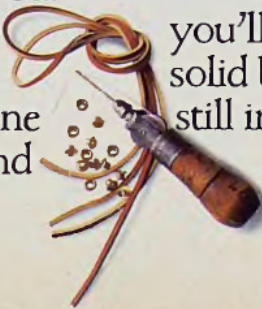
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TWO WOULD-BE New York actresses who have been sleeping with the same man (more precisely, a rat, portrayed by Peter Coyote) learn that their mysterious lover is on the lam out in the Western badlands and may destroy the world unless they can stop him. At last they do, of course, abetted by George Carlin and a tribe of motorbiking Indians armed with bows and arrows. Did I mention that *Outrageous Fortune* (Touchstone) is a camp-it-up comedy co-starring Bette Midler and Shelley Long, directed at reasonably high speed by Arthur Hiller? Well, brace yourself, because these women make their way winningly through the kind of slaphappy misadventure once considered the purview of Hope and Crosby on the *Road* to virtually everywhere. Eluding CIA men as well as a Russian acting coach with possible K.G.B. connections, Long plays the serious-minded simp who affects ethnic accents and proves conclusively that she knows her Stanislavsky. Midler handles the down-and-dirty lines in her patented manner, twisting simple innuendoes into lariat to roundup laughs by the carload. Without Bette, there might be time to sit back and ponder pesky questions about the screenplay. With her, doubts are soon banished and *Fortune* smiles. **YYY**

Performers breaking away to stretch their talents in uncharacteristic roles add an element of utter surprise to *Square Dance* (Island Pictures). Jane Alexander, usually asked to play plainer Janes, lets herself go as a trollopy, bar-hopping beautician who lives on the wrong side of Fort Worth. She's a born floozy having a fling at motherhood with a teenaged daughter who has mostly been raised on the farm with her crotchety old grandpa (Jason Robards). Among the eccentrics the girl gets to know in the city is a retarded young man—played by Rob Lowe, of all people, with such persuasive and poignant vulnerability that his swarm of fans will scarcely recognize him as their favorite hunk. These actors deliver fringe benefits that far outweigh the intrinsic merit of producer-director Dan Petrie's fairly conventional coming-of-age drama about youth, yearning and down-home truth in Texas. **YYY½**

This year's bumper crop of comedies gets a boost from Woody Allen with *Radio Days* (Orion), a hybrid of Forties nostalgia and pure nonsense. Try to imagine Neil Simon's *Brighton Beach Memoirs* combined with the dreamy boyish decadence of Fellini's *Amarcord* as a clue to the tone of Woody's rowdy reminiscence of Jewish family life in a Long Island beach town way back when. *Radio Days*, narrated by



Fortune's Carlin, Long, Midler.

No slings, lotsa arrows
in *Outrageous Fortune*;
Woody's back to the Forties.

Woody himself, features precocious Seth Green as his alter ego, a kid named Joe whose fantasies spin around the Green Hornet, the Shadow and a Masked Avenger. Meanwhile, little Joe's relatives sit home imagining the glamorous world of quiz shows and celebrity gossip—some of it exemplified by the soap-opera existence of a dizzy hat-check girl named Sally (Mia Farrow), who sleeps her way up the showbiz ladder before and after Pearl Harbor. Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, Jeff Daniels, Danny Aiello and other members of the Allen stock company contribute choice bits, none choicer than Dianne Wiest's stint as Joe's man-hunting aunt or Diane Keaton's cameo as a nightclub chanteuse wearing a snood. Almost plotless but not pointless, this tuneful tribute to golden oldies on the airwaves during America's age of innocence ranks in the collected works of Woody Allen as a trivial pursuit—which makes it approximately twice as funny and meaningful as a magnum opus by anyone else. **YYY**

An implausible but tidy plot by writer-director Curtis Hanson helps *The Bedroom Window* (De Laurentiis) shine a bit. Steve Guttenberg plays it straight as a hot-shot Baltimore architect who has just climbed out of bed with his boss's wife (Isabelle Huppert) when she witnesses an assault on a girl (Elizabeth McGovern) in the street below. Only the faithless wife can accurately identify the assailant, a homicidal sex maniac who is scared off one

murder but swiftly moves on to others. So Guttenberg does the gentlemanly thing, claiming *he* witnessed what the lady says she saw. Such gallantry, he learns, may be tantamount to slipping a noose around his own neck. While the corpse count mounts, *Window* is apt to grab and hold you as a formula thriller spiked with boy-meets-girl verve, plus a handful of neat surprises. **YYY½**

Since he began making movies adapted from plays, director Robert Altman has found pretested stage works to be surprisingly good launching pads for his own eccentric sensibility. Altman creates a madcap romance for those who think Jung from Christopher Durang's *Beyond Therapy* (New World), which hardly made theatrical history but did infuse some new comic life into 1001 oft-told jokes about psychiatry. Just when you thought it was safe to go back to your shrink, *Beyond Therapy* arrives with proof that seeking mental health is sheer insanity. In the moon-struck company gathered here, Jeff Goldblum and Julie Hagerty play Bruce and Prudence, an unlikely couple who meet through a personals ad in *New York* magazine. Their first encounter, in a French restaurant, holds dim promise when he begins by telling her, "You have lovely breasts," then confesses that he's a bisexual with a roommate named Bob. Prudence has yet to discover that their therapists (Glenda Jackson as his, Tom Conti as hers) occupy adjacent offices and occasionally nip into a connecting room for a zipless quickie. While both Jackson and Conti are inspired zanies, the chief scene stealer among the accomplished screwballs at large is Christopher Guest, mincing hilariously as Bob, who offers to marry Bruce if they can find "some crackpot Episcopal priest" to do the job. The precarious state of human affairs as revealed to Altman and Durang becomes frazzled in the telling at times, but seasoned Altman watchers are used to a degree of disorientation. This time around, he makes lunacy seem almost lyrical. **YYY**

Touching a nerve that has given many men more than a twinge, *The Good Father* (Skouras Pictures) charts the anguish of an English family bloke in emotional conflict because he is clearly destined by nature to wind up living alone. Played with edgy neurotic intensity by Anthony Hopkins, Bill is your average urban misfit. He has left his wife but is blindly jealous of her new boyfriend. He himself has met a younger woman who loves him, but he doesn't much give a damn. Occasionally, he wants his wife back; he misses his young son but deep down detests the boy for coming between them. *Father* becomes

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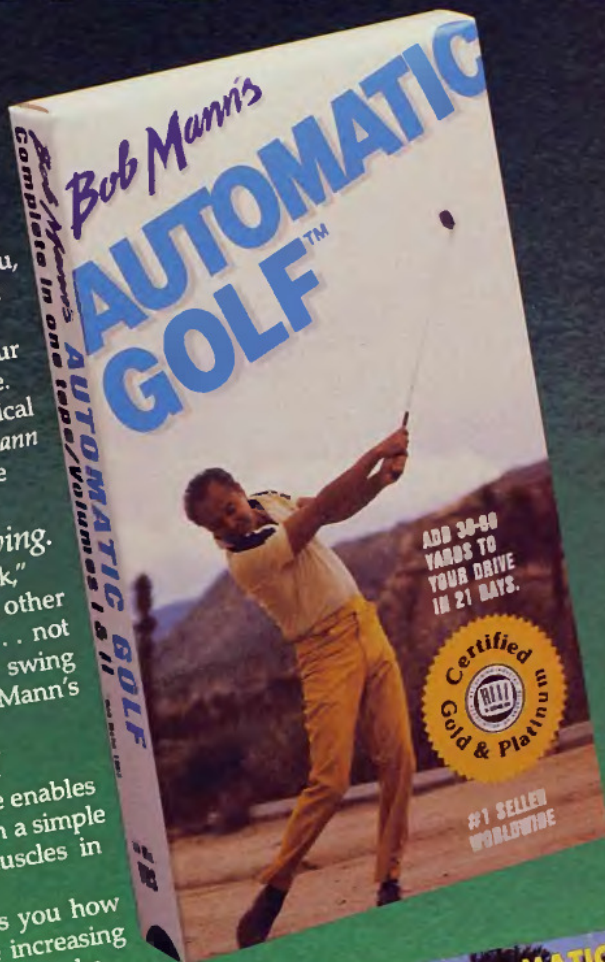
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more interesting than a standard case history when Bill sets out to wreck other people's lives—beginning with that of Roger (Jim Broadbent), a quiet guy who's also estranged from his wife and child. Bill becomes his chum's malevolent Iago, and Hopkins plays the role with highly civilized relish. Overall, director Mike Newell makes much of a literate, subtle screenplay (adapted from a novel by Peter Prince) that is short of moment-by-moment excitement, long on sobering second thoughts. **★★½**

Just as its title suggests, Czech director Jiri Menzel's *My Sweet Little Village* (Circle Releasing) is an affectionately observed hodgepodge of human comedy. The movie's gallery of rustic oddballs includes a whimsical doctor, an adulterous couple, a jealous husband, conniving bureaucrats—as well as a testy truck driver and his half-witted partner, whose accident-prone escapades smack of vintage Laurel and Hardy. Menzel's wry humor is all in a minor key, as understated as in his *Closely Watched Trains*, winner of a 1967 Oscar for best foreign film. Two decades later, *Little Village* has a similar air of folksy familiarity, seldom brilliant but consistently likable and unassuming. **★★**

Like many another French psychological melodrama, director Andre Techine's *Scene of the Crime* (Kino International) has more smooth talk than it has tantalizing suspense. The film's one unequivocal asset is Catherine Deneuve, a legendary beauty as well as a fascinating actress who brings some elusive movie magic to every part she plays. Here, she's a provincial single parent who operates the local lake-front disco and becomes passionately attached to an escaped criminal after he has threatened her young son with bodily harm. The affair comes to a bad end and so does the movie, following a murder or two, anguished Oedipal complexities and words, words, words. Even so, Deneuve is Deneuve. You might do worse. **★★**

The opening credits state explicitly that *Personal Services* (Vestron) "is not the life story of Cynthia Payne," a London brothelkeeper who became a household word in England through scandalous headlines followed by a book about her wicked ways. What follows the movie's wry disclaimer is undoubtedly far more amusing than straightforward biography. With feisty Julie Walters (star of *Educating Rita*) as a waitress who sees a brighter future in hustling than in slinging hash, director Terry Jones of Monty Python fame has conspired with writer David Leland to bring off a brassy, sassy, rambunctiously rude and cynical black comedy about hypocrisy *vs.* men in heat. A score of respected British character actors appear as seekers of "executive fun for the over-40s... kinky but not cruel."



McCowen, *Services*' "lady" in retirement.

A fun-filled British
brothel beats a
boring American one.

Notable in the line-up is Alec McCowen as a retired wing commander, a transvestite who yearns "to reveal the exotic underbelly of this beloved country." The Johns traipsing through *Personal Services* are generally middle-aged, rather sad men, the sort whose wives knit them pull-overs but remain unaware of their baser needs. Ebullient and amazingly innocent, Walters is a procuress par excellence who describes the services she provides—anything from the Nanny and the Schoolboy fantasy to the House of Pain—as "just like a Tupperware party, only I sell sex instead of plastic containers." Jones takes a tolerant, unjudgmental position toward human folly, and the prostitutes on parade are down-to-earth tarts, anything but pinups. Lots of salty talk about balls and blow jobs may well offend prudes, which is probably the aim of this curious, ribald comedy. Truly one of a kind. **★★★**

The strong feminist slant of an American independent feature titled *Working Girls* (Miramax) strives for a statement but winds up telling us nothing new. Director Lizzie Borden presents a joyless day in the life of a wholesome-looking hooker (Louise Smith) who suffers through a double shift in a tidy big-city brothel. When she's not with her pathetic customers—identified derisively as Fag-bag Jerry, Fantasy Fred, and so on—she discusses life *ad nauseam* with other working girls on duty. They don't take much pride in what they do, but it's a choice they have made out of economic need. With dullish dialog and indifferent-to-fact acting, *Girls* reaches the foregone conclusion that whoring is boring. **★**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- The Bedroom Window** (See review) High interest on the wages of sin. **★★½**
Beyond Therapy (See review) Altman on an entertaining head trip. **★★★**
Brighton Beach Memoirs (Reviewed 2/87) Neil Simon enjoyed being a boy. **★★**
Children of a Lesser God (12/86) It's a love feast, hers and Hurt's. **★★★½**
The Color of Money (12/86) Put your bet on Newman for an Oscar. **★★★★**
Crimes of the Heart (3/87) A sister act way down in Mississippi. **★★★½**
Dead of Winter (3/87) Steenburgen is dandy as the woman in jeopardy. **★★½**
The Decline of the American Empire (12/86) Lusting in academia. **★★★½**
The Fringe Dwellers (3/87) Aussie aborigines learning city ways. **★★½**
The Golden Child (Listed 3/87) By normal standards, a miss—but a hit by virtue of Murphy's law. **★★**
The Good Father (See review) Broken family man on a quiet rampage. **★★½**
The Good Wife (3/87) Love triangle in the Australian outlands. **★★**
Heartbreak Ridge (Listed 3/87) Rough-and-ready Eastwood maneuvers. **★★½**
Little Shop of Horrors (3/87) Steve Martin steals a damn good show. **★★★★**
The Mission (1/87) Jungle drums, high purpose for Irons and De Niro. **★★★★½**
Miss Mary (3/87) It's Julie Christie in very fine form, as usual. **★★½**
The Morning After (3/87) Fonda on a holiday from high-mindedness. **★★**
My Sweet Little Village (See review) Some Czechs knee-deep in local color. **★★**
Outrageous Fortune (See review) From fair to Midler, and that's good. **★★★**
Personal Services (See review) Love for sale from a London bawd. **★★★★**
Platoon (1/87) Vietnam debacle joltingly re-created by Oliver Stone. **★★★★½**
Radio Days (See review) Back to the past with Woody and family. **★★★**
Scene of the Crime (See review) *Haute cuisine* if Deneuve is your dish. **★★**
Something Wild (2/87) On a spree with Daniels and Griffith. **★★★**
Square Dance (See review) Growing up deep in the heart of Texas. **★★½**
Star Trek IV (Listed 2/87) *Trek* for *Trek*, about as good as they get. **★★★★½**
The Stepfather (3/87) Another family man gone berserk. A tinger. **★★★**
Thérèse (3/87) Simple French peasant girl's journey to sainthood. **★★★**
Working Girls (See review) A so-so new look at the oldest profession. **★**

★★★★ Don't miss ★★ Worth a look
 ★★★ Good show ★ Forget it

BOOKS

THE ONLY TIME we hear about them is when they blow something up. So *The Arabs: Journeys Beyond the Mirage* (Random House), by David Lamb, comes as a well-timed relief from the bum raps, the exaggerations and the silly stereotypes from which our burnoose-wearing friends suffer. As he was in *The Africans*, Lamb is journalistically alert—his account of the first days of the Israeli occupation of southern Lebanon is first-rate, and one even comes away with a better understanding of the delicate and dangerous complexities of that devastated country. Lamb gives good overview and introduces something fresh into the Middle East: a calm evenhandedness.

What were the Sixties all about? Were they about anything? Was the decade—as many believed—a time of hope, trust and faith, or was it just another long prayer session at the feet of the great American god Hype? These are some of the questions that come to mind while reading John Gregory Dunne's bleak and intriguing novel *The Red White and Blue* (Simon & Schuster), which traces the hell-bound fortunes of leading hype masters (and mistresses) from the early Sixties to the mid-Eighties. We know them, these people; at least we recognize them: the celebrated "thinker-actress" whose dumb vanity and cynical opportunist "sisters" lead her to North Vietnam and farm workers' strikes; a lecherous President with a politician's appreciation for the marketable; the radical-lawyer lady who serves "the constituency of the dispossessed" with the fervor of those who measure success by the sacrifice of others; a Vietnam veteran who runs for office and runs amuck. Schemers and users, each and every one of them. An ugly crew, on the whole, and one whose portraits have a haunting quality. These are not people who fade from memory after the last page is turned; they're still with us, in fact as well as fiction, still peddling the same old fertilizer.

As a master in the lean-cuisine writing school, Dunne is crisp and fluent, as always. He doesn't drown us with words; he doesn't set out to dazzle with tricky stunts; he just tells his story—many stories, in *The Red White and Blue*—and then he makes us think.

Set in the parish of Feliciana, Louisiana, and peopled with characters from the new South who are lively, sensuous, humorous and haunted, Walker Percy's novel *The Thanatos Syndrome* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is written with his usual brilliance and grace. Percy asks a basic question in this book: If you could reduce crime and misery in your community by adding heavy sodium to your water supply, would you do it? That is the question Dr. Tom More eventually has to unravel as he



The Arabs: a misunderstood people.

Lamb dispels Arab myths;
John Gregory Dunne
dissects celebrity hypesters.

notices subtle changes in the behavior of his patients, friends and family. A psychiatrist whose reputation has been smeared by a two-year prison term for illegal prescriptions, Dr. More stumbles on a plot for behavior modification that is plausible and frightening. Chemical fascism, you might call it. And, as Percy shows, it could be very near.

Jay, the hired assassin in *Her Majesty's Hit Man* (Morrow), by Allan Prior, kills for queen and country. Wham. Bam. Thank you, ma'am, and please deposit the royal kill fee in a numbered Swiss account. All veddy civilized. Then the CIA recruits Jay for a very nasty bit of business and the tea party turns into a tempest. Prior, who can claim authorship of more than 250 plays for British television among his other literary laurels, writes with tough conviction. Begin *Hit Man* on a cold, clammy night and then just try to escape from its clutches.

What do fundamentalists in Virginia, gays in California, retired people in Florida and cult followers in Oregon have in common? More than you might think, as Frances FitzGerald describes in *Cities on a Hill* (Simon & Schuster). Subtitled "A Journey Through Contemporary American Cultures," FitzGerald's book takes us on a tour of Jerry Falwell's Liberty Baptist College in Lynchburg, San Francisco's neighborhood "the Castro," the Florida retirement community of Sun City and Rajneeshpuram, the town in Oregon that

the Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh incorporated. Four states of the Union, four states of mind and culture—and yet, as FitzGerald shows, all are part of our American tradition: the search for identity and perfectibility. "The mechanism at work was not a melting pot but a centrifuge," she writes, "that spun them around and distributed them out again across the landscape according to new principles." FitzGerald describes the centrifuge in which we live and the places to which we are spun with clarity and unique perception.

Ultimate Powers (Simon & Schuster) is the story of the making of the atomic bomb, from the moment the Hungarian physicist Leo Szilard deduced the key to nuclear chain reaction while crossing a London street in 1933 to the instant of apocalypse at Hiroshima 12 years later. This is a dense and sometimes overwhelming book with a huge cast of characters, including the scientists Szilard, Einstein, Oppenheimer and Bohr and the politicians, soldiers and civilians who made it all come true. To them we owe the dismal fact that every man, woman and child on the planet lives under the same mushroom-shaped umbrella. Author Richard Rhodes demonstrates his usual narrative instinct as he leads us from one momentous development to the next, occasionally blinding us with a little too much science, though he stays clear of philosophical murk and concentrates on the men and events in documentary fashion. Despite its unalterably grim subject, this is a compelling and highly readable book—the thriller to end all thrillers.

BOOK BAG

The Paris Review, 100th issue: *The Paris Review* is an American literary institution, *la crème de la crème* of literary journals. Founded in 1953, it recently published a celebratory 100th issue. And what a celebration it is. Contributors include Nadine Gordimer, William Maxwell, Harold Brodkey, Raymond Carver, James Dickey and Czeslaw Milosz. A collector's item of literary heavyweights.

The News of the World (Norton), by Ron Carlson: He knows how regular guys feel and writes about it thoughtfully, wittily, expertly. The 16 stories in this collection, which cover everything from wives who are friendly to dogs that are not, have more dynamism than you'll find in ten other story collections put together.

The World's Most Extraordinary Yachts (Norton): Another coffee-table spectacular from the team of Jill Bobrow and Dana Jenkins that shows in loving detail the nautical lifestyles of the rich and (sometimes less than) famous.



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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

As chancellor of this university, I have long been in favor of cleaning up the image of collegiate athletics, and I therefore wanted to be absolutely certain that we had nothing but student athletes on our basketball squad before we sent the kids off to compete for the \$800,000,000 that goes to the winner of the Final Four.

That was why I asked each member of our team to fill out a questionnaire. I wanted to be sure they were making satisfactory progress toward their degrees.

I'm happy to report to the N.C.A.A. that based on the results of my internal questionnaires, every single player at our institution seems more than interested in higher education. We have nothing to be ashamed of.

I hereby submit as evidence the questionnaire that was filled out by Tom "Trailer Hitch" Henry, our all-conference center and a 3.2 student in communications. Sure, you may find fault with some of the spelling and grammar, but Tom was in a hurry when he answered the questions. I know for a fact that he was late for a test in English lit.

Name: Same one I've always had, which is what people call me by. The Hitch.

Date of birth: I didn't have no time for dates when I was getting born.

Place of birth: In a hospital, like everybody else, unless you mean where my momma and daddy got it on. That could have been lots of places, just like nowadays when my daddy slips off to nail Irene and Claudette and my momma stays home to fuck Ed and Charley.

Mother's name: I never called my mother by no name, not ever, even though she was white trash.

Father's name: Dickhead.

High school: Which one? I can think of several in my town alone.

Junior high school: Junior went to the same school I did until the dumbass got himself arrested for stealing a Winnebago.

Grade school: It's OK most of the time. The pizza joint ought to deliver quicker to the athletic dorm.

Favorite sport: Polo. What kind of a fucking question is this?

Hobbies: Drugs, whiskey, 924s.

Favorite food: Pussy.

Favorite team: Celtics, or anybody who comes up with enough gift wrap.

Why you chose this university: Mary Alice Johnson went here and I just followed them tits.

Favorite course: P.E., but that thing



A JOCK'S COLLECTED PROSE

where you look at maps is kind of fun.

Goals in life: I could score a lot more goals if the motherfuckers would pass me the ball.

Favorite book: I can't remember the name of it, or what guy with a beard wrote it, but it was real good.

Outstanding quality: I firmly believe in this and think everybody should have some.

Weakness (if any): Duke, Louisville, North Carolina.

Fondest childhood memory: The day I found old Billy Bob between my legs and saw that sumbitch stand up at attention!

Person who had greatest influence on your life: Coach T. in high school. He was a great man who taught me not to fart in mixed company.

Others who influence your life (list in order of importance): (A) Coach Big 'Un here at the university. He's responsible for my cars, my apartment, my \$2000 in aid per month and making sure I pass everything. (B) Mr. Booter at the "M" Club, who outbid them other chickenshit schools in the first place. (C) Miz Baxter, my tutor, who writes real good term papers, because she knows old Billy Bob takes care of her. (D) Chancellor Tipper. He's a good ol' boy who likes to win. (E) "Bundle" Feinstein. An athlete can't have no finer agent. He's been with me since high school and I'd trust him with my best Porsche. (F) Mr.

Furch, my jollogy teacher. He makes rocks and dirt and dinosaurs real interesting. (G) My wife, Sheila. She flies for a airline and stays gone a lot, but when she's home, she don't gimme no shit on days of a game. Billy Bob says it's a good thing or he'd cut her ass off.

In your opinion, who are the three greatest men in history? (A) Larry Bird. (B) Aberham Lincoln. (C) Clint Eastwood and Bruce Springsteen (tie).

Is there anything you would change about your present curriculum? I have never used a curriculum. I say if the bitch gets pregnant, she can get the fucking thing fixed.

In what direction would you like to see your university go in the future? I just wish everybody would stay off our ass and let us play basketball.

How fair are the media? Them assholes don't know shit.

Should lady sportswriters be allowed in the locker room? Billy Bob don't complain.

What profession do you plan to pursue when your basketball career is over? This is really an unfair question to ask somebody who ain't even completed his education and don't know what opportunities has been stored up for him. I think I will probably work in free private enterprise, however, looking at it objectionally.

What is the most important thing you can say to a youngster taking up your sport? Get you a good outside shot and don't turn down no cock, it's bad luck.

Write a brief essay on what America means to you personally: America is a great country, because we have very few foreigners. America probably has fewer foreigners than any other country. When you look at television and see foreigners fucking around, it makes you glad to be an American. If we blew up more foreigners, we wouldn't have to put up with what we put up with, which is all that shit in the newspapers nobody reads. America is great because of sports, and I think it would be greater if people left sports alone and let athletes inspire little kids. Youth is important. If we don't watch out for youth, they will get fucked up and then what? We must keep youth from doing drugs until they are old enough to handle it. America should be against war, except when it happens, and then we shouldn't back off from no shitasses anywhere, because if we ever lost a war, there wouldn't be any sports per se, probably. I really believe what I think about America.



By ASA BABER

There is something dead at the center of most feminist rhetoric today. The ideas behind it are rattling like bones in a closet, and we sense that the keepers of this angry faith are mouthing clichés, not truths. Try this, for example:

"The other day a very wise friend of mine asked: 'Have you ever noticed that what passes as a terrific man would only be an adequate woman?' A Roman candle went off in my head; she was absolutely right. What I expect from my male friends is that they are polite and clean. What I expect from my female friends is unconditional love. . . ." Anna Quindlen wrote this stuff in a *New York Times* column called "Life in the 30s." "I keep hearing that there's a new breed of men out there who don't talk about helping a woman as though they're doing you a favor. . . . But from what I've seen there aren't enough of these men to qualify as a breed, only as a subgroup."

Can you hear the wind? Are you huddled in your subgroup? Are you staying polite and clean as the coldness settles around you?

Take heart, men. A sexual springtime is coming. I've seen a glimpse of it. The good news is this: The Anna Quindlens of the world are going to be passed by, left to sit in their ice palaces. The sun is shining on a new generation of women, and they are far more ready to be our partners and friends and compatriots than the radical feminists who have blasted us for years. In its very shrewd and practical way, this new generation has come to bury Quindlen, not to praise her.

Yes, I'm talking about a new breed: the generation of women who are in their 20s. As I get to know them, I am truly impressed. They are bright and beautiful; but best of all, they are independent in thought and take nothing for granted, not even the insistent admonitions from some of their older sisters that the snows of disapproval must never melt.

The members of this new breed are postfeminist. Blind faith in any rhetoric is not their style. Tough, rational, scarred, uncertain of what's ahead, they are in the process of examining feminism and adopting only those elements that are useful to them. They are, as a generation, one hell of a lot fairer to men.

Take the Jogger, for example.

The Jogger is 25. She is redheaded, quick-witted, athletic. She has a stubborn chin, clear green eyes, a long neck, very



A NEW BREED OF WOMAN

long legs. I met her first through a series of letters she wrote to me about this *Men* column. We talked by phone, and when she came through Chicago on business recently, we did her version of lunch: a run in the sun instead of martinis in a restaurant. The Jogger has her M.B.A., is on the corporate fast track, makes twice as much money as I do and has the stride of a race horse. The next time, I'll take my roller skates and a clip board; nonetheless, it was worth the strain and pain. I think the Jogger speaks for many women her age.

"I was born about the time feminism came on the scene, and I got very strong profeminist signals as a child. I remember in fifth grade, the teacher asked us to draw a picture of what we wanted to be when we grew up. Not one girl in my class drew a picture of a wife or a mother or a homemaker. We were all career-oriented.

"Nobody ever asked us what we wanted. We were simply told what we should be. It was assumed we wanted careers more than we wanted relationships, that we'd focus on business and let marriage and family happen later. The feminists thought they knew what was best for us. Sounds a little pompous, doesn't it?

"My generation is severely criticized by older feminists for not being feminist enough. I really resent that. I think they're missing the point. What are we supposed

to do, mimic everything they did? We're in our 20s. We've watched our parents screw it up, and we don't want to repeat their mistakes.

"Sure, I run into sexism in business. I'd have to be blind not to see it. But I look at it as a problem to be solved. I don't get hysterical about it. When some male I'm working with tells me to go get the coffee, I see clearly that he's sexist. I get the damned coffee, go on to show him I'm very good at my real job, get him to trust and respect me, and then I talk to him about his attitude. It's very unemotional.

"I'm not interested in fighting the feminist wars. I'm much more interested in the question of choice—for men as well as women. Do we have the choice of doing what we're really inspired to do, male and female? If you want to stay home and raise a family, do you have the choice? If you want a career, is that option available?"

"My generation doesn't see open choices ahead. We've led very insecure lives, and there doesn't seem to be much security in the years ahead. We live off plastic and see an economy deeply in debt and a Social Security system whose failure is going to hit us like a ton of bricks. We're being handed enormous obligations by the older generations. Why should we trust them when they tell us what to think? They're cutting off our choices."

We had a good run, the Jogger and I. She brought a new view to an old war. In her way, her vision is much tougher than Anna Quindlen's. Yes, in some ways, the Jogger seems too good to be true; but she exists, and as she looks down the road, what she sees is not pretty.

"My generation, male and female, is the new proletariat. We get our credit cards and business degrees and health-club memberships and mortgages and pretend we're in Fat City. But we're disposable. We're replaceable chips. This society will wear us down and use us up and then turn us in for newer models. We'll end up with no choices at all if we're not careful. Survival is going to depend on men and women working together. So we've got to stop fighting with each other."

I left the Jogger feeling that there was warmth after winter, spring after snow, and that the women of her generation were a special breed. I also felt winded and sore-legged, but that's what you get when you're in fast company.

I didn't mind. I had seen the sexual future, and it was sunny.



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EXPIRATION DATE: June 30, 1987

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

That one, black-leather vest, over there," I said. "Don't look; he's looking at us."

Lucy swiveled discreetly. "Plaid shirt? You're not serious."

"No, no. The one with the nose."

"That's better. Yes, very nice. Very tasty. Looks like he'd beat you up if you asked him to. Even if you didn't ask."

"Trouble," I crooned across the room in the Lone Star Café in New York City, "come to Momma."

And, of course, he did. And, of course, he had three ex-wives, had done time, flaunted a serious cocaine problem and thought that Hank Williams, Jr., was a much better singer than his daddy.

"I can't stand a man who thinks Hank Jr. can sing better than Hank," I said to Lucy. "Let's leave."

Of course I'm kidding! Of course I wouldn't pick up a man with ex-wives and prison sentences and drug addictions in a bar! What do you think I am?

Well, anyway, I wouldn't have left with him. No way would I have walked into the night with such a stranger on my arm. But it is possible that if he had better musical preferences, hadn't doused himself with after-shave, had talked to me about his existential angst, looked misunderstood, called me darlin' and told me a good joke, I might have taken his number.

Do I hear the sound of a million men slapping their foreheads and cursing? Are many of you thinking, Dames! You try to be sensitive, be good to them, give them equal rights, and what happens? They revolve right out the nearest door with a bozo with tattooed knuckles!

Not too long ago, I was watching *Love Connection*, a TV show where you get to choose your dates, and there was this adorable guy on, looking for love. "I don't understand," he said something like. "I wash their cars, paint their houses, pick them up after work, take care of their kids, and women don't like me."

"Oh, you moron!" I yelled at the TV. "Why don't you just lie down on a platter and put an apple in your mouth?"

Yes, it's true: Women are perverse. We like trouble. Some of us court it like hot-headed kamikaze pilots. Others of us are content to go once a year to a Clint Eastwood movie. But we all want it. It's the curse of our existence. Several books have been written on the subject. Millions of hours of therapy have been spent. I should do a best-selling video on the sub-



ASKING FOR TROUBLE

ject and make \$1,000,000.

There are reasons.

A man who will paint your house will cook you meat loaf. A man who will cook you meat loaf will want to watch you shave your legs. A man who will want to watch you shave your legs will hold your hand and cry at sad AT&T commercials. A man who will hold your hand and cry at sad AT&T commercials will fall apart if you leave him.

We can't stand this. It makes us feel all weird and responsible and claustrophobic, as if this man who paints our house can't tell where his personality ends and ours begins. A man who paints our house is a man, we feel, who wants to merge. A man who will look at us with eager puppy-dog eyes when we are trying to get the bills paid. A door mat. Door mats are scary; they need too much. We like someone we can collide with who won't fall down; we like resistance. There is nothing as unattractive as a man collapsing at one's feet. Someone who doesn't need us is a lot less scary than someone who needs us too much.

So we'll go for a guy who gives us that crucial distance, who forgets to call, fails to buy flowers, has difficulty remembering our names. I know it's dumb.

There's more: When we fall flat on our faces for the crazed sculptor who drinks himself into a stupor whenever possible, or

the lecherous tramp who wants to put a bag over our heads, what it really means is that we want to be that fellow. We want to be the self-destructive artist who goes on such a bender that three full days are lost from his memory. We want to fuck everyone we see. But women don't do this. Or maybe they do, but then they're not cool.

Difficult men are considered cool, romantic, interesting. Difficult women are considered deranged, sicko, neurotic nymphos. So we see a fellow who is trouble and we identify. All those secret subterranean urges that we deny in ourselves are manifested in this man, and we fall madly in love with him, often not even vaguely understanding that we're falling in love with an aspect of ourselves that we've denied, hidden, blocked, felt terribly ashamed of, ignored. Before I was a writer, I had a husband who was a painter but a passive guy. He could hardly tie his own shoelaces. So I took over. I got his paintings off the floor and into frames. I sent him to art galleries. I made him go after dealers and buyers. I pushed that poor fellow mercilessly. Meanwhile, when I wasn't helping my spouse, I was languishing in bed, eating cookies and watching soap operas. I had no life of my own. I was living through my alleged better half. I couldn't figure out why I was depressed.


Then the penny dropped and I ended my marriage and started working. My ex-husband is still confused. I tell him women often submerge the stronger, more difficult, selfish, interesting parts of their personalities and live through others. He still doesn't understand why baking cakes isn't enough.

I have seen healthy women's eyes go limpid and their voices become husky with lust when bad boys are mentioned. If you don't have real excitement in your life, you'll go for it in bed.

Here's my proposed scenario for you good, sensitive, understanding guys: Say you've got a crush on an adorable girl named Gladys, but Gladys is mad for some guy who crushes beer cans on his forehead. Here's what you do. Say, "Gladys, haven't you always wanted to play the saxophone?"

"So?" she'll ask.

"Quit your accounting job, Gladys; you know you hate it. Get the goddamned saxophone out of moth balls and go for it. Start hanging around all night in smoky jazz clubs, practicing licks."

"My hero," Gladys will say to you. 

AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

There'll be no amnesty; that's clear by now. My last hope was when they reformed the tax system. I thought they were going to give us *bandoleros* a chance to come down out of the hills without paying the full price for our fugitive years. Didn't happen. So this is it, the moment I've been worrying toward all these years. This is the confession. I'm tired of life underground. I can't go through another April, cruel and sweaty as they've become. It's time to come clean.

I haven't paid any Federal income tax in . . . oh, 14 years or so. I'm not sure. I have a real bad case of selective memory about the whole business. That's what happens when you get behind. You don't keep track, because you don't want to know the details of the mess—how much, how long. You don't want to know the truth, because the truth has been getting uglier and uglier every day for 14 years. About 14 years.

I went hurtling off the track in classic style. I got divorced and I left my staff job to free-lance at the same time, which amounted to a double whammy when one whammy would have done the job. My income shriveled down to \$8000 and \$9000 a year, in some years, and when the bell rang for everybody to pay his taxes those Aprils, I didn't have any money, so I just skipped the whole exercise. Told myself that we could straighten it out the next spring, when things came up a little greener.

Except the next April, I was still wearing the same pair of jeans; and the April after that, my biggest shame was the money I owed to friends, not what I owed the Government—whatever the hell that was by then. Plus interest, which I knew was being calculated by approximately the same formula that's used to find the acceleration of falling bodies. Unfortunately, the tax people don't recognize anything like terminal velocity.

For the most part, I've learned to live with the galloping anxiety of my dirty little secret; but around the beginning of every year, it begins to bear down in ways that are hard to ignore. Every year around January, the IRS starts planting tax-bum stories in the newspapers and on TV and you see big wire-service photos of various poor cheats and evaders being led off in handcuffs, raincoats over their heads, while the G men put their houses up for sale, tow their cars away and attach their



I, TAX FUGITIVE

bank accounts.

Then, sometime in February or March, one tax rebel or another gets on a radio talk show, yammering bravely that he hasn't paid any taxes in years, hasn't even filed, because according to his reading of the Constitution, he doesn't have to. Some time later, of course, you run across the wire-service photo of him being dragged, weeping and pleading, into a Federal courthouse.

Come April, I'm a wreck. Friends who are in their own scramble to file and pay begin to ask what I'm doing in the way of deferments and exemptions: IRAs? Keoghs? Real estate? Joba farms? Windmill ranches? When I tell them that I haven't seen a W-2 form in more than a decade, their lips usually go into that tight little circle and they say, "OOOOOOOOh," which usually means they're thinking something like, I cried because I had no shoes; then I met a man who had no feet.

All these years, of course, I've known there was going to be a hard reckoning—jail, maybe; new financial ruin at least. I've worked on several approaches for when the moment occurred. I noticed one year, while Ronald Reagan was governor of California, that he paid no state income tax on a net worth of several millions, and I decided to just go ahead and pay what he paid every year and tell the IRS that I'd taken him as my moral and financial

model. Somehow, though, it seemed like a low-percentage play, something like a burglar standing in front of a judge, reminding him that Richard Nixon never did time. In the meantime, Harold Washington came into the picture, and I really took heart for a while.

Washington was a candidate for mayor of Chicago when it was alleged that he hadn't filed any tax returns for years. He called it a technicality, said that he hadn't really owed anything anyway, that he definitely hadn't been trying to cheat the Government or anything like that. And damned if it didn't work for him. Sort of. He pleaded *nolo contendere*, paid 500 bucks, did 30 days in jail and promised to be better about the whole thing from then on. So I decided I'd just ask for whatever deal he got, minus the jail time, if we could possibly work that out. Then he was elected mayor of Chicago, and it occurred to me that maybe that was the real punishment he'd agreed to, and that pretty much cooled me off on *that* idea.

So now it's down to this: public confession and surrender. And how bad can it be, anyway? I own nothing that could be sold at auction for more than about \$112. There are no savings, no investments. I earn my living as a free-lance writer, and it's a sorry little dribble of an income, for the most part. So what are they going to do?

It's a question I've asked myself every April for the past 14, and the answers I come up with are the reason I've never turned myself in. Jail, for instance. They could slap me in a Federal penitentiary and feed the story to the newspapers next January. Or, if I catch them in a good mood, maybe they'll just take 90 cents of every dollar I make for the rest of my life.

Or—and this is a suggestion if they happen to be listening—they could make an example of me in another, more positive way, a way that would be a signal to the millions of other tax fugitives out there. They could acknowledge that to defer is human. They could let me back in the system for whatever I owe and forgive the monstrous interest that has surely accrued.

I'm willing to promise that none of this will ever happen again. In fact, there's an election coming up, and I'll even run for mayor of Chicago, if that's what it takes.



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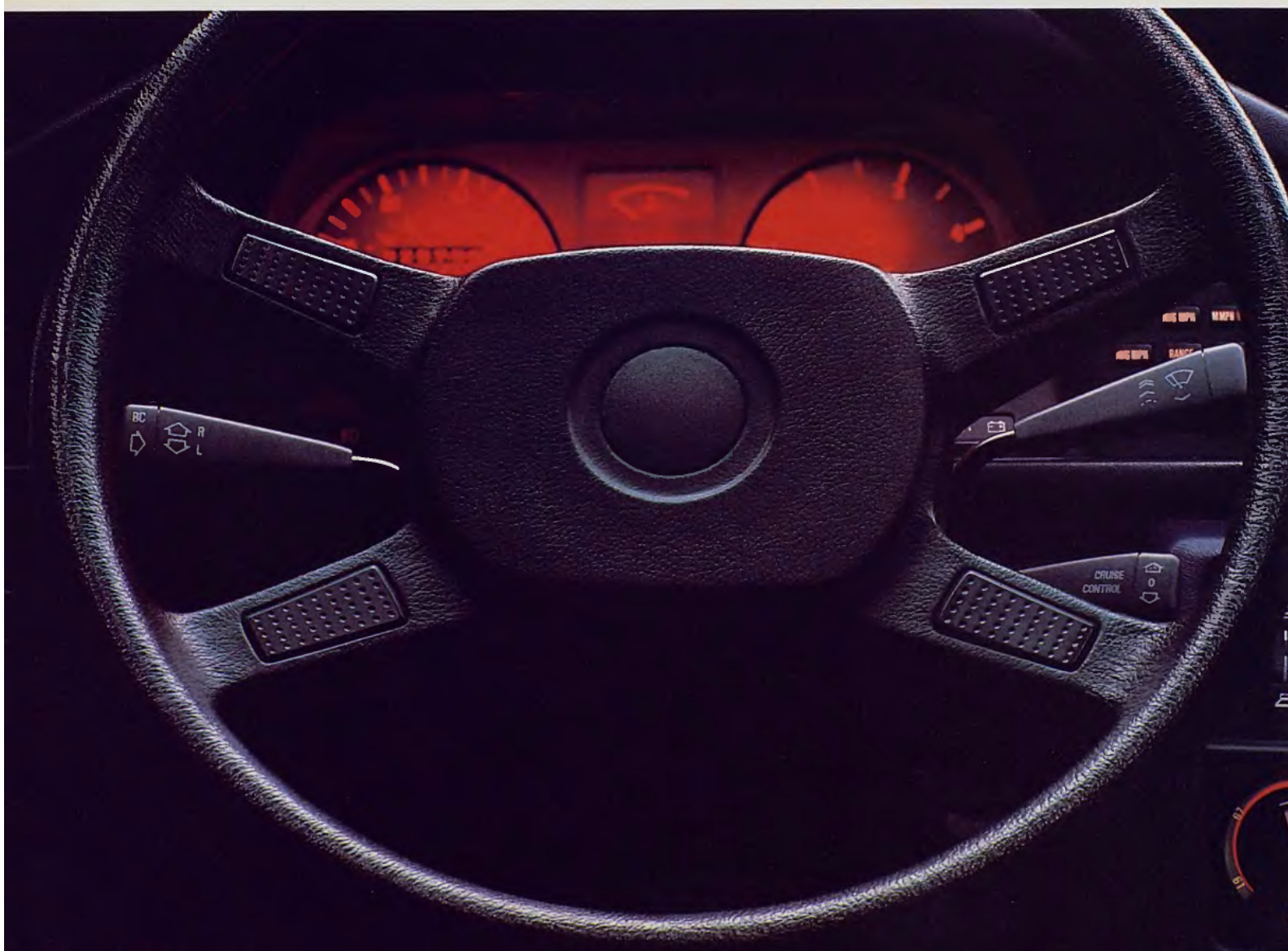
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I have been together since our first date six years ago. He is 32 and I am 36. I probably had more sexual experience than he had prior to our meeting, but neither of us would have qualified for the *Guinness Book*. When we began our relationship, I had already tried and rejected most artificial methods of birth control for various health and aesthetic reasons, so from the beginning, we used basal body temperature combined with creative lovemaking as a safe, fun and effective method. We had intercourse only on rare occasions, and although I missed it somewhat at first, the alternatives more than made up for what I was missing. My husband—then boyfriend—didn't seem to miss it at all. I became accustomed to almost never having intercourse; however, because of this infrequency, I have been like a virgin every time. With enough foreplay and lubrication, the pain gives way to pleasure and I usually have no trouble reaching orgasm. But—and I wonder how many times *these* words have been uttered by a woman—he takes too long to come. I usually have to ask him to withdraw in five to ten minutes after my orgasm because of discomfort, and we use other means to his orgasm. Although he'd like to come inside me, he says he doesn't mind and I really think he doesn't. So, no problem, right? I mean, we're talking *safe*—never as much as a close call in six years.

So why am I writing to you? Because now we want to make a baby. We no longer try to avoid my fertile time—we aim for it. But I still can count on one hand the number of times he's ever ejaculated inside me. This is undoubtedly lowering our chances of parenthood. I see how we're both contributing to the problem. I suspect, and he agrees, that his difficulty in reaching orgasm through intercourse is at least partly because he's so used to manual and oral stimulation. My reluctance to initiate intercourse because of anticipated discomfort and frustration at his failure to achieve orgasm only perpetuates the cycle. Clearly, what is needed here is more fucking, but how do we get started? He is very resistant to the idea of sex therapy. In other ways, our relationship is very good, and even this has not been much of an issue, but I fear it will become one as I creep closer to menopause and no baby is in sight. Do we need sex therapy? Or is there something we can do on our own to increase both our sexual pleasure and our chances of conceiving a child?—Mrs. H. M., Los Angeles, California.

Changing your sexual routine may be just what the two of you need. We suggest that you get your husband close to orgasm—either through oral sex, masturbation or other means—then, when he feels sufficiently



turned on, you can attempt intercourse. While you are pleasuring him, he might do the same for you, so that you are both primed for intercourse from the moment of penetration. It is quite common for a woman to become dry after her first orgasm. An artificial lubricant may ease your discomfort. Finally, you might consider using an ovulation-prediction kit to more closely determine when you reach peak fertility. The rest of the month, you can make love the good old-fashioned way.

I am a fashion photographer and am interested in knowing if there is such a thing as a focusable soft spotlight. I see this type of lighting effect in many of your pictorials. It seems that this light is right on the camera axis and, more often than not, illuminates only the model's face. What type of light is this and where can I obtain one? Is there any difference between the quality of the light produced by one strobe head in a medium-sized-bank light box set at 1200W/S and that of three heads in the same size bank, each set at 400W/S?—D. R., Randolph, Ohio.

Our Photo Department uses a focusable soft spotlight, Tri-Lite, by Norman, with a three-degree Spot Grid, by Balcar. As for your second question, there is no difference between one strobe head set at 1200W/S and three of them set at 400W/S.

My problem revolves around the fact that I lost a testicle as a result of an accident a few years ago. Although everything functions normally, my loss has caused me some emotional problems. I have hesitated to become physically involved with anyone. As I initiate a new relationship, how and when should I inform the woman

of my problem? Should I advise her of my shortage before we get too far involved, or should I let her find out for herself?—R. T. K., Lawton, Oklahoma.

Your problem is only as big as you allow it to become. Many men are born with only one testicle—or suffer the loss of one sometime during their lives, as you did. In many cases, this minor physical flaw is virtually undetectable. We see no point in telling every woman you date that you're short one testicle. If your secret is discovered in a future sexual encounter, make little or nothing of it—or have a clever comment handy ("I gave up my left ball in a real-estate deal that made me a millionaire"). Certainly, however, there is nothing about which you should explain or apologize. And as long as everything functions normally, as you put it, there's no need for you to worry.

Would you please settle an office dispute? When my co-workers and I make reservations for lunch as a group, we are routinely charged a 15 percent gratuity before the first glass of water is filled. I say that this is a breach of etiquette, while some of my co-workers pass it off with the explanation that the owners are just trying to provide an ample living for their employees. The problem comes when the service is poor. Complaining is embarrassing, but not complaining ruins the meal. What is the proper action?—J. S., Detroit, Michigan.

We think your best option is a complaint to management when service is poor. If you're embarrassed or uncomfortable about doing the complaining face to face, as many people are, by all means, sit down later and write an intelligent, factual letter detailing your criticisms—and don't be afraid to mail it. This action may not resolve the problem of the automatic gratuity, but it will certainly make you feel better, and it will undoubtedly draw a response from better establishments.

Having been a member of numerous health clubs over the years, I have often wondered about the medical risks that accompany steam rooms. I have had this discussion with friends who insist on using the men's steam room nude and sitting directly on the warm, wet tile, without the benefit of a towel or any other protection and without thinking about the person who used it just before them. At the health club I recently joined, this is the standard practice. I've been told that the steam kills the germs. Since direct contact between the tile and the anus and the penis (or the vagina) is possible, often within seconds of another person's making the same contact, it occurs to me that there is a real possibility for transmitting worms, protozoa, bacteria or viruses—including those

usually sexually transmitted. I am part of a small minority who insist on wearing something to avoid direct contact with the tile. Without giving married guys another excuse to give their wives, what is the medical thinking on this? I would appreciate an opinion that I can provide to the health-club management—if I am not being overly sensitive on this sanitation issue.—F. S., San Diego, California.

So far, there is no evidence that anyone has caught a sexually transmitted disease from an inanimate object. The research on the subject suggests that these viruses and bacteria do not last for any period of time on inanimate objects and that direct person-to-person contact is the main method of transmission. However, using common sense (and a towel) in the steam room of your club is not a bad idea. It is a convenient, practical solution to a problem about which there are still more questions than answers.

Here's a question about compact-disc players. Some models have a single laser beam to read the disc, while others have three. What is the difference between them? Does one have an advantage over the other? The specs seem to be about the same. Other than playback features, is there a difference in sound quality?—R. A., Jackson, Tennessee.

The main difference between the single-laser-beam and three-laser-beam systems is the improved tracking with the latter. In a single-beam system, the tracking is handled by one laser, which reads the digital information on the compact disc and handles its own tracking accuracy. With the three-beam system, a central beam reads the digital signal. The two outside beams focus on the edges of the disc to supply tracking information to the servo-control circuitry. A deviation as small as .2 microns can be immediately corrected. A three-laser-beam system will provide optimum tracking for both home and portable models.

My roommate and I have decided to let you resolve two questions that remain unresolved despite hours of argument. First, he claims that a woman cannot have an orgasm while standing, because the sudden rush of blood to her privates would cause her to faint from lack of blood to the brain. Second, he claims that a woman's clitoris must be stimulated only very gently, preferably with the tongue. I maintain that regular, rhythmic rubbing with one finger is more likely to get her off, because of the steady friction it causes. I realize that it may be difficult for a woman to reach orgasm on her feet, because she is not comfortable, but is it really impossible?—C. T., St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Women are perfectly capable of achieving orgasm in a standing position, and fainting spells are a distinct improbability. While most women require some degree of clitoral stimulation in order to achieve orgasm, every woman has unique preferences in this regard. Some like it slow and gentle, others prefer

manual to oral and some women find intense clitoral stimulation uncomfortable. Just as every human being is unique, so are his or her preferences in sexual stimulation. We encourage experimentation as a means of discovering these individual likes and dislikes—and, of course, as a means of increasing the pleasure and satisfaction of both partners.

Exercise books say that the optimum pulse rate can be roughly calculated by taking 80 percent of the difference between 220 and the exerciser's age. Thus, a 40-year-old should try to maintain a pulse rate of 144 ($220 - 40 \times 0.80$). I am in my mid-40s, and I have been running regularly for several years. My running pulse rate is usually around 160. Should I deliberately slow down a little each year? Does the above calculation apply to conditioned athletes or only to fledglings?—D. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

The general formula for roughly calculating the maximum target heart rate during exercise is not fixed. There is a range of between 65 and 85 percent; you might also take 70 percent of the difference between your age and 220. But fitness levels vary with age. You might consider using a more exacting measurement, named the Karvonen formula after the specialist who devised it. For this formula, take your resting pulse rate (while still in bed), then subtract it from 220 minus your age. Now multiply that number by .70 and add your resting heart rate again. It may sound odd, but it does indicate individual fitness levels more accurately than the first formula does. If you have any further questions on the subject, we suggest that you consult your doctor or a qualified fitness instructor.

As one who used yohimbé bark extensively in the Sixties, I can attest to its genuine aphrodisiac effects. Unfortunately, eight-hour erections don't come cheap. Yohimbé also causes continuous and severe vomiting, headaches, heart palpitations, unbearable anxiety and a feeling of impending death. Worst of all is the taste of the tea brewed from the bark. It is indescribably foul—so bad, in fact, that the thought alone can cause immediate sickness months later. The side effects begin about one hour after ingestion—so you don't have too much time to have fun! Finally, the hangover lasts one to three weeks. Don't recommend this substance to your readers—it's not worth it.—T. S., New York, New York.

OK.

I have discovered a way to increase the pleasure of sex for both the man and the woman. It involves a bit of discomfort for the man but makes a significant difference in his stamina and in the intensity of pleasure experienced by both partners. It may seem odd at first, but, speaking from experience, I know it works. My lover and I greatly enjoy sex, and we make love as

often as we are able. After a marathon session one night, I became quite uncomfortable. The constant friction of pubic hair against my penis had caused me to become very sore, and it made my lover sore, too. Checking myself closely, I realized that my pubic hair grew rather densely at the base of my penis and even grew all the way up the shaft. The next day, after my shower, I used my tweezers and began plucking out those hairs on the shaft, one by one. I must say that there is nothing erotic or pleasant about this; but when I was finished, there wasn't a hair to be found on the shaft. I used a good lotion for a couple of days to soothe the soreness. The result is that the soft, smooth skin of my penis gives and receives much more stimulation inside my lover's vagina. It is an entirely new experience. She also enjoys fellatio even more, since she doesn't have to take any hair into her mouth. A bonus that most men don't think about is that it is possible to make a penis look better. Plucking the hair from the shaft and trimming the pubic area spruces things up a bit and actually makes the penis look larger. I just want to pass this information to others, as I think everyone should take some responsibility for satisfying his or her lover.—P. P., Dallas, Texas.

Thanks for the tip.

I have been enjoying your magazine for almost 15 years, from the first issue I found underneath my father's side of the bed to the most recent fantastic issue. Because of this long-term relationship, I look to you—rather, I implore you!—for your help. In the area of the country in which I live, there is an extreme shortage of sex boutiques. Because of this, my lover and I are interested in calling upon our most esteemed postal service for help. Our problem, however, is that we have no idea how to choose a reputable mail-order sexual-aid service. I hope this problem is not too trivial and that you will end our frustration by recommending to us a few of the more trustworthy and high-quality mail-order services.—L. C., Knoxville, Tennessee.

We suggest that you write to The Pleasure Chest at either or both of the following addresses: 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011; or 3143 North Broadway, Chicago, Illinois 60657. You may also want to contact Stamford Hygienic Corporation, P.O. Box 932, Stamford, Connecticut 06904, to request a catalog.

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.



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How important is fashion when you are checking out a new guy?

It's important for first impressions. It gives me information about his taste. I like it when a person takes pride in himself. I think a well-put-together look has to go with a sense of fun. I don't think dressing for others is the point. You have to see yourself in your clothes. I always dress for my mood, and I'm very color oriented to my moods. If I feel vibrant, I wear red. If I feel more mellow, I'll put on a flannel shirt, jeans and my favorite sneakers. I feel that my fashion is versatile, and I like to see that in someone else, too.



Sherry Arnett
SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Important. I look at a man's shoes first. Both sneakers and nice shoes. Cowboy boots. Jeans. T-shirts. Casual stuff. Not the disco look. Fashion tells me about how a man puts himself together. It reflects his personality. It isn't foolproof, though. I've seen guys whose fashion sense I approved of who turned out to be real jerks. Less is good, too. A man without a T-shirt who has good arms and shoulders makes a statement to me. In fact, I like the whole upper body, in or out of a shirt, if he has strong arms and shoulders.



Ava Fabian
AVA FABIAN
AUGUST 1986

It's not supposed to be important, but it is. I don't like people who look real trendy. The people I hang out with dress very strangely. They like to buy things from The Salvation Army and vintage-clothing stores and mix things. A guy who dresses that way, who's a little bit different, who has an interesting face, is the kind I'm attracted to. Much more than if he's wearing a T-shirt, a jacket, baggy pants, nice shoes—Miami Vice uniform. I'd rather he looked messy and bizarre, as if he didn't care what he looked like. As if he just threw the outfit together and wasn't too obsessed with it.



Cher Butler
CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

Pretty important. Not too formal, though. I like a guy who looks clean and well shaved and takes good care of his hair. I like to see him in clothes that match. It really bugs me when I see a guy wearing a pink shirt with green pants. Gross! I love jeans and a T-shirt. But the truth is, if I'm attracted to a guy, I don't care what he's wearing. I'm interested in his personality. If I see a gorgeous-looking guy in ragged clothes, it doesn't matter. I'm attracted to his looks, not his clothes. Fashion is important, but it's not going to make or break the whole thing.



Rebekka Armstrong
REBEKKA ARMSTRONG
SEPTEMBER 1986

Very important and not important. Let me explain. I like a guy who's got his Armani on. I like the pants. I like the shirts. I like nice cologne. Those guys drive me wild. On the other hand, fashion isn't important, because my favorite way to see a guy is in a faded pair of Levi's—the straight-leg ones, with no shirt and no shoes. With wet hair. That is my ultimate fantasy look. I love it. It's hot. Oh, yes, cologne at all times! Smelling good and kind of hanging out. That is the look for me!



Lynne Austin
LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

I think it's very important. You can tell a lot from his clothes: if he takes care of himself. How he carries himself. It's a statement of what kind of guy he is. I look for a business statement. Suit. Tie. A well-kept man. Not the jeans and sweaty-T-shirt type. A well-dressed man would know what to wear in any situation. He'd know what was required of him—even jeans and a T-shirt. A clean-cut guy in a good-looking suit, foreign- or American-made, does it for me.



Donna Edmondson
DONNA EDMONDSON
NOVEMBER 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.



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Newport



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

COMMENTARY

Shortly before the November elections, the President went on TV to announce a crusade against drugs. He told the nation that drug abuse cost society 60 billion dollars a year—a figure that soon became engraved in stone.

Hodding Carter III, in a *Washington Post* viewpoint, commented on the exorbitant “social cost” numbers:

“There is a weird lack of proportionality in all this. . . .

They say that smoking costs might have been as high as 95 billion dollars last year. The societal cost of alcohol was put at 116 billion dollars in 1983. And in the same year, an updated study claims, drugs cost society some

60 billion dollars. These estimates include such things as lost or reduced productivity, hospital or medical treatment and criminal-justice costs.”

I was puzzled by one thing. The social-cost estimates seem to presume that a chemically pure elite exists; that is, that people who don't drink or smoke or do drugs do *not* incur a social cost, that the pure in bodily fluids never get sick or commit crimes or miss work.

I called Henrick Harwood, the economist who had come up with the 60-billion-dollar drugs figure and the 116-billion-dollar alcohol-abuse figure, at the Research Triangle Institute in North Carolina. I asked him the average cost of staying healthy.

“In 1983,” he said, “health-treatment utilization cost 350 billion dollars. That's approximately \$1500 per person, though not everyone gets sick every year. People use a great deal of health care. Everyone has some.”

Does drug use increase health costs?

“Not as much as alcohol or tobacco. With alcohol, there are 25,000 to 30,000 deaths each year from cirrhosis of the liver alone. With smoking, there is treatment for various cancers. There are not as many related costs for drugs. Instead, we identify costs for rehabilitation, detox, methadone maintenance, emergency-room visits.”

I asked Harwood about productivity. “Impaired or lost productivity,” he said, “accounted for 55 percent of the total cost of drug abuse. That's about 33.3 billion dollars.”

What, exactly, was he measuring? Was Harwood talking about Ford Pin-

tos that burn up or McD.L.T.s that arrive missing the L or the T? Reagan was pursuing a drug-free workplace as if it were the Holy Grail. He worried about the safety of the innocent. Did he think a drug-crazed co-worker would rivet someone's hand to the grille of a Buick or a deadhead air-traffic controller send passengers to a fiery death in Des Moines? Are drug abusers a threat to people's lives as well as to the life-

culture and mellow come to mind.

Is there a cause-and-effect relationship? “These figures do not establish causality. We can't tell which came first—the lack of ambition and motivation or drug use. They are just a useful tool for comparison with other figures.”

And what about the different ways such figures are used? Feminists found, after a similar analysis, that they were making

only 62 cents on the dollar. We did not speak of that difference as impaired productivity. We called it sexism. When blacks found they were making less than whites, it was called racism and we developed affirmative action. Against drug-

gies, who are reluctant to organize on their own behalf, we have a war fueled by the mistaken belief that their drug use is costing Joe Citizen 60 billion dollars. Cost analysis is a political tool—with about as much discretion as a neutron bomb.

What would happen if America cleaned up its drug problem? It is hardly likely that corporate America would come up with a 33.3-billion-dollar raise.

Would the criminal costs of drug abuse disappear with decriminalization? “The criminal-justice costs of drug abuse are put at 11 billion dollars. If you decriminalized drugs, some of that would disappear. But there is also the cost of the underground economy. People who drop out of legitimate, productive jobs and deal drugs or engage in parasitic roles [robbery, mugging] pull money from the legitimate, productive economy.”

My conversation with Harwood was fascinating. Why hadn't *all* of his findings made the news? “You can't get subtlety into the lead paragraph of a newspaper story. The only figure anyone sees is the 60 billion.”

As the man who had established the social cost of drugs, does Harwood agree with mandatory drug testing?

“It comes down to the rights in the Constitution. When there is reason to suspect someone, when there is something called probable cause, you have justification to ask for a drug test. I would no sooner see mandatory drug testing than I would a camera in every bedroom.”

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

THE SOCIAL COST OF DRUGS

blood of the country? Apparently not. “In economics, productivity is related to salary,” Harwood said. “We looked for differences in salary between drug users and nonusers. After taking into account age, race, sex, education and occupation, we found that intensive drug users made 28 percent less than others.”

I wondered why I had never seen that figure. If the President wanted to scare the bejesus out of a nation of Yuppies, all he had to do was say drugs and life on the fast track don't mix.

What drug or drugs were responsible for such a decrease in salary? “The only drug where we found a significant difference was marijuana. If a person said that he had smoked marijuana for 30 days in a row at any point in his life, he was labeled a drug user. There are 7,000,000 households where that has happened. And those households show lower total incomes, whether or not the person is still smoking dope. If a white male was supposed to make \$21,000 in 1980 and he had smoked dope for a month, we would figure that he made 28 percent less, or about \$6000 less. The average productivity reduction for all age and sex groups was \$4800. You multiply that missing \$4800 by the number of households where drugs are used and you get about 33 billion dollars.”

I asked if the figure reflected drug users' on-the-job impairment. “No. There are no studies on that.”

So we were looking at people who make 72 cents on the dollar, who don't get raises, who aren't on the fast track of corporate life. As a social cost, it seems rather harmless. The words counter-

F E E D B A C K



FOR THE RECORD

PREVENTIVE PICKETING

In a debate with Barry Lynn, legislative counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, Donald Wildmon, director of the National Federation for Decency, complained that the members of the A.C.L.U. "were great defenders when blacks were picketing white-owned businesses that would not sell to blacks," and said, "I'm appalled that the A.C.L.U. would criticize us" for picketing video stores.

Lynn responded, "I think it's disingenuous to compare picketing video stores with the civil rights protests of the Sixties. In the Sixties, blacks were protesting to achieve constitutional rights that had been denied them. The people picketing video stores are attempting to prevent others from exercising their constitutional rights. There's a fundamental difference."

MEESE MISSES

Prevention of sex crimes was the supposed objective of the Meese commission. And the commissioners did come up with 92 recommendations, some of which were so wacky that they must have embarrassed those few who knew anything about the subject. The one preventive measure *not* recommended, or even considered, was the *treatment* of sex offenders. Some states do mandate treatment; but as a practical matter, it is not widely available. In Missouri, for

instance, seven therapists and two caseworkers are responsible for treating 1300 sex offenders incarcerated in four prisons. In Kansas, six psychologists handle the mental-health problems and treatment of more than 2445 inmates at the state penitentiary, about 16 percent of whom are sex offenders. These meager resources could have received a welcome shot of publicity from the Meese commission; instead, it failed to even acknowledge that sex-offender treatment and rehabilitation are the only approaches that have been found effective.

S. Smith

Chicago, Illinois

KEYSTONE COMEDY

Congratulations for taking a public stand against drug testing. By and large, the American media have played follow-the-leader, taking their cue from Ronald Reagan and endorsing his repressive policies without question. The TV media were the most obvious rumor-mongers, cashing in on the drug crisis with specials such as *48 Hours on Crack Street* and *American Vice*. It seemed as if every

newscaster wanted to be Don Johnson. However, if you looked closely, you could find a few voices of dissent in the daily newspapers. The *Chicago Tribune* reported that a poppy-seed bagel could show up as an opiate in a urine test. One writer suggested that drug testing might not be the high-tech wonder the Administration depicted. What if Mr. Wizard's chemistry set is rigged? One article described the Keystone comedy of the White House staff voluntarily pissing into jars: "The President's urinalysis

sample was taken two days early, because he was to have a urological examination Saturday, and it was feared that an antibiotic might make his urine positive. . . . There is also a chance that the Vice-President could test positive for barbiturates, because Bush just returned from a trip to the Middle East. On a previous journey, Mrs. Bush said the couple usually takes sleeping pills to avoid jet lag. [A spokesman] said First Lady Nancy Reagan, who also agreed to voluntary testing, has been taking an anti-arthritis drug that may show up as marijuana on the test." If mistakes can happen at that level, imagine what might happen to us normal guys.

Nathaniel Bynner
Evanston, Illinois

So Bush slept through the Iran arms deal, right? The A.C.L.U. reports that urine tests are unreliable—i.e., produce false positives between ten and 30 percent of the time. If administered to the American work force of 100,000,000-plus, mandatory drug tests could falsely label between 10,000,000 and 30,000,000 workers as drug users. If they were retested, the failure rate would still indict between 1,000,000 and 3,000,000 innocent bystanders. So far, Reagan is proceeding with his plan despite court rulings against drug tests in 13 out of 17 cases. Maybe you should just send your sample to him.

PEPPER PEPPERED

In the January "Forum," we published "The Anatomy of a Whispering Campaign." Dr. Pepper had used Dr. Ruth Westheimer in its ads for Diet Dr. Pepper but abruptly canceled her appearances when it received 2000 letters from readers of Donald E. Wildmon's National Federation of Decency Journal. Wildmon objected to Dr. Ruth, a "sexologist," as a spokesperson for the company. We asked our readers to write to W. W. Clements, chairman emeritus of Dr. Pepper, P.O. Box 225086, Dallas, Texas, and protest his decision to roll over. Following is a sampling of your comments to Clements.

You're living proof that Texas raises steers, not bulls. What you did with Dr. Ruth was spineless.

H. G. Ainsleigh
Colfax, California

I have tasted my last Dr. Pepper! I will no longer buy your soft drink and will discourage my friends, family and clients from buying it. A company that knuckles

under to a tiny number of crackpot fanatics who are terrified at the notion that sex exists only encourages them in their quest to ban everything.

Antonio Guerra
New York, New York

You have chosen to allow the Reverend Mr. Wildmon's righteous flock of Bible-beating Constitution stompers to influence your choice of Dr. Ruth as a paid spokesperson for your soft drink. To bow to such obvious attempts at censorship only reassures the purveyors of rigidity that they are in the right, so to speak. In my household, Dr Pepper was the drink of choice. This is no longer true.

J. Barrett Wolf
Freeport, New York

Your summary dropping of Dr. Ruth following complaints from Donald Wildmon's *National Federation of Decency Journal* is offensive.

I have been in private practice as a psychotherapist for 37 years. I see between 55 and 65 clients a week. I encounter about 150 new people a year. Each client positively influences between three and seven others. Therefore, I have an impact on some 500 people each year. I have begun an intensive "Boycott Dr Pepper" campaign. Who knows, it may catch on.

N. D. Mallary, Jr.
Atlanta, Georgia

TEXTBOOK TRIALS

An interesting side light to the textbook case in Tennessee in which parents won a court battle to allow their children to opt out of classes that use textbooks that violate their religious beliefs (*The Playboy Forum*, February) is a study conducted by six historians and educators. This panel reviewed 31 U.S.-history texts used across the nation in junior high and high schools. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, the "report praised the books for portraying our nation in a positive light without glossing over controversial topics, such as the Vietnam war; presenting many points of view; encouraging critical, creative thinking; and discussing the roles of women and blacks in shaping American history." It was clear from reports of the Tennessee case that these fundamentalist parents are *against* the presentation of many points of view and *against* critical thinking. The parents may have won the court battle, but their children are the losers.

T. Simmons
Arlington Heights, Illinois

I've been following the textbook case in Mobile, Alabama, in which the parents of schoolchildren are claiming that their children's textbooks violate their religious beliefs by "promoting" a reli-

gion called secular humanism. I have yet to read anywhere exactly what secular humanism is!

H. Levin
Miami, Florida

Secular humanism has been called everything from "the most dangerous religion in the world" to a "nonreligious philosophy." Here are the facts. Western humanism has its roots in ancient Greece. It began as an antiviolence movement whose primary belief was that man was worthy of respect and that his life could and should be improved. Possibly because life was so bleak in those days and a belief in God did not seem to improve man's lot, the humanists turned from spiritualism to logic to resolve their questions about life and death; they

realized that they had to solve their own problems.

Modern-day humanists do not necessarily believe in God—though some do—but they do feel that if you believe in God, that's fine (unlike the plaintiffs in the Alabama case, who think that you not only must believe in God but also must believe in their God).

Humanists emphasize human values and human dignity. They believe that people are capable of looking at issues critically and drawing their own conclusions. They encourage people to think for themselves and to make inquiries into philosophy and religion. In fact, this desire for free inquiry is the center of the humanist philosophy.

Now, one would think that such a desire

COMMUNITY STANDARDS

In 1973, the United States Supreme Court adopted the test for obscenity set forth in *Miller vs. California*. The Miller test was thought to be a major step forward, for it acknowledged that local rather than national standards should be applied in banning obscene material. The Court, however, provided little guidance as to how those standards should be determined.

Does the current method, trial by jury, work? Does the community really decide what is obscene? In most obscenity trials, six to 12 jurors determine the local community standard—and seldom, if ever, is a jury truly representative of a community. As you know, jurors are selected at random *not* from the total population but from a pool of registered voters. This pool is made even more unrepresentative by the exclusion of those with work or personal or legal conflicts.

In the past two years, I have been a consultant in more than 30 obscenity cases around the country. I have provided evidence for the defendants (usually employees of adult-book stores or video stores) on what the *real* community standard is. This evidence consisted of the results of two community surveys: a local public-opinion survey and a local market survey.

The communities I have surveyed range from predominantly lower-income blue-collar families to predominantly upper-income professionals. I have found that opinions about restricting sexually explicit material are remarkably consistent across the country.

One of the questions in the public-opinion survey is "Do you believe you *should* or *should not* be able to see any

showing of actual sex acts in adult movies, video cassettes or magazines if you should want to?" An average of 71 percent of the adult respondents endorsed the right to see such material. (This is consistent with a 1986 national survey of 1002 adult Americans conducted by Americans for Constitutional Freedom in which 74 percent of those who identified themselves as born-again Christians strongly endorsed their right to purchase such material.)

The market survey determines how much sexually oriented material is sold in a community. We found that the market-survey results were consistent with the public-opinion-survey results and that sexually explicit magazines outsold *Time* and *Newsweek* in most of the communities we researched. Furthermore, 90 percent of neighborhood video outlets rent X-rated videos. Such material constitutes 15 to 40 percent of their total rentals. Communities not only tolerate these businesses but support them.

We believe that community standards should be determined by public-opinion and market surveys. An independent measure of attitudes and behavior is an accurate barometer of community feeling.

What we hear is clear. Americans pride themselves on freedom of choice, and that is the one right they are most reluctant to surrender. So why are we allowing a handful of people to determine our local community standards when accurate testing tools are available to produce reliable results?

Dennis Benson, Ph.D.
Columbus, Ohio

would be appreciated by parents; it would seem the type of education that they should want for their children. But no. Fundamentalists Christians are not interested in fostering a right to question their belief in creationism, and their strict interpretation of the Bible cannot stand up to hard scrutiny.

The new intolerance is not so new—it's the same intolerance that led the founding fathers to leave the old country. And it is as ugly now as it was then. Secular humanism, with a stance of reasoned neutrality toward religion, was the concept that allowed pluralism and tolerance to flourish in this country.

Secular humanism is *not* a religion; it is a philosophy that allows people to choose to practice a religion. Without it, the fundamentalist Christians would be nowhere.

"COMMENTARY" HIT HOME

You quote Bill Carter, from the FBI's public-information office, in your Novem-

ber "Commentary" about alarming statistics. He asks, "Do you know a child who has been abducted? That should tell you something." I do know a child who has been the victim of abduction by a stranger. My then two-year-old daughter disappeared from a back yard in Montana in 1980.

Your "Commentary" was correct. The numbers that people such as the Reverend Wildmon throw around do trivialize the problem of child sexual abuse, and I can tell you that the artificially inflated numbers of abductions did nothing to help my situation. When will they learn that people who abduct children are sick? People who celebrate their sexuality are healthy.

William J. Ginevicz
Longmont, Colorado

DOUBLESPEAK

The White House condemns Poland's censorship of foreign news while it confiscates Cuban periodicals mailed to the U.S. It condemns abortion as cruel while it cuts back on welfare. It blasts terrorism while it ships arms to Iran. Does anyone else see something wrong here?

André Bacard
San Rafael,
California

I'm serving a five-year sentence for possessing two rifles, two pistols and one shotgun. Now I learn that the Reagan Administration purchased millions of dollars' worth of arms to send to Iran. Great.

Evan W. Cole
Smyrna, Delaware

AIDS TESTING

My company issued a directive that all its employees have to be tested for AIDS. I gather that it is worried about incurring high medical-insurance costs and fears that having an employee with AIDS would drive it out of business. I'm not in a high-risk group for AIDS. Do I have to submit to such a test?

(Name and address withheld by request)

Unfortunately, there is no easy answer. Your best bet is to call the local Human Rights Commission, or its equivalent, in your area. If it cannot help, call a civil rights attorney or the A.C.L.U. chapter affiliate. It will know the local law. Involuntary AIDS testing falls under human-rights and state handicapped-discrimination laws, and these can vary tremendously from place to place.

FRAUDULENT THINKING

Southland Corporation, owner of the 7-Eleven stores, risked losing its liquor license in Florida when it was convicted of tax fraud in New York. Southland had tried to claim \$96,000 as a tax exemption. Federal prosecutors proved that this money was really intended as a bribe for a New York City councilman. That makes Southland a felon, and felons are not allowed to hold liquor licenses in Florida. Southland appealed for special clemency, and Florida's Parole and Probation Commission recommended to the governor that the company be allowed to continue selling beer. Its report hailed Southland's decision to stop selling *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse* as proof that it is a good corporate citizen. Odd, isn't it, that denying someone's right to read should be considered a sign of a good citizen?

J. S. Beeson
Panama City, Florida

TELL A JOKE, GO TO JAIL

During a lull in a high-security White House meeting last summer, held to discuss ways to further destabilize Libya's crackbrained leader, Ronald Reagan quipped, "Why not invite Qaddafi to San Francisco, he likes to dress up so much." Chimed in the normally stolid George Shultz, "Why don't we give him AIDS?"

Those around the table laughed. But when the comments were leaked in *The Washington Post* some time later, the laughter stopped. A number of San Francisco civic leaders demanded that Reagan apologize for the dress-up line. Others around the nation were outraged, *not* because Shultz had suggested terminating the Moslem Moe Howard (a squadron of F-111s had previously signaled that intent) but because his remark was "insensitive" to AIDS victims. In fact, in the wake of the brouhaha, a Southern California legislator floated the notion that AIDS jokes violate the civil rights of the disease's victims and that anybody who tells one should be hit with a fine or a jail term.

Last year marked a curious offensive thrust in a growing war against offensive humor. Oddly enough, much of the intolerance is coming from the liberal end of the political and social spectrum and from the universities—which *used* to be liberal. Consider the case of Wayne Dick, a Yale sophomore who last spring put up posters satirizing the university's Gay/Lesbian

(concluded on page 48)

COMMITMENT, HERS; COMMITMENT, YOURS

One of the sexual conflicts that may never be resolved is *her* idea of commitment versus your idea of commitment. Although there may be no resolution to this clash of viewpoints, we can at least try to explain it. Warren Farrell, author of the book *Why Men Are the Way They Are*, observes:

Better Homes and Gardens is still the best-selling women's magazine—with *Family Circle* number two. These still represent women's primary fantasy—better homes and a family circle. Conversely, the best-selling men's magazine is still *PLAYBOY*. These represent the male primary fantasy—access to beautiful women without fear of rejection.

How does this relate to why men are afraid of commitment? For a man, commitment means forfeiting his primary fantasy. For a woman, commitment means fulfilling her primary fantasy.

That's one man's view. If you have a better one, we'd like to read it. Write to Forum.



what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DRUG-FREE COSTS PLENTY

The present vogue of on-the-job urinalysis has generated a nationwide cottage industry that, for a price, supplies urine that is free of drugs, alcohol or any other troublemaking substances. Given the cost—\$25 to \$50 a bottle—drug-free urine must be hard to find. Testing experts say that the only way to get around urine



substitution is to post a trusted employee to watch the urination take place, but even here, they report interesting countermeasures. In some cases, employees have kept a container of the pure urine taped to the underside of the penis, ready at all times. In others, employees reportedly have filled their own bladders—by means of a catheter—with store-bought urine.

STAMP OUT SEX ED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Secretary of Education William Bennett has denounced proposals in a report by the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences that concludes that the most effective way to reduce unwanted teenage pregnancies is to encourage diligent contraceptive use among sexually active young people. Bennett condemned the suggestion that sex counseling be available through school clinics. He called the recommendations of the panel, composed of physicians, social scientists and public-health experts, "dumb policy" and said that "school-based birth-control clinics will damage our schools and our children." The report notes that U.S. girls

under 15 are at least five times as likely to give birth as their counterparts in other developed countries for which data are available and that the total welfare costs attributed to teenage childbearing were 16.65 billion dollars in 1985.

LOVE AND MONEY

In Money magazine's annual poll "Americans and Their Money," 33 percent of the 2555 respondents said they thought having more money would improve their sex life. "Making money is associated with being successful, attractive," said Dr. Seymour Lieberman, who speculated that those who thought they would get more love for their money felt that a higher income would reduce tension and fatigue. Who says you can't buy love?

A SNIFF CAN SNUFF

There is increasing medical evidence that cocaine in small doses can be deadly even for healthy people. Surgical pathologists at Stanford University of Medicine in California have found a consistent form of heart-muscle damage in 28 of 30 people, aged 25 to 74, who died after using coke. "Evidence is mounting that cocaine is not the benign drug it was once thought to be," said Dr. Henry Tazelaar, who coordinated the study. Ever since the cocaine-related death last June of basketball player Len Bias, doctors have been taking a closer look at the effects of the drug. Only recently have they become aware that it can destroy human heart tissue. Cocaine causes the heart-muscle cells to enter a permanent state of contraction that makes them immobile. With the normal pathways blocked, the heart may beat irregularly, which can cause sudden death. Although there is not yet solid proof, researchers suspect that cocaine users, even if initially free from heart disease, may be causing permanent damage to their hearts.

BOOZE BLOCKER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A drug that blocks the intoxicating effects of alcohol and sobers up drunks is causing a dilemma for scientists who are now testing it on primates. Called Ro 15-4513, the drug holds promise for the treatment of chronic alcoholics and for research into the factors that contribute to alcoholism. It also has

tremendous commercial potential, the researchers say, if marketed as an instant-sobriety drug. The danger they see is that it may encourage people to drink too much, leaving them vulnerable to all the other effects of alcohol that are not blocked by the drug. For this reason, it is expected that the Food and Drug Administration will certify the drug, if it proves safe, only for treatment of alcoholism.

FLYING HIGH?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In a report on aviation safety, the Department of Transportation has calculated that some 16,000 currently licensed pilots have been convicted of drunken driving and that as many as 2000 of them fly commercial airliners. The figures were reached by comparing a list of active pilots with the National Drivers' Registry list of motorists whose licenses have been suspended or revoked for driving while intoxicated. Of



the 16,000, an estimated 7000 did not admit their convictions on medical reviews that are required periodically under Federal law, officials said. The report recommends that the Government keep track of pilots' driving records and possibly ground those who are convicted of D.W.I.

Meanwhile, The Pittsburgh Press says that a survey of 17 drug-treatment centers around the country found that more than 69 airline pilots have been treated for unreported cocaine addiction during the past two years. Doctors fear that many more pilots with drug problems have not sought help for fear of losing their jobs.

Writing on the Wall

Cynics may scoff at the idea of Madison Avenue's selling sex education on the street; but while they're scoffing, conscientious organizations are busy trying to change things. They've wised up to the fact that young people make up a pliable group that, when approached the right way and in the right tone, is going

Ketchum Advertising in New York is

"The Children of Danvers Prison"

Created by Fallon A. McElligott for the Children's Defense Fund (122 C Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001)

It's like being grounded for eighteen years.

You may be tempted to put the questions off for a few years. But it's important to keep the lines of communication open with your child. Planned Parenthood has pamphlets and programs to help you make the most of your child's questions.

☐ **Yes, I want to be ready to answer my child's questions about sex.**

☐ **Planned Parenthood is the best resource. "Everything You Didn't Learn From Your Mom About Sex and What You Don't Want to Hear."**

☐ **Yes, please send me information about Planned Parenthood programs for getting to my goals.**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

PLANNED PARENTHOOD

This is a confidential survey. Your information will not be shared with anyone without your permission.

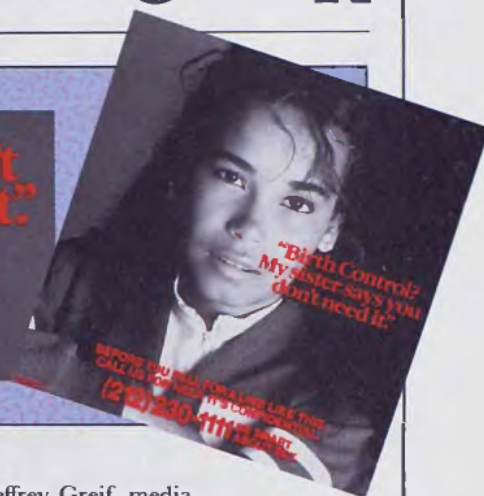
Created by Trahan,
Burden and
Charles for
Planned Parent-
hood of Maryland

TEST YOUR PARENTS' SEX IQ

AD
BD
CD

NOTEBOOK

Created By Joe Coccaro, Jim Colasurdo and Kevin Allen of Ketchum Advertising for the Mayor's Office of Adolescent Pregnancy and Parenting Services



far, it's been a success. The kids are even taking the posters out of the subway and hanging them in their rooms."

Despite their popularity, sex-education ad campaigns still face a few problems; most notably, the fact that they cannot advertise on television. The networks have a policy—which they don't seem likely to change soon—against

advertising contraceptives on TV.

Another problem is one of dollars and cents: Teenagers often don't have the money to be smart about sex, which is probably why the National Academy of Sciences has recently recommended widespread availability of free contraceptives to teens. "And if teenagers do have some sort of disposable income,"

says Jeffrey Greif, media supervisor at Saatchi & Saatchi Compton advertising in New York, "it's going to go other places. A kid who's saving up \$200 for a new bicycle certainly isn't going to plunk down five bucks for a box of rubbers."

Let's hope advertising will change that.

—BRUCE KLUGER



Created by Jeff McElhaney, David Foote and Allan Sprecher for Health Education Resource Organization (HERO)



Awareness Days (GLAD). His fliers for Bestiality Awareness Days (BAD) tossed thinly veiled barbs at several prominent and vocal gay activists. He was accused of harassing and intimidating members of the gay community and was initially hit with a two-year university probation (which was later overturned).

Is a pointed joke an unconcealed weapon? Can offensiveness be punished? Do minority groups deserve special civil rights protection against jokes made at their expense? How could such laws cover gays and AIDS patients and not employees of NASA, Poles or the Chicago Cubs?

Legislative fiat can't change basic human nature. The right to free speech must include the right to offend, mainly because there is a substantial portion of the population that is easily offended.

Lampoons of gay behavior and jokes about AIDS are admittedly offensive to many. But as Margaret Anne Gallagher suggested in the *National Review*, an immunity from being satirized teaches minorities "that equality depends on the suppression of liberty." This immunity, she added, would breed "a culture of sissies, easily hurt, always begging for special protection." Sticks and stones aren't

breaking bones, but words are, indeed, making people cry.

Adolf Hitler established special courts to punish people who named their pets and barnyard animals Adolf. Hermann Goering told the Academy of German Law that jokes could be interpreted as acts against the entire *Reich*. This is clearly taking humorlessness too far.

And I would have told Adolf and Hermann the same thing I tell people offended by other people's humor—just don't laugh.

Jay Stuller
San Francisco, California

AMERICAN

D E A T H T R I P

It's cases like Ted Bundy's that make people crazy. This nice-looking, smooth-talking son of a bitch may have murdered upwards of 35 people—killed many of them horribly, causing them and their families more pain and suffering than anyone should encounter in a hundred lifetimes—yet the state of Florida can't keep him strapped in its electric chair long enough to throw the switch. Before and after each stay of execution, he brags that they'll never do him in. And he could be right. Only six hours away from his latest appointment, he was spared again—this time with an indefinite stay so the court can hear an insanity defense.

But it's also cases like Bundy's that invite a serious rethinking of the death penalty. God knows it would feel good to see this creep put to death, and it would eliminate the possibility of escape or paroles. As matters stand now, he and his principled lawyers are costing the state enough money to put a hundred kids through college.

Unfortunately, not to afford Bundy his every nitpicking chance to beat the system would consign to death the people who every year are wrongly convicted of murder—which happens to be one of the easiest convictions to get on faulty witness testimony.

A study released two years ago by Hugo Adam Bedau and Michael L. Radelet found 343 cases of wrongful convictions in capital cases since 1900—including 25 executions. Even if the study erred in the bleeding-heart direction, that's still a pretty sorry record. There is now good reason to believe that the infamous Bruno Richard Hauptmann, executed for the kidnap/murder of the Charles Lindbergh baby, didn't do it. There is also some reason to believe that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. Even proponents of the death

penalty will admit that fancy lawyering can make the difference between conviction and acquittal and virtually always spares the guilty rich from receiving the death penalty.

What few people understand is that the maddeningly long and costly appeals process, which death-penalty proponents cite as guaranteeing justice, does not even look at guilt or innocence. Generally, the appellate process rules only on questions of law and procedure. A legal blunder or oversight may reverse a conviction, but obtaining a retrial is rare.

Courts and the appellate process correct injustice only part of the time. The Bedau-Radelet study found that more than one third of the 343 wrongful convictions leading to the death penalty were overturned by other means: confession of the real culprit (39 cases), newspaper investigation (23), employer persistence or community outrage (18), new witness testimony (11), "sheer luck" (ten), prosecution persistence (seven), supposed victim turned up alive (six), police persistence (four), family agitation (four) and admission of perjury or mistaken identification (four).

The outraged citizen who reads that the run-of-the-mill murderer serves only seven years tends to blame that fact on the absence of the death penalty, sure enough a long-term conviction. It's not understood that the death penalty applies in relatively few murder cases, that a person has to do something a little special to earn it—such as kill a cop. Or really butcher somebody, or a bunch of people. Or commit a series of atrocities that common sense tells us is the work of a madman, a category that includes smart psychopaths such as Bundy. But the appalling fact is that the death penalty seems to invite the acts it is supposed to punish. Bundy moved to Florida,

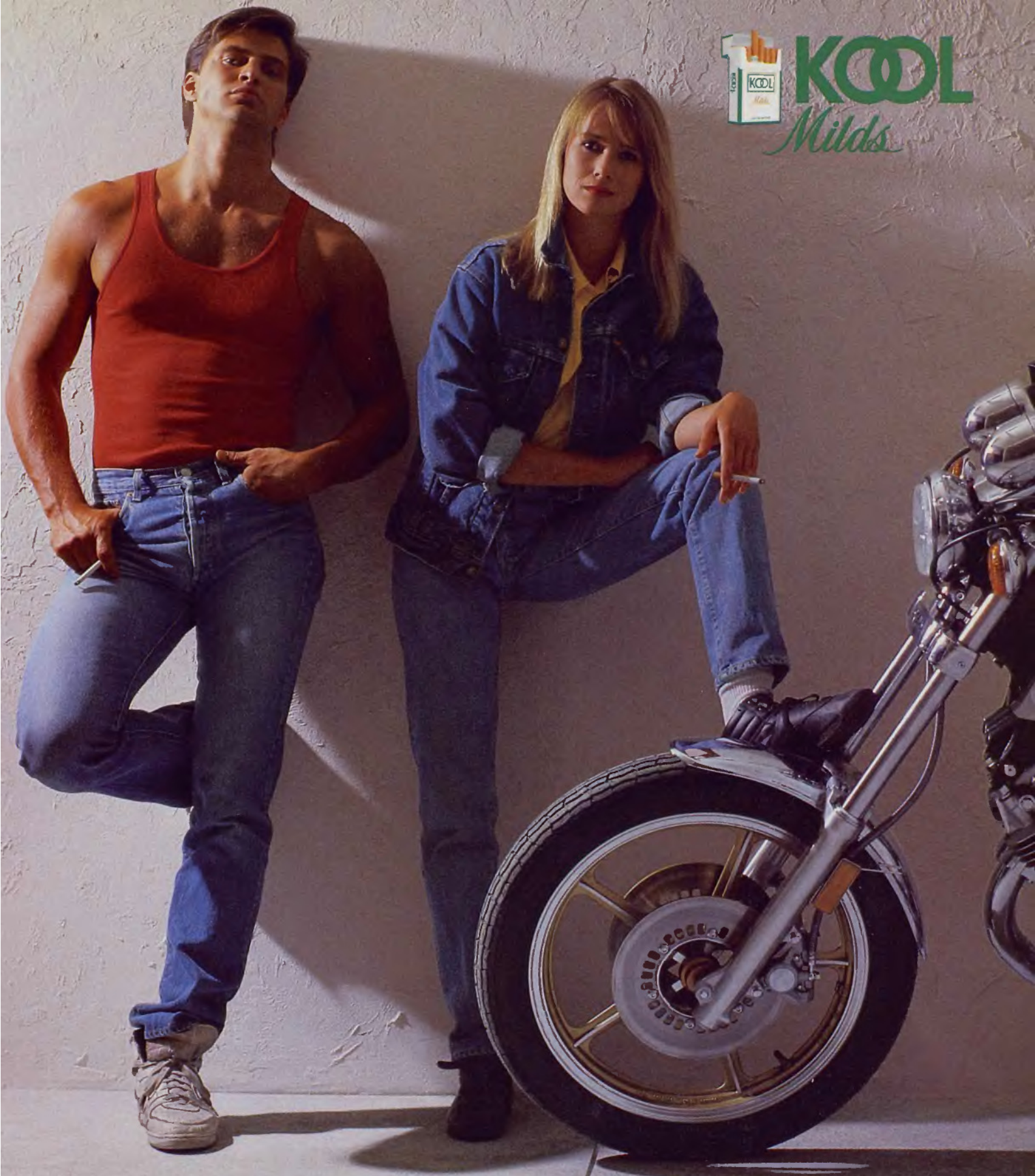
a premier execution state, to continue his killing. What does that say?

What it says to criminologists and psychologists is that many of the criminals we call psychos actually court the death penalty and will kill to qualify for it. Being locked away and forgotten doesn't do much for them, but being the central figure in the legalistic pageant that leads to ceremonial execution by the state—now, that's something.

Students of the subject find that some murderers, often the worst ones, submit with relief to their fate once they're apprehended. A problem faced by the attorneys representing death-row inmates is the fact that many of their clients *object* to being defended. Their crimes may be less acts of rational hostility than ones of self-destruction. Furthermore, murder rates have been shown to go up around the time of a much-publicized execution.

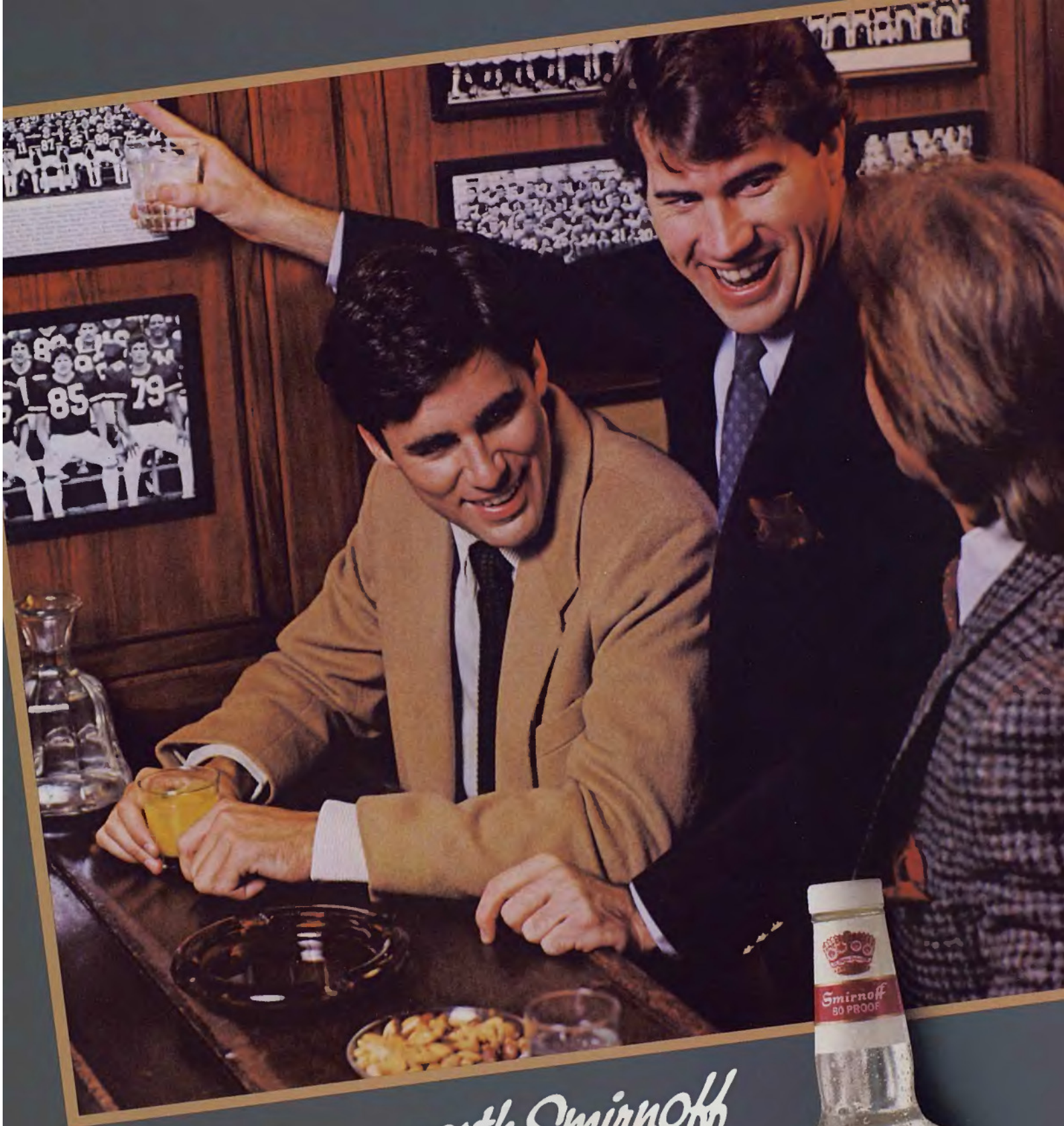
Reformers like to ask, "Why do we kill people in order to show that killing people is wrong?" That's a typically liberal sentiment, but it makes sense. If the consensus is that killing is a bad thing, the state is setting the worst example for that poorly socialized class of people who are the chief practitioners of murder—those who kill in the heat of anger. The state may kill deliberately and in cold blood after prolonged consideration, but the message it's sending out is still a simple one: *Some people have it coming*. That sentiment may be shared by the insulted drunk, the cuckolded husband, even the man who catches some jerk stealing his television set. Unless he's been conditioned to consider killing morally wrong, forbidden under any circumstances, he's not really committing murder but only executing somebody who has really asked for it—to his eternal regret once the state's own justice system takes over.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© 1986 B&W T Co.
12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Friends are worth Smirnoff
Crisp, clear, incomparably smooth Smirnoff®Vodka.

When ordering vodka, call for the best—Smirnoff. SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1986 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FL5 (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—"Made in U.S.A."



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LOUIS RUKEYSER

a candid conversation with the peppery host of "wall street week" about money, greed and taxes in an era of business superstars and take-overs

Wall Street raiders, white knights and greenmailers wage wars for control of some of the nation's prize companies. A new tax law, the most revolutionary in decades, affects every American's 1040. Business journalists, once relegated to the financial section, now find themselves covering front-page human-interest stories on layoffs and cutbacks that cost thousands of jobs. Not a few work the police beat, as the greatest insider-trading scandal in Wall Street's history continues its spasms.

It's no surprise, then, that the business media have themselves become a blue-chip growth industry. New publications have proliferated; existing ones have grown fatter. Money is the hot magazine. Television serves up a potpourri of specialized business shows where once situation comedies reigned.

Well, not entirely. For 17 years, there has been Friday night's "Wall Street Week," with Louis Rukeyser as host. Produced by Maryland Public Television, the show began as a limited-run series on just a few Eastern PBS stations, then gradually grew to its present prominence: almost 300 stations and an audience of 10,000,000, twice the weekly circulation of The Wall Street Journal. Along the way, Lou Rukeyser emerged as the best-known star of public television—with

the possible exception of Big Bird.

Why all the hubbub? Rukeyser says it's because the financial show (now retitled "Wall Street Week with Louis Rukeyser") is broadcast in English, a fact that he mentions to guests when they seem poised to lapse into financial jargon. He also thinks people are fascinated by money—"one of only two sure-fire subjects," especially, says Rukeyser, when presented with "a little bit of flair."

That flair is principally Rukeyser's wit, his ability to find the humor in the nation's money supply or the latest merger. Each show, he delivers a tart monolog that skewers those perpetrators on and off Wall Street who had a hand in shaping the week's events. Inevitably, he ventures into politics. ("Johnny Carson and I are the only two people on television doing topical humor," he claims.)

"Wall Street Week" is nothing if not a formula show. After his solo opening, Rukeyser leads a panel of resident Wall Streeters (chosen from a select repertory company of 19) through an interpretation of the week in finance. The experts answer viewers' questions, and each week the host and his panelists grill a guest who has played a key role on the Street or in the board room.

While it's not a stock-tip show, according to Rukeyser, issues have been known to move

a point or two on the basis of a mention on "Wall Street Week." Invariably, Rukeyser asks his guests to "name names," though he refrains from picking stocks himself, often steering the discussion toward the big picture: the budget deficit, international-trade considerations, problems and prospects in particular industries. Such a canvas reflects his belief that for too long the news has been dominated by political reporters who are convinced that their stories constitute the "high-policy stuff, the news about war and peace." In Rukeyser's vision, economics underlies all events, and "if you haven't got the economics straight, nothing else matters."

He has plenty of perspective to support that view. Born in 1933, he went to Princeton and graduated in 1954. Then, after a stint in the Army, he joined the staff of the Baltimore Sun. He worked his way up, becoming chief political correspondent for The Evening Sun and then, at the age of 26, becoming chief of The Sun's London bureau. Later he became the paper's principal Asian correspondent. Rukeyser's reporting from New Delhi, Hong Kong and Saigon (just as the Vietnam war was heating up) won him two Overseas Press Club awards. But being a ham, he found the lure of TV too hard to resist and signed on as



"The M.B.A. degree is in the same position as the high school diploma was two decades ago. It's now the entry-level requirement in many occupations. But most self-made executives have total contempt for the M.B.A.s."



"Just because a jerk like Ivan Boesky abuses the system is no reason to junk the system. Those of us who believe in it have to be most indignant when people abuse it. The crook should be jailed, and fast."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEBORAH FEINGOLD

"What do I think of the new tax law? It's anti-American. It's antigrowth. It's anti-success. It's anti-upward mobility. It isn't a tax cut . . . it's a scam. We're all going to be paying for this."

ABC's Paris correspondent in 1965. A year later, he moved across the Channel to head the network's London bureau.

In 1968, Rukeyser returned to the United States, where ABC gave him a newly created post—economics editor. He lobbied hard for the job, facing resistance from top executives who felt that the subject was “too dull and too complex for viewers used to sitcoms and shoot-em-ups.”

Rukeyser continued to make waves—and not a few enemies—by charging that none of his colleagues was versed in economics and that it received scandalously scant coverage on television news. As he grew increasingly comfortable with the subject, he became the in-house economics expert, fulfilling, perhaps, his genetic legacy. Rukeyser's father, Merryle, had been financial editor of the New York Tribune and a syndicated financial columnist.

As ABC's economic editor, Rukeyser began delivering a twice-weekly commentary on the ABC Evening News and served as host for several special reports, such as “The Great Dollar Robbery: Can We Arrest Inflation,” which won him a 1970 Emmy nomination. That same year, he was approached by the Maryland Center for Public Broadcasting to advise on a show called “Wall Street Week,” which would relate economic developments to the wallet of the average person. When the producer asked Rukeyser to recommend a host, he drew a blank—and was asked to fill the spot himself. Rukeyser moonlighted at “W.S.W.” while continuing to work at ABC. “Wall Street Week” was picked up by the entire PBS network in 1972 and a year later, Rukeyser quit ABC. His career promptly took off. He became a highly paid regular on the lecture circuit and, beginning in 1976, returned to the typewriter as a syndicated newspaper columnist. He has since written two books, “How to Make Money in Wall Street” (“You’d have to be a dullard to cover the subject and not pick up any expertise”) and “What’s Ahead for the Economy,” published in 1983 and the title of the 40 or 50 speeches he gives each year.

To target the business beat in this era of corporate superstars, Wall Street scandals and take-over mania, PLAYBOY sent Warren Kalbacker to talk with the man who was there first. Kalbacker's report:

“The Boesky affair, involving trader Ivan Boesky's illegal use of inside information to reap huge profits on Wall Street, had broken shortly before our first scheduled session. The stock market had plunged 40-odd points the previous day, and there was gloom in the air—a definite whiff of bear on Wall Street. Rukeyser dived right into the scandal story, of course, but he didn't let it get in the way of his peppiness about the economy in general. At the end of our long conversation, he checked the market for the day and noted that it was down just a bit. ‘They're selling off the crooks,’ he cracked. Nothing was about to shake Lou Rukeyser's faith in the free-enterprise system.

“Rukeyser has a great deal to say about capitalism and was eager to do so in a more

expansive medium than his 45-second TV answers or the 750-word bites of his weekly newspaper column. His spacious house in Greenwich, Connecticut, provided the setting for several early interview sessions. But Rukeyser seems to be on the road as often as he is at home, and our talks also took place in hotel rooms, aboard airliners and in taxis and rented cars.

“Clearly, he enjoys the niche he's created for himself out of broadcasting, playing the pundit and taking his show on the road. The crowds, prosperous and seemingly Republican, obviously regard him as one of their own, though Rukeyser insists that he takes umbrage at being called a conservative. He can work a room with consummate skill and timing, but he reminds you often that he considers himself a working journalist.

“His affection for his roots in the newspaper business is obvious, down to the manual typewriter on which he pounds out the script for ‘Wall Street Week’ and the city-room atmosphere before the show on Friday evening.

“Television, though, has made him the celebrity he is. He is frequently stopped in hotel lobbies and airports by people thanking him for investment advice gleaned from his

“The best thing the small investor has going for him is the stupidity of the large traders.”

show; only a few claim that the tips were bum steers. One young woman recognized him and offered him some advice of her own: ‘Jesus saves.’ Rukeyser's aside, a line no doubt awaiting just such a setup, was ‘But Moses invests.’

“Rukeyser claims to be the champion of the small investor. At least he tried to be with this small investor. Before one holiday weekend, he predicted which way the stock market would move on the basis of his intuition—plus some ‘leading indicators,’ naturally. At our next meeting, he wagged his finger. ‘See, if you hadn't been so busy plying me with questions, you might have made a nice piece of change.’

“Story of a lot of people's lives, I thought. But not Rukeyser's. He asks questions and makes a nice piece of change.”

PLAYBOY: Despite record highs on the Dow Jones, haven't the scandals of the past year produced a record amount of fear and loathing on Wall Street?

RUKEYSER: I think the scare was healthy. There was an arrogance in many quarters of the investment world. A lot of those guys, the arbitrageurs who trade on giant take-overs, have gotten a well-deserved black eye, and if they're knocked out per-

manently, that won't disturb me one bit.

PLAYBOY: As you say on *Wall Street Week*, care to name any names?

RUKEYSER: Well, Ivan Boesky, of course. And Dennis Levine. [Both were charged with illegal inside trading.] The wry joke among arbitrageurs is that since the arrest of Levine, the new definition of arbitrageur on Wall Street is someone who says he's never even met or talked with Dennis Levine. Now they're all racing to tell us they've never done business with Boesky.

Actually, I was thinking of some of the others, whom I probably shouldn't mention by name, because they haven't been charged—yet. Yes, Wall Street is under fire, and the question is, Is it no longer a place for the average person's money?

PLAYBOY: And the answer is?

RUKEYSER: That the average person ought to try to keep it all in perspective. The indignation is justified. There's nothing wrong with someone's being smarter than I am and figuring out that Company XYZ is selling at a bargain price and is a likely take-over target. But if that someone is proceeding because of a surreptitious tip from a merge lawyer or the vice-president's mate, then he's stealing. He's robbing the rest of us. On the basis of evidence we have now, Boesky was a purveyor of stolen goods. He was illegally provided information from those who had a fiduciary responsibility not to reveal it and he was fencing it in the market place.

But overall, I don't think the financial markets run corruptly. It wouldn't be in their self-interest to do so. The chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, the people charged with cracking down on this, says himself that the extent of such illicit activities is far less than gossip and rumor would suggest. And I think the SEC is right on this.

The true insiders—the heads of investment firms—are the first to recognize that they have to expunge this cancer completely, publicly. They need everybody's money—they need cash for these markets, and a lot of people are being scared off legitimate operations because of the stench of the improper ones. The heads of investment firms want these guys taken care of real fast. They're terrified.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you represent when you reassure people about Wall Street? Publicly, you speak up for the small investor, but you rub shoulders with a lot of big-time insiders.

RUKEYSER: I represent the customer. I have a warm identification with the small investor for the excellent reason that I am one. I'm just a working journalist. Actually, in the course of an average *Wall Street Week*, we practice three basic forms of journalism—reporting, analysis and commentary. It's a little unusual that the same guy is doing all three, but I think it's perfectly clear when I'm reporting something—giving people the Dow Jones average for the week. When I analyze, I

try to figure out what some events mean to the average guy. And I comment when I do something like offer a presumptuous proposal for reforming Social Security.

PLAYBOY: We'll get back to Wall Street insiders; but in the larger sense, we might not be having this conversation if business and banking hadn't become so fashionable these past few years. Why do you think all this has happened?

RUKEYSER: Fads come and go in occupations. Investment banking is the place to go for the bucks, they say, and it has become the subject of cover stories in magazines and general-interest TV programs. But maybe a year from now the hot new profession is going to be interior design.

When I started going on college campuses, in the late Sixties, I used to say that there were two extreme positions—the radicals said that we were the most immoral society in 3000 years and the moderates said no, only 2000. To me, there was always a hypocrisy to the so-called Sixties idealism. Very often it was "Daddy is a terrible materialist, fascist s.o.b. I really hate the guy, and besides, where's the check for my stereo?" Then, in the Seventies, the realization set in that none of this works by magic. It is not predestined that America will always have world economic leadership and that every American is entitled to live better than his parents did.

When I lectured on college campuses during the height of the miscalled energy crisis and explained that it wasn't just some scam got up by the big oil companies, I'd say to students, "This is a free country and you have the right to disbelieve what I've just said. If so, I have a suggestion: If you think that the big oil companies are ripping off the American people and have this great profiteering scam, you can get in on the scam. All you have to do is put together enough money or borrow some from your father—it'll be one of the most useful things you ever borrowed for—and get yourself a share or two of these rip-off artists and you can be *part* of the rip-off."

PLAYBOY: Obviously, they didn't all take you up on it.

RUKEYSER: No. And why? Because anyone who then got into the real world—as opposed to the ivory tower—discovered that it *wasn't* such a rip-off, that it wasn't a guaranteed route to obscene profits. That was the beginning of wisdom on that subject. So we had a terrific change. The most popular major on college campuses today is business. That would have been unthinkable 20 years ago.

PLAYBOY: And the M.B.A. degree is the ticket to success in this brave new business world?

RUKEYSER: The M.B.A. degree is in the same position as the high school diploma was two decades ago. It's now the entry-

level requirement in many occupations. But the way the M.B.A.s view themselves and the way they're viewed by the business community could be two different movies. Most of the self-made executives have total contempt for M.B.A.s. Others complain that graduates of our most prestigious business schools come in expecting to run the business in two weeks and have only a limited view of how they can preserve their inflated salaries.

PLAYBOY: You think they want too much too soon?

RUKEYSER: Generally, yes, though there are areas where youth and remuneration are associated. For example, the commodities pits. And particularly with the most recent innovations, such as stock-index futures and stock-index options, the average participant is barely eligible to purchase a razor. But those casino areas of finance have always had the lure of instant wealth. My own view is that those who approach Wall Street as if it were a casino should expect casino odds. Of course, some people hit.

Money doesn't care where it goes. I've never agreed with those theologians who think the acquisition of wealth is associated with some inner grace that is not bestowed on those who make less. Take the highly paid rock star. I don't begrudge him the money. Nobody is being compelled to go to his concerts. These people offer their wares and the market puts a

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price on them. If someone has legitimately built an enterprise, he's entitled to every penny. But it's important that he abide by the law. Just because a jerk like Ivan Boesky abuses the system is no reason to junk the system. Those of us who believe in the system have to be the most indignant of all when people abuse it. The crook should be jailed, and fast.

PLAYBOY: We've had laws against insider trading for years. Why are we only now seeing really big busts?

RUKEYSER: As long as there's been a *Wall Street Week*, I've been hectoring every successive chairman of the SEC about insider trading. You didn't have to be a genius to recognize that before every major news announcement, there had been activity in the securities industry that smacked of illegality. I'd been asking them about it for years and they mumbled and stalled. The current SEC targeted this as one of their major priorities and said as clearly as they could that they now had computers that could trace this sort of thing more rapidly and accurately, and they have proceeded as good as their word. I think the next step clearly will be *SEC: The Movie*.

PLAYBOY: And the plot?

RUKEYSER: The story contains all the great elements of human interest: enormous sums of money, spectacular examples of high living beyond the dreams of anybody, crime on a scale that would have intrigued Rasputin. It's not surprising or improper that people are consumed by it.

What worries me is that we're going to let the crime story overshadow the reality, which is that these markets perform a valuable service and that most of those in them are decent—as they have to be in their own self-interest.

The market needs the small investor, because he provides liquidity, depth, stability—things the great institutions very often don't provide—and because he, and I use the word he only generically, buys many stocks that are considered too small and too unimportant for the great behemoths of investing.

PLAYBOY: You defend the little guy; but without the kind of inside information those behemoths have, does he ever really stand a chance?

RUKEYSER: You don't need this kind of information to make money on Wall Street. In my observations over the years, more money is lost than made on so-called inside tips. By the time the average person hears what he or she is told is the inside stuff, the information is neither illegal nor valuable. You shouldn't worry about trying to figure out the inside tips. What you have to do is pick the quality companies that are going to grow with America and stick with them through the kind of blow-out that has everyone murmuring that the whole thing is a scam. The Boesky affair demonstrates the need to stick to the fundamentals of investing and consider such old-fashioned questions as whether or not there really is a company there and

whether or not it has taken on more debt than the government of Argentina.

PLAYBOY: And now you're going to instruct us in the fundamentals of investing.

RUKEYSER: On *Wall Street Week*, what I've been telling people for 17 years now is, if somebody says something useful on a Friday night, don't rush in when the market opens Monday morning and buy, buy, buy, because 10,000,000 other people have heard that as well. Follow it up. See if it is a good suggestion. If it is a good suggestion, it will be a good suggestion in three days or four weeks—long after the initial flurry of enthusiasm has occurred. I don't think people anywhere should be grabbing a sliver of information and rushing to commit their hard-earned money.

PLAYBOY: You're welcome to plug your TV program up to a point, but isn't it a fact that large institutions have achieved real dominance in the financial markets?

RUKEYSER: We have an interesting situation now in terms of the individual investor. People are scared by figures that came out well before it was revealed that Boesky had to pay \$100,000,000, part of which was restitution, part of which was penalty. According to recent figures, as much as 89 percent of the trading on the New York Stock Exchange is done by institutions—pension funds, banks, mutual funds, insurance companies. So people ask what chance the small investor has. My view is that he has a terrific chance if he avoids the temptation to be a slickly sophisticated in-and-out trader.

But getting back to that 89 percent figure, although the institutions dominate the daily trading on the New York Stock Exchange, that's not true of all markets. On the over-the-counter market, they're still a minority. And they don't even own the majority of shares on the New York Stock Exchange, even though they're shuffling them back and forth pretty fast.

PLAYBOY: And how does the small investor play this?

RUKEYSER: The best thing the small investor has going for him is the stupidity of the large traders. I mean that quite sincerely. The lofty institutional investors have all the faults they ascribe to the small investor: They get very emotional. They tend to panic at critical moments. They all buy and sell stocks at the same time—which sends the price up or down. The arbitrageurs are always at pains to try to minimize that impact, and the individual who is not swept up in that kind of institutional hysteria has a terrific advantage. He has two others as well. He doesn't have very much money; the amount of money involved is so picayune that we do not influence the course of the market. You and I can go along for the ride without influencing the price. The third advantage is that we don't have to report our results—if you can resist the temptation to brag to your spouse or friends or tell everyone at a cocktail party. These other fellows are always dressing up their

HOW IT WORKS

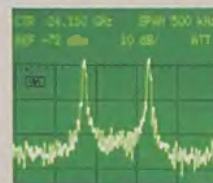
With traffic radar and Rashid VRSS both transmitting on the same frequency (24.150 GHz), normal receiver technology can't tell one from the other. Even when you scrutinize K band with a digital spectrum analyzer, the two signals look alike (Figure 1).

We needed a difference, even a subtle one, the electronic equivalent of a human fingerprint. Magnifying the scale 100 times was the key (Figure 2). The Rashid signal then looks like two separate traffic radars spaced slightly apart in frequency, each being switched on and off several thousand times a second.

Resisting the easy answer

Knowing this "fingerprint," it would have been possible—although not easy—to design a Rashid-recognizer circuit, and have it disable the detector's warning section whenever it spotted a Rashid.

Only one problem. With this system, you wouldn't get a warning if radar were ever operating in the same vicinity as the Rashid. Statistically this would be a rare situation. But our engineers have no interest in 99 percent solutions.



RASHID

Figure 2: An electronic close-up reveals two individual signals.

When the going gets tough...

The task then became monumental. We couldn't rely on a circuit that would disregard two K band signals close together, because they might be two radars. We couldn't ignore rapidly switched K band signals, because that would diminish protection on pulsed radar (the KR11) and "instant-on."

A whole new deal

The correct answer requires some pretty amazing "signal processing," to use the engineering term. The techniques are too complex to go into here, but as an analogy of the sophistication, imagine going to a family reunion with 4.3 million attendees, and being able to find your brother in about a tenth of a second.

Easy to say, but so hard to accomplish that our AFR (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuitry couldn't be an add on. It had to be integrated into the basic detection scheme, which means extensive circuitry changes. And more paperwork for our patent department.



Radar warning breakthrough #4 is now available from the same engineers who made #1, #2, and #3

Bad news for radar detectors. The FCC (Federal Communications Commission) has cleared the Rashid VRSS for operation on K band.

What's a Rashid VRSS?

The Rashid VRSS is a collision warning system using a radar beam to scan the vehicle's path, much as a blind person uses a cane. It may reduce accidents, which is very good news.*

Now for the bad news

Unfortunately, the Rashid transmits on K band, which is one of the frequencies assigned to traffic radar. Rashid speaks a radar detector's language, you might say, and it can set off detectors over a mile away.

Faced with this problem, we could hope Rashid installations will be few. Or we could invent a solution.

Opportunity knocking

Actually, the choice was easier than it sounds, because our engineers are in the habit of inventing remarkable solutions. In fact, in the history of radar detection, only three advancements have qualified as genuine breakthroughs, and all three came from our engineers.

Back in 1978, they were first to adapt dual-band superheterodyne technology to the problem of traffic radar. The result was ESCORT, now legendary for its performance.

In 1983, when a deluge of cheap imported detectors was found to be transmitting on radar frequency, our engineers came through again, this time with ST/O/P*, a sophisticated circuit that could weed out these phony signals before they triggered an alarm.

Then in 1984, using SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics originally intended for satellites, these same engineers designed the smallest detector ever. The result was PASSPORT, renowned for its convenience.

*For more information on Rashid VRSS collision warning system, see *Popular Science*, January 1986.

They said it couldn't be done

Now we're introducing breakthrough number four. In their cleverest innovation yet, our engineers have found a way to distinguish Rashid from all other K band signals. It's the electronic equivalent of finding the needle in a haystack. The AFR* (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuit isolates and neutralizes all Rashid signals, yet leaves the radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

No waiting for the good stuff

When testing proved that AFR was 100 percent effective, we immediately incorporated it into ESCORT and PASSPORT. Our policy is to make running changes—not model changes—whenever a refinement is ready. That way our customers always get the latest science.

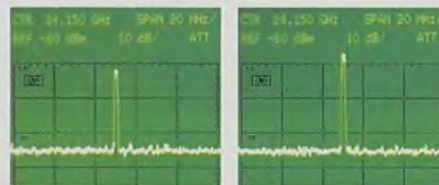


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

AFR is fully automatic. There are no extra switches or lights. Nothing for you to bother about. The Rashid problem simply goes away.

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AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

CONGRESSMAN RICHARD A. GEPHARDT

tax-time tips, insights and a few regrets by the man who co-wrote the tax-reform bill

Representative Richard A. Gephardt (Democrat, Missouri) is the co-author, with Senator Bill Bradley (Democrat, New Jersey), of the Bradley-Gephardt Fair Tax plan, which was the precursor to last year's tax-reform law. Gephardt, 45, is in his sixth term in the House and is campaigning for the Democratic nomination for President in 1988. He is a member of the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee and was a member of the House-Senate Conference Committee, which wrote the final version of the tax-reform act that Congress passed last September. This interview was conducted for PLAYBOY by nationally syndicated columnist Donald Lambro at the beginning of 1987.

PLAYBOY: As co-author of the tax-reform bill, what do you tell your friends who take you aside and ask, "Is this new law going to help me or hurt me?"

GEPHARDT: I tell them it helps everyone, that it really does make the system fairer. I argue that it helps economic growth, which is good for everybody. Clearly, there are some people in every income category whom it hurts, but there are others in every income category whom it helps. It tends to hurt more people in the upper-income categories—above \$60,000 or \$70,000—because more of those people were highly sheltered. You have more losers per capita in those groups than you do in the lower groups. But there are more winners in the lowest- and middle-income groups—\$50,000 and below—than in any other groups.

PLAYBOY: Then what do you say to the middle and upper-middle earners who get hit the hardest?

GEPHARDT: It depends. My feeling is that over 20 years, we created a bunch of tax-break junkies. People began to worry more about avoiding taxes than about making money. That's the great benefit of this new law. If these people were absolutely intent on avoiding taxes and were working every shelter known to man, then maybe it would increase their taxes. But the great attraction now is knowing that the top rate is 28 percent, that you don't have to do gymnastics to get the tax rate from 40 percent to, say, 28 percent.

PLAYBOY: When people buttonhole you, what are they most concerned about?

GEPHARDT: Individual Retirement Ac-

counts, because a lot of people have them. Also questions about interest and the deduction of interest. Those two areas are unsettling. People also ask, "What's the form going to look like? Will it be more complicated?" Another question is "Are you going to change it?" All these stories have circulated that we're going to change the code, go back to where we were and raise taxes.

PLAYBOY: Just so people can gnash their teeth, tell us what they should have done



"Over 20 years, we created a bunch of tax-break junkies. Now that the top rate is 28 percent, you don't have to do gymnastics to get the tax rate down from 40 percent."

before the end of the year.

GEPHARDT: A heck of a lot of ads told people to buy cars [because of the phase-out of sales-tax deductions] or sell certain kinds of stocks to avoid the change in the capital-gains rate. [There are now limitations on capital-gains exclusion.] When friends asked, my advice on what and whether or not to buy was "It really depends on your situation." I'm not a tax consultant, but I tried to warn them that they shouldn't be sucked into a deal by somebody who might make money out of it, unless they had really analyzed the facts. If you can't afford a new car, a \$500 deduction for the sales tax doesn't make much sense.

PLAYBOY: Why *did* you water down the

tax benefits for IRAs? With the savings rate in the U.S. as low as it is, why would Congress eliminate such a successful incentive?

GEPHARDT: First of all, I wanted to keep [full deductibility for] IRAs. That was our position in the House, and I'm sorry that they were taken out. But whatever the decision, the evidence of economists is that IRAs don't increase the savings pool in this country; they simply substitute the way the saving takes place. In other words, they didn't cause people to save more of their net income; they caused them to put it into IRAs rather than something else. I was still for them, though. I think there's a strong social good in getting money into long-term capital that can be used for retirement.

PLAYBOY: Are there any big surprises in the new tax law that we might not have seen?

GEPHARDT: The average middle American isn't going to be in for a big surprise. Some tax shelters in the real-estate area, especially those with passive losses, were taken away retroactively, and I sympathize with the criticism of people affected by that.

PLAYBOY: People expected that the deals they'd already gone into would be grandfathered—in other words, exempted.

GEPHARDT: Yes. There is some grandfathering and there is some transition, but probably not as much as there should be. A lot of us fought in the conference to make a more generous transition.

PLAYBOY: What about the effects of tax reform on the economy? There are some, such as this month's *Playboy Interview* subject, Louis Rukeyser, who think it's bad for the country.

GEPHARDT: I disagree. People say that this new law is going to disrupt economic growth and that it's going to slow things down. I don't believe that. I've seen the differing econometric models, and you can find a model that will say anything you want it to say. Other factors are a lot more critical: The Federal deficit, the interest rates, the exchange rate, the trade issue and consumer confidence are all more important factors for long-term economic growth.

I've never bought the argument that the panacea for all of our problems lies

in changing the tax code. One of our goals in tax reform is to have a more level playing field, to get all of these tax decisions out of economic decision making—to the extent they've been in it—and to let money and capital flow to ventures that are designed to make money, to create wealth and to create jobs.

PLAYBOY: Still, polls show that a majority of Americans are cynical about the tax-reform law. They expect to pay more taxes and fear that reform will make the tax code even more complicated than it was before.

GEPHARDT: I reject both of those views. I understand the cynicism, because the taxpayer has seen us change the law about every other year, and usually it does get more complex and less fair. But I say, let's give this a try. The fact of the matter is that even though there is no net change in revenues, we put heavier taxes on corporations in order to lower taxes on individuals. For most people, it's more likely that their taxes will go down rather than up.

As to the second point—complications—yes, there's change, so there will be complications. But 15 percent more taxpayers will be filling out their tax returns on the short form. The number will go from 70 percent of individuals to 85 percent. And that's a considerable simplification for that 15 percent of all taxpayers.

PLAYBOY: What about the argument that some of the reforms are bad for entrepreneurs, that people who have incorporated themselves will suffer, because the new law cancels their tax breaks?

GEPHARDT: I suppose they could now unincorporate and go to a subchapter S and get back into the other mode. I always felt it was unfortunate that we had different corporate and individual top rates. That's what changed when we wrote Bradley-Gephardt—the corporate rate and the top individual rate were the same. And that was the main reason we did that. Unfortunately, when the bill came out, we had a higher top corporate rate than individual rate. So now the people who incorporated in order to get the lower rate probably want to unincorporate. I'm sorry about the paper blizzard that's going to ensue, but that's the way it happened.

PLAYBOY: If you could go back and change one or more provisions in this tax-reform law, what would you change?

GEPHARDT: Besides retroactivity and the IRAs? My hope is that we'll leave it alone. We need to let people get used to the change and be able to control their lives and their businesses. That's what we didn't have in this country—stability or predictability in the income-tax law. I think it will be a real benefit now to have some tax rest.

portfolios to make everybody believe that at the end of the quarter, they held all the hot stocks and none of the cold ones.

PLAYBOY: Are the hot-shot money managers attempting to take themselves out of the loop with this new phenomenon known as programed trading?

RUKEYSER: Programed trading occurs when somebody—usually a large institution; it could be a very fat cat—buys a bunch of stocks and sells a stock-index future or an option against that basket of stocks.

It's all done with computers. It doesn't even take as much brains as the average politician has. Arguably, it can be done with as little as \$5,000,000. The generally accepted minimum, though, is as high as \$25,000,000. It's more money than most of the gang I hang out with can put up for the average transaction. It's a way for these institutions to make, in effect, a riskless investment. All they care about is getting a return that's higher than the yield on Treasury bills.

I happen to think it's an antisocial activity and that they should quit. I blew the whistle on it in my column. I think I was the first one to write about it. It scares the hell out of small investors. Most of them, of course, protest about it when it sends the market down. They don't protest on the other days, when it sends the market up.

PLAYBOY: Won't the institutional investors devise new ways to get the jump on the average investor?

RUKEYSER: Sure; you've got to remember that these fellows are paid enormous sums of money, and if they just parrot the conventional wisdom, people may occasionally wonder why they're being paid all that money, so they have to come up with these games from time to time.

PLAYBOY: You noted that the gang you hang out with can't come up with enormous sums, but you wouldn't consider yourself an average trader, would you?

RUKEYSER: Of course not. Anyone who tries to be a trader has to have a healthy ego.

PLAYBOY: You display a fair amount of self-confidence.

RUKEYSER: I think that's just good journalism. I think most journalists, if they're good journalists, do not live in awe of anybody. If you're sensitive to hierarchies, you probably should find another field of endeavor. But I don't devote most of my investing effort, time or dollars to trading.

PLAYBOY: We did happen to note your keen personal interest in the stock market the other day. You were pretty absorbed in your portable quote reader.

RUKEYSER: It was a Friday and I was going to do my program and there was a **PLAYBOY** interviewer who wanted to distract me from my work. I had to keep up with what was going on. That was my journalistic responsibility.

PLAYBOY: You did indicate a deeper, perhaps more personal interest when you

filled us in enthusiastically on stock-index futures, if we recall correctly.

RUKEYSER: I was just trying to educate you in an arcane area of the market. The stock-index futures, which have been around only since 1982, are, in effect, a way of buying the entire market for short periods. There are many useful, conservative ways to use these futures. I don't use them in any of those conservative ways. For me, this is a hobby. When I have a feeling, from time to time, that I know in which way the market is going to head, I may buy or sell futures; and what I like about them is that they eliminate all the bull normally associated with investing.

PLAYBOY: What bull is that?

RUKEYSER: Bull excrement. The bull himself, of course, is vital to upward markets. Anyway, futures are not all the tools available for windows, orphans or people of sober temperament. I just do a little bit of it because I enjoy it and find it fun.

PLAYBOY: You also mentioned something about building a new swimming pool.

RUKEYSER: Well, the payoff tends to be in real dollars. I actually don't want to talk too much about the fact that I've had some pleasant successes over the years.

PLAYBOY: You've also had some unpleasant surprises in your personal finances. The IRS is disputing your tax returns for several years, and *Money* magazine reported that with some relish. When *Money* asked you to comment on some of your disputed tax-shelter deals, you offered a very terse explanation.

RUKEYSER: You told me you weren't going to ask about that.

PLAYBOY: We said we wouldn't make it the focus of this interview. But it's a topic in the press.

RUKEYSER: Well, that's what it is—a silly little intramedia furor. A little witch-hunt that turned up no witch. A would-be hatchet job with a blunted ax.

PLAYBOY: Then why not set the record straight? It'll be tax time when the interview comes out; if there's one thing people sympathize with, it's IRS problems.

RUKEYSER: I'm taking the IRS to court because it made some erroneous assessments, as we will demonstrate. Anybody who knows me can be sure that anything I've undertaken in my personal financial affairs is not only legal but legitimate and appropriate. The IRS, like all human institutions, is capable of error. They're not all J. Edgar Hoovers in pursuit of Dillingers; sometimes they're just bureaucrats making mistakes. That's what happened in my case.

PLAYBOY: According to reports, the IRS is saying that you earned more than \$700,000 in 1982 and paid no taxes at all.

RUKEYSER: I assure you we pay a lot of taxes every year. And while I'm not in full emotional agreement with Oliver Wendell Holmes that taxes are the price of civilization—because I fear that the uses to which our taxes are put aren't necessarily civilizing—I've paid plenty of taxes in

the past and will pay plenty in the future. Plainly, I don't plan my life with the IRS in the forefront of my consciousness. I've said for years that the best way to keep money in perspective is to *get* some of it, but anyone who knows me knows that money doesn't obsess my life or conversation 24 hours a day. Nor am I a financial expert in my personal affairs. Anyone who wanted to prove that would have to look no further than my involvement with horses. I'm now the sole support of five horses, all paid for with after-tax dollars. Does that satisfy your interest in my financial affairs?

PLAYBOY: Just fulfilling our journalistic responsibilities. Let's turn from your tax problems to tax reform in general. What do you think about the new law?

RUKEYSER: It's anti-American. It's anti-growth. It's antisuccess. It's anti-upward mobility. It isn't a tax cut.

PLAYBOY: Don't like the tax-reform bill, eh?

RUKEYSER: All over this country, people think it's a wonderful tax cut. That's the way it was sold. Yet the Government talked about its being revenue-neutral, meaning it was *not* a tax cut. How do you do that? It's a scam. They say there's a very big tax cut for what they call people, balanced by a big tax increase for what they call business. In the end, only people pay taxes, so there is no tax cut there. Supporters of the bill say it will encourage savings and investment, but really it's a backward step because of what it does to capital gains, IRAs, and so forth. The most obvious scam here concerns the net long-term effects of the tax bill. We're all going to be paying for this.

PLAYBOY: You worry about the effects of tax reform. But aren't the economic effects of all this take-over activity—the layoffs, and so on—much tougher on people? Aren't the take-over artists doing more harm than the tax reformers?

RUKEYSER: I don't accept the judgment, prevalent as we speak, that all these mergers are pernicious. These corporate raiders are out to make a big buck, and they are out to make a quick buck, but I don't think the net effect of their activities has been negative. Yes, they're upsetting to entrenched managements and, certainly, to the people whose jobs have been threatened. But the U.S. has been losing competitiveness, and unless we get our corporations in fighting condition, we may find it a fight we can't win.

PLAYBOY: But, again, fighting condition translates into layoffs, firing, for management as well as labor.

RUKEYSER: Look, many U.S. corporate managements had grown stagnant and complacent and contemptuous of their own stockholders, the ultimate owners of the corporation. They were told they were corporate statesmen and they were major figures in our society and they had roles and responsibilities far beyond the vulgar one of making money for their shareholders.

I think all this went to their heads. And this self-importance was matched by self-indulgence. They not only paid themselves handsome salaries but they lived the lives of 19th Century maharajas.

PLAYBOY: So you'd prescribe fewer perks for these guys?

RUKEYSER: Boone Pickens, the great oil-company raider, told me once after he appeared on *Wall Street Week*, "Lou, I almost got into the corporate oil club myself. I was a good ol' boy from Oklahoma and I didn't scare them the way you Easterners do. I used to be invited to the fancy hunting lodges and the parties, the largest ones." He said that the chairman of one of the biggest oil companies had said to him, "Boone, you're a bright young fellow. What would you do if you were running my company? Ha. Ha. Ha." And Pickens said he looked at the fellow and said, "Well, the first thing I'd do would be to go to work for the *shareholders* for a change." Boone said that after that, he found the invitations to the hunting lodges hard to come by. It's clear that Pickens and others like him have touched many establishment executives on the raw nerve—their privileges. The smallest audience I addressed in the past year was the board of directors of one of the major oil companies. We had a lovely lunch, and afterward a very distinguished older man came up to me and said, "You were too nice to that son of a bitch Boone Pickens."

PLAYBOY: As a shareholder yourself, you no doubt have some ideas about how hard managements should work for you.

RUKEYSER: It's getting back to corporate basics. Making a product people want to buy. Producing it efficiently. Emphasizing quality. Things that used to be associated with American industry.

Akio Morita, the chairman of Sony, found the situation almost the reverse of what it is today when he first came over here in the Fifties. I asked him about the American worker—a much-maligned character who's now taking so much criticism. Sony has a major operation in San Diego, and Morita said that American workers are fine—not just fine but every bit as admirable as Japanese workers. But he wasn't so charitable about American management. He thought that there was a tendency to focus too much on quarter-by-quarter results instead of on long-term planning, and he thought we had a number of other hierarchical ways of separating labor from management that were impeding our progress.

PLAYBOY: So your ideal manager has to watch out for the Wall Street take-over artist, stay on guard against foreign competition—and eat in the cafeteria with the blue-collar employees.

RUKEYSER: In the long run, I think this new awareness of the possibility that somebody is going to come up and throw a brick at you is going to be good first for the stockholders and, in the end, for all of us, for the competitiveness of American

industry, for the ability of the country to survive in the 21st Century.

PLAYBOY: Those are fighting words to business school students and *Wall Street Week* viewers but may not sound so encouraging to the auto worker who's just been laid off or to the flight attendant grounded because her airline has just been gobbled up.

RUKEYSER: Certainly, there is pruning that is inevitable. There are pluses and minuses in this. The flight attendant who's furious at the airline C.E.O. is very often mad at the wrong guy. The same thing that's making her mad is making her sister down the road deliriously happy because she's able to travel more cheaply than before.

PLAYBOY: You think a lot of Morita. Do any Americans come to mind? Lee Iacocca has done quite a job of downsizing Chrysler.

RUKEYSER: From a purely business standpoint, Iacocca has done a marvelous job for the shareholders of Chrysler. But I'm bemused by his role as culture hero. If he really were to become President, we would save on-the-job training, because he already knows his way to the public till. People forget how significant that aid was at a critical moment. He did, indeed, pay back his loans, but Senator Proxmire—who is, God knows, no right-wing zealot—has suggested that in the end, it didn't even save any jobs in the auto industry. Those lost by Chrysler would have gone to General Motors and Ford.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps not. The auto industry hasn't exactly been providing lifetime employment.

RUKEYSER: The auto industry was the classic arrogant industry. It thought it knew better than its customers what its customers ought to have. In the Fifties and the Sixties, auto executives were sneering at demands for smaller and cheaper cars, and quality control became more and more of a joke. In the early years of *Wall Street Week*, we had as a guest the number-one automobile analyst on Wall Street, and I asked him why the Japanese were having such success in selling their cars in our country. He looked at me and said, "Lou, first of all, they make better cars."

When I was a kid, we were all sold the myth that—to put it in terms of General Motors—you started out with a Chevy, then worked your way up to a Pontiac, to an Oldsmobile, to a Buick and, if you were massively successful, you could someday aspire to a Cadillac. Now, I don't know too many 19-year-olds in America today who care one thing about that alleged progression—in part, because the Yuppie aspires to an imported car. But being able to identify every car that passed—not only to tell the Chevy from the Plymouth but to identify it by year and by model—that notion has vanished entirely. It would take a perceptive eye to do that on the American street corner today. The fins went up and down. The number of holes punched in the sides varied. After a while, we realized that that was nonsense. It had



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nothing to do with why we were buying a car. Our self-image could be based on more solid grounds. And I think it's sad that insight into the changing American character was born abroad.

PLAYBOY: Where does labor fit into this world of lean-and-mean companies?

RUKEYSER: I've spoken half a dozen times in Youngstown, Ohio. Each time I've been there, people have asked, "Does Youngstown have a future?" My answer is always the same. I say, "Yes, Youngstown has a future, but only if it will look for the future in the future; if you wait for some politician to promise you that he'll restore the conditions of 1958, you'll wait in vain."

The person who says, "My grandfather was a Youngstown steelworker; my father was a Youngstown steelworker; I have a right to be a Youngstown steelworker" is making a very foolish mistake personally. In terms of his own self-interest, he's making a mistake.

PLAYBOY: Maybe so, but it's not easy to trade a high-paying job for work in a fast-food restaurant.

RUKEYSER: The big cliché is that people are going from these high-paying assembly-line jobs to McDonald's. But what we call service in a service economy is by no means all short-order cooks. It encompasses information services, financial services and a lot of professions that are extremely high-paying. The over-all course of employment, income and spending has been relatively favorable.

But anything you say about the economy is going to sound wrong to somebody. You don't have to be a genius to know that many Americans are hurting in the farmlands, in the oil patches, in heavy manufacturing and in the export industries.

PLAYBOY: You're a big booster for capitalism, but what about the human costs? Do you see no advantage to the way some West European countries have tried to advance their economies while expanding government benefits for their people?

RUKEYSER: I've always been told that the Europeans are more humane, but I'm not sure they're right. We've increased our living standards, and I don't think we've done it in a harsh, inhumane way. The key to living better is not redistribution, it's economic growth. The role of government is to provide backup for the truly needy, not to provide services for Americans who could find help themselves at a lower price.

PLAYBOY: So you have no compunctions about capitalism's inherent greed?

RUKEYSER: Capitalism. The word is pronounced with a sneer by those who've provided their people with far less. Of course I condone greed. It's a universal human emotion. Naturally, we ascribe greed to the other guy and say that as far as we're concerned, it's just a legitimate desire to improve our condition. If you're unemployed, then to you the unemployment rate is 100 percent, and it's the dominant problem. But our system deals with greed

in a way to best let the average guy improve his situation. After all, when labor leader Samuel Gompers was asked what labor wanted, he answered, "More."

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to your arena, Wall Street. As we speak, the stock market is still doing well. In the long run, what do you think is going to happen?

RUKEYSER: The most striking development in the financial world is that a forecast I once made no longer looks so loony. I wrote a column for New Year's 1980 saying that the Eighties would be the decade of the common stocks. It didn't take a genius to see that common stocks were in the bargain basement—they were dirt-cheap. The mood of the country was changing—it was less hostile to business, to profits, to savings and economic growth generally. Finally, nobody believed me. That helped convince me that my conclusion was correct. In the history of investing, when nobody wants to buy common stocks, it's usually a good time to buy them. The great, powerful bull move began in 1982, though by some measurements it began in 1974, and I think we have further to go. Stocks never go straight up. The market will have what are laughingly called corrections. I think there will be severe, sickening down spells, but I don't think we've seen the end of the upward movement.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like something close to a prediction. Do you want to be specific?

RUKEYSER: I don't know any more than any other human being. Please do not hate me for that, though. Only the charlatans will tell you they can call every turn of any financial market.

On *Wall Street Week*, we show the record of the Dow Jones over the years, and underneath that we show the *real* Dow, adjusted for inflation. By that measurement, you'll find something highly interesting. The all-time highs were not reached in 1986. They were reached in 1966. To establish a true all-time high in 1986, the Dow would have had to close over 3300.

PLAYBOY: Is it written in stone that Wall Street will always go for a Republican Administration?

RUKEYSER: Anyone who attempts to get too partisan about the economy is going to fail every time. There's no coherence to either party's side. Decades ago, the Democrats were the party of free trade and the Republicans were the high-tariff party. Now such lip service as Washington pays to free trade comes from the Republicans, while the Democrats say we have to protect American industry. You'll find this on issue after issue.

For instance, Federal spending. I think that should have been an election issue. Everybody is now obsessed with the deficit, which means that there is always a convenient excuse to raise taxes. But the problem isn't that taxes are too low. The problem is that spending is too high. When Reagan came into office, he made a

lot of promises. People react in terms of whether they despise or adore him. When people suggest to me that I'm being too tough on Reagan, I always have to ask them which Reagan they mean. Do they mean the Reagan who said he would balance the budget no later than 1983? Or do they mean the Reagan who tells us now that that was just a \$200,000,000 misunderstanding? So instead of saying I'm pro-Reagan or anti-Reagan, I try to talk in terms of common sense, which immediately disqualifies me for anything under discussion in Washington. I'm willing to say things politicians won't say.

I think most people instinctively get too partisan about this. The point they miss—in addition to the fact that there is no intellectual coherence to any of these bozos—is that we're playing their game when we do that. What politicians—Republicans, Democrats, vegetarians, prohibitionists—want is for us to get highly partisan about these affairs, because once you've become highly partisan, they've got you hooked. Then you become afraid to say anything critical of your guy, whoever he may be, even when you can see he's going astray. Then you become surprised and disappointed two or three years down the road when he hasn't made any difference, either.

Think what Ronald Reagan would be saying if someone else had been President for the past six years and that person had presided cheerfully over a doubling of the U.S. national debt, had more than a 220-billion-dollar deficit in the fourth year of a national economic recovery. Just imagine the sizzling one-liners that would come crackling off Reagan's three-by-five cards at that point. I find it hard to envision that there would have been any major difference if he'd run on the other ticket. We all get excited about other issues, but in terms of the economy, I think there has been such bipartisan malfeasance that we ought to jail the lot of them.

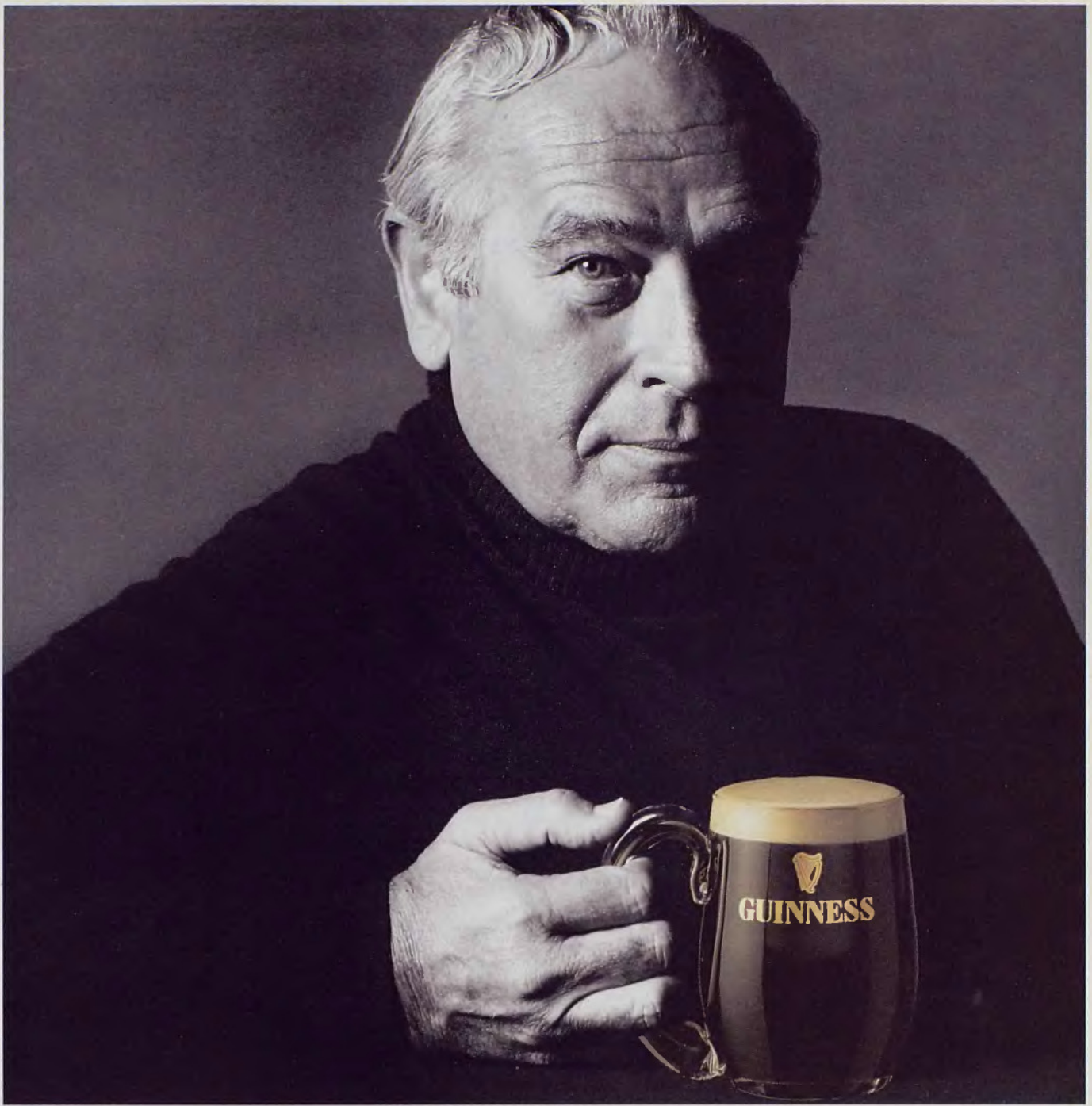
PLAYBOY: That may be the case by the time this appears. Incidentally, do you think the Iran arms scandal is as significant to Reagan's standing as the deficit?

RUKEYSER: No. The attention is on Iran now, but economics is the issue on which people vote.

PLAYBOY: Does it upset some people that you sound off politically rather than stick to economics?

RUKEYSER: Sometimes people say to me, "You get into politics an awful lot." And I always say, "I'll make a deal with you. I will stay out of politics if you will get the politicians out of the economy." The 19th Century had a great understanding of the subject. It was taught as one subject: political economy. In the 20th Century, we have made an artificial attempt to separate the subjects. The only people buffaloed by this are some journalists who think that since they are political reporters, they need not know how to add.

(continued on page 139)



Robert Ludlum has a deep dark secret.

GUINNESS

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THE SELLOUT OF CBS NEWS

thrills!
tears!
glitz!
an insider's
account of how
Phyllis George
and a troupe of
dancing TV execs
turned morning
journalism into
breakfast mush

By PETER MCCABE

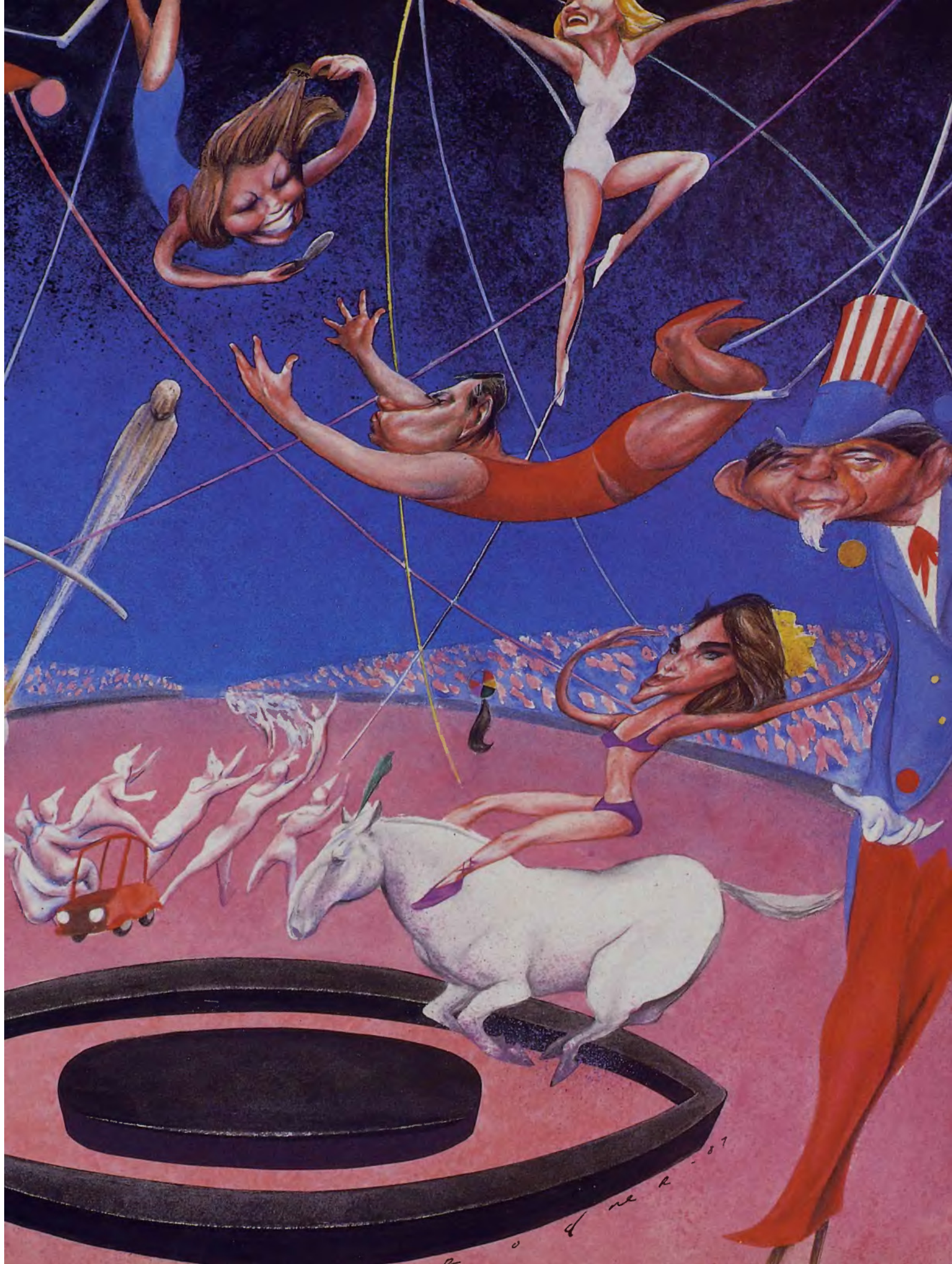
ONLY A FEW details of the internal machinations of CBS News were familiar to me when I went to work there in 1985—the year that CBS and CBS News themselves became the news. I had worked as a reporter and an editor—or, as people in television say, “in print”—and I had friends from print who had sojourned in TV, and some of them had run screaming into the night. So I made a solemn vow before I went into TV to keep a close watch on my mental balance, and I promised myself that if it ever got too crazy, I would get out. What I probably was naïve about was CBS; but, then again, probably nothing could have prepared me for what life at CBS turned out to be.

I did, of course, know of CBS' great tradition of broadcast journalism; the legacy Ed Murrow had established at CBS was a powerful one. It represented an ideal: “For any print journalist who wanted to work in television,” one veteran CBS producer told me, “the first choice of network in the Fifties was the one where Edward R. Murrow worked.” And so the people who came aboard at CBS News in the late Fifties and early Sixties believed they were following in the footsteps of the best in the business.

By the time I turned up at the *CBS Morning News* control room for a final job interview with executive producer Jon Katz, I had done my basic homework, learning a bit about the show's recent history. I knew that as news-division president, Van Gordon Sauter had tried to turn the *Morning News* around, to compete with *Good Morning America* and *Today*.

When Sauter took over the CBS News division in 1981, though he was a personable, even friendly man who called a lot of his co-workers “big guy,” it was understood that he had not been appointed president to be charming; he was there to invigorate the *CBS Evening News*, whose





ratings had dropped off after the departure of Walter Cronkite. Together with his deputy, Edward M. Joyce, and the then-executive producer of the *Evening News*, Howard Stringer, Sauter gave the program what he considered the necessary stylistic changes: Dan Rather was loosened up; there were fewer stories based in Washington and more features that one CBS correspondent called the "very" school of journalism—they made the viewer feel "very" happy or "very" sad. Eventually, the ratings would go up and, in the meantime, Sauter and Joyce turned their attention to the morning program.

After changing the name from *Morning* to the *CBS Morning News*, they focused on the anchor team of Charles Kuralt and Diane Sawyer. They dropped Kuralt, replaced him with Bill Kurtis and then, in a move that stunned CBS News staffers, brought in George Merlis as executive producer. Merlis' last assignment had been at the same post at ABC's *Good Morning America*, which was produced not by the news division but by ABC Entertainment.

The *CBS Morning News* did well under Merlis' reconstruction, until Sawyer left her co-anchor spot to join *60 Minutes*. Then the ratings dropped again, and the hiring of former Miss America and sportscaster Phyllis George—a decision endorsed high in the corporate ranks of CBS—did little to restore them.

When I reached the control room that morning in May 1985, I could see that Katz was in his element. He strode about the place, rubbing his hands, slapping people on the back, exhorting everyone who could make a difference to "speed this baby up." When he finally noticed me, he said, "Sit here," parking me in his executive producer's chair, while he went off to the studio to give the anchors a pep talk. Seated in his chair, I felt a bit like an impostor who was about to be unmasked. The entire scene was slightly overwhelming. In front of me was a vast bank of monitors, some with tape fast-forwarding, some in reverse, others stationary. The monitors were labeled with codes—M-1, V-3, L-SAT—that were beyond my grasp. "It's coming over the London feed now!" someone called out. A news clerk burst through the room on his way to the studio with an update for the news block (the half-hourly five-minute news summary), while a few steps below me, the sound men argued about levels. A director called out camera cues. To my left sat a group of operators whose job, I gathered, was to superimpose printed words on the screen. Behind me, a woman in a tight-fitting dress, whom I took to be a producer, was complaining to another man that she couldn't hear what was being said on the main screen. Hers was the only conversation I could understand. Given the decibel level in the room, I wondered how anyone

could hear anything. I felt slightly relieved to see Katz come back from the studio.

"Figured it out yet?"

"I could use a little help," I said, trying to be cool.

"Those three monitors on the left. The top one is *G.M.A.*, the one below is *Today*. The third one's us."

"That's great," I said. "That's the one part I understood."

Next to Katz, a short man with a trim beard laughed.

Katz said, "That's all you really need to know around here. Our stuff has to be better than theirs."

"Not always easy," said the man with the trim beard, who turned out to be Katz's deputy. "I'm David Corvo, by the way."

"You two haven't met?" Katz acted surprised.

"No, Jon, you didn't introduce us," Corvo said dryly. With a glance at the left bank of monitors, he added, "Fuck. *G.M.A.* has Victoria Principal. That's a nice hit."

Katz whirled around in his chair. "Jane!" he yelled to the far end of the control room. "Jane! Get over here!"

A tall, attractive woman with a mass of dark hair broke off her conversation and hurried toward him.

"What's the matter, Jon?"

"See who *G.M.A.* has?"

"I know."

"Well, how come we don't have her?"

"She wouldn't do us, Jon," the woman said sweetly. "We tried and tried, but her agent said she would only be doing *G.M.A.* as a favor to Hartman. She wasn't even going to do the *Today* show."

Corvo uttered a short laugh. "What Jane means," he said, "is that not being second is better than not being third."

"Sounds like bullshit to me, Jane," Katz said.

As the woman walked away, he said, "See what I have to put up with."

"Who's Jane?" I asked him.

"Jane Kaplan. One of the bookers. She's been with the show about eight years."

"Bookers book guests?"

"Hey—we're catching on. Next thing you'll be running the place."

"Camera two!" the director called out.

We were watching a discussion about the merits of Reagan's Star Wars program when Corvo leaped out of his seat.

"That name's misspelled!"

He dashed over to the Chyron crew, the people responsible for our fancy computer-generated graphics, and the misspelled name was quickly wiped off the screen.

"No, don't correct it now!" Corvo shouted to the Chyron crew as he returned to his seat. "It's too late now. Jesus Christ!"

Katz leaned toward me.

"See the big screen in the middle?" he said. "That's going out over the air. If that's ever black at seven o'clock, we're in trouble." The show broke for a commercial, and Katz said, "Come on. Let's go down to my office and we can talk."

We reached his office and flicked on the TVs. As we watched the show, we went through my ideas.

"Carl Icahn is trying to take over TWA," I said. "You should interview him."

"Good idea," Katz said. "If we can get him."

"Malcolm Forbes is going to bid for a Fabergé egg at one of the auction houses. If he gets it, he'll own more than the Russians."

"Two for two so far," Katz said.

After I'd pitched ideas for another five minutes, Katz cut me off.

"Listen, I think you could work here, but I want to be sure you understand what this place is like. I mean, there's a terror here about taking risks, doing anything new, and I want you to be happy here. You can't change this business, and the people who try don't last."

I couldn't say I hadn't been warned.

My first few mornings as a senior producer of the *Morning News*, I sat in the studio, observing both anchors at work. It was obvious to me that Kurtis came prepared. He was clearly one of the most proficient news readers in the business, and whether he was reading the news or doing interviews, he conducted himself with effortless grace. Phyllis, on the other hand, flitted between the studio and her dressing room in a state of near panic, often being briefed en route by equally panicky producers. She had no news background and was constantly concerned about her appearance, which seemed to me to be a case of misplaced priorities, because if there was one thing Phyllis did not need to worry about, it was how she looked. She was every bit as glamorous as when she achieved celebrity on the beauty-queen circuit in 1971, first as Miss Texas, then as Miss America. Since then, she had hosted game shows, co-hosted *Candid Camera*, squeezed in an 11-month marriage to movie producer Bob Evans, divorced him and married John Y. Brown, Jr., the multimillionaire former governor of Kentucky, by whom she had two children. Between segments, there was always a touch of make-up necessary, or a sweep of the brush from Vincent, her hairdresser, who was forever in attendance, and enormous concern over whether or not her lipstick had smudged.

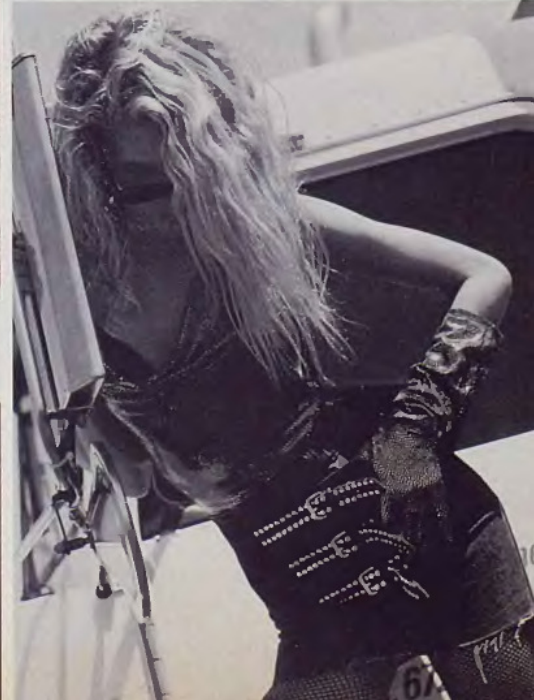
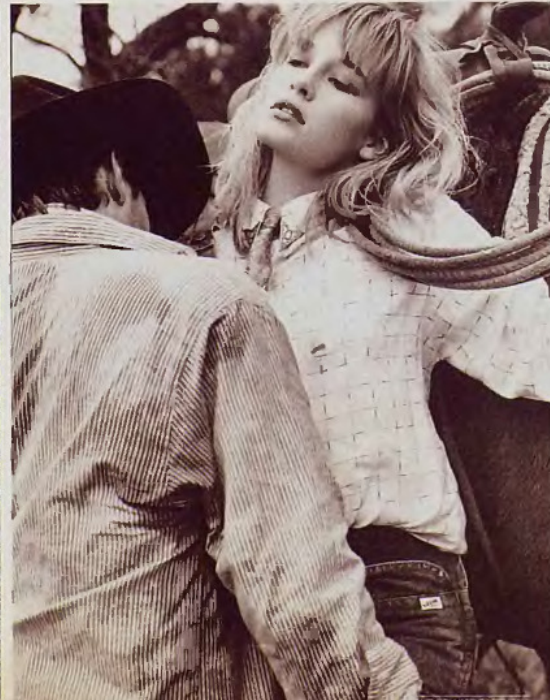
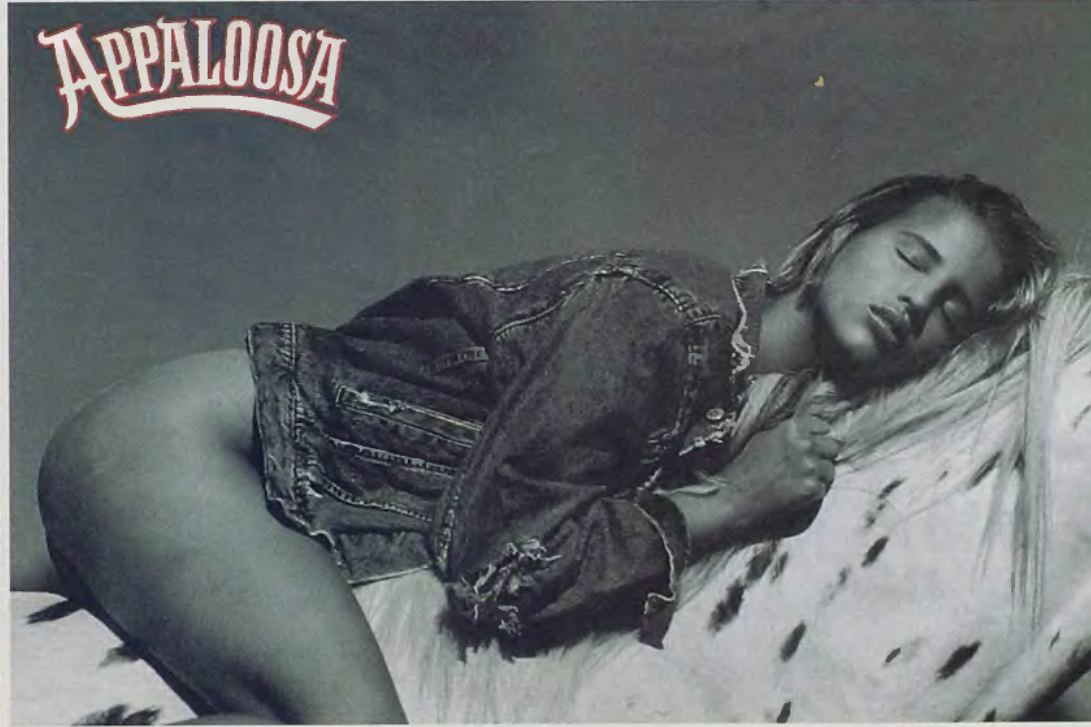
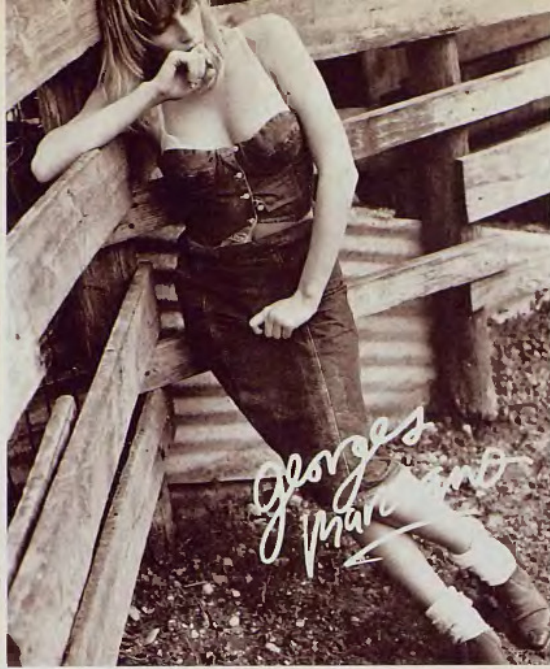
The process of booking guests, with which I was to be involved, began long before the morning preceding the broadcast. It was the futures unit's task to line

(continued on page 76)



Dedini

*"Your restaurant requires me
to make a reservation five months in advance, and in
the meantime I've acquired an ulcer, a new wife, and my business
is in Chapter 11—and now you tell me you're out
of baby quail and polenta!"*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

JEAN DREAMS

a sensible fabric
gets the west

more than a little
hot and bothered

NOT LONG AGO, Madison Avenue discovered that something very special happened when women started to sheathe their legs and holster their hips in denim jeans. Some of the ads appear opposite: Georges Marciano for Guess Jeans, Calvin Klein and—our favorite—Appaloosa, which makes its pitch by showing what happens when there is an absence of jeans. The effect of these ads was to kindle a cool fire, to explore those aching moments that are kinesthetically poised between restraint and desire, between oneself and one's jeans. We thought we'd turn up the heat a bit on this notion and let all that lightheaded languorousness loose.





How do
you script a bit of West-
ern wantonness in
which everyone keeps
some clothes on? Well,
first corral all the
dogies. And pick up
everything in the
pickup and put it away.





You can
take the bed out of the
bunkhouse, but some-
times it's a little
difficult to take
the bunkhouse out of
the guy.



Western

*women wear clothes
without regard to how
they are fastened. They
like to feel the hot, dry
breeze of the high
desert.*



*But how
do Western women keep
their skin from drying
out? Why are there no
rough spots?*





Boy, we've
*had it. The hell with the
rest of the chores. It's
hot. We're tired.
Time for a cold beer?*



"We performed somersaults so that Phyllis would think she was doing substantive stories."

up interview guests for entertainment features and for news events that could be anticipated. A list of upcoming events was compiled by a researcher; then the senior staff would meet and decide what could and should be booked ahead of time. These assignments were then given to the bookers, who would beg, cajole and solicit guests, either directly or through their press agents. The bookers' main equipment was their book or Rolodex, with its valuable home phone numbers and contacts. When a booking was firm, it was placed on a grid to which the senior staff could refer. On any morning, we hoped to have seven of the next day's show's ten segments booked; the balance would be made up with news stories.

A live, two-hour, five-day-a-week news broadcast is like a giant animal that must eat constantly to maintain its weight. The *Morning News* devoured people and stories and was always hungry for more. It was a difficult place to manage, and Katz's solution was not to systematize at all but to fly by the seat of his pants and try to carry the unruly mass along on a wave of enthusiasm.

I was being groomed to take charge of booking and I did what was expected of me while my education went on. I came up with ideas, handed out assignments to the bookers, read their information packets and did my part in getting the show on the air every day.

The hours were brutal. The day began at six A.M. and rarely ended before eight P.M., and there were always phone calls at home in the evenings and on weekends and in the middle of the night. After my first few weeks, I was given a beeper. My wife hated it, and I could never leave it lying around the apartment for fear she would test its durability with her heel.

But after a while, I got used to the hours. The alarm would go off at six. By 6:30, I would have showered and read one newspaper. I would read another in the cab on the way to the Broadcast Center. I'd arrive just before seven and watch the show in the control room, which continued to hold its fascination for me.

Rarely did a show begin without a premonition that something would go wrong, and usually something did. A line would go down, or we'd lose audio, or a guest would be a total bore or, worse, completely out of it. David Carradine was our biggest dud—he was in a hostile and obnoxious mood when Jane Kaplan picked him up at the airport, and we still, to our subsequent regret, put him on the

air (because the show, as I learned to my disbelief, had no backup piece in its bank). Other times, guests would go off on strange tangents, as TV actress Phyllis Ayers Rashad did, insisting that she owed her success to God and wanting to talk about little else. Meanwhile, the anchor began to turn green, and the booker in the control room went white. Or, worse still, one of the guests would be late. Then segments would have to be switched, messing up Katz's nicely drawn plans for a well-paced broadcast. Instead of being able to pick up the show's pace at a crucial moment with an appearance by, say, rock star Phil Collins, we would get stuck with two doctors talking about strokes. Katz would drop his head into his hands, and within seconds, the phone in front of him would ring and he would pick it up, knowing it was probably Joyce or Stringer.

By nine o'clock, when the show ended, most of us were emotionally drained. That's when preparations for the next day began.

The choice of news anchors is a prerogative reserved for the very highest levels of management at CBS. Executive producers rarely, if ever, have a say in these matters; and in this case, neither did Ed Joyce, president of CBS News. The decision to hire Phyllis George was made above him.

"It is fair to say that it was not something I wanted to do," Joyce said later. "It was a foolish decision and it certainly wasn't mine. I can't absolve myself completely, because in the end, I acquiesced, but it was Sauter and [CBS Broadcast Group president Gene] Jankowski who wanted her."

Joyce and others at CBS News maintain that Sauter had had Phyllis George in mind all along. He had been instrumental, after all, in bringing her to CBS Sports when he was its president, and it was his idea for her to make those twinkly sideline appearances during *The NFL Today*. According to Ed Hookstratten, Phyllis' agent, "[Sauter's] endorsement of George was strongly supported by Gene Jankowski," Sauter's own boss, who also happened to be a longtime admirer and friend of Phyllis' and her husband's.

"How they could make the choice of Phyllis is beyond me," says Dick Salant, former president of CBS News. "They knew Phyllis was a hopeless case from the sports division. But there again, Jankowski had no idea what news was about. He always used to say, 'If you don't

have the steak, sell the sizzle.'"

It quickly became apparent to me that it was not easy to build a program around Phyllis George. Every day we performed all sorts of inverse somersaults so that Phyllis would *think* she was doing substantive stories when, in fact, she was not. Almost all the substantive stories—certainly anything that concerned a major political or social issue—wound up with Kurtis. Phyllis got the human-interest stuff.

I had been watching the Cable News Network in the fish bowl—the glassed-in area where the senior producers sat—on April 4, 1985, the day convicted rapist Gary Dotson was brought out of an Illinois prison. With his wimpy mustache and downcast eyes, mumbling "No comment" as he was escorted away, he did not seem to fit the cloak of the wrongfully imprisoned. Nor did I care for his erstwhile victim, the unconvincing Cathleen Webb, who was now recanting her rape charge. As I listened each day to the live hearings conducted by Illinois governor James Thompson, her account of her born-again experience seemed less pertinent than her studied pauses, her lack of memory for detail.

In the meantime, however, Dotson-Webb had escalated through those various phases—from story to carnival—that delight the publishers of tabloids and the producers of morning TV. America couldn't get enough of them and had relished every moment of the hearings as Thompson pressed Webb for more details on the condition of her underpants. Over the previous weekend, he had announced that he was commuting Dotson's sentence to time served, even though he did not believe that Dotson had been wrongfully convicted at his trial. Call it human interest if you will—as a couple, Dotson and Webb were the most prized morning-show guests in the country at that moment.

Over the previous several weeks, of course, we had booked and "done" everybody peripheral to the case. We'd interviewed the families, lawyers, friends—we'd even had Cathy Webb on the show when she announced her recantation. Throughout the hearings, our bookers had babysat, guarded homes and hotel rooms, phoned in questions and fought off the enemy, making sure we were represented on the story. Now the action had moved from Chicago to New York. Webb had arrived on a United flight from Chicago the day before Dotson was due to arrive on a plane chartered by NBC. It was evident that *Today* would have the first live interview with the two of them. Our best chance was to be second. But now, as I was about to learn for the first time, we were about to hit a snag.

"There's a problem." The singsong
(continued on page 161)





article **By J. MAX ROBINS**

IN THE DESERT outside Tucson, it's 109 degrees—slow weather for a job that's all speed. No air conditioning in the gray Ford minitruck with the AIRBORNE EXPRESS logo, and it's a good 300 miles racing down to Nogales and back before this day says good night. No sweat. Steve Robinson likes the heat. In fact, he digs the entire express racket—this real-life, zip-fast desert game of Beat the Clock. In the slip stream of C.B.-equipped truckers, he's chasing booty that includes legal documents, medical supplies, high-tech gizmos and who knows what else due "absolutely positively overnight." No, that's not Airborne's slogan; it belongs to Federal Express, whose long shadow haunts everyone else in this frenzied business. (continued on page 158)

They **FIGHT** *By* **NIGHT**

W*hen
the battle for
next-day delivery can get
absolutely positively
bloody.*

DRESS TO IMPRESS

playboy's spring/summer wardrobe guide,
from business smart to evening cool

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

Part One

SOPHISTICATED. COOL. *Comfortable elegance. Imaginative color statements. Double-breasted jackets. Easy trousers with cuffs and pleats. Colorfully striped shirts. Light-ground paisley, foulard and border-print neckwear. Quality and luxury fabrics and fibers such as silk and silk blends, uncommon seersucker, lightweight wools and light wool blends, cotton oxford and twill. Shoes of soft and fancy woven leathers—oxfords, loafers.* The preceding notes, made months before part one of this year's *Playboy Spring and Summer Fashion Guide* went to press, are a summary of where tailored clothes, from business- to eveningwear, will be headed for at least the next six months (part two, next month, will address sportswear, from denim-look knits to patterned summer sweaters and playful picture-print shirts). What should you look for when going out to shop for a summer suit or sports jacket? First, consider whether you want an unconstructed, semiconstructed or fully constructed jacket. Unconstructed means that little or no canvas is used to shape the chest area and lapels. This year, you'll see all three types of jackets represented: Some will be lined, some unlined, but almost all will feature

strong, shaped shoulders rather than the natural look.

Expect lapels, along with ties, to be a little wider this spring. The rule of thumb when wedding a tie to a lapel is this: The widest part of the tie should be no more or less than an eighth of an inch wider or thinner than the widest part of the lapel. Ties will remain narrow at the neck (small knots are the look you'll want), then widen at the apron. Bow ties, always self-tied, are making a comeback.

Striped shirts, in strengths and hues from bold and brash to subdued and subtle, dominate in a variety of collar styles: Straight collar and small spread is the favorite, with buttondowns in linen or oxford cloth a close second. Contrasting collars and cuffs are also gaining popularity, especially among younger men.

Suspenders, or (as they say in Blighty) braces, in stripes, subtle paisleys or textured-linen pastels have nicely buttoned up part of the pants market. They should always be button-ons, not clip-ons, by the way, unless you're about six years old. Last, consider consigning your do-all digital to the top drawer for a while in favor of a retro or antique wrist watch. It will bring a touch of classy individualism to an otherwise understated business look.

Opposite page: The easy elegance of a lightweight silk basket-weave-patterned jacket with notched lapels, \$325, and linen pleated trousers, \$115, both by Charles Jourdan Monsieur for Hartz; a linen shirt, by Calvin Klein Menswear, \$89.50; a silk tie with a Jacquard pattern, by Prochownick, \$40; slip-ons with embossed fringe, by Alberto Guardiani from Avalanche, \$149; silk socks, by Head Phones, \$20; and an alligator belt, by Trafalgar Limited, \$200.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS KEEVE
AND JAMES IMBROGNO





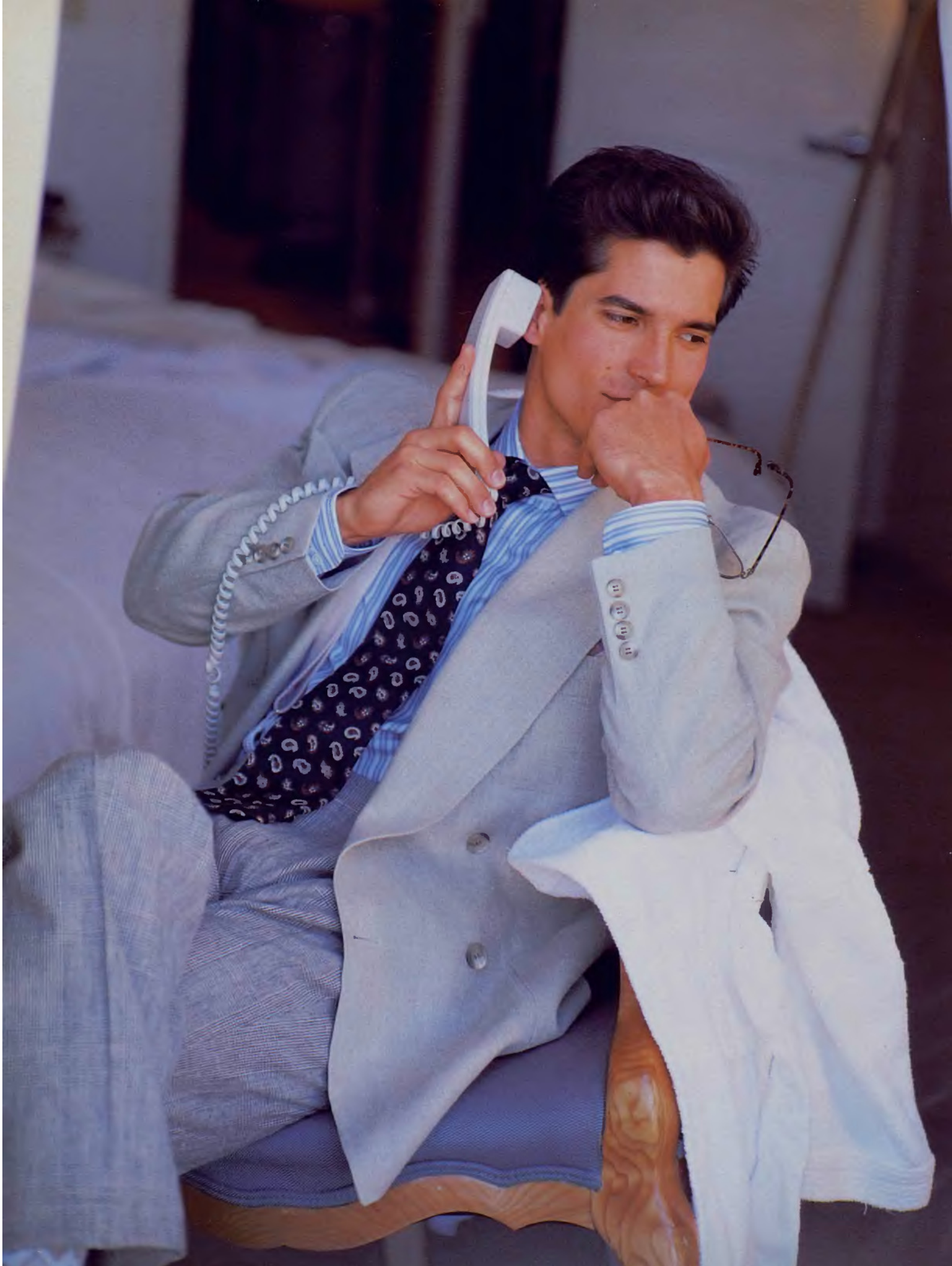
Left: The double-breasted suit in lightweight fabrics, such as linen, is back (some would say it never left). Here, a black-and-gray-plaid-linen four-button double-breasted suit with thin orange and blue overstriping, featuring a ventless fully constructed (i.e., shaped with canvas) and lined jacket with flap pockets and pleated and cuffed trousers, \$585, a white-cotton straight-collar dress shirt, \$85, and a silk geometric-patterned tie, \$45, all by Hugo Boss; plus a silk pocket square, by Gant Neckwear, \$9.50. **Right:** Cravats, from back to front, include an Italian silk-paisley look, by Reporter Italian Menswear, about \$45; a silk-foulard tie, by Calvin Klein Menswear, \$23.50; a multicolored cotton tie, by Vicky Davis, \$18; an equestrian-print silk tie, by Damon, about \$22.50; a navy-silk border-print tie, by Savoy, \$28.50; topped by a silk-paisley bow tie, by J. S. Blank, \$15.







1. Shirt, by Haupt, about \$70. 2. & 3. Shirt, from Acorn by Bob Goldfeder, \$50; and bow tie, by Savoy, \$17.50.
4. & 5. Buttondown, by Addison on Madison, \$59; and tie, by Jones New York, \$22.50. 6. Shirt, by Ike Behar, \$105. 7. Shirt, by Damon, about \$30.
8. Shirt, from Corum by Van Heusen, \$26.50. 9. & 10. Buttondown, \$57.50, and tie, \$40, both by Alexander Julian. 11. Socks, from Polo Hosiery by Ralph Lauren, about \$18.
12. Socks, by Davco, about \$10. 13. Crocodile loafers, by Johnston & Murphy, \$600. 14. Shoes, by Ralph Lauren Footwear, \$260. 15. Cuff links, by Mark Cross, \$240. 16. Shirt, by Burberrys Shirts, \$55. 17. Glasses, by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, about \$55. 18. & 19. Shirt, by Perry Ellis Men, \$95; and tie, by Damon, about \$20. 20. & 21. Socks, by Burlington, \$6; and wing tips, by Fratelli Rossetti, \$275. 22. Slip-ons, by Nancy Knox, about \$275. 23.—26. Braces by the following: Trafalgar Limited, about \$45; Campaign, \$17.50; Cole-Haas Accessories, about \$45; and Campaign again, \$17.50.
27. Chronograph, by Baume & Mercier, from Marshall Field's, Chicago, \$1150. 28. & 29. Art-deco watch, \$195, and tank watch, \$475, both by Calvin Klein Watches. 30. Cotton pocket square, by Imperial Handkerchiefs, \$6. 31. Silk pocket square, by Trafalgar Limited, about \$20. 32. Silk pocket square, by Ashear Brothers, about \$15. 33.—36. Ostrich wallet, \$350, and agenda book, \$200, lizard note pad, \$85, and eyeglass case, \$95, all by Mark Cross. 37. Glasses, by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, about \$36. Silk ties 38.—43. by the following: Damon, about \$17.50; Bill Blass/J. S. Blank, \$22.50; Fumagalli's, about \$38; Stanley Blacker/J. S. Blank, \$22.50; Addison on Madison, \$27; and Calvin Klein Menswear, \$32.50.



More loose living in comfortable double-breasteds, including (left) a beige-linen fully constructed but unlined four-button double-breasted jacket with wider peaked lapels and three open-patch pockets, about \$335, teamed with a cotton antique-striped spread-collar dress shirt, about \$90, Prince of Wales glen-plaid linen/cotton pleated trousers, about \$125, and a cotton/linen paisley tie, about \$30, all by Joseph Abboud; plus rayon knit suspenders that button to the trousers, by Campaign, \$24; and a multicolored madras-plaid-cotton pocket square, by Trafalgar Limited, about \$9; and zigzag-patterned cotton-blend socks, by Davco, about \$10. Right: A linen semiconstructed double-breasted ventless suit with a peaked-lapel jacket, \$655, worn with a striped straight-collar dress shirt, \$80, both by Cerruti 1881; and a navy-ground silk-paisley tie, by Gant Neckwear, \$18.50.



INTENTIONAL PASS

she was a fast-lane lawyer. he was a federal judge. she
was appealing for a brief encounter

fiction By GEORGE V. HIGGINS

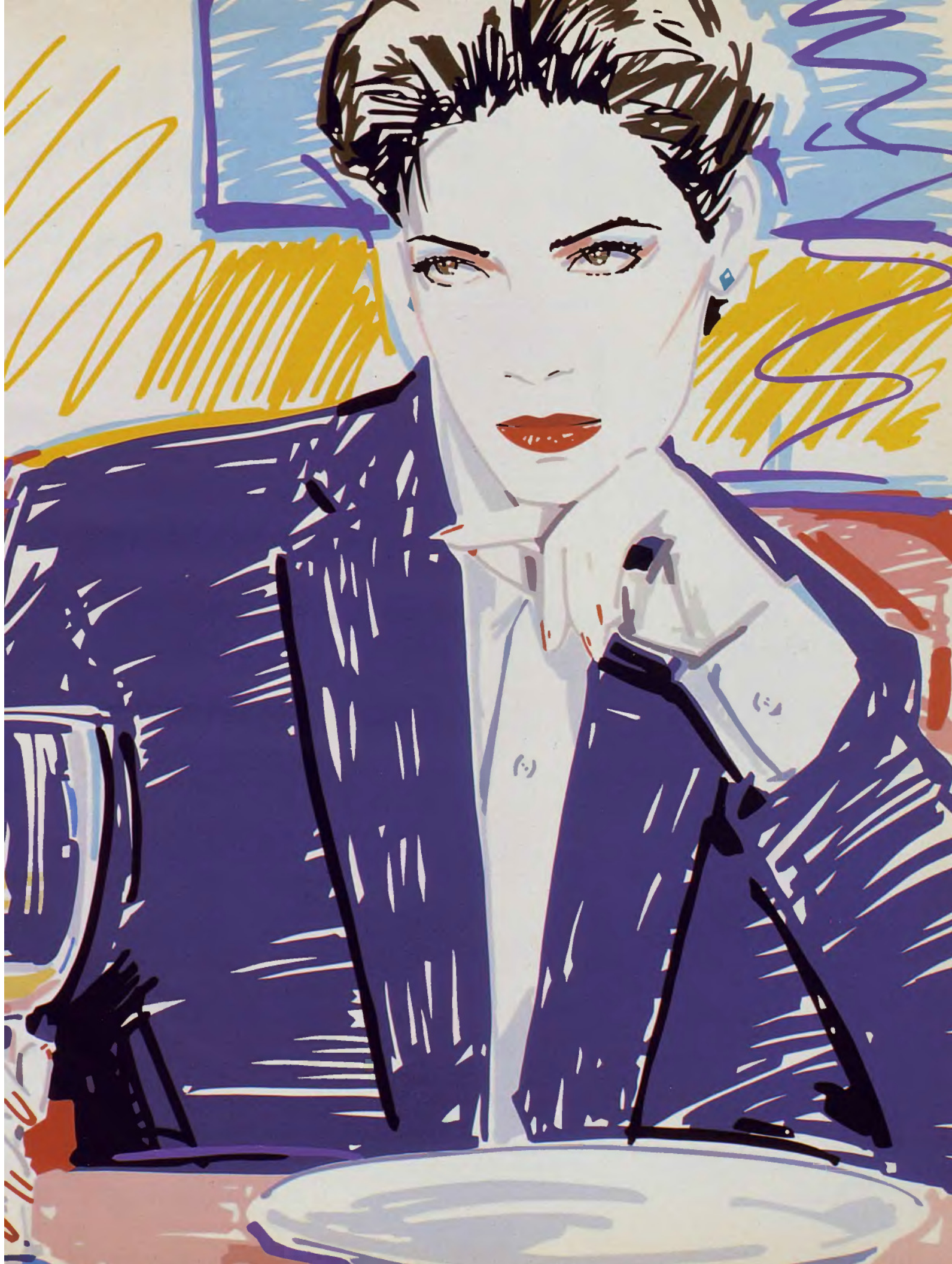
IN 1976, seven years after she graduated *magna cum laude* from law school at Georgetown, Sally Deegan became a partner in the San Diego firm of Thompson, Roche and Royce. She specialized in corporate reorganizations, acquisitions and take-overs. She was good at her work and her work was

good to her. Ten years later, on a cold November Thursday, she reported on her life to her classmate Paul Mariani at lunch in Parker's in the grand old hotel in Boston.

"Every so often," she said, using her right hand to encompass the velvet-draped, banquetted, heavily lined, hushed surroundings, "I stop and think about the way (continued on page 155)

PAINTING BY DENNIS MUKAI







behind the
lines at *S.O.F.*,
where men
are men
and talk
is cheap

PLAYING SOLDIER

article
By FRED REED

I CAME into the weird mercenary vortex of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine when the phone rang in 1980. The voice on the other end was low and conspiratorial, the vocal cords sounding as if they had been ravaged by gargling gravel. Something in it whispered of far places and dark secrets too evil to be told.

"Hi, Fred, old asshole. I need a writer. Seventeen-five and band-aids. Interested?" The drains of the Orient gurgled in that voice.

I had been bumping at arm's length into Bob Brown, the eccentric Special Forces colonel who founded *S.O.F.*, ever since the heady days of the fall of Saigon. Bored after Asia, he had started the magazine in 1975 with about \$10,000 as an excuse to go to bush wars. The first press run of 8500 copies looked as if it had been mimeographed in his bathroom by poorly trained gibbons. The photos were badly enough exposed, the grammar wretched enough to give an impression of authenticity—a correct impression.

The first issue contained the famous photo of an African who had taken a 12-gauge blast just above the eyes—say "Ahhh." Horror erupted. Across the nation, every pipe in the moral calliope began honking and blowing; and, exactly as the old outlaw had expected, sales went straight up. This would become a pattern. Brown played the press like a piano.

"Hm. Lemme think about it."

"OK. Ciao." Click.

I didn't think long. I was barely earning a living in Washington by free-lancing about the gray little men who run the world. A chance to be honestly shot seemed desirable by comparison. Life really hadn't amounted to much since Phnom Penh, and *Soldier of Fortune* had an appealing renegade reputation. What the hell; you only live once, and most people don't even do that. My wife and I packed the convertible.

Crossing the Beltway and setting sail through Maryland into West Virginia, I wondered what we were getting into—not that it really mattered as long as it was out of Washington. Was *S.O.F.* what it pur-

ported to be? Was it really the professional journal of questionable adventurers with altered passports, of scarred men of unwholesome purpose who met in the reeking back alleys of Taipeh? Of hired murderers who frequented bars in Bangkok where you could get venereal diseases unheard of since the 13th Century? Was it a clubhouse for aging soldiers trying to relive their youth? Or was it, as one fellow in Washington sniffed, "an exploitation rag catering to the down-demo extinction market"?

We crossed Kansas in the old Sixties bleary-eyed, coffee-driven, unsleeping push and entered the People's Republic of Boulder—a lovely city of transplanted East Coasters who had gone West to escape the evils of Jersey and, of course, had taken Jersey with them. *Soldier of Fortune* had its offices at 5735 Arapahoe, in a park of egg-yolk-yellow warehouses where people made things like bowling trophies. I had expected a pile of skulls, barbed wire, a mine field or two and maybe a couple of prisoners staked to the earth to dry. Instead, I found a door with a small sign:

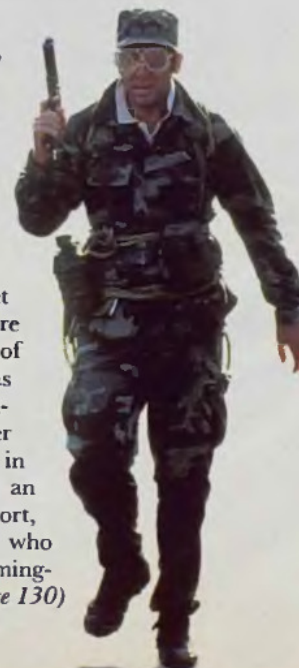
STOP! BEFORE ENTERING, FILL OUT A CARD SAYING WHERE YOU WANT THE BODY SHIPPED. OTHERWISE, IT WILL BE USED FOR SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES.

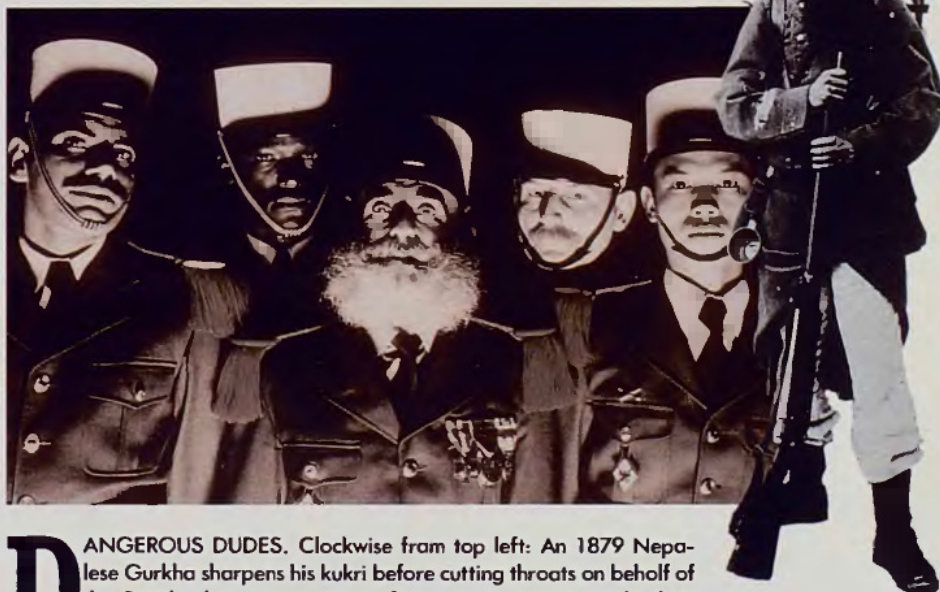
Must be the place, I thought.

A suspicious—and good-looking—secretary answered the buzzer lock in shorts and running shoes and took me through the warrenlike improvised offices to meet Brown. The walls were lined with pictures of commandos, guerrillas and Foreign Legionnaires sweating over heavy machine guns in the deep Sahara. In an office, I glimpsed a short, weathered fellow who looked like Ernest Hemingway. (continued on page 130)



EDITOR AS MERCENARY. Bob Brown (above) launched *Soldier of Fortune* in 1975, targeting the restless-veteran demographic. The liberal press, suffering from a 'Nam hangover, hit the roof over Brown's bush-war boosterism, thereby assuring the mag's future with the fantasy-fighter set. Its classified ads for hired guns have attracted misfiring facsimiles of the real thing.






DANGEROUS DUDES. Clockwise from top left: An 1879 Nepalese Gurkha sharpens his kukri before cutting throats on behalf of the British; three generations of Foreign Legionnaires do their duty in the desert (note the identity-obscuring long beards in the bottom two photos); and two modern would-be mercs exercise their shooting eyes at a desperado comp in Alobomo.



PLAY MERCS. Peace can be an awkward time for warriors; that's why they invented war games. At 12 o'clock high and five o'clock (that's above and near right for you noncombat types), French Foreign Legionnaires stalk imaginary enemies, while at three o'clock (for right), American toy soldiers secure the deep South.





You're in the blue car,
and out of the night
comes the red car,
drifting toward the
center line with its
brights on. Focus on
the edge of the road
and ease to your right,
leaving the other car
as much room as pos-
sible as it passes. Then
flip on your bright
lights to compensate
for any reduced vision.

NIGHT MOVES

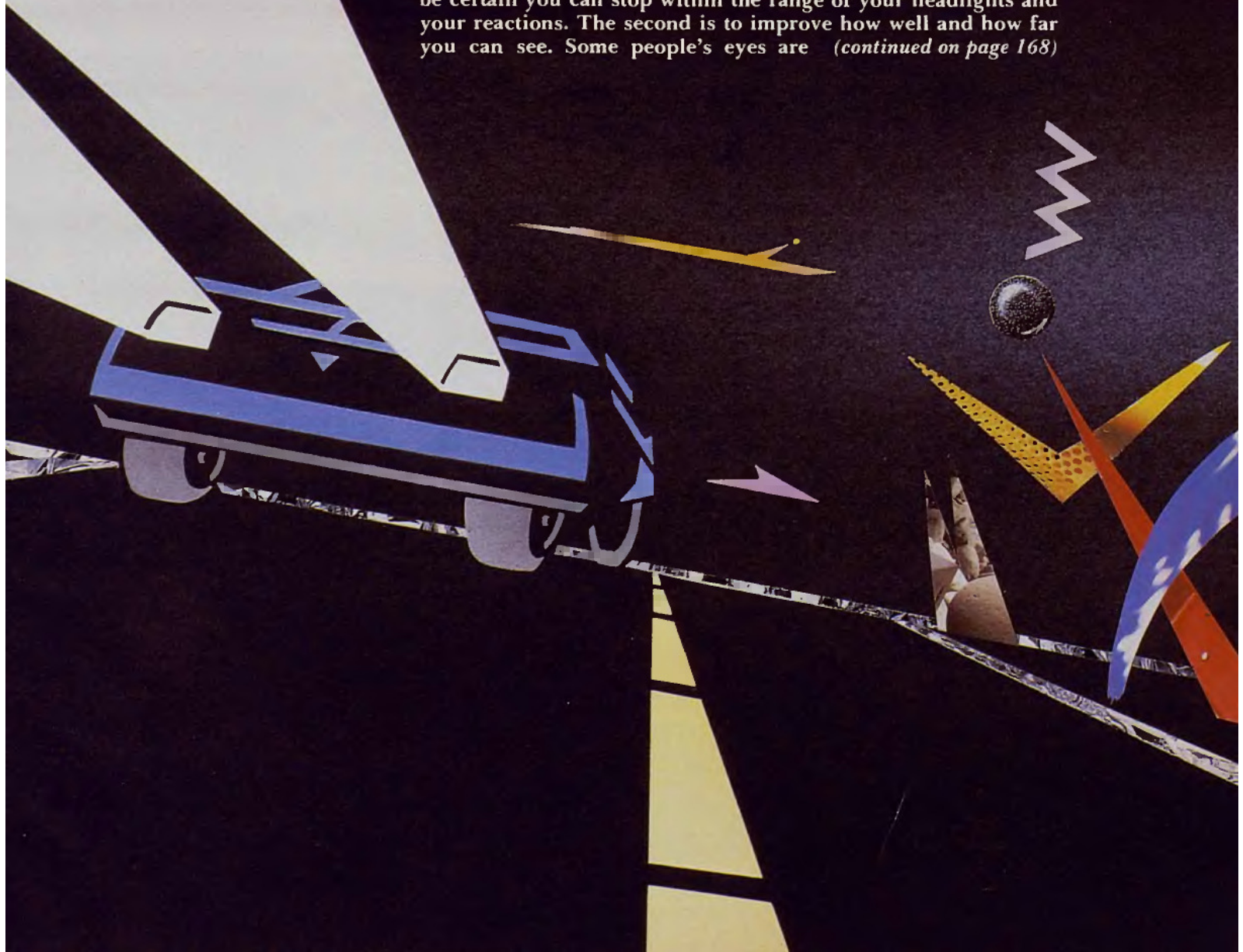
how to ease on down the road safely after dark

BY GARY WITZENBURG

DRIVING AFTER DARK is a night game whose rules are different from daytime motoring's. You can't travel as fast in the dark (and shouldn't) and you can't spot the cops if you do. Night driving is also fatiguing, and there's always the danger of dozing off. Still, there are precautions you can take and products you can buy to help get you through the night safely.

"Lack of visibility is your biggest enemy," says truck owner/operator Dan Campbell, "and overdriving your headlights is the most common mistake. I always assume there could be something in the road just beyond my range of visibility and drive accordingly. The minute you let down your guard and put the gas pedal to the floor is when you're likely to end up in trouble."

There are two ways to deal with the danger of low visibility at night. The first is to reduce your speed to a point at which you can be certain you can stop within the range of your headlights and your reactions. The second is to improve how well and how far you can see. Some people's eyes are *(continued on page 168)*



ON THE MOVE WITH MISS APRIL,
THE TRAVEL AGENT'S BEST FRIEND

ADVENTUROUS ANNA



San Francisco is a city of many spectacles: cable cars, the view of Alcatraz, roving street mimes and, now, the spectacular Anna Clark.

WHEN YOU WALK INTO Caffé Trieste, it's easy to forget that this is 1987. Tucked away on a narrow little street in San Francisco's colorful North Beach area, only a short walk from the famed Condor Club, where Carol Doda, the original topless dancer, defied gravity for some 21 years, Caffé Trieste is an old-fashioned coffeehouse, a throwback to the Beat Generation ruled by Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, a place where disheveled intellectuals congregate to drink very strong coffee, smoke unfiltered cigarettes and debate the big issues: God. Art. Politics. Travel.

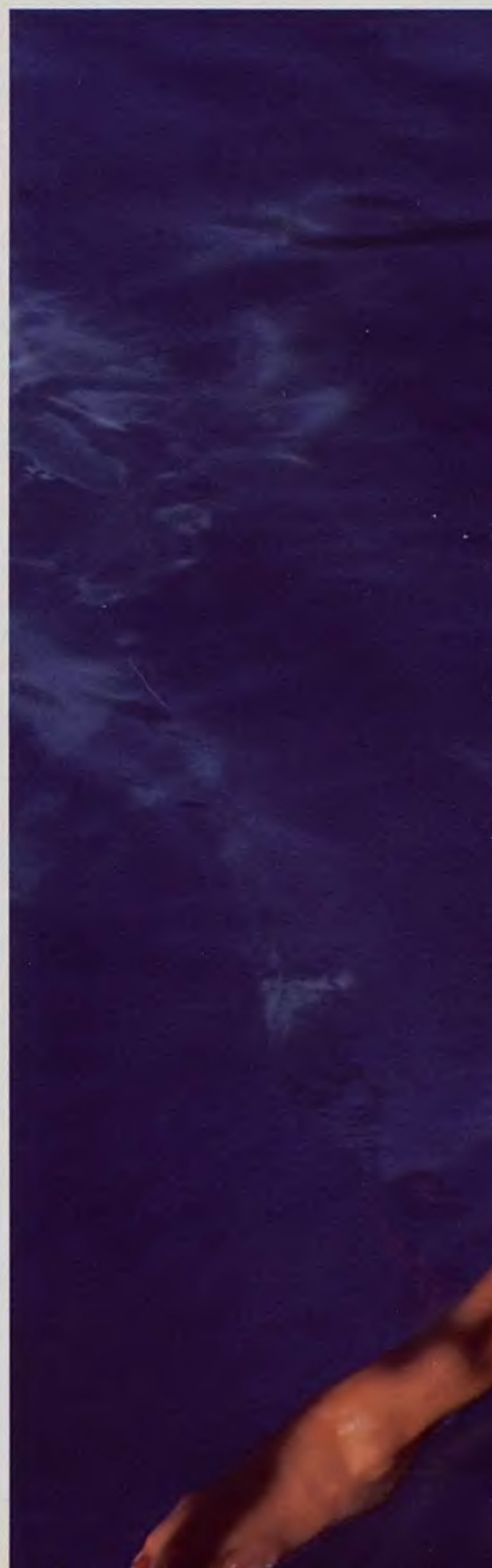
Travel? That's the topic at Anna Clark's table in a dark corner of Caffé Trieste. Anna, who is something of a Caffé regular, sits sipping a cup of espresso, her nose stuck in a science-fiction paperback, when a stranger approaches, hands



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA
GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS



her a white rose and strikes up a conversation. The subject immediately turns to travel, one of Anna's favorite subjects. In fact, she's in San Francisco, a 25-minute drive from her home in Mill Valley, to visit consulates and embassies, arranging visas and other details for her upcoming yearlong trip around the world. The two chat for a while, the man moves on and Anna resumes





"One thing I can tell you," announces Anna, "is that I never want to be an actress. I'd much rather be in business for myself or be a clothes buyer for a department store. I'm even using my Playmate money to invest in stocks."









reading. A short time passes and another man stops by her table and introduces himself. Once again, the talk turns to travel, with Anna talking about the destinations—Australia, India, Turkey and other countries, most of them exotic, out-of-the-way locales—she's scheduled on her trip, which she's doing on a shoestring with her 18-year-old brother. The man leaves his business card, which Anna uses as a bookmark while she finishes her coffee and walks across the street to a funky little pasta place.

"Adventure is very important to me," insists Anna as she picks at a small green salad. "That's what I love about San Francisco. It's the openness, all the different kinds of people who live here. They're spicy—I like that. You know those two guys you saw me talking to across the street? I like doing
(text concluded on page 150)

"I wanted to be a Playmate just for the experience," says Anna. "I consider this another one of my many adventures."



MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Anna Cyprian

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Anna Crane

BUST: 32D WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'1" WEIGHT: 98

BIRTH DATE: 10-19-66 BIRTHPLACE: San Francisco

AMBITIONS: I want to own my own business involving fashion and travel.

TURN-ONS: Traveling, men who know how to dance + flirt well, being challenged.

TURN-OFFS: Stupid questions, being taken for granted or underestimated

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Little Prince, Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, all science fiction

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Kate Bush, Shing, Mr. Mister

FAVORITE SPORTS: DANCE!

IDEAL MAN: Knows how to dance and flirt and keeps a few things secret.

SECRET FANTASY: To one day write a book.



freshman year at SDSU



Me and my beautiful mom



Amazing what my hair can do!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

One-upmanship was the name of the game at a recent college faculty dinner party, and honesty was not necessary to win.

"Asia was by far my favorite destination," the woman told her tablemate, though she had never been out of the United States. "Enigmatic and magical, beautiful beyond belief. And China, of course, is the pearl of the Asian oyster."

"What about the pagodas? Did you see them?"

"Did I see them?" She paused to sip her wine. "My dear, I had dinner with them."



A Hollywood gossip columnist reports hearing this exchange between two aging rival stars at the Academy Awards: "You know, honey," the first boasted, "Lloyd's once insured my breasts for six million dollars."

"Really?" drawled the other. "What did you do with the money?"

The townspeople stood in despair as the fire that had begun in a diner threatened to burn down the entire shopping district. Just then, a truck filled with farm workers came speeding down a hill toward the fire. The crowd moved back and the truck drove into the flames. The workers jumped out and beat at the fire with their coats—miraculously bringing it under control.

The city fathers were so grateful for the men's heroism that they gave each a plaque and \$1000. After the ceremony, a newsman interviewed the driver and asked him what he was going to do with the money.

"You can be dang sure the first thing I'm gonna do," he replied, "is get the brakes fixed on that son-of-a-bitchin' truck."

You know the romance is over when you ask your girlfriend to slip into something more comfortable and she sits down in your La-Z-Boy.

A visitor was being shown around the farmhouse. "Built this place with my own hands—the hard way," the farmer boasted. "See the floor? Didn't use no nails; whole thing is dovetailed. The hard way, don't you know. See the ceiling? Didn't use no columns; hangs from a flying beam."

Just then, the farmer's striking daughter walked into the room. The visitor arched his eyebrow quizzically at his host.

"Yup," the farmer said. "Standing up in a canoe."

A sky diver and his instructor peered down at the fields 15,000 feet below. "There's nothing to worry about," the instructor said. "You jump, count to 100 and pull your ripcord. If that doesn't work, pull your reserve. There'll be a truck down there to pick you up."

The sky diver took a breath and plunged into the blue. After free-falling, he pulled his ripcord. Nothing. He pulled his reserve. A few cobwebs drifted out.

"Shit," he said, shaking his head. "I'll bet that goddamn truck's not down there, either."

The madam answered a knock at the door. "Evenin', ma'am," the man said. "I'm looking for a good time. Only thing is, I'm a union man. Is this a union house?"

The madam laughed and sent him on his way. Stopping at a house farther down the road, he asked the same question and got the same response.

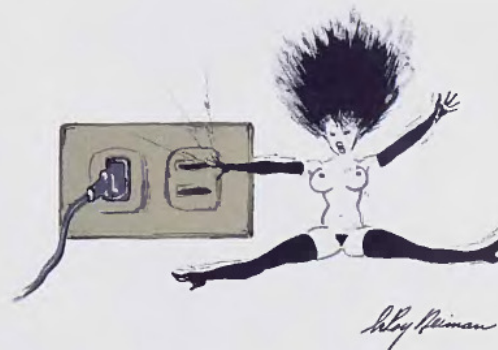
Word quickly spread of the man's peculiar request. The proprietor of the third house was ready for him. "Hi, sugar," she said. "You looking for a union house?"

"You bet," he replied, looking over several tempting ladies. "How about that redhead?"

"No, I'm sorry. That one there," she said, pointing toward a woman in her 70s, "will be your companion tonight."

"Why do I get stuck with the old lady?" the outraged man asked.

"Because she has seniority."



An assistant on the freshman Senator's staff walked into his office one morning with a thick folder and a legal pad. After discussing a number of legislative issues, the woman asked, "What should we do about the abortion bill?"

"Well," he replied, "I suppose we ought to pay it."

The customer asked the pharmacist for a condom. "I can give you a box of three," the pharmacist replied.

The man paid for the box, took one condom out and handed the remainder back to the pharmacist. "I only want one," he said. "I'm trying to quit."

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



"See if I got this straight—we're just an average couple. You're home from a hard day at the office, I've put the kids to bed and we decide to have sex, right?"



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RIESER / PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE JORDANO



THE LITTLE BLUE PILL

pop one
and get the feeling

fiction

By MICHAEL LUBOW

MY TWO ASSISTANTS and I had just returned from a three-hour lunch at Riccardo's, celebrating the wrap-up of an ad campaign that we had designed and produced under a crunching schedule. The legendary Dr. D. L. Henry, our agency's biggest client, was waiting for us when we got back.

We found him in the large conference room, the one we called the cathedral. He was at the head of the table and, as we entered the room, he looked us over pretty good. I could tell he was about to drop something major on us.

We pulled out chairs and sat. I was closest to Doc Henry, on his right. Barbara settled into a chair across from Doc, where I could see her. Nice view. If she weren't such a good art director, she probably could make it big as a model. Blonde hair, long and loose. Big green eyes. High cheekbones, great lips.

Next to Barbara sat Richard. Richard looks like a youngish headmaster at a boys' school in England. He's our walking data bank, copy editor and producer.

The three of us make an un-

beatable combination. I'm the idea man and group leader. Barbara's the artist. Richard checks all facts, keeps us on track and gets the stuff produced. And Doc Henry is the overbearing hero of American business who controls the largest ad budget in the country. He began to talk.

"I have here the stuff of memories."

He smiled and opened his hand. Nestled in his palm was a small blue pill with a tiny number embossed on its smooth surface. "And I mean that literally."

Doc leaned forward, his face well over the shiny black-marble conference table, making a perfect upside-down reflection. I looked at the two Doc Henrys, one smiling at me, one underneath, frowning.

He fired a strange question at me.

"Les, remember how it felt to play center in an N.B.A. championship game? To score the winning shot and walk off the court with millions of fans screaming your name? Of course not. You never played pro basketball. But what if (continued on page 118)

F

rom

canned soup to frozen pizza,
here's how to perk up
punk food

By HERBERT B. LIVESEY

SO IT WAS one of those days. Fill in the blanks. And the last thing you want to do is go home and join the designer-food grazing circuit. Yet, you have to eat, and even if you lack the time and inclination to play Julia Child, that doesn't mean you have to settle for baloney on a bun. By all means, open a can or defrost a package. But fast and good aren't mutually exclusive. A few extra minutes—even seconds—can transform the most pedestrian packaged food or leftovers into a meal that arouses even the weariest taste buds.

Poke through your spice cabinet. A pinch of dried hot-pepper flakes perks up spaghetti or broccoli. A few drops of Tabasco or Louisiana Hot Sauce fires up soups and stews. One innocent *jalapeño* pepper braces a bottled Mexican-style table *salsa* or a can of tuna. And

curry powder does wonders in yogurt or cream poured over chicken or lamb. Paprika isn't just a tasteless decorative garnish on deli salads. It also comes in a zesty, hot Hungarian version perfect for stews. What follows are some delectable spiced-up, speedy concoctions, none of which takes more than 30 minutes from cupboard or fridge to plate.

ZAPPED PIZZA

There's a supermarket pizza in the freezer, right? Turn up the oven to 425°. It has to be very hot. Remove all wrappings from the pizza. Drizzle a little olive oil over it and sprinkle it with garlic powder, a few hot-pepper flakes and oregano. Add whatever else you have on hand that suits your taste: sliced onions, sweet peppers, olives, sausage, ham or anchovies. How about

smoked oysters from the Christmas gift package? Or asparagus tips. Or pineapple chunks. Who's to know? Slip the pizza into the oven, directly on the rack. If you use a cookie sheet or a baking dish, the crust won't be as crisp. Cook according to package directions, usually about ten minutes.

SKILLET CHILI

Authentic this isn't; but it doesn't take all day, either. Heat oil in a large skillet. Add one chopped onion and one small diced bell pepper. Cook and stir until soft, then remove to a bowl and reserve. Break up a pound or so of ground beef into the skillet. Cook, stirring and chopping with the side of a spoon, until lightly browned. Pour off fat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Return onions and peppers to skillet. Add (concluded on page 147)

TIN - CAN GALLEY



PLAYBOY MUSIC

stop wang chunging and read this—your 1987 music-poll results

THE NEXT FIVE pages indicate how our readers called it this year. Here are some additional achievements, just for the record.

Best deal on CD: Motown's twofers, two classic LPs for the price of a single-LP CD. **Best American-Afro LP:** Paul Simon's *Graceland*. **Best**



BEST R&B LP: *Control* / Janet Jackson

Afro-African LP: *The Indestructible Beat of Soweto*. **Best**

Afro-American LP: *Raising Hell*, by Run-D.M.C. **Classiest trend:** Reissues of great jazz classics on Blue Note, CTI and other labels. **Most overworked adjective:** outrageous. Lionel Richie, take note. **Best reason for**

breaking up: East Bay Ray left The Dead Kennedys because of "the oppressive and intolerant atmosphere rotting the hard-core punk movement from within." **Most unconventional**

wisdom: Mercury's aggressive marketing of blues genius Robert Cray. **Firstest**



BEST COUNTRY LP: *Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc.* / Dwight Yoakam

female: Aretha Franklin was the first woman named to the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame. **Best tearjerker:** *At This Moment*, by Billy Vera & the Beaters. **Best quote:** "If I had to start all over again today, it would be a lot tougher—now it's all image and leather underwear" (Bonnie Raitt). For readers' choices, read on.



BEST ROCK LP: *5150* / Van Halen



BEST JAZZ LP: *Magic Touch* / Stanley Jordan

'87



HALL OF FAME: TINA TURNER

You can call Tina Turner a lot of things: rock-'n'-roller; soul or ballad singer; dancer; actress; the consummate sexy woman, with the greatest legs working a stage in either hemisphere; and our favorite authority figure—because when Tina sang “You better be

good to me,” our obedient readers responded, to our great delight, by electing her to the Hall of Fame.

“We never, ever do nothin’ nice and easy,” said Tina in her introduction to *Proud Mary*. And that was true—the marriage had shattered both parties professionally by the time it ended. Then Tina set out to establish a solo

career that has yielded multiple Grammy awards, memorable movie appearances in *Tommy* and *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* and album sales exceeding 10,000,000 units. A talent such as Turner doesn’t rock onto the main stage every day. Congratulations to Tina. And to our readers for picking a real winner.



SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK



**INSTRUMENTALIST—R&B:
HERBIE HANCOCK**



**MALE VOCALIST—POP / ROCK:
PHIL COLLINS**



**GROUP—R&B:
MTUME**



**FEMALE VOCALIST—POP / ROCK:
WHITNEY HOUSTON**



**MALE VOCALIST—R&B:
EL DE BARGE**



**FEMALE VOCALIST—R&B:
PATTI LA BELLE**



**GROUP—POP / ROCK:
DIRE STRAITS**



**INSTRUMENTALIST—POP / ROCK:
EDWARD VAN HALEN**

TOP TIER



MALE VOCALIST—JAZZ:
JOE WILLIAMS



INSTRUMENTALIST—JAZZ:
MILES DAVIS



FEMALE VOCALIST—JAZZ:
JEAN CARNE



GROUP—JAZZ:
WORLD SAX QUARTET



MALE VOCALIST—COUNTRY:
KENNY ROGERS



INSTRUMENTALIST—COUNTRY:
ROY CLARK



FEMALE VOCALIST—COUNTRY:
DOLLY PARTON



GROUP—COUNTRY:
ALABAMA

COVERS

CHARITY CONCERT EVENT



Amnesty International Conspiracy of Hope benefit tour. The biggest event of the year, marked by reunion performances of The Police, plus shows by U2, Peter Gabriel, Little Steven Van Zandt, Miles Davis, Lou Reed, Bryan Adams and others. A question: Why did all the women except Joan Baez stay home?

DANCER

Janet Jackson



NEW ARTIST

The Outfield. A big year for Simply Red and Anita Baker, but the winners are tough boys from London's East

End who not only revere Journey

and Foreigner but pay them homage on their debut LP, *Play Deep*, which made it to number ten in *Billboard*.



COMEBACK ARTIST

James Brown. If there were no James Brown, God would have to invent him.



LIVE RECORDING

Pack Up the Plantation, by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. Here's the LP that would have won all the other polls if their balloting had preceded the release of Springsteen's five-record live set, as ours did. A real heartbreaker for Tom, we're sure.

WAY TO HEAR RECORDED MUSIC

CD. A rap on the knuckles to those readers who wrote in "stoned," "drunk" and "during sex."

TELEVISION SHOW BANDEALER



Paul Shaffer of *Late Night with David Letterman*. The field was thick—Doc Severinsen for traditionalists, Mark Hudson for Joan Rivers, Billy Preston for David Brenner. But only one bandstander stood out—the man who penned *Bermuda*, a really beautiful entertainer in his own right, and we mean that sincerely. Congratulations, Paul.

PERFORMANCE BY A MUSICIAN IN A TV COMMERCIAL



Glenn Frey for Pepsi. Glenn picked up a cool million for his dimly lit appearance as himself with some dude from Miami.

LIVE ACT

Van Halen. Last year, we asked if Sammy Hagar could fill David Lee Roth's rhinestone-studded Lycra jump suit. This year, you said yes.



ROCK SONG

Robert Palmer's *Addicted to Love*.



MUSIC VIDEO

Sledgehammer. With more videos this good, MTV wouldn't have ratings problems. Utilizing stop-frame animation, director Steven Johnson depicted Peter Gabriel in assorted media, including ice, clay and vegetables. Plus many extras, including plucked chicken carcasses dancing, actual sperm swimming and sledge hammers hammering. That's entertainment!

FRIDAY NIGHT VIDEOS GUEST HOST



Jay Leno. This show sinks or swims on the personality of the host. David Lee Roth was pretty funny, but who would you rather have in your living room?

JAZZ COMPOSITION

The Sweetest Taboo. Written by Helen Adu and Martin Ditchan, performed by Sade.

R&B SONG

Walk This Way. Written by Steve Tyler and Joe Perry, performed by Run-D.M.C.

COUNTRY SONG

Honky Tonk Man. Written by Howard Hausey, Tillman Franks and Johnny Horton and performed by Dwight Yoakam.

DRIVING SONG

Addicted to Love. By Robert Palmer. Great song, but we wonder what our readers do while driving.

MOVIE SOUND TRACK

Top Gun. Ri-valed by *Stand By Me*, *Pretty in Pink* and *Ruthless People*, music to fly jets by tracked as well here as on the *Billboard* chart, where it had appeared 30 weeks in a row by the end of the year.

ALBUM COVER

Eat 'Em and Smile, by David Lee Roth, or for Latinos, *Sonrisa Salvaje*.



MAKE-OUT SONG:

Take My Breath Away. By Berlin. Making out to a track from *Top Gun*? Hold your breath and think of Kelly McGillis.

DRESSED

Robert Palmer



UNDRESSED

Madonna



20 HOT TIPS what to watch for

1. Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis will produce a hit record for Nona Hendryx.
2. Somebody else in the Jackson family will release an LP.
3. Cyndi, Sting and Madonna will return to their natural hair colors.
4. Sheila Escovedo, premiering as Prince's drummer, will help make him the number-one 1987 live act to catch.
5. Paul Brady, songwriter of Tina's hits, will become a solo success.
6. Ditto Patty Smyth.
7. Watch Dalbello, the new *chanteuse* in Tina's manager, Roger Davies', stable.
8. The 1987 Boy George: Sylvester.
9. Look for Gold Castle Records, the quality label dedicated to old folkies.
10. Politics and rock will come back: Billy Bragg, Little Steven, U2.
11. The hot country boy: Vince Gill.
12. Whitney Houston will avoid the traditional sophomore slump.
13. Expect more motion-sickness videos such as Huey Lewis' *Hip to Be Square*.
14. Georgia Satellites may become the most successful bar-and-boogie band ever.
15. Rubén Blades will arrive with his role in Robert Redford's *Milagro Beanfield War*, collaborations with Bob Dylan and Elvis Costello and an LP based on the writings of Gabriel García Márquez.
16. Look for Spike Lee's music videos.
17. Anita Baker will win diva status.
18. Capricorn Records, the long-defunct label of the Allmans and Marshall Tucker, will rise again with its former prez, Phil Walden, at the helm.
19. Read *The Death of Rhythm & Blues*, Nelson George's book about black cross-over, plus Charles M. Young's *Blowin' Chunks: The Incomplete History of Punk Rock and Other Stuff* and *Glory Day's*, a new volume on Bruce Springsteen by Dave Marsh.
20. Springsteen will drop out of sight to avoid the embarrassment of simultaneous Presidential drafts by both major parties.

BLUE PILL (continued from page 109)

"What this pill does is give you someone else's memory—a memory you'd pay to have."

you *could* remember how it felt to stuff that winning basket? To remember the smell of your good old locker room, the liniment and sweat? The feel of your silky uniform?"

He sat back, grinning. Then he held out that little blue pill. With his other hand, he pinched it between his thumb and a stubby forefinger, picked it up and moved it in a slow half circle toward us. Then he popped it into his mouth and swallowed.

This is high drama in the ad business, friends.

"My company's neuroendocrinology people have been developing pills for some time now that can give you the *memory* of a particular experience. Not an illusory experience—we're not talking about a psychedelic or narcotic here. What it simply does is give you someone else's memory—a memory you'd *pay* to have."

Doc burped.

"Take that basketball example. We got a top N.B.A. center to lie back and remember his biggest moment. Paid him almost as much that day as he makes all year. But it was worth it. Our lab guys wired him up real good. Even tapped into his spinal fluids. And when his memory was going strong, our computers got its formula. It's just a chemical. Hell, we can make it by the barrel. And that was just the start."

From his pocket, he tossed another little blue pill onto the table. It bounced and spun and settled there on the glossy-marble surface. Below it was a sharp, clear-blue reflection of itself. We all stared at it.

"We've got twenty-five memories in production right now. We'll have a hundred by next year. Good memories: exotic cities, mountaintops, jungles, space flights. We've got love memories and sex memories. We've got all kinds of sports memories: basketball, baseball, football, gymnastics, you name it. The product's perfect. You three are the best creative team this agency's got. Dream up a way to sell this stuff."

One thing every ad person knows is that in order to find the magic selling idea that's waiting to be discovered in every new product, you have to test the product yourself.

The next morning, Barbara and Richard were in my office. On my desk were 20 envelopes. Each one contained a single little blue pill. On the outside of every envelope, there was a label with a memory description numbered to match the number on the pill inside.

"Well, guys," I said, "let's pick a

memory and see how this idea of Doc's really works."

Richard reached for a sex experience with the French movie star Tasha Trieste. Barbara, always full of surprises, decided to take the basketball player's memory. I selected Four-Day Vacation in Venice.

We tossed our pills back, swallowed and looked at one another. I said, "We can break now. Let's work separately for a while. Then we'll get back together and go over some ideas."

They left without a word.

Alone in my office, I didn't feel like working. I spun my big chair around so I could look out the window. I put my feet on the ledge and sat back. Nothing yet.

I began to daydream. The idea of vacations got me thinking about my last great trip. What a place that had been.

The buildings were weathered from 1000 years of sea mist and looked all the more beautiful for it. You traveled on narrow stone walkways or moody green canals.

I remembered searching through endless back alleys for Marco Polo's house. I went under stained arches and through dark courtyards and finally, as it was getting dark, I found it. QUI FURONO LE CASE DI MARCO POLO . . . the old plaque had said. Here were the houses of Marco Polo.

But my sense of accomplishment soon faded. I realized I was totally lost. I tried to find my way back to the one spot I knew, the Rialto Bridge, but those twisting alleyways were a maze. The more I walked, the more lost I got. I shivered, remembering that feeling. I shivered more when I realized I'd never been anyplace like that.

The pill, of course. I put my feet down and swung my chair around. The hair on the back of my neck was standing up. I hadn't felt this uneasy since that time I got lost in Venice.

A knock at my door snapped me back to reality. Barbara walked in, obviously in high spirits.

"Les, I can't believe it. I can remember everything. What a game. I could practically *fly*! My arms seemed like they were a mile long. I was beautiful!" She got a mischievous look in her green eyes.

Now, I've got to explain how I felt about Barbara. It's simple. I thought she was the most beautiful woman on earth. She was a walking butterscotch sundae.

So what if I was married to a woman whose jealousy was exceeded only by her hot temper? So what if my wife's father

and her two enormous brothers hung out with blue-jawed gentlemen who occasionally took unlucky associates of theirs for one-way rides in cars known for their trunk size? So what? So plenty!

Again, I felt the hairs on my neck bristle. Better be careful—keep it strictly business between me and Barbara. But that smile was getting hard to ignore.

"Les, I remember taking a shower with the guys on the team." She looked straight at me. "It was *fabulous*."

"Barbara, don't you like being a girl? You're so good at it."

She turned to leave my office and, with a tilt of her head, said over her shoulder, "Hey, I don't want to be a guy. I just liked showering with them. You know?"

And she was gone. There I was, standing in my office, extremely turned on by Barbara. And my father-in-law and my brothers-in-law hate me as it is. My wife's not too wild about me, either, come to think of it. And she loves revenge more than she loves anything.

Better just concentrate on getting the ads done.

The meeting we had later that day began slowly. Barbara's thoughts were still on the shower, no doubt, and Richard was not entirely with me, either. He was quiet about it, but I was pretty sure *his* thoughts were on Tasha Trieste. Tasha, bless her, was only 19. Who could blame him for finding it hard to concentrate?

But we had to get the ads done, so I forged ahead.

I started by suggesting a possible name for the product.

"Let's not get gimmicky. The product is too good. Maybe all we need to do is just say what it is: a pill that gives you memories. Should the name have the word memories in it?"

They shrugged.

I went on. "Should it have the word pill in it?"

I knew this would bring Richard back to reality.

"No," he said. "Pill sounds like medicine."

I said, "So we wouldn't want to call it The Memory Pill, would we?"

"That sounds like you take it if you've got trouble remembering things," Barbara said. "Know what I mean?"

She was right, of course, and Richard and I agreed.

We went around on the name issue for a while. Barbara thought we should just call it Memories, a one-word name that she said would look good on the package.

She had a sketch pad on her lap, and she roughed it out for us with her marker. It was a nice design, but I felt we were missing something. Something was nagging at the back of my mind—something

(continued on page 144)



"Yeah? Well, I think wearing skins of slaughtered animals is disgusting."

QUARTERLY

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

REAL DEALS

HERE'S \$25,000; I'm giving you a choice. You may invest it in a musical comedy about four dead nuns, in Iowa farmland described as consisting of "poorly and very poorly drained soils" or in a real-estate partnership consisting of three apartment complexes and two motels.

Take your time. Twenty-five thousand dollars is a lot of money. Which do you go for—the dead nuns, the poor soil or the motels?

Ah. I knew you'd say that.

Well, the answer is no. You can't just take the cash. I know you. It would be gone before you could say 380SL. I want you to invest this money. And, no, you can't just spread it over all three choices. Great fortunes are not built by hedging bets. They are built by the bold stroke—that special insight that allows one to distinguish the nuns from the mud from the motels.

Being a bit of a wuss myself and possessed of no such special insight, I put a little something into each. But I'm giving you the \$25,000, so I get to set the rules. Choose, Charley: dead nuns, poor soil or the partnership.

I guess you need a little more information.

The play about the nuns is called *Nonsense*. The music is terrific, the lyrics are tasteless and sophomoric but ultimately pro-nun, and the plot—well, briefly, this is the story of the Little Sisters of Hoboken, 19 of whom were out playing Bingo when Sister Julia, child of God, served tainted vichyssoise to the rest. The 19 return to find their 52 sisters face down in the soup (let me say again: The show is, at heart, pro-nun), whereupon they bury 48 of them (all of this off stage, to keep the cast down to five sisters and a band), and the remaining four—well, there was much sentiment for burying them, too, but funds were scarce and Mother Superior decided to put them in the freezer and buy a Betamax for the convent instead.

As the play opens, the New Jersey Board of Health has threatened to shut down the convent if the sisters don't get

"Great fortunes are not built by hedging bets. They are built by the bold stroke—that special insight that allows one to distinguish the nuns from the mud from the motels."

those four blue nuns out of the freezer and into the ground by tomorrow morning. So the sisters have, in desperation, thrown together a little talent show to raise the needed funds.

In short, your basic nun-poisons-nun, nun-buries-nun musical comedy.

The farmland is in western Iowa. It's flat—no problem with its washing down the hill onto someone else's farm—but its soil is not like that rich brown earth on sale in sacks at Sears. It's more like the surface of a clay tennis court. Of course, as any tennis buff knows, vegetation can grow through clay if not properly discouraged. Encouraged, it can grow as high as an elephant's eye.

This particular land can produce 100 bushels of corn per acre (not 100 bushels of ears, I was amazed to learn—100 bushels of just the little yellow kernels them-

selves) unless, because of its very poor drainage, showers have turned it into a lake during what would otherwise be the relatively brief opportunities for planting and harvesting or drought has turned it into a desert during the growing months in between.

The real-estate partnership includes five separate, existing, attractive operating properties in Virginia Beach, Sacramento, Fort Lauderdale, Indianapolis and Tomball, Texas. Unlike the nuns and the farm—tiny, private offerings—this is a multimillion-dollar partnership put together by a large real-estate syndicator.

(A real-estate syndicator arranges to buy property jointly with a bunch of dentists and airline pilots. The syndicator, or general partner, puts together the deal; the dentists and the airline pilots [limited partners] put up the money. Whatever profit or loss the property generates, after certain fees to the general partner, gets passed through to the limited partners. If it appreciates, the partnership may either sell it, with the investors taxed on the gain, or take out a bigger mortgage, with the investors sharing, tax-free, the extra \$5,000,000, say, borrowed against it.)

In this deal, the syndicator guarantees distributions to the limited partners of at least six percent (shielded from tax by depreciation) in the second through the fourth years of the deal, even if the revenues from the three apartment complexes and the two motels lag behind their projections. Projections call for considerably higher returns thereafter.

So now are you ready to choose? Yes, you are. You have long since figured out that this must be a trick question, so the solution is simply to pick the worst possible investment. A lot of us—perhaps feeling that life itself is something of a trick question—seem to choose our investments in very much the same way. (Surely you know someone who has proclaimed that from now on he'll beat the market simply by deciding whether a stock should be bought or sold and then, because he's invariably wrong, doing the opposite.)

But in order to beat this trick question

REPORTS

a pop quiz to test your investment skills

competently—if it is a trick question, and I didn't say that it was, just that you'd concluded it must be—you have to decide which of the three is the worst investment, and for that you need more information.

Did I mention, for example, that the "large real-estate syndicator" guaranteeing six percent minimum distributions (and whose name I'm sure you noticed I did not reveal, to make you smell a rat) is actually a well-regarded, highly profitable New York Stock Exchange-listed firm? The guaranteed distribution checks have been arriving quarterly, like clockwork.

Did I mention that the bricklike Iowa soil comes with a water well and a gigantic pivot sprinkler, unlike anything you have ever seen on your lawn or any other? (It looks like the world's tallest crane, keeled over on its side, with a well at its base and big rubber wheels at intervals for support as it imperceptibly describes a lush, wet circle around the parched farm, except for the corners, on which you could bake bread.) This enormous piece of machinery (if it works) helps ensure that, drought or no, in most years we'll get our 90 or 100 bushels per acre. Eighty, anyway.

Did I mention that this land sells for just \$500 an acre, compared with the \$1200 to \$1500 it fetched just a few years ago, when inflation raged and farmland was hot?

You should also know that the U.S. is swimming in corn; that this land is not suitable for raising aspartame, aloe or artichokes; that corn prices fell to less than one dollar last year for the first time since 1953 (so at 100 bushels an acre, you're talking \$100 an acre in revenue, less maybe \$75 an acre in seed and fertilizer, for a net profit—before the cost of labor or of equipment or of the land itself—of \$25 an acre); and that your tax dollars effectively kick in another dollar or more per bushel in Government subsidies, bringing the true revenue per bushel up closer to \$2.50 (and the "profit" per \$500 acre to more like \$175 in a good year), except that there's no telling how long Uncle Sam can continue these mind-boggling subsidies.

Oh, yes. Will Rogers said, "Buy land;



they're not making any more of it." And we've all seen *Gone with the Wind*.

As for the nuns, did I mention that, as investors in the original off-Broadway play, we would be entitled to a small piece of all ancillary rights, such as movie rights, sitcom rights (*The Flying Nun's* been done, but never a sitcom about *dead* nuns), recording rights and royalties on out-of-town productions? Did I mention that virtually all New York theatricals, whether on Broadway or off, lose their backers' money? I've invested in several—a Mike Nichols-directed award winner, a show by the author of *A Chorus Line*, a musical about the first woman ever to run for President, to name three—and to date have gotten back, in total, \$146. Even the big hits that run a year or more often fail to return their backers' money, let alone a profit.

Now are you ready to choose?

I grant you there's a lot more you need to know, but that's always true. And even if you knew it—if you read the 200-page real-estate prospectus, with descriptions of and computerized projections for the three apartment complexes and two motels; if you went out to Iowa and kicked the tires of the pivot irrigator and boned up on U.S. farm policy; if you read the *Nunsense* script and saw the sisters sing and dance—there would still be more you had to know. Are the people you're relying on honest? Have they been realistic in their projections? Will we have inflation or deflation? Will the demand for corn sweeteners surge? Do Catholics have a sense of humor? (Is the Pope Catholic?) And, as always, if this deal is so good, how come they're offering it to us?

So this is it. Seriously. Write your choice here, *in ink*, _____, and then read on to find out how, as of this writing, these deals are working out.

I bought the farm last year, because it was about as bad a time to own farmland as anyone could remember. This doesn't mean that by the time you read this, things won't be worse (buy more!); but when loads of people want to sell and almost nobody wants to buy, that's sometimes a sign of a bottom. After all, food is always likely to be worth something, and without farmland, it's hard to grow.

I was struck by the fact that for the same money, one could buy either a single condo parking space in Boston's Beacon Hill garage or a 120-acre farm. Somehow, I felt that the farm might be more productive in the long run—never mind the fact that within two miles of Beacon Hill it is truly impossible to find a place to park.

When the massive Government farm subsidies erode, as it seems inevitable and not unreasonable that they will, only the more economical farms will survive. The marginal land, presumably, will go out of production. Prime farmland in the Midwest these days runs more to \$1200 (down (continued on page 148)

HERE COMES CASANOVA

richard chamberlain has a ball as the tv incarnation of history's greatest lover



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

SIACOMO CASANOVA was 73 when he died—a ripe old age as 18th Century life expectancies went. But even by the standards of that bawdy era, this mercurial priest, soldier, alchemist, gambler, violinist, escape artist, confidence man, royal-lottery director and holder of papal dispensations was a legendary cocksman. Perfect stuff for the movies—and Casanova has, in fact, been played on screen by, among others, Tony Curtis, Donald Sutherland and (!) Bob Hope. Now he's being resurrected again—for TV, with Richard Chamberlain, king of the miniseries, starring.

Two things were irresistible to Casanova: women and gambling. Both temptations are present in the casino scene above. Opposite, top left, our hero with the love of his life, Henriette (Ornella Muti). At top right are Faye Dunaway as Madame d'Urfé (described by Casanova as a "divine madwoman" and by biographer John Masters as "one of the great nuts of all time") and her "nieces," Gilda Germano and Aitana Sanchez Gijon. At bottom, Chamberlain and Dunaway share the bubbly; and at center, an overflow is ignored at the gaming table.





Chamberlain has buckled his swash before: on screen, in *The Three Musketeers* and, on TV, in *Shōgun*. But *Casanova* was different. "They just don't grow his kind of characters anymore," he told *Time*. And getting there was twice the fun: His love scenes were shot clothed for American audiences and, again, bare for European ones; it's the export version that you see here.

Several of the aspiring actresses on these pages appear in "*Casanova's*" colorful casino scene. Among them: Sean Fletcher (above left) and Analía Ivars Salcedo (above right). Tina Kreher (with Chamberlain below) plays a bedmate known—guess why?—as Brunette, while Gilda Germano (opposite) is billed as Madame d'Urfé's niece Angelique.









Although many events of Casanova's life are documented, the best source remains his memoirs, which themselves have an odd history. Casanova died in 1798, but his memoirs weren't published until 1828, and then in an execrably expurgated edition. Having survived the Napoleonic Wars and a World War Two bombing, the original manuscript surfaced in 1960.

Casanova's autobiography filled 12 volumes; who better to compress all that color into three hours than "Flashman" novels' creator George MacDonald Fraser? The film, directed by Simon Langton, glitters with established stars and is graced by such newcomers as Noëlle Balfour (opposite) and Inka Maushake (above and cavorting with Casanova below).





A BC-TV's lavish three-hour version, scheduled to air March first, was filmed on location in Spain and Italy. It focuses on a mere 18 of Casanova's chronicled romances and features, besides the beauties displayed on these pages, Hanna Schygulla as Casanova's mother and Sylvia Kristel and Janis Lee Burns as two of his more memorable conquests.

If the beauty dallying with Chamberlain here (and seen to better advantage on the opposite page) looks familiar, she should: It's our very own Miss March, Marina Baker. The young British actress plays the mistress of the voyeuristic diplomat De Bernis, who's naturally behind the scenes watching the action below. Above: Nadine Sapena, one of the casino patrons.





PLAYING SOLDIER (continued from page 90)

"Being a mercenary is not a reasonable way to make money—you could do better managing a Burger Chef."

Above him was a photo of a Vietnamese Ranger crossing a paddy, holding a severed human head by the hair. Yeah, I thought, this is, indeed, the place.

I stepped into Bob's office, the Moon Room, and there he was in bush hat, camouflage shorts and running shoes, with ugly hairy legs propped on the desk and a T-shirt that said HAPPINESS IS A CONFIRMED KILL. A pair of H&K 91s—wicked West German rifles—leaned against the wall with night sights on them.

"Fred! How the fuck are you?" he belated, his only way of talking. Bob is deaf—artillery ears—and seems to figure that since he can't hear himself, nobody else can, either. Actually, when he talks in his normal voice, people in Los Angeles can hear him. He is also so absent-minded that he is lucky to remember who he is. (This brings out the maternal instinct in women. As a staffer put it, "I never know whether to salute him or to burp him.")

"Sit down. Listen, I want you to brief me about some things in Washington." He didn't talk so much as bark. "This is closehold, real sensitive, but we've got some stuff out of Afghanistan that's going to blow . . . Washington . . . open."

"Sounds good," I said, always willing to blow Washington open.

The "stuff out of Afghanistan" lay on his desk: shattered instrumentation from a Soviet MI-24 helicopter gunship downed, if memory serves, by Hassan Gailani's men and smuggled out through the Khyber Pass into Peshawar. Brown is always getting terribly important trash from odd places. A staffer once brought in an emptied Soviet PFM-1 antipersonnel mine—the butterfly-shaped kind they drop by thousands on the trails near the Pak border—by wrapping it in a plastic bag and telling Customs it was a broken asthma inhaler. Anyhow, part of today's booty was a bright-red box, bashed up by the guerrillas in tearing it out of the wreck, with a 13-position switch labeled ominously in Russian.

"Probably the central weapons-control computer for the MI-24," Bob growled. "The intel agencies will pay a lot for this. We beat the Agency hollow on this one. Hehhehheh." *Splash.*

Bob splashes. He chews Skoal and spits into a water glass—sometimes, inadvertently, into other people's water glasses. You keep your hand over your cup.

Why, I wondered, was this den of caricatures selling more than 170,000 magazines a month at three dollars a copy?

Popular myth notwithstanding, there

aren't any mercenaries today in the accepted sense of the word—small bands of hired white men who take over backward countries and fight real, if small, wars for pay. The reason is that any nation, even a bush country consisting of only a patch of jungle and a colonel, has an army too big for mercs to handle. The pay is lousy, the world being full of bored former soldiers. Brown himself is not a mercenary but an anti-Communist Peter Pan and, for that matter, has never killed anybody (though he once shot an escaping Viet Cong in the foot).

True, there are shadowy categories of men who might be called mercenaries, but the word is hard to pin down. Are the hit men and cocaine pilots of South America mercs? Are the Americans who joined the Rhodesian army and served with native Rhodesians? Men working under contract for the CIA? In any case, revelations about the diversion of funds to the *Contras* in the Iran arms deal are not likely to help mercs find work.

You do find a few men such as Eugene Hasenfus, recently shot down flying cargo runs in Nicaragua. Pilots are in great demand as mercs, because, while training soldiers is fairly easy, even for backward nations, flight training is hard to provide. Finding out whom these men really work for is not easy; the employers tend to be, as in the case of Hasenfus, curious corporations, possibly but not provably owned by intelligence agencies.

So who reads this stuff? Marines, Rangers and unhappy men, mostly blue-collar, who are weary of the unimportance of their lives. What the magazine sells is a hard-core smell, a dismal significance, a view of life as a jungle where the brutal stand tall against the sunset and the weak perish. *S.O.F.* may be the only one-hand magazine whose readers hold a surplus-store bayonet in the other hand.

The magazine understands this and fosters it. The stories are mostly first-person accounts of scruffy little wars or how-to pieces on various techniques of murder but always with an undercurrent of approval and written in a low, throaty whisper as of old mercs talking shop. The classified ads in the back, for example: "Ex-Marine lieutenant requires hazardous employment overseas. . . ." "Merc for hire. Anything, anywhere. . . ." "Pyro supplies." "Young man seeks apprenticeship under master spook. . . ." "Uzi accessories." "Merc will do anything, short-term, high risk. . . ." "Laser weapons, invisible pain-field generators. . . ." "Ex-platoon leader, de-

pendable, aggressive, fearless. . . ." "Night-vision scope." "Chemical lance." "Savant for hire, an expert of weapons and demo. Prefer Central America. . . ."

Most of these ads are nonsense. A journalist once tried answering them and found that most were placed by poseurs. A few are real. Dan Gearhart, a would-be merc killed in Angola in 1976, got his job through *Soldier of Fortune*. At this writing, the magazine is being sued because some mercenaries put ads ("Gun for hire") in *Soldier of Fortune* and, apparently, were hired to kill a law student at the University of Arkansas.

They botched the job—several times. Almost all mercs who get publicity prove to be clowns. The trade is notorious for attracting neurotics and cowboys and people who think they are James Bond. Being a merc is not a reasonable way to make money—you could do better managing a Burger Chef.

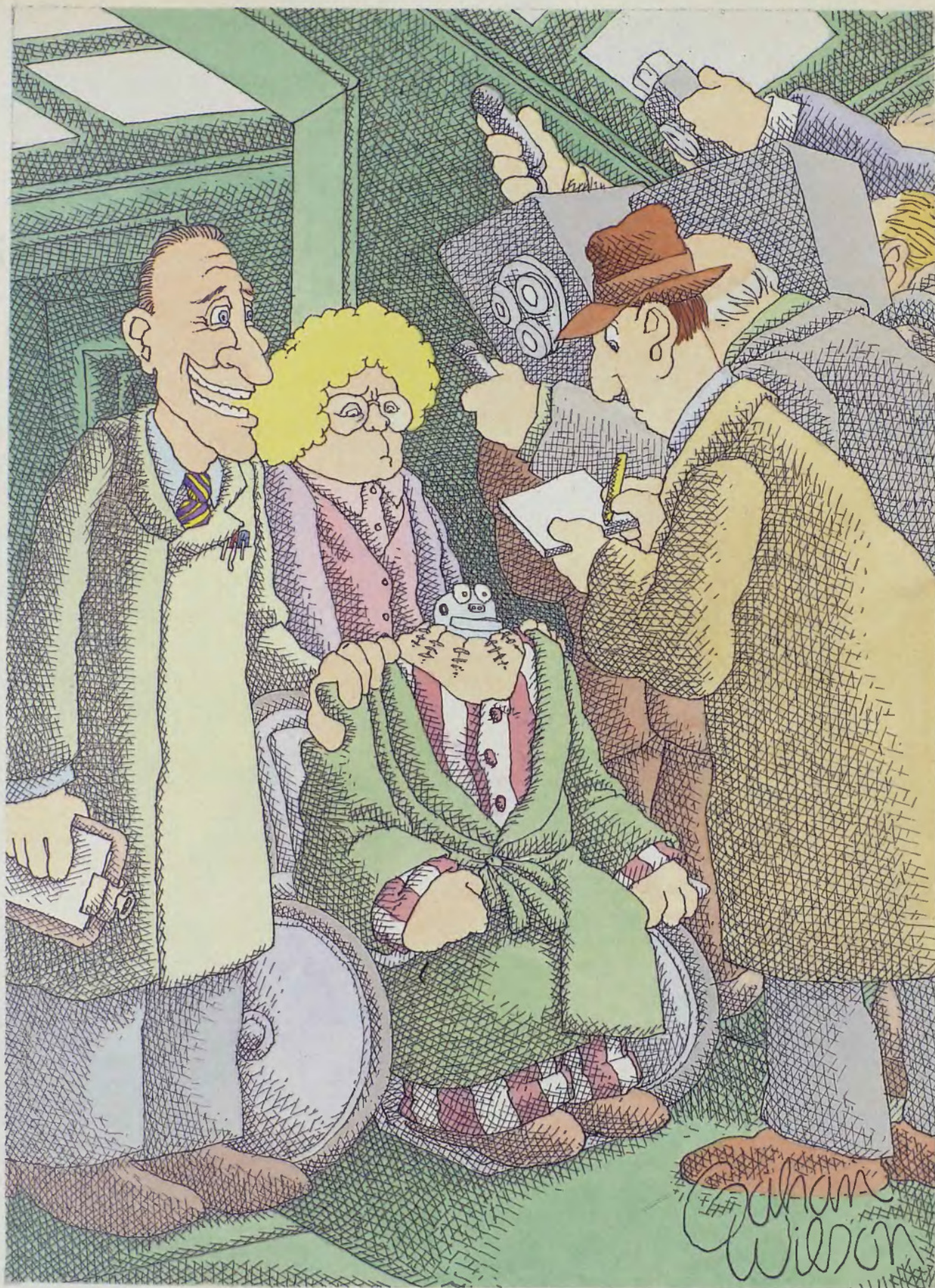
The intriguing thing is the glorification of unprincipled ruthlessness, not of killing per se but of sordid, anonymous killing. The readers do not imagine themselves as knights jousting for damsels in fair fight or as lawmen in Amarillo, facing the bad guy with hard eyes and saying, "Draw." They want to shoot the bad guy in the back of the head with a silenced Beretta. Brown had discovered antichivalry. There's a lot of it out there.

Yet, although the idea was brilliant, the magazine barely hangs together. Despite Brown's proven capacity for doing the impossible—starting a magazine for mercenaries—he has a boundless talent for mismanagement. The staff stays in a state of turmoil and turnover, mistreats its writers and loses them and barely gets issues to the printer, largely because Bob doesn't pay attention, won't run the magazine himself and won't hire a competent editor who will.

Although it may seem odd in a man who sneaks into Afghanistan the way most people go to McDonald's, he is too insecure to delegate authority yet is unwilling to stick around and exercise it himself. For example, at one point, Bob insisted on approving cover photos but did not insist on being in the country when it was time to do the approving. Typically, everything would halt while frantic messages went out to the bush of Chad. The result made chaos seem obsessively organized.

Time and again, Bob would meet some drunk in a bar who wanted to write for *S.O.F.* "Oh, yeah, sure, sounds great. Send it to the editor. Terrific idea." Then he'd forget to tell the editor and would go off to Thailand for a month, whereupon it would turn out that the guy couldn't write and Brown couldn't remember what the assignment was, anyway, and the editor wouldn't know what the hell was happening. Any adventurer with a good line of

(continued on page 150)



"Mr. Ferguson would be delighted to tell you how happy he is with the mechanical head we've given him, only its little jaw is stuck."



RAE DAWN CHONG

Rae Dawn Chong's first picture, at 19, was "Quest for Fire," in which she introduced ancient man to the missionary position. Her most recent film is "Soul Man." In the intervening five years, the daughter of comic actor Tommy Chong has graced Arnold Schwarzenegger's "Commando" and Mick Jagger's video "Running Out of Luck," as well as "The Color Purple," "Choose Me" and "Beat Street." We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to do for money what we'd gladly do for free: meet with her. "I found Rae Dawn in the kitchen," Rensin recalls. "She grinned, giggled and said she was a big fan of '20 Questions.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: Are good looks a curse or is that just a myth propagated by good-looking people?

CHONG: They can be a curse. However, unattractive people are much more obsessed with looks. In Hollywood, unattractive and powerful people can be the most cruel about looks. Especially people who do casting. Last night I saw Charlie Sexton, the young musician. He's so good-looking. I don't remember listening to a note of his music until I'd heard about seven songs. And then I thought, Oh, yeah, music.

2.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe yourself to a blind man?

CHONG: A lot of times I act like a blonde. There's a lightness about me. I'm very open-faced. I have sort of round features, but they work somehow. I smile a lot. I have a wicked sense of humor. I have a good mind, but I don't like to bore anyone with it. And I love to laugh. I've got a mass of curls, this smooth skin that's a neat color, and I'm all lips, teeth. I'm just a bunch of smiles.

3.

PLAYBOY: Who has the best set of lips you've ever seen?

CHONG: My favorite lips on a woman—Kim Basinger. She's got killer lips. And on a guy, Charlie Sexton by far. He's been mentioned twice. I'd better mention my

boyfriend quick before I get kicked out [laughs]. He's got the best lips that I've leaned into lately. Mick Jagger, of course, has the most famous lips, but I don't think they're the prettiest. The most beautiful belong to Helena Bonham Carter. Like Genevieve Bujold's, her mouth is so attractive and alluring.

4.

PLAYBOY: You've done lots of screen nudity. Does it bore you yet?

CHONG: Yes, totally, absolutely, 100 percent. Even seeing a boob or a guy's butt is just boring. We've all seen it. We go home to it; we are it. Suggestion is the art of eroticism. *Last Tango in Paris* is probably the last successful movie where it was just out there—a classic on every erotic front. *9½ Weeks* was a bust. I'm anxious to do a real erotic script with no sex in it. You can seduce an audience without taking anything off, just like you can seduce a man without taking anything off, without even touching him.

5.

PLAYBOY: You went pretty far in the full-length video for *Running Out of Luck*. How do you remember the experience?

CHONG: Oh, God, it's almost like porn on my part. I hated the whole love scene. That was always a bone of contention. But I was stuck in the middle of nowhere with these guys, Mick and the director, Julien Temple. I was always promised it was going to be dark lighting, but when we got going, they took advantage of me. I probably should have stopped and said, "Look, this is just too much." But then, in terms of the context of my character, she *would* have done it. It was just too bad that we didn't have candlelight. What can I say except that I did it? I'm not embarrassed. It wasn't totally disgusting, and it wasn't *Inside Rae Dawn Chong*. It was no worse than what Sonia Braga did in *I Love You* or anything else, and we certainly don't think that she's a walking *putana*. We think she's brilliant. So I'm not going to say, "Oh, it was just terrible and awful." It was what it was. But I learned something. If I work with a director who wants to do some sex scenes, I hope that he'll understand if I say, "Let's make this hot; let's not make this gross."

6.

PLAYBOY: Was Jerry Hall on the set during the love scenes?

CHONG: No. She was far away. I don't think

she knew or would have gone for it. I don't think she read the script [laughs]. But I don't think Mick was sneaking it—their relationship isn't so healthy or unhealthy that she would stand by and watch it. She's very jealous, and probably rightfully so, though I *never* gave her anything to be jealous about.

7.

PLAYBOY: You once said you wanted to meet Sting. You have one minute with him. What do you say and what do you do?

CHONG: I guess I'm getting busted on this one. I once had five minutes with Sting, so I'll tell you what *really* happened. I looked at him and said, "I really like your music and you're great." He had on sunglasses, so I couldn't enjoy what I like best about him—his eyes. It was raining. He walked to a window. I said, "Oh, it's raining." He said, "Yes, this weather suits me." And then he turned around and said, "Well?"

He's totally cool and he's the greatest guy, but I wish I'd never met him. What can you do with five minutes with somebody? Strip him naked, not talk about anything, and let's *Last Tango* it for about a day or two or three and that's it. With someone like Sting, it almost has to be sexual. Mind you, he'll probably hate reading this, because he'll think, I've got so *much* to say. People know he's a heavy dude; he's got a lot more to talk about than his latest records. But who cares? You want people to get down on their knees and say, "I love you." But they never do. They always have wives, girlfriends and ex-wives, anyway. Nah, I don't want to ever meet anybody I really care for.

8.

PLAYBOY: Your dad's professional-doper persona parodied the attitudes of the baby-boomers. However, today's teens seem to have serious drug problems. Do you think your dad's generation is responsible for that?

CHONG: I grew up in that very pro-experimentation Sixties environment. But my father and his group never said, "Yes, it's cool to do drugs." What they said was cool was that desire for experimentation; do what you *feel*, so you learn. I'm frightened about *my* kid's future and what the kids are going through today, because it's more a result of degeneracy than of

our favorite
free spirit
speaks out
on lips,
crossing
color lines
and the
difficulty
of finding
mohair
underwear

experimentation. Nancy Reagan's got a big job, because the reason kids do drugs now is that the world is in trouble. The United States is in trouble. There's nothing honest about our Administration. So why should the kids be honest? Kids today are *not* motivated to do drugs for the same reason that my father was. It's more a numbing of their senses. It's out of despair. But what my dad did was something that bound his generation together. Not so with kids today. That's scary. Ask any average 16-year-old about any issue, and he or she will look at you and go, "Well, what's so important about that, man? Give me another Madonna record." Passivity is killing us more than drugs. The kids don't care. They don't fucking care. So they kill themselves.

9.

PLAYBOY: What are the advantages of growing up in a Sixties environment?

CHONG: My inhibitions are not rooted in guilt. I sometimes suffer the consequences of that, because I'm much more freethinking and I don't judge. Also, growing up with all these different races inside of me makes for some really bald truths. I don't need to belong to a group, and that's really a strong thing. I pity people who need to belong to a group for their roots. Your roots should be in your soul. My upbringing freed me. I don't feel guilty because I make mistakes. I feel good, because that's life.

10.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line?

CHONG: I have moral inhibitions. I wouldn't hurt anyone, because I wouldn't want anyone to hurt me. I wouldn't take somebody's boyfriend away. I don't believe in killing things or people. [Pauses] But I'm not a vegetarian. I'd kill a cow, for sure. Kill that chicken! Just call me Mahatma Chong. [Laughs]

11.

PLAYBOY: Defend Cheech.

CHONG: Cheech?! The great thing about Cheech, and what people will discover, is that he's wickedly talented. I used to go on the road with Cheech and Chong when I was a kid. Cheech would be the first one to throw a washcloth at the stewardess; then everybody would follow suit. He and my dad used to use my sixth-grade class for background sessions on their albums. And Cheech would get us all into a sound booth and then fart and close the door and leave us in there. We would be dying.

12.

PLAYBOY: How much trouble do you have getting roles because you aren't white?

CHONG: Any role where people are resistant to my skin color, that's fucked. They're afraid it distracts. Now, this could be totally wrong, but I really wanted to go up for the Daryl Hannah role in *Legal Eagles*, and I heard that Robert Redford's people were not interested because of the black/

white thing. And I would have fucking aced that role—I'd be so good opposite a major male star as a romantic interest. When I went up for *American Flyers*, the part was for either a 30-year-old American Indian or a 30-year-old blonde. When I walked in, I hadn't read the script. Also, I was wearing all leather, and I had my hair zapped out. I looked like Mad Max, not some docile Indian woman from the Midwest. The second I met John Badham, the director, I knew I was dressed completely wrong. But my kid, who happens to look like me—only he's white and blond and very beautiful—ran between my legs and jumped up onto Badham's piano and said, "Oooh, a helicopter." And Badham went from looking at me and probably going, "Oh, God, she's really wrong for this" to "Wow, look at this great, beautiful kid." That moment was all I needed to keep going and get the part.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite muscle on Arnold Schwarzenegger?

CHONG: [Laughs] His stomach. He's got a gorgeous stomach, just beautiful. Every muscle on Arnold's body is sickening; he's so perfect. It's not that he's the largest or the hardest or the most outrageous, it's just that he's in proportion.

14.

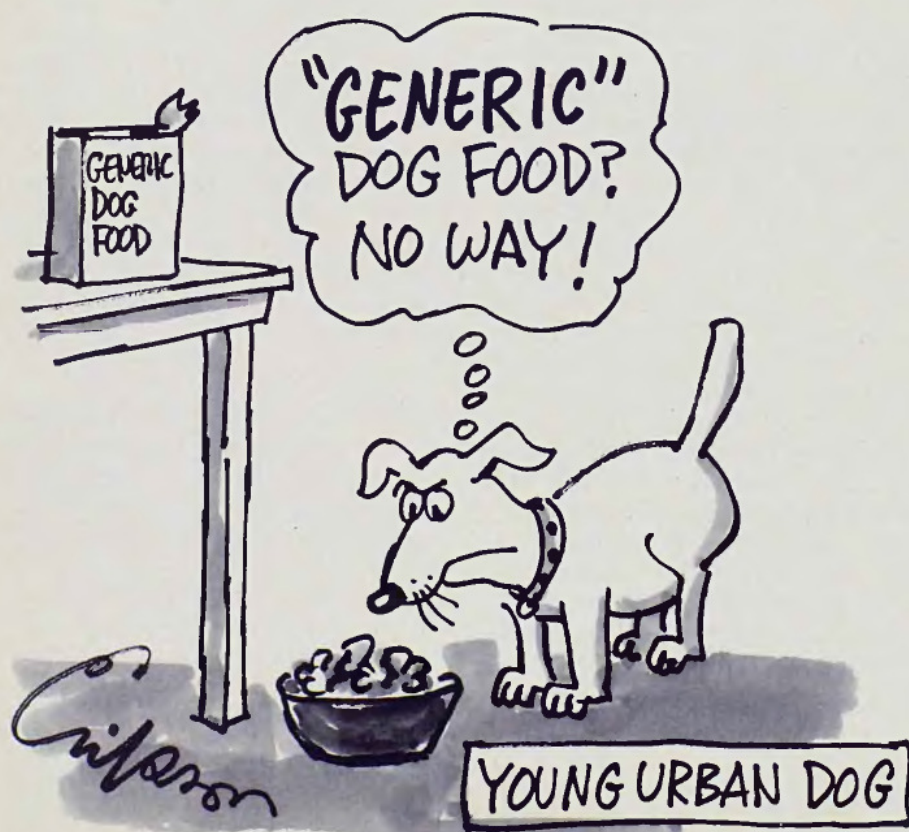
PLAYBOY: Which spirits moved you?

CHONG: Buckminster Fuller was a real guiding force. Also Baba Ram Dass. I read his book, *Be Here Now*, when I was 11. It saved my ass completely. My father was a great influence spiritually, because he's such a Buddha. I'm a real believer in power. The people who are very powerful have had what I call conscious deaths. Their egos have died a couple of times in their lifetimes. Once you've had that, no one can hurt you anymore. No one can take anything away from you. You just gain. That kind of understanding is *really* power.

15.

PLAYBOY: Have you had a personality death?

CHONG: Yeah. My son had a brain dysfunction that almost cost him his life. At the same time, my relationship with my husband fell apart, and I hadn't worked in two years. I had five cents to my name, a kid in intensive care and a husband who was worthless. And when everything is the shittiest it can possibly be, you die. There's nothing to hold on to, so you surrender and say OK. It was really hard on me, and if I hadn't been blessed, I would have probably gone over the edge and become horrible. But instead, I remember



just looking through a window. One pane of glass was very clear and one was opaque. And I flashed that life was like that. It's all perceptions. I could get hung up on the bullshit or the clarity. I've never looked back since then.

16.

PLAYBOY: But seriously, what's Whoopi Goldberg *really* like?

CHONG: I love Whoopi very much. Not only is she busting a lot of stereotypes but she takes a lot of the responsibility off me. Whoopi is blazing a trail for black women—for just black *anything* successful. She's not a white-looking black woman. She's getting everybody's consciousness ready, so when someone like myself, who is milder on a lot of levels—and yet I think could be just as deep and just as intense—comes along, no one will make it such a big issue. Then I can just get on with the fucking stuff. I can just bank my millions and be happy that I am who I am.

Still, I often ask myself if I have to be a 30-year-old ex-junkie who lived in Berkeley and who did stand-up comedy in Germany before I can get some respect.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's the toughest item of clothing for you to find or buy?

CHONG: Well, I'm a shopper *extraordinaire*. But I have one of those bodies that things fit right on. I don't really have much trouble. I was going to say mohair underwear. And cruel shoes.

18.

PLAYBOY: Are there any male-fashion trends of the Eighties that you wish would disappear?

CHONG: Men liking other men! [Laughs] I guess white socks with bell-bottoms. Skirts.

19.

PLAYBOY: *Quest for Fire* was your big break. How did you research your role as a prehistoric woman?

CHONG: We studied a bunch of chimpanzees. In London, there are these great parks and private estates. There are a couple of families that own gorillas. I don't understand the English fascination with primates, but who knows?

20.

PLAYBOY: We'd like to thank you for introducing the world to oral sex in that film.

CHONG: That wasn't oral sex. I was putting something on a wound that happened to be in that area. The director *was* being very cheeky and definitely tricked me into doing the first head shot. I did, however, introduce the missionary position, and a lot of people have thanked me for that.



Drop us a line if you'd like to know more about our slow, old-fashioned ways.

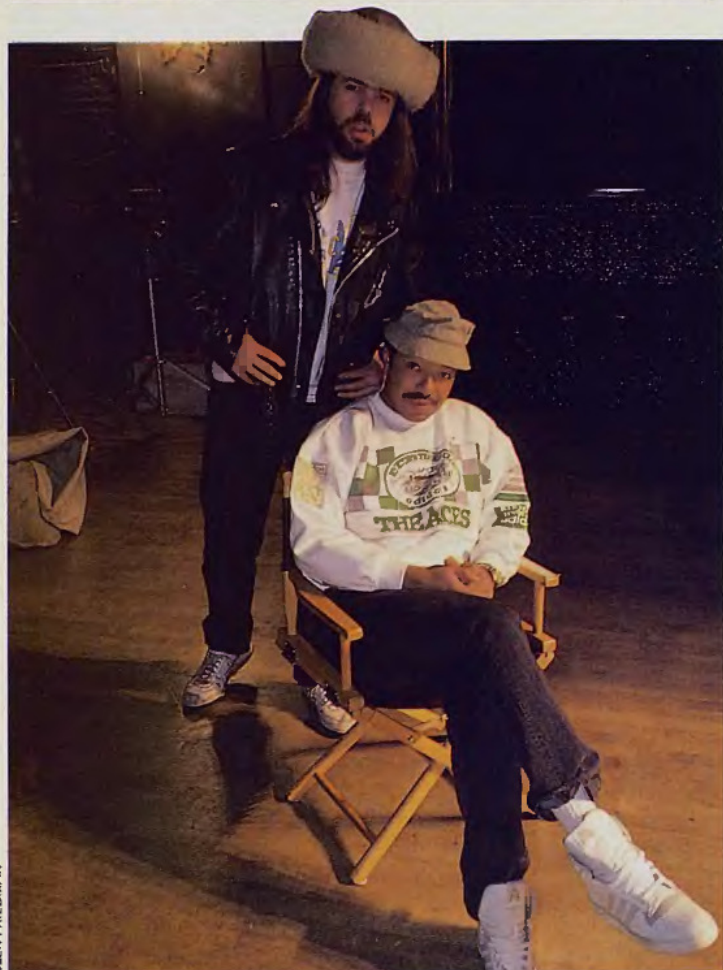
AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, deep in Tennessee, a man needn't rush to do a job right. Two of our barrelmen have some whiskey to unload in a nearby warehouse. But first they're taking time to chat about crops and taxes and where good fish can be found. You see, both of these gentlemen know it takes years and years for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain maturity. If it's five minutes late to the warehouse, there's not much cause for concern.

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FAST FORWARD



GLEN FRIEDMAN

RAPMASTERS

Forget the limos, champagne and Versace suits. In the well-tailored world of the recording industry, **Rick Rubin** (left) and **Russell Simmons** (right) stand out like Barry Manilow at a rap concert. These are two executives who are scruffy, mean-street smart and very successful, and insiders credit their three-year-old company, Def Jam Recordings, with taking rap from the playgrounds of Harlem and making it sell (yes, *sell*) in the cornfields of the Midwest. Their ear for the urban beat is unbeatable. "The people at the major record companies are 40 and 50 years old," chides Rubin, 24. "You can't expect them to know what's going on." Of course, even some younger listeners have been mystified by rap's popularity. Not Rubin, however, who claims that rap has much in common with the previous big teen craze, heavy metal. "They both have a hard sound," he says. "I grew up listening to AC/DC and Aerosmith, and our rappers scream just as loud as they do." Unsatisfied with mere chart-busting success, Rubin and Simmons, 29, are branching out into the movie business with a gangster flick called *Tougher than Leather*, which stars, appropriately enough, rap kings Run-D.M.C. "I've got seven gold records at home, but making movies is what really excites me right now," says Simmons. Having launched Def Jam with a mere \$4000 stake, the duo is finding films a costlier undertaking. "Making a movie is like taking a big bag of money, holding it upside down and letting all the bills drop out," Simmons moans. "When the bag is empty, you have a movie." —MICHAEL KAPLAN

LOVE 'EM & SHOOT 'EM

Friends call her the Rager Corman of erotica, and **Candida Royalle**, 36, likes the title. "Like Corman, I'm out to find young film-making talent, especially women directors and writers. I want to give them the break they need," says the ex-porn star turned X-rated-film director, producer and minimogul. "I want to establish a whole new genre of eroticism from a woman's perspective." With Femme Productions, Royalle leads a growing crusade to make hard-core films for the home-video market—a market in which women are major consumers. So far, she has produced, written and/or directed four films for Femme, geared to "a woman's sensibility—with, ideally, real-life lovers making real love in a slow, sensuous way." Royalle, who misbehaved in front of the cameras for upward of 30 films during a six-year career, much prefers her new role. "Becoming a porn star was a way for me to be sexual under the guise of playing a role. It's how I overcame my Catholic good-girl guilt about sex," she says.

—SUSAN SQUIRE



JAMES SCHNEPP

DEBORAH FEINGOLD



POISON-PEN PAL

Some people say he has a pen so poison it's registered as a deadly weapon. Others call him one of the best editorial cartoonists working. **Tom Toles**, however, is not thrilled with his fate. He only reluctantly took his first job as a newspaper artist ("I had to eat"); an impressed editor saw his drawings and knew he had talent. Even so, Toles, 35, had to be dragged "tied and screaming" into his current job as editorial cartoonist at *The Buffalo News*. Did something click? Hardly. "I struggled with it for a decade before getting any satisfaction at all," he says. Even today, with his work syndicated in 125 newspapers, Toles is less than euphoric. "It used to be like taking a final exam every single day," he moans. "Now it's more like a pop quiz." True to form, he isn't doing any long-range career planning. "When I think how hard it is to do one cartoon, and then of how many I'd have to do until I'm 65, it's numbing," he complains. "But I don't know. I'm not really qualified to do anything else."

—ROBERT P. KEARNEY



SEEING RED: THE JILL OF JOCKS

"For years, I was very concerned about making mistakes," says the co-host of ESPN's SportsCenter. "Credibility is so important for a woman. Every announcer makes mistakes, but if you're a woman, you get beat up more for them." Gayle Gardner seldom gets beat up. She's smart, fabulously redheaded, and she knows more about sports than you do. TV Guide called her "the best cat at a dog show." USA Today, playing it straight, called her the best woman sportscaster in television. A New York girl who grew up living and dying with the local teams, she left a TV production job ten years ago to take a shot at becoming the Billie Jean King of jock talk. "I had no idea what an undertaking it would be," she admits now. Sportscasting was no woman's land. She was ignored, insulted and worse. She was wrestled out of the Montreal Canadiens' locker room by the team's owner. Locked out of the Boston Red Sox' men-only clubhouse during a downpour, she demanded—and got—a saggy interview with baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn. She built her credibility brick by brick, landed the SportsCenter job and 4,000,000 viewers in 1983 and is now more famous than some of the Mojsiejenkos whose names she has to pronounce every night. There's only one problem: ESPN's red-shifted cameras, which sometimes make her look like a talking head on fire. "Allegedly we're getting new cameras," she says. "My hair's red, but not quite that red." —KEVIN COOK

GEORGE LANGE

TWO GUYS TUNED INTO A FUNNY FREQUENCY



RANDY O'ROURKE

It's morning drive time and the program on your car radio takes a sudden humorous twist. Maybe it's that fake ad (Mary Lou Retton selling out, again and again) or dialog so politically barbed it evokes *Saturday Night Live*. If you're chuckling while you commute, chances are it's because of the handiwork of Andrew Goodman (right) and Bob James (left), the guiding lights behind the American Comedy Network, which syndicates topical humor and satire to more than 175 radio stations nationwide. "We're like comedic Don Quixotes," says James, 35. "We do a lot of tilting at windmills." Recent windmills have included Iran-scam, the Meese commission and the arms-control mess. Not everyone—especially A.C.N.'s targets—finds Goodman and James funny. When the Southland Corporation decided to ban *PLAYBOY* and other magazines from its 7-Eleven stores, the A.C.N. had a field day with mock ads. "Our doors are open and our minds are closed," one spot ran. Southland responded through its attorneys, of course, but was told by an undaunted Goodman, 31, "Get in line. If nobody ever called to complain, we'd know we were really missing the mark." —JOHN GROSSMANN

The Man's Diamond.



It finally happened. We faced each other in court. I told the judge my case was airtight. She told him it didn't hold water. She won. I told her I was glad she was on my side in everything else. I said, "How about a partnership?" She said, "We already have one." Then she handed me a man's diamond. Well, counselor, win or lose, I guess it's how you play the game.



The diamond rings, cufflinks and tie tack shown here are just a few of the exciting new designs in men's accessories.

For more men's gift ideas, send for our complete booklet, "The Man's Diamond. The State of the Art," a 16 page collection of the latest in men's diamond jewelry. Just send \$1.25 to Diamond Information Center, Department DFM-LY6-PB, P.O. Box 1344, New York, N.Y. 10105-1344.

The Man's Diamond.
The gift of success.

LOUIS RUKEYSER

(continued from page 62)

PLAYBOY: And you feel that you're better rounded.

RUKEYSER: Yes. I had more than ten years as a foreign correspondent. Most people in financial journalism do not have that kind of background. In order to understand what's happening in the financial world, you have to understand what's going on outside. That's not just true in the big-picture stuff, such as "Is there going to be a war?" You have to make an assessment of what's going to happen in American society generally—women, family demographics, etc. Things that are most remote from Wall Street may often be most relevant.

PLAYBOY: With business stories regularly hitting the front pages, would you say now that the press is doing a good job?

RUKEYSER: I had to conduct tutorial sessions over a lengthy period of years, but they're still not doing what they should be doing. There's a need for more commentary and analysis. One of the problems is that media coverage tends to be reactive rather than analytical, and it goes with the maximum of one idea at a time. It's a pretty good story when people are going to jail and paying \$100,000,000 settlements. But over the past dozen years in America, we've had economic obsessions that did not coexist. Number one was the "energy crisis." Then we had inflation. Then we have tax reform—as it is called. It would be nice if we could think about more than one thing at a time, and it would be helpful if journalists broadened the public mind more than they have done.

PLAYBOY: One of those obsessions, inflation, certainly rated reams of copy a few years ago.

RUKEYSER: I think probably more nonsense was talked about inflation than almost any other economic subject except energy. We were told repeatedly that we couldn't lick inflation, that it was a world-wide phenomenon. Well, in the Eighties, we stopped printing money at such a rapid rate and prices came down. I think that was the key reason inflation came down. There were other contributing factors, with the move from perceived oil shortage to perceived oil glut helping, and there was a world-wide oversupply of agricultural products. That helped. In the worst recession in arguably half a century, people sobered up on the wage front. Once-militant unions moderated their demands and in many cases even participated in at least temporary give-backs to their employers. All that helped, but I think the underlying reason was that the Government stopped printing so much money.

PLAYBOY: Are you about to say something good about Government?

RUKEYSER: I think credit for stopping inflation really doesn't belong to the White House or to Congress. It belongs to the Federal Reserve Board, where chairman Paul Volcker and his colleagues pursued a

highly unpopular policy that resulted in a historic success.

PLAYBOY: High praise.

RUKEYSER: Now, I wouldn't give the Fed an A-plus, either. I think they alternately stepped on the gas and the brakes with too much severity. I think that exacerbated the recession and made unemployment worse than it otherwise would have been, and I wish they had operated much more openly and with less mystery and deliberate deception. But we have so few victories in the economic sense that I don't want to be chary in giving credit where it's due.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any lingering concerns about inflation?

RUKEYSER: I don't think we've permanently licked inflation. I think we are too complacent. We are plainly in a lull. Compared with the kind of inflation rates we grew used to less than a decade ago, this is nirvana. But by historical standards, it's not really that terrific. I think the aim of public policy should be to eliminate the darn thing. Now, you can never entirely eliminate inflation over an extended period, and some economists argue that if you just figure in things like product improvements, something like one percent inflation is virtually no inflation at all. But if the rate begins to creep up—and I fear we're probably going to be on the upswing over the next year or two—I don't think we should forget everything else and call in the fire brigade, but we should keep our eye on it and begin to demand that the politicians do some of the fundamental things they have yet to do to put it under control. I am not a raving optimist.

PLAYBOY: Just how much response do you think you get from politicians themselves when you take off on one of your political commentaries?

RUKEYSER: You never know. I think the job for any of us who are lucky enough to comment on the news should be to avoid the temptation to seek popularity the way politicians do. The reason they are unable to put together two consecutive sentences of common sense is that they want to convince everybody that they agree with them on every possible subject.

PLAYBOY: You've got a substantial audience yourself. We've even heard you addressed as "guru Lou."

RUKEYSER: All that stuff is a giggle. But I know who I am. I'm not some 18-year-old rock star. I had a family life and a professional life long before a lofty gentleman like yourself ever cared to ask me questions. I'll still be the same guy when people stop asking me those questions.

PLAYBOY: Here's one a lot of people are probably curious about: How can you maintain a reporter's objectivity about Wall Street as an investor yourself?

RUKEYSER: Well, I think the empathy is a large part of it. I think some financial-newsletter writers boast of the fact that they don't own stocks and that therefore this is supposed to make them more objective. I think that's nonsense. I think very

often that has made them more reckless. If one is practicing what he preaches, he learns not to preach baloney.

PLAYBOY: But you trade strictly as a hobby?

RUKEYSER: The bulk of my investing is done in a grown-up manner. I've tried to get rich slow by picking good-quality companies and not being scared out of the market every time some would-be guru shouted, "Fire!" My first stock investment was made when I was 17 years old. I was graduating from high school. It was 1950 and the Korean War had just started.

The conventional left-wing view is that Wall Street is a haven for capitalist warmongers. In fact, Karl Marx was wrong. Nobody marching in the streets in the Sixties was more devoted to peace and stability than the stock market. The market traditionally and repeatedly sells off hysterically in the face of rumors of war, and it did just that when the Korean War started. I invested my earnings as a high school sportswriter and bought \$260 worth—three shares—of General Motors. I was stepping in heroically, you understand, to rescue the American economy at a time of crisis. The stock split several times, paid dividends along the way, and by the time I sold it in the late Sixties to get part of the down payment on my first house, that investment had increased seven or eight times in value.

That experience is one of the reasons I'm always skeptical of anyone who tells you that you need an awful lot of money to get started in the stock market. If somebody had told me that that was too little to invest in stocks, think how the course of Western civilization would have changed. My first experience, of course, was a very positive one. I wondered how long this sort of thing had been going on.

PLAYBOY: You've done pretty well by Wall Street. But do you ever regret not working in Wall Street and earning megabucks instead of a mere high six figures?

RUKEYSER: No. When I got my bachelor's

degree, I wanted to go out into the world and start earning a living, which I promptly did at the highly remunerated job of reporter for the Baltimore *Evening Sun*. It was the big money that attracted me. I mean, it wasn't everyone who could pull down \$55 a week. I've made more money than I ever expected to make. I do what I enjoy, and many of my professional activities are not chosen for their remunerative value. I repeat, I'm just a simple working newsman.

PLAYBOY: Are you doing as much legwork these days?

RUKEYSER: A reader of my column asked me recently how large my staff is. You're looking at the staff of my column. I go all over the country all year and I talk with people and I read a lot. I'm on the phone a lot, as you noted; but that, to me, is just working journalism. Some focus on the fact that I make a very good wage by journalistic standards; they tend to be overly concerned with that.

When I left my job as economics editor at ABC in 1973, I didn't do it for financial reasons. I wanted to go out on my own and see if I could make it. I wanted to try a little more independence in my professional life. I figured it would be five years before I could replace the income I was giving up. Well, it took less than six months, happily. The market for my wares was greater than I had expected.

PLAYBOY: Fifteen thousand dollars to \$20,000 per speaking engagement is certainly a living wage.

RUKEYSER: People focus on the lectures because they pay me a lot of money—and they do. But there's another benefit beyond the fees—the instant feedback. I get to run my own poll of America, and I'm able to spot trends before the general press does and stay abreast of things in a way you don't get in any other medium.

PLAYBOY: As a simple working journalist should.

RUKEYSER: I *am* a working journalist. Don't forget that I've been a working jour-

nalist since I was 11 years old. I was writing for the school page of the New Rochelle *Standard-Star* when I was 11. They didn't start to pay me until I started writing sports, when I was 16. Do you know how much they paid me? Do you care about that, since you're so absorbed with my financial affairs?

PLAYBOY: Sure.

RUKEYSER: They paid me 50 cents an hour as a sports reporter at the New Rochelle *Standard-Star*. And after I'd been doing it for a few months, I got a raise to 75 cents, for three reasons. One, I was the finest reporter since Richard Harding Davis. Two, I was the most gifted writer since F. Scott Fitzgerald. And three, Congress raised the minimum wage to 75 cents. Those three factors taken together produced the increase.

PLAYBOY: So you have benefited from Government intervention after all. How well do you think journalists and other outsiders cover the business world?

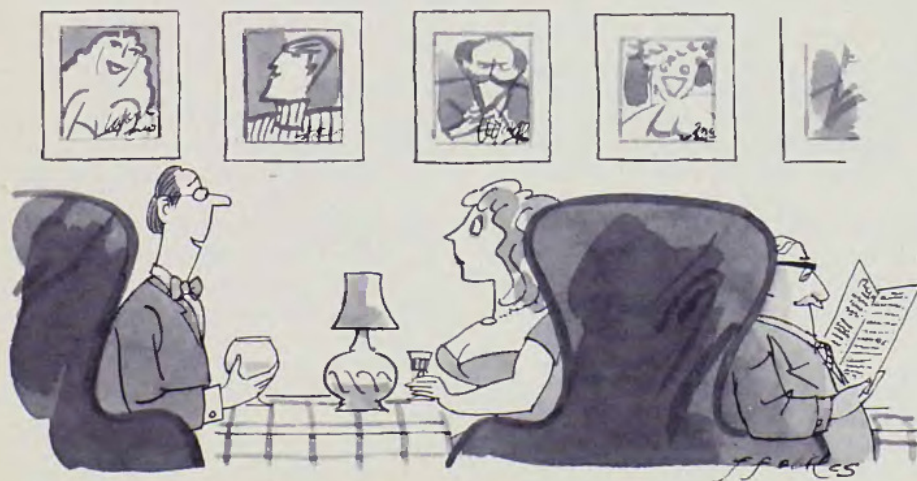
RUKEYSER: I always tell my board-room friends that journalism is the same as other professions—notably including Wall Street—in that outsiders always tend to overrate the malice and underrate the incompetence. There are very few people in any profession who get things straight. And those who are wounded by such incompetence tend to assume malice where it may not exist. TV journalism is the problem, of course. I don't think anyone ever learned journalism in a TV studio. The ability to ask the fourth, fifth and sixth questions generally comes from people with experience outside the make-up room. If Lincoln delivered the Gettysburg Address today, TV would find the most important 45 seconds, not necessarily to the enlightenment of the republic. That's why the successful politician these days tends not to be the most profound but the one who can put the best spin on the evening news. It seemed to me as long as 20 years ago that the requirement for being a successful Cabinet officer was not to *know* anything or have useful policies for the nation but to be able to provide a confident, articulate 45-second answer to every question—whether or not it was right.

PLAYBOY: And now you have businesspeople training to handle the media as politicians do.

RUKEYSER: Yes, now we have the new business heroes, who are learning how to manipulate the media every bit as successfully as the average ward heeler.

PLAYBOY: Meaning Lee Iacocca?

RUKEYSER: Iacocca has been able to put his message across in a largely controlled environment. I think that if he really were to run for President, he'd have to subject himself to rude questioning by irreverent reporters. Some of the ideas that now seem persuasive might then seem less so. I'm thinking particularly of such areas as trade relations and industrial relations. And maybe even personal relations. As I understand it, one of the meanest things



"Try not to think of me as your gynecologist, Miss Palmer. In some ways, I hardly know you."

Henry Ford did to Iacocca was to have one of the Ford Company masseurs stop calling at Iacocca's house. Now, I'm not sure that's an issue on which Joe Six-Pack would march to the barricades.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the high profile a rather new pose for the American C.E.O.?

RUKEYSER: Yes. The classic, legendary corporate C.E.O. in America not only was not a popular hero but would have disdained the role. The job was to stay out of the newspaper. Now, the myth was never the entire reality. There have been great corporate financial heroes throughout American history. Early in this century, we had Henry Ford and Bernard Baruch and others. What we have now is not just the pop-hero syndrome but the active solicitation of that role through the hiring of media consultants, public-relations firms, authorities on everything from what one should wear to precisely which hair-piece would be most suitable. That's the real change. Ford didn't set out to be a culture hero. He set out to mass-produce cars and make a fortune. Baruch set out to make himself a pile of money.

Of course, the classic public-relations transformation was the humanizing of John D. Rockefeller. Rockefeller, to put it mildly, was as rapacious as anyone involved in the present scandals. He put together—with massive cleverness, taking advantage of a very different regulatory and media climate—a dominance in the U.S. oil business that would be unthinkable in modern terms. Then he paid for some early PR advice, which started the legend about his handing out dime tips and encouraged him, in a more substantial way, to become a great benefactor. The average American now thinks of the Rockefellers as great benefactors, not in terms of the amassing of wealth.

My own view is that we have things backward in America. We tend to assign great social cachet to people the further they are, chronologically, from the making of the money. But my own experience is that the most interesting characters are usually the ones who put the fortune together.

PLAYBOY: And you're acquainted with a few of them.

RUKEYSER: Yes, but I'm so democratic in my tastes, I will even have lunch with executive vice-presidents.

PLAYBOY: Do your board-room friends ever suggest to you . . . well, how incorruptible is Lou Rukeyser?

RUKEYSER: Several years ago, I was speaking at a college in the South and a student got up and said, "Couldn't you use your position to make a little money for yourself on the side?" And I said, "Come on. The times are supposed to be more up front than that—why don't you ask the question directly? Your question really is, Are you a crook, too?"

I suppose that, not being the dumbest person in America, I could figure out on many a Thursday what a *Wall Street Week*

guest was likely to say on Friday and buy some of the stocks he or she was likely to mention and then sell them on Monday morning when the great crowds rushed in, having heard the recommendation on national television. And I suppose I could probably get away with it two or three times before the SEC caught up with me. And if you think they would not, you take them to be far stupider than they are.

If I were to make the most hard-nosed assessment of my career assets, I'd have to conclude that number one was honor and credibility, and it would be foolish in the extreme for me to tamper with my honor and credibility, even if I were tempted. Which, happily, I am not.

People are forever offering me money, which I have to turn down. But it's usually not in a criminal way, because the word is out that you can't get anywhere with Louis Rukeyser on that. What people will offer me is vast sums of money to do, say, a commercial for them or to be a corporate spokesman. One great U.S. corporation recently offered me an annual guarantee in excess—well, an annual guarantee running into seven figures, and I wouldn't have had to do very much for it.

PLAYBOY: We presume it could have justified the move to hard-nosed shareholders. The raiders may be lurking.

RUKEYSER: Well, there's a limit. I don't see anybody racing to take over IBM, even though in the world of inflated financing that's available today, that would not be an impossibility.

PLAYBOY: IBM has been under quite a bit of pressure in the past year.

RUKEYSER: They're being pressed more than they've been pressed in the history of the industry. I don't think that means they're doomed. They're coming out with a new range of products. Maybe they're going to regain their position. But it means that nobody can just rest on his laurels. Excellence is not a permanent condition in corporate life. You've got to earn your wings every day—to quote a soon-to-disappear airline.

PLAYBOY: We've reported and analyzed. Do you want to sign off with a commentary?

RUKEYSER: Calvin Coolidge was right when he asserted that the business of America is business. It's the business of any country. In 1978, Congress wrote legislation that was much more favorable to savings and investment than any we'd had in a decade. They didn't do it because they had a conversion on the road to the District of Columbia that day; they did it because they sensed a different wind from their constituents. The wind was less hostile to business, less hostile to profits, less hostile to savings and economic growth. I think that wind is still blowing. I think the smartest political figures in both parties are sensitive to it and are trying to shape their 1988 programs in recognition of it. I think that change is good for the country. I also think it's good for the stock market.



"However, I thought the special effects were very good."

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A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.

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Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors.
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Gold frame, traditional stems.
Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors.
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"She sat quietly for a while. 'Hey, this is scary. I must have gotten more than one memory.'"

I'd seen that would help me find the perfect way to advertise this product.

When I feel like this, I like to do a thing I call underthinking. I just lean back, put my feet up and let my mind go limp. I tried it.

First thing I thought of was Barbara. Then I thought of my father-in-law. I forced myself back to the little blue pill. And when I got there, the answer was waiting. Underthinking worked again.

"Guys, here it comes." I sat up, excited.

The thing that was nagging at me was an image I'd picked up in that meeting with Dr. Henry.

I could still see that pill sitting on the shiny-marble conference table. I remembered Doc's pink face smiling at me, and below it was the perfect upside-down reflection of his face, frowning at me.

But it wasn't Doc I was thinking about. It was the pill. There it sat, all shiny and blue, and right below, its perfect reflection. It almost looked as if there were two pills, one balanced on top of the other, with the bottom one slightly darker, a little shadowy and mysterious.

Now, what does the word reflection mean? Sure, it's another word for memory. And that's how a \$50,000,000 ad campaign came to me in about 50 seconds.

I borrowed Barbara's sketch pad. I drew the pill and a big circle below it, which would be its reflection on a glass surface. I said to Richard and Barbara, "Reflect back to the meeting with Dr. Henry. Remember this?" And I pointed to the mirror image I'd drawn under the pill. Then, inside that reflection, I rough-sketched some Venice scenes—canals with striped poles and little gondolas.

"Ah," said Richard. "A good reflection!" He smiled and eased back in his chair. He saw that we had it all but wrapped up.

I handed the pad back to Barbara and said, "I think the name for this product should be Good Reflections."

"Perfect," she said.

I stood up and moved around my desk. "Our commercial should go. . ."

I was on my feet now, gesturing, showing how the camera would move in closer and closer.

"Open on the pill and its reflection. Bring in music—something nostalgic, like *Memories Are Made of This*. Voice-over says, 'Now you can reflect back to the best times ever had by people who have lived life's most exciting experiences. . .'"

"Then the camera moves in tighter on the reflection under the pill. Inside that re-

flection, we dissolve in scenes of the different memories—a montage of exotic landscapes, love scenes, famous ball games—as the announcer describes them.

"We fade out of the last scene, and we move up and in on the pill itself! Announcer says, 'At your store now.' And while the pill's just sitting there, a hand picks it up. We pull back quickly to see that the hand belongs to a pretty girl, who pops the pill into her mouth! In our second commercial, we'll show different scenes in the reflection and maybe end with a guy taking the pill. In others, maybe, we'll show a *kid* at the end, or maybe a *celebrity*!"

I had to catch my breath. I get excited when I really start to cook. Then, in a calm voice, I added, "To wrap up, we cut to the package and move in on it to read: GOOD REFLECTIONS. Music up and out."

When I was done, Barbara held up her sketch pad, and there it was, the last scene of the commercial I'd just described.

The box said, GOOD REFLECTIONS, in bright blue. It was beautiful. So was Barbara's smile.

A few hours later, I was leaning back in my chair, feet up on the window, holding a big Scotch in my hand and feeling pretty good. Outside, it was beginning to get dark. Lights were coming on all over the city. Far below, Michigan Avenue turned into a glittering flow of white headlights on one side and red taillights on the other.

Suddenly, my door opened and Barbara rushed in. She looked upset.

"I've got a problem, Les." She came all the way around to my side of the desk and stood close to me. "I'm afraid to go down in the elevator. I can't leave the floor!" Her voice was tight and her pretty face was pale with fear. Not quite panic, but I had a feeling that panic could be right around the corner, where our bank of elevators was.

I put a brotherly hand on her shoulder and said, "You've been taking the elevator all along. What are you talking about?"

"I *never* take elevators, Les. Never!"

"Hey," I reminded her, "this is the forty-seventh floor. How did you get here?"

She began to pace. I got that prickly feeling along the back of my neck again. It didn't make sense, of course. Barbara and I had come up in the elevator this morning. And Barbara lived in a lake-shore high-rise overlooking Lincoln Park. Her apartment was on 28.

She sat down on the white couch, look-

ing confused and scared. I poured some Scotch into a mug and handed it to her.

She took a gulp, winced at the burning and looked at me. "Les," she said, her voice husky from the whisky, "I know exactly *why* I won't get in an elevator."

"Forty-seven flights of stairs is a long walk, Barbara."

"Les, when I was a kid growing up in New York, we lived in a very run-down building. Our apartment was on nineteen. I remember coming home from school one day. I was in the elevator by myself, and about halfway up, the lights went off and the car stopped suddenly."

She took a sip of her drink.

"I smelled smoke. I couldn't see a thing in the dark and I couldn't breathe. I just wanted to get out!"

She took another swallow and leaned back.

"After a while—I don't know how long—the lights came on and the elevator moved. The door opened and I walked out. There had been a small fire in the building, but it was put out and I was fine.

"I've never gone in an elevator since. I just won't! Les, I can't leave here."

Her story made no sense. Barbara had grown up in California. Suddenly, I realized what must be happening.

"That never happened to you, Barb. You *know* that, don't you? Sounds like it might've happened to your basketball player, though. Right?"

She sat quietly for a while, and it came to her, too.

"I guess. Hey, this is scary. I must have gotten more than the memory of his game. But, Les, I'm not kidding, I *still* can't get in that damn elevator."

I refilled Barbara's mug and poured another for myself.

"Just relax, honey. We'll work out something. Stay here and make yourself comfortable. I want to talk with Richard. I'll be back in a few minutes. Don't go away, OK?"

She nodded and sat there, looking like a lost little girl.

Richard's office was at the end of the hall. When I got there, I found his desk lamp turned off and his coat gone. He'd left for the day.

He lived only a few blocks from work. Maybe he was already home. I hoped he'd gone straight there tonight instead of out for his usual after-work shooter or two.

I went around behind his desk and sat in his chair. I picked up the phone and dialed. One ring. Another.

Suddenly, I heard Richard's voice on the line.

"Bon soir," he said.

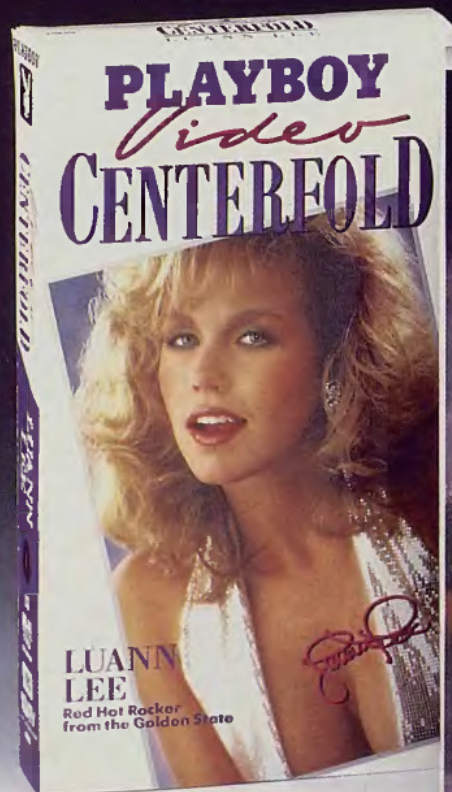
"Richard. It's Les. I've got a problem I want to talk to you about."

"*Moi aussi, mon vieux, moi aussi.*"

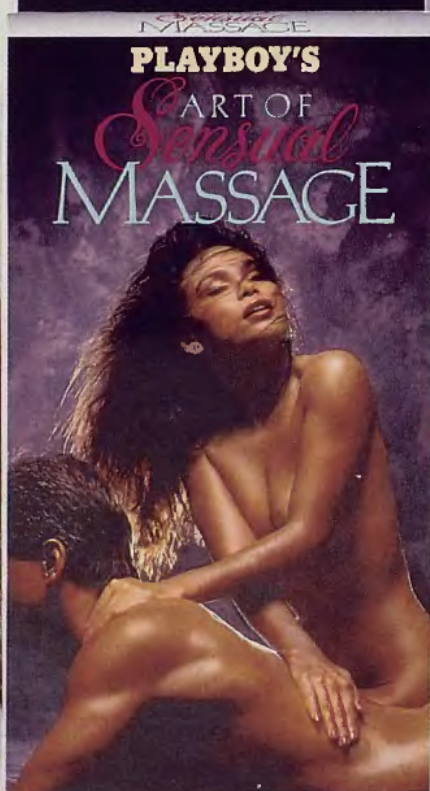
"Richard, I didn't know you spoke French."

"Les, I didn't know a word of French

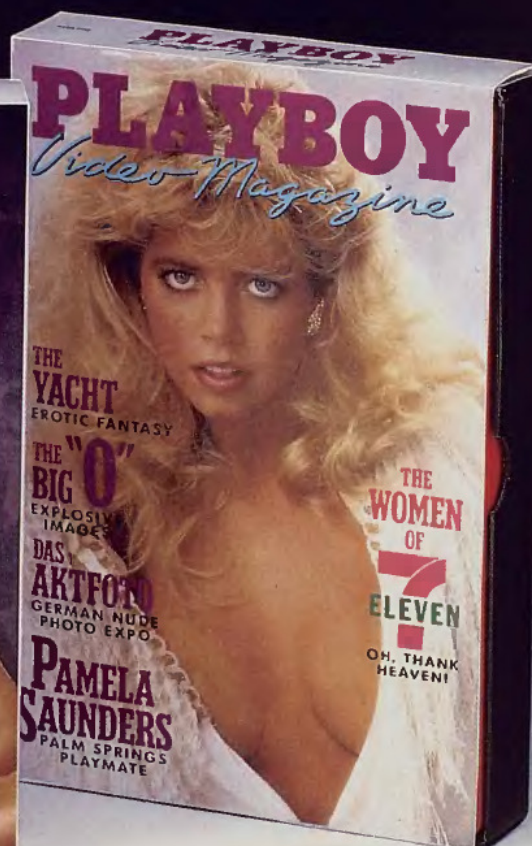
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until this afternoon. Isn't it crazy? I think I could even read and write French now. It's kind of fun but scary. Must be Doc's pill. The guy who remembered making love to Tasha probably knew French, and I got *his* memory of it."

"You feel OK otherwise, Richard? Any other unusual memories or anything?"

"No, I'm fine. I can remember pulling Tasha's lace undies down over her thighs. With my teeth, *mon ami*."

Now, that was something to think about.

"Les, are you there? Why'd you call? Are you OK?"

"Yeah, so far. I can remember my trip to Venice, but that's it. Everything else is normal. Barbara has the problem."

I told Richard everything that had happened since Barbara came into my office. He said he'd come back and keep her company until the pill wore off.

I told him not to bother, that I'd stay with Barbara. Then I did a double take.

"What do you mean, *wears off*?"

"I guess I didn't tell you. I called Doc's lab guys to check on some details for our ad copy. We should have assumed this, Les. The pill's effect is only temporary. Its synthetic formula breaks down; and in about 24 hours, the artificial memory is gone. Doc can keep selling the same pills over and over."

"Listen, Richard, when the pill wears off, can't you remember what it made you remember when it was working? For example, won't I remember being in Venice?"

"Well, you'll remember having *had* that memory. But you won't remember how being there actually felt. It'll be like someone told you about it, or like a movie—*not* like you actually did it yourself."

"Did Doc's guys say anything about these unexpected memories, like Barbara's elevator thing and you with the French?"

"They said that some rare people might have side effects. Less than one percent of the population, according to them, but that would include highly creative people. We artistic types can sometimes pick up what the guy called ghost memories that are kind of stuck onto the main memory but that most people won't ever notice. There'll be a warning on the label."

"Thanks, Richard. I'll tell Barbara that the elevator phobia won't last, that she'll be fine by tomorrow."

"Yeah, but don't force her into an elevator tonight. It could be traumatic. I'll see you guys in the morning. *Bonne nuit*."

Barbara seemed a little high when I got back. She was never much of a drinker, so I guess the Scotch had sent her close to the line.

She was standing in front of my window, looking down on the city and smiling to herself. The office was pretty dark except for my desk lamp, which gave the room a nice warm glow.

I moved around my desk and stood behind her—close. I caught her scent, a warm humidity of girl, perfume, breathing and Scotch.

We were alone, and it was all I could do to keep from wrapping my arms around her from behind. I put my hand on her shoulder and looked out the window with her.

"How are you feeling now?"

"Much better."

"Richard just talked to me on the phone in perfect French."

She laughed. "So he got more than he bargained for, too."

"But he's going to be his old self tomorrow, and so will *you*. The memories wear off in twenty-four hours, according to Doc's lab guys."

I told her what Richard had learned about the ghost memories and how she could just wait out the night here. I said I'd be happy to keep her company, that maybe we could use the time to get a little extra work done on the campaign, and then I wasn't talking anymore. I was kissing her. And she was kissing me back.

OK, what did you expect?

We just stood there by the window, kissing warmly and deeply. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my big white couch sitting against the wall, patiently. I never knew a piece of furniture could look so smug.

This was like being back in high school. The bonanza of a new girl in your arms. New lips. New body. The runaway excitement. The feeling of being strangled by your own incredibly shrinking underwear. The danger.

Danger! What was I doing? This wasn't the kind of danger you feel when you're in high school. This was big-time danger.

"Barbara, stop."

I walked around my desk and poured a drink. I gulped at it and turned away, so she couldn't see the fear on my face.

"Les?"

I looked back. She was still by the window. The outline of her body and long blonde hair made a soft, curvy silhouette against the glow of the city behind her.

"What's wrong? We're alone. I *know* you've wanted to be alone with me." Her voice became husky and she talked slowly, deliberately. "Les, today's been so crazy. I need you to help take my mind off what's been happening."

My heart was thudding. Back there at the window, I was one step away from undoing the little buttons on Barbara's sweater. And I'd been wondering if she had lace undies like Tasha Trieste's.

Any more of this, and I'd be sunk. My wife's family is psychic about such things, I swear. And I'm the world's worst liar. I'd get home smelling of perfume and grinning like a cat with canary breath. It would be the chance they'd been waiting for. Out I'd go. And that family doesn't believe in divorce. That would be too

easy. No, my father-in-law and his sidekick sons would take care of me.

"Barbara, we'll walk down."

"My God, Les, are you that afraid of me? Walk down forty-seven floors?"

She turned her back to me and looked out the window. I felt like the world's biggest jerk. Here was a woman I'd wanted to make love to since the first moment I saw her. She finally felt the same way, and I was brushing her off!

I could still smell her perfume. I could still feel her warmth. Those firm breasts, those full, moist lips. Was I crazy to run away from her?

"Barbara, let me explain." I walked back around the desk toward the window. She turned away from the glass and faced me. The light from my desk lamp reflected in her green eyes, which shined full and wet.

"Go on."

"Look, my wife is insanely jealous. If I get involved with you, even once, she'll know. Her father and brothers will do things to me. Terrible things. They live according to a very old Italian code of behavior. I guess I sound like a coward. But I *know* these guys, Barbara. What they've done to people. I just. . . ." I looked down at my feet, like a school kid telling some impossible excuse to a beautiful young teacher he'd secretly had a crush on. I couldn't look at Barbara. But at least now she knew.

At first, I couldn't figure out what that noise was that she was making. She was upset with me, I knew, but not enough to cry. Then I heard a definite giggle. She was trying to stifle it, but she was actually laughing—at me.

I looked up. She held out her arms. "Come here, you idiot," she said.

She grabbed my face in her hands, pulled me forward and kissed me powerfully on the mouth.

"Haven't you figured it out, Les?"

Through the window, the city was lit up like a stage.

"Figured out what?"

"You're not *married*. You don't have any Italian wife or gangster brothers-in-law. Don't you see? It's just like my elevator memory. And Richard suddenly knowing French. Tasha Trieste's lover must have known French. Your memory was of Venice, *Italy*! Get it? The guy who went to Venice must've had a real old-fashioned Italian wife with the father and brothers who made him scared stiff!"

"So real," I said. "They all seemed so real."

"Want to know what's real?" she whispered and put my hand on her breast.

"I'm real," she said. "Feel my heart?"

Over her shoulder, I caught a glimpse of us in my window as she pulled me close to her. Now, that was a good reflection.



"A little imagination can turn the contents of those dusty cans and frozen packages into a tasty dinner."

a can of tomato sauce or of crushed tomatoes or a like amount of catsup. Sprinkle with a heaping tablespoon of chili powder (optional: one teaspoon each of ground cumin, garlic powder and/or oregano). If you have a small can of red kidney beans, drain and add them at the last minute, just to heat through. Chili is ready when most of the liquid is gone. Spoon it right from the pan.

MEXICAN SALSA

This is a no-cook, no-blend table sauce that fires up just about any cold or broiled meat, fish or fowl. Chop up two ripe tomatoes and one small red onion. Mince about one half cup of *cilantro* and one to three bottled *jalapeño* peppers. (One pepper tangos on your tongue, two bug your eyes out and three fuse your fillings.) Toss everything in a bowl. Add salt to taste and the juice of two fresh limes. If you can't get *cilantro* (a.k.a. coriander), use parsley. It's a poor substitute but better than nothing. When you're cutting the peppers, it's wise to use rubber gloves. Keep the juice and seeds away from your eyes.

FREEZER NUGGETS

Stop at the Golden Arches or pick up some frozen chicken nuggets at the corner grocery. While they're heating up, prepare your own dipping sauces with whatever is on hand. Possibilities: (1) Swirl horseradish or five or six drops of Tabasco in a cup of catsup. (2) Mix curry powder with plain yogurt or sour cream. (3) Stir seeded mustard into mayonnaise. (4) Combine soy sauce with a pinch of hot-pepper flakes, minced scallions or shallots and a splash of dry sherry or madeira. (5) To equal amounts of bottled relish and mayo, add a dash of Worcestershire, Tabasco and the juice of half a lemon. The sauces can be used with frozen fish sticks, too.

FIVE-TICK SOUP

Heat a tablespoon of oil in a large pot. Cook a chopped onion until limp. Pour in a can of chicken broth. Bring to a boil. Add a handful of elbow macaroni or pasta shells and equal cut-up portions of any available fresh or frozen vegetables. If there is a piece of leftover cooked chicken or turkey in the fridge, cut it up and toss it in. The mixture should be almost as thick as porridge. Bring to a boil, then immediately lower heat and simmer five minutes.

SPICY SPAGHETTI

Put on water for pasta. Heat a little oil in a pan and add a chopped onion and minced garlic. While they cook, chop up a

fistful of pepperoni or *chorizo*. Add it to the pan. Throw in some sliced olives or mushrooms. Add a can of crushed tomatoes or a jar of spaghetti sauce—about two cups. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and oregano. Simmer until the pasta is ready.

SWIFT SCAMPI

Shrimp *scampi* is redundant, but don't hold that against it. Heating a can of Campbell's takes longer. Melt four pats of butter in a skillet. Add a half pound of peeled and deveined shrimps and cook for about five minutes, tossing and stirring. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Remove the shrimps to a plate. To the butter remaining in the pan, add two minced garlic cloves, a few chopped scallions and the juice of one lemon. Stir and cook no more than one minute. Pour over the shrimps. Serve with rice.

HASH O'BRIAN

Use leftover boiled potatoes or drop frozen potatoes into boiling water and cook until tender but not mushy. Drain, rinse and cut into chunks. You need a little less than two cups. Set aside. Heat three pats of butter in a skillet until it starts to foam. Chop up one small onion, one small red bell pepper and one small green pepper. Add to the skillet, cooking until soft but not limp. Pour in the potato chunks. Sprinkle on salt and pepper and a generous amount of paprika, preferably the hot Hungarian type. Stir to coat. If you have a piece of cooked chicken, beef or pork, dice it and add it as the potatoes brown. If things start to stick, add a little oil.

SARDINES DIABLO

Butter three large slices of rye or pumpernickel bread from edge to edge. Put them into a toaster oven or under a preheated broiler and lightly toast. In the meantime, open two cans of sardines, preferably skinless, boneless and packed in oil. Drain, then lay them on the toasted bread. In a small bowl, mix a spoonful of mustard with two spoonfuls of oil. Brush or drizzle the mixture over the sardines. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Place the open-faced sandwiches on a cookie sheet or in a shallow pan under the broiler and cook until the bread crumbs are brown.

TUNA AND CANNELLINI

Empty into a bowl two seven-oz. cans of tuna packed in oil. Drain a 20-oz. can of *cannellini*, rinse under cold water and add to the tuna. Add a minced garlic clove, a small chopped onion, a little oregano, a tablespoon of red wine vinegar and four tablespoons of olive oil. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, a pinch of hot-pepper flakes and the juice of half a lemon. Toss gently. Minced parsley is the optional garnish. Yields three or four servings, but it keeps well in the refrigerator with a tight cover.

MEAN CUISINE

Frozen boil-in-bag dinners can be enlivened in many ways. To enhance or add a Chinese taste, stir a few drops of soy sauce into chicken chunks or chow mein. Oyster sauce jazzes up fish dishes. Minced hot Italian pepper can be tossed with spaghetti or noodles. Oregano, garlic powder, marjoram or all three work in tomato sauce or over lasagna.

You get the idea. These recipes are only guidelines. A little imagination and a stock of versatile spices can turn the contents of those dusty cans and frozen packages into a tasty dinner or a memorable midnight nosh. Improvise!



REAL DEALS (continued from page 121)

"Real-estate syndicators haven't always the same incentive as you or I. It's not their money."

from \$2750) than to the \$500 I paid. Whether or not it will remain economical to farm my vast clay tennis court remains to be seen. In the meantime, it's rented to a farmer who owns land nearby, and it throws off eight or ten percent a year in rent after expenses (principally, property tax and a management fee).

Those of you who chose to sink your 25 Gs into the farmland: Smart move, guys! (I hope, I hope, I hope.)

(If you *have* just inherited half a million and want to risk a fifth of it on 80 acres of prime ground in the nation's heartland, or 160 not-so-prime acres near me, two of the hundreds of farm managers who may be eager to help are Murray Wise of the Westchester Group in Champaign, Illinois, and Richard Thoreson of Security National Bank in Sioux City, Iowa.)

I went into the real-estate deal because it was geographically diverse, because its attractive projections were based on existing, operating properties and because I wasn't keen on paying 59 percent of my income in Federal, state and city taxes. (This was in late 1984, before Congress killed, retroactively, much of the tax advantage of investing in real estate.)

Even so, I have always had a problem with real-estate syndications. Most of them eat up about 15 percent of your investment in syndication fees and sales commissions, leaving only 85 percent or so actually to be invested in real estate. Lots of investors accept this haircut who would never consider, by way of contrast, paying \$205,000, say, for a house they know is really worth only \$174,000. Yet that's the difference 15 percent makes.

Not only that, real-estate syndicators, in their hurry to get something to syndicate, haven't always the same incentive as you

or I. Where you or I might hold out for something really irresistible, the syndicator may very reasonably pay fair market value—which is to say full market value—or perhaps even a little more. After all, it's not his money. And how many dentists and airline pilots know whether a shopping center is worth \$4,900,000 or merely \$4,300,000, anyway? What's more, if inflation comes roaring back and this shopping center is sold for \$20,000,000, who cares? So what if the investors put up \$5,750,000 to buy for \$4,900,000 (what's left after 15 percent in fees) a property that a really tough, patient negotiator might have snagged for \$4,300,000?

The syndicator would certainly like to see you do well—he likes to do a good job, just as you do, and the better you do, the better he'll do, both in future business from you and because he shares in the ultimate profits on the property. But most of that incentive is years off. The incentive now is to put tens or hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of deals through the pipeline, getting an immediate cut thereof. That's what stocks the refrigerator and fuels the private jet.

Anyway, for those of you who placed your \$25,000 on the three apartment complexes and the two motels, I have bad news. It turns out that things have not been going so well. The memos you've gotten from the general partner are cheerful, to be sure, and your quarterly checks come just as promised; but the 1985 financial statement, issued in the summer of 1986, tells a worrisome story. Revenues from all five properties have been lower than projected. They're not just generating tax losses (what with the depreciation), they're generating huge real losses.

So what else is new, right? But there's a

distinction here. It's one thing if you go into a chancy gold-mining deal and—guess what—it doesn't pan out or if you buy into an office building in Houston and then, months or years later, the price of oil collapses.

You pays your money, you takes your chances. Nobody likes a sore loser.

But in this case, you bought into five operating properties in late 1984. Isn't it odd that all five, in different parts of the country, should turn in results sharply below projection for 1985? Was there a recession in 1985? I missed it. Were there unexpected economic shocks or a sudden steep decline in motel occupancy? No, 1985 bumbled along much as 1984 had.

Yet here were the property-by-property projections for 1985 used to sell the deal in late 1984, and now here were the actual 1985 results. Rent had come in eight percent under projection from the Fort Lauderdale apartments, 21 percent under projection from the Virginia Beach apartments and 26 percent under projection from the Tomball, Texas, apartments. (Did your rent go down 20 percent in 1985?) Gross revenues from the Sacramento and Indianapolis motels had come in 26 percent and 27 percent under projection, respectively, while their "cost of sales" had unfortunately come in 43 percent *higher* than projected.

Bad results or no, the mortgages still had to be paid, along with some other expenses, leaving a nearly \$2,000,000 cash shortfall on an over-all investment by the partners of just under \$8,000,000.

That's not much of a shortfall for a Third World nation (let alone our own), but it's a lot for three small apartment complexes and two motels. Is it conceivable that the projections were based more on what it would take to make the deal look good than on the professional judgment of a New York Stock Exchange company? (Is *that* the way the world works?) Yes, the general partner is making cash distributions of six percent per annum anyway—those checks just roll in—but they take the form of loans to the partnership and, in any event, cease after three years.

Now, you say, calm down. They got off to a rocky start. Given two or three years, those 26 percent shortfalls in revenue will gradually disappear and everything will be fine.

But it's not enough that the projects eventually start bringing in what they were projected to bring in for 1985, because even had the partnership performed as projected in 1985, it would have lost real cash money. Fundamental to the eventual success of the deal were substantial annual improvements in net operating income—higher sales and/or lower expenses—so that there would be enough left over to pay the mortgage. (Not pay it off; just pay the interest.)

The general partner projected that for 1986, "net income before other expenses"



"And I say it's my turn to be Ginger Rogers!"

(such as \$3,468,510 in mortgage interest) would outstrip the 1985 target by 15 percent. And perhaps it did; the numbers are not yet in. To have done so, however—to have gotten back on track (even without recouping the 1985 shortfall)—would have required a jump in such net income of 160 percent. And then, to stay on track, another 12 percent gain in 1987, ten percent in 1988, ten percent in 1989 and—well, there's not a lot of time in these projections to stop and catch your breath.

Anyhow, having studied the projected and actual numbers, which neither I nor most investors, I think, generally do, and having noted that all five geographically diverse projects were performing under projection, I placed a call to the general partner to comment on the coincidence.

"You sons of bitches robbed us blind!" I said—though not quite that way.

"What's the problem?" the investor-relations department said. "The program's going to work out great!" (Again, I am paraphrasing liberally.) "It's just that the economy was terrible in 1985."

"It was?" I said.

"Well, and we're not sure the sellers of the motels were entirely candid in their representations to us."

Now we were getting somewhere.

I muttered something sweetly about "due diligence" and a couple of other legal phrases I don't really understand but that I thought might conceivably

apply, and within minutes—in the scale of time at which things like this move—the general partnership had agreed to buy back my interest. (Not for as much as I had paid, to be sure, but for enough, after taking into consideration the tax benefits I had received less the taxes I'd now have to pay, for me to come out whole.) "We think it would be unwise for any investor to sell out," read the gracious letter. "Nevertheless, if you are dissatisfied and wish to sell at this time. . . ."

Whether or not any other limited partners took the time to compare the annual statement with first-year projections and whether or not, if so, any of them squawked, I cannot say.

But if you chose this deal for your \$25,000, it would not have paid you to do so.

And now for the nuns. I know that's what you chose, hard as I tried to deflect you. You're not stupid. If you had just three choices—farmland, apartment buildings or a musical comedy about dead nuns—your money was on the nuns.

I went into *Nunsense* myself for several reasons. First—with all due respect—I thought it was hysterical. Second, it was capitalized at a mere \$150,000—versus, perhaps, \$500,000 these days to put on your average off-Broadway number (and \$4,000,000 to mount a full-fledged Broadway musical). Third, unlike most shows, where for each one percent of the capital investors put up, they are entitled to half a

percent of the profits (with the general partner set to reap the other half, should there be any), this one offered a full point for each point invested. Presto: The odds, though very long, doubled.

Fourth, this was a show I actually got to see before investing. With most, you're asked to attend a backers' audition in the producer's living room to hear a description of the plot and eight of the show's 14 songs. In this case, a shoestring production of the actual show, with the actual cast, was playing on a high school stage in my neighborhood. And, fifth, they needed the money.

The Devil made me do it.

And although not a penny has yet to flood my coffers ("You're so rich, the banks are charging you storage," my broker likes to tell me, as accurate in this appraisal as in most others), things are looking good on the nun front. The sisters in *Life*, the sisters on *Today*, separate productions in Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Toronto, Amsterdam and Australia, a fat amateur-and-stock-rights sale, a cast album, Peggy Cass in a Michigan production, Kaye Ballard and Jaye P. Morgan slated for another, awards—it looks as if you grabbed that \$25,000 by the dollar sign and slammed it down on the right choice.

Nice job.



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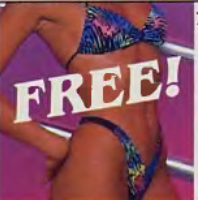
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ADVENTUROUS ANNA

(continued from page 100)

that—meeting new people, hearing new ideas. I hate being bored.”

Clearly, Anna has always endorsed spunk and eccentricity, from her early days, when she was booted out of three Catholic boarding schools—once for smoking in the bathroom, once for wearing the wrong socks and finally for going A.W.O.L. while frantic nuns searched for her—to the two-month European trip she took by herself when she was only 18.

That trip was not an unqualified success. “I got very lonely,” Anna confesses. “Without anyone I knew around, I seemed to lose my sense of identity. I ended up coming home earlier than I had planned.” Now an older and wiser 20, she is undertaking a more ambitious trip, and she’s excited about it. “I learned a lot last time, and I think that having my brother with me will make a big difference. Still, we’re playing it very much by ear. The last thing we want is a firm itinerary.”

While she was between trips, Anna moved south to take business classes at San Diego State. She worked part of the time as a hostess at a restaurant and then discovered an easier way to riches. “They had these leg and bikini contests at various night clubs, with cash prizes,” she says. “I’d enter and I’d win—that’s how I paid my bills.”

But night clubs are more than a meal ticket for Anna. In both San Diego and San Francisco, they’re yet another source of adventure. “One of the places I go here in San Francisco is called DV8. It’s

located down near the warehouses, and you meet some very interesting people there. There are artists and musicians and a lot of people who like to live on the edge. I’m not even sure where these people exist during the day—but at night, they’re crazy, and they’re great dancers. I feel very much at home in a club like DV8. I even had a special vanity license plate made in honor of me and the clubs—wait till you see it.”

Sometimes Anna dances by herself; other times, she’s joined on the floor by different men. “Some of them I like,” she says. “Some are a little bit too far out, but they’re easy to avoid. I don’t mind dancing by myself and just being part of the scene. I don’t feel a pressing need to meet anyone right now.”

Anna’s last boyfriend, a fellow student at San Diego State, was a great dancer but not good enough to overcome his other failings. “I like a guy who isn’t clingy but who also isn’t too independent.” Her former boyfriend fell into the latter category, and while she occasionally dates, right now, she’s happily noninvolved. “It seems silly to get all wound up in a relationship when I’m going to be gone for a whole year,” she points out. “I’ve been looking forward to this trip so much, I wouldn’t want to cancel it for anything.”

When lunch is over, Anna checks her notebook for the address of the Egyptian consulate, fishes through her purse for her car keys and promises to send postcards from offbeat locales. Still holding her white rose, she climbs into her VW Scirocco and drives off. And the license plate? Of course, it reads WILDSID.



PLAYING SOLDIER

(continued from page 130)

bull can con Bob out of air fares to distant places and live well for months at his expense until somebody finally figures out that the magazine is being taken for a ride.

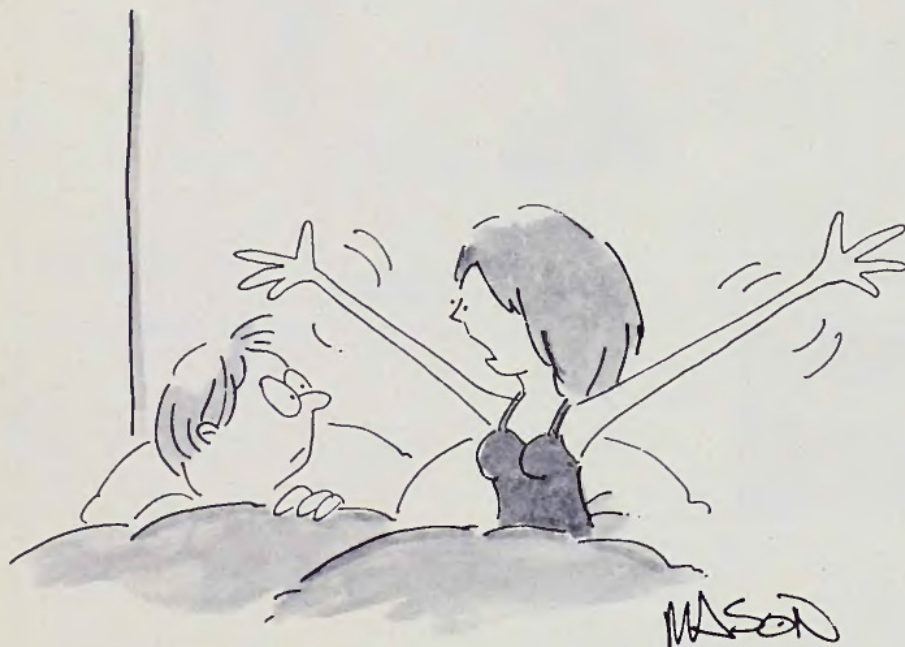
Bob doesn’t really read *S.O.F.* He once told me, “Hey, Fred, I really liked that Spectre gunship story you did. We could use some more like that.” The story had been published a year before.

Bob misses appointments. He doesn’t answer his mail—not surprising, because he doesn’t read it. Mail requires decisions and he can’t make decisions, preferring to put them off until the problems go away. Sometimes they don’t. If the office were burning down, Bob would want to think about the fire for a few days before putting it out. (“Yeah,” he would say in that hard mercenary voice, eyeing the flames, “I don’t want to be too hasty. Let’s kick it around in our heads for a while, see what comes out.”)

As I stood looking into that crafty face pocked by fragmentation wounds, lined by many wars, some of which Bob has been to, I began to recognize the horrible truth. *S.O.F.* is not phony, exactly—the staff members really do the things they say they do—but neither is any of it exactly real. The magazine is a playground for half-assed adventurers, and Brown was having fun, that was all. I had come to work in Colonel Kangaroo’s Paramilitary Theme Park: Step right up, hit the Kewpie doll with a throwing knife and win an Oriental garrote for taking out those troublesome sentries. Cotton candy at the next booth—in camouflage colors, of course—and . . . That was the key to understanding *S.O.F.*—realizing that Bob is not in the business of putting out a magazine, he is in the business of being Bob. He likes being the international mercenary publisher, likes playing *Terry and the Pirates*, and the magazine is just a justification. Trying to understand *S.O.F.* as journalism merely leads to confusion.

This explains the odd pointlessness of most of what the man does. For example, take the time he and the green creepers sneaked into Laos to see the anti-Communist brigands. In bush wars, they’re all bandits, so you choose which bandits will be your bandits. It was a short trip, barely across the border. All that came out of it was photos of the rebel village with a huge satin *S.O.F.* flag (DEATH TO TYRANTS) floating over it—silliest goddamn thing I ever saw. They really went, but it really didn’t matter.

The mystery is how anyone as inept as Bob can survive while doing the things he does. In the Special Forces, he was known as Boo-Boo Brown, because he couldn’t get a drink of water without breaking his leg, losing his wallet or setting off NORAD alarms. It’s hard being a deaf commando with no memory. Bob once left an open bag full of cash in an airport in Bangkok—just



“Well, maybe I’m not one of the ones who just want to cuddle! Maybe I’m one of the ones who want hot, steamy sex!”

forgot it, the way normal people forget a paperback book. Many who know him think that he really needs a mother, or a keeper, and the incident suggested that he might have an invisible cosmic sponsor: The money was still there when a traveling companion went back, which is impossible in Bangkok.

He thrives on conspiracies, but most of them do not quite exist beyond the confines of his skull. I once spent three hours in a hotel suite while he and his ambient maniacs discussed some minor bit of information—so trivial I can't remember it—whose revelation they thought would prevent the re-election of Jimmy Carter. But you can't blame Bob for not having much idea how the real world works. He has never lived there.

Neither he nor *S.O.F.* can even begin to keep a secret, unfortunate in a man whose hobby is conspiring. I have seen him begin a plot to overthrow a scary foreign-intelligence agent by inviting 13 people, including several strangers, into his office to talk about it. The magazine once taped some telephone conversations with me, neglecting to tell me it was doing so. The editor then sent the transcripts to Thailand, where they ended up in the hands of a buddy of mine who was running cross-border operations into Laos—this was the Bo Gritz attempt to free some POWs believed to be there. When my friend came back to the States, the FBI photocopied the transcripts. Oh, good. Bob is the Great Communicator, a sort of one-man CBS.

If, as someone once said, the intelligent man adapts himself to the world, but the genius adapts the world to himself, Bob's a genius, living in a world he has built to his own specs. A fantasy world, yes; but Bob knows where reality begins and usually stops short of getting into trouble. He is crazy by choice, when it suits him—the world's oldest and most successful kid of 11, with the kid's tribal mentality, deeply loyal to his adventuring buddies but to no one else, playing games in Uncle Bob's sandbox, which happens to be the world. I remember his lying with his head in the lap of his wise and patient girlfriend, Mary, when someone brought up the subject of railroad trains. "I've always wanted to be an engineer," Bob said, looking off into some interior distance. "Maybe I can buy a train. Can I buy a train, Mary?"

"You always want to be everything," Mary said. She understands him.

Mary stays with the old rogue—this is the only real breach of confidence I am going to commit in this article, for which Bob is likely to have a brigade of assassins come after me—because he is a nice guy. I once asked one of his best friends, who are very few, how vicious Bob really was. "Well, if you insulted his ancestors, poured beer on his head and swindled him out of his magazine," the guy said

thoughtfully, "Bob might punch you out."

For a few days, my job was to edit the usual nutcake stories for publication, mostly human-interest stuff. There was one about how to weld razor blades to the bottom of your car so that a crowd trying to turn it over would have its fingers cut off, and another explaining three handy ways to make napalm with gasoline and simple soap flakes. Most of the staff—smart, funny people—knew the whole business was madness and enjoyed it. A few thought it was real.

The working-level lunacy was plentiful. For example, glancing into red fire-extinguisher boxes, I found loaded 12-gauge riot guns with the safeties off. It seems that the SDS at the University of Colorado had threatened to storm the office, a catastrophically bad idea. You should never storm a den of armed paranoiacs when there is no back door, especially when the paranoiacs have the firepower of a Central American army.

I heard about the SDS' threat from Craig Nunn, the art director, a former Special Forces sergeant and street fighter out of Chicago with equal affinities for Bach and blood. To listen to the *Brandenburgs*, Craig always wore headphones on a long cord in the art room so that he looked like a deranged pilot flying an easel. Speaking of the attack by the SDS, he said with subdued longing, the wistfulness of a man who hasn't shot anybody since lunch, "I think they should attack if they believe in it. God, hard times and body bags. I'd like that better than bubble gum."

The assault didn't take place. A local motorcycle association, allies of *S.O.F.*, walked through campus in field dress—scars, missing teeth, gloves with fishhooks on the knuckles, I.Q.s dragging low around their ankles, like skivvies at the dip. They announced that if any Commie pervert bothered *S.O.F.*, which was a righteous and patriotic magazine, the bikers would break his arm in 14 places before getting down to detailwork. One remark in particular—"Honey, you got pretty eyes. I'm gonna put 'em in my pocket"—is said to have directed revolutionary fervor into other channels.

One day I was sitting in the office with Harry, a hulking right-winger who worried a lot about the Trilateralists. Oddly enough, most of the staffers were liberals. Harry was a prop. (I divided the staff into workers and stage props, the latter being those who twitched, usually couldn't spell and arrived in the middle of the night. The workers, mostly women, put out the magazine.) A glass wall separated the secretary from Harry's office, where he spent the day roaring and fuming like a volcano. His office was stuffed with guns, one specifically for fending off the SDS.

"Look at the bullets," he said. I did: green plastic.

"Hollow. Filled with oil and tiny buckshot. They kill but don't penetrate glass. If a

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left-wing shithead comes in and I miss him, it won't kill the secretary."

Harry was ever a gentleman.

After much negotiating, we got a Russian-language expert through the university to come translate the writing in the red weapons-control computer. She was a tall, horsy lady, obviously unsettled by being in the lair of these horrible killers. We all sat around expectantly, awaiting an intelligence coup of a high order. It looked like a Big Deal: The MI-24 gunship was largely a mystery in the West. The translator picked up the red box and read, with solemn emphasis:

"In case of fire, break glass."

It was a fire-control device, sort of. Oh, well.

Harry, the savior of secretaries, was strange, but he wasn't alone. The staff was crawling with real lulus. There was Derek, a brilliant fellow who had been in a spook outfit in 'Nam, S.O.G. (Studies and Observation Group, death-in-the-weeds people. Those in it are called Soggies). Derek talked to Saint Michael, and Saint Mike answered. You'd drive with the guy and he would be saying, "Mumblemumble, Saint Michael, mumble mumble," with his eyes rolled skyward, and you'd say, "Ah, er, nice day, huh, Derek?" "Mumble... yes, quite fine, thank you, we are blessed, mumble, mumble, Saint Michael..." Vietnam is a hot, sunny place, and maybe there weren't enough hats to go around.

At nine P.M. at the Scottsdale Hilton Resort & Spa, under the puzzled skies of Arizona, the annual *Soldier of Fortune* convention flowed in full throbbing lunacy. The locals were upset: You could see it in their eyes. Across the city, police were alert, parents no doubt sitting up with a .22 rifle to guard their daughters and the family cocker spaniel. After all, *Soldier of Fortune* recked of mutilated bodies in Oriental hotel rooms. It was the trade journal of lurching men with knife scars across their faces and faint German accents. One expected terrible things from it.

And got them. Sort of.

On the parking lot, lit by strategically placed headlights, several hundred conventioners in jungle cammies gathered to watch Dave Miller, a tiny, fierce martial artist, pull a Blazer by a line tied to spikes through his triceps. The conventioners, by and large, were the biggest collection of hopeless dingdongs to trouble this weary earth—twerps, grocery clerks with weak egos, various human hamsters come to look dead in jump boots, remember wars they weren't in and, for a weekend, be of one blood with Sergeant Rock and his Merry Psychos.

On the tarmac was a cluster of shave-headed Huns, martial dwarfs and minor assassins—the staff. The hamsters watched, agog. The conductor of this mad symphony was John Donovan, a muscular 270-pound, skin-headed ex-Special

Forces major who, it was rumored, manually broke up motorcycle gangs for a hobby. Miller stood with his arms upraised for the spikes, which were actually sharpened bicycle spokes. Nobody asked why he was going to do this. It would have been a hard question to answer. The crowd wanted deeds of desperation and sordid grit, not intelligence. An Oriental guy—of course—swabbed Miller's arms with alcohol.

That afternoon, I had gone with Dave to get the necessary paraphernalia. Dave was the kind who figured that if he couldn't be big, he could be bad and went at it systematically—the Army, Ranger School, Pathfinder School, Vietnam, a dozen martial arts with names like Korean breakfast cereals, knife fighting, all the usual trinkets. *S.O.F.* attracts large, tottery egos. Dave and I got along. He explained that you couldn't use rope to pull the truck, because it stretched and somehow tore the muscles. You needed fabric. So we went to a fabric boutique, where the nicest young man, appalled, asked, "What do you gentlemen need?"

Counseling, I thought.

There we were, in worn tiger stripes and jungle boots, bush-hatted, with vicious specialty knives hanging low on our hips, all sorts of commando badges and paramilitary nonsense stuck to us. We looked like stamp collections.

"We'd like to see some cloth."

He brought us a hank, or whatever you call it, of lavender-flowered stuff, whereupon Dave told me to hold one end and, unrolling 20 feet, began violently pulling on the other end like a frantic badger to see whether or not it would stretch. The nice young man nearly went crazy.

Back on the parking lot, the Oriental pushed two bicycle spokes through Dave's flesh ("Ooooh! Ooooh!") and connected the cloth to the bumper. Meanwhile, a twist had been added. The truck was on boards like rails so that it would roll across some guy's stomach to show how tough he was. Miller went "Unngh! Ughh!" and pulled like hell. The truck... yes... no... yes... rolled slowly onto the guy's stomach and stopped there. Miller had guts but no mass. The guy under the truck was real unhappy. Nobody had said anything about *parking* the goddamn thing on him. He hollered in a rising scream, "Oaghgetitoffgetitoffgetitoff!" and Miller ("Ungh! Ungh!") tried. Nothing. Donovan the Man Mountain walked over, gave the tail gate a little tap and it shot off the guy like a squeezed watermelon seed.

Not everyone takes this stuff seriously. At the first convention, in Columbia, Missouri, I and the usual bunch of camouflaged impostors had walked downtown one night in search of a bar. A college girl, not too impressed, asked, "Why are you wearing that silly stuff?"

"It's camouflage," I said, "so we'll be invisible."

"Oh," she said. "I thought you were a potted plant."

One day I went to work and saw someone looking at a peculiar piece of wreckage. More stuff from Uncle Daffy's Used Helicopter Lot? No. It was a Nikon, shattered in a way that didn't make obvious sense. A piece of leather had been driven into the lens barrel and stopped where the mirror usually is.

Brown had gone to Rhodesia and left his camera bag in a shop—which you don't do in times of terrorism. The shopgirl, reasonably enough, had called the bomb squad. Those gentlemen had tied a long piece of rope to the strap, pulled the bag carefully into the street, wrapped it in detonation cord—TNT rope, sort of—and blown hell out of Bob's camera. He now owned the only Nikon in the world with the case on the inside.

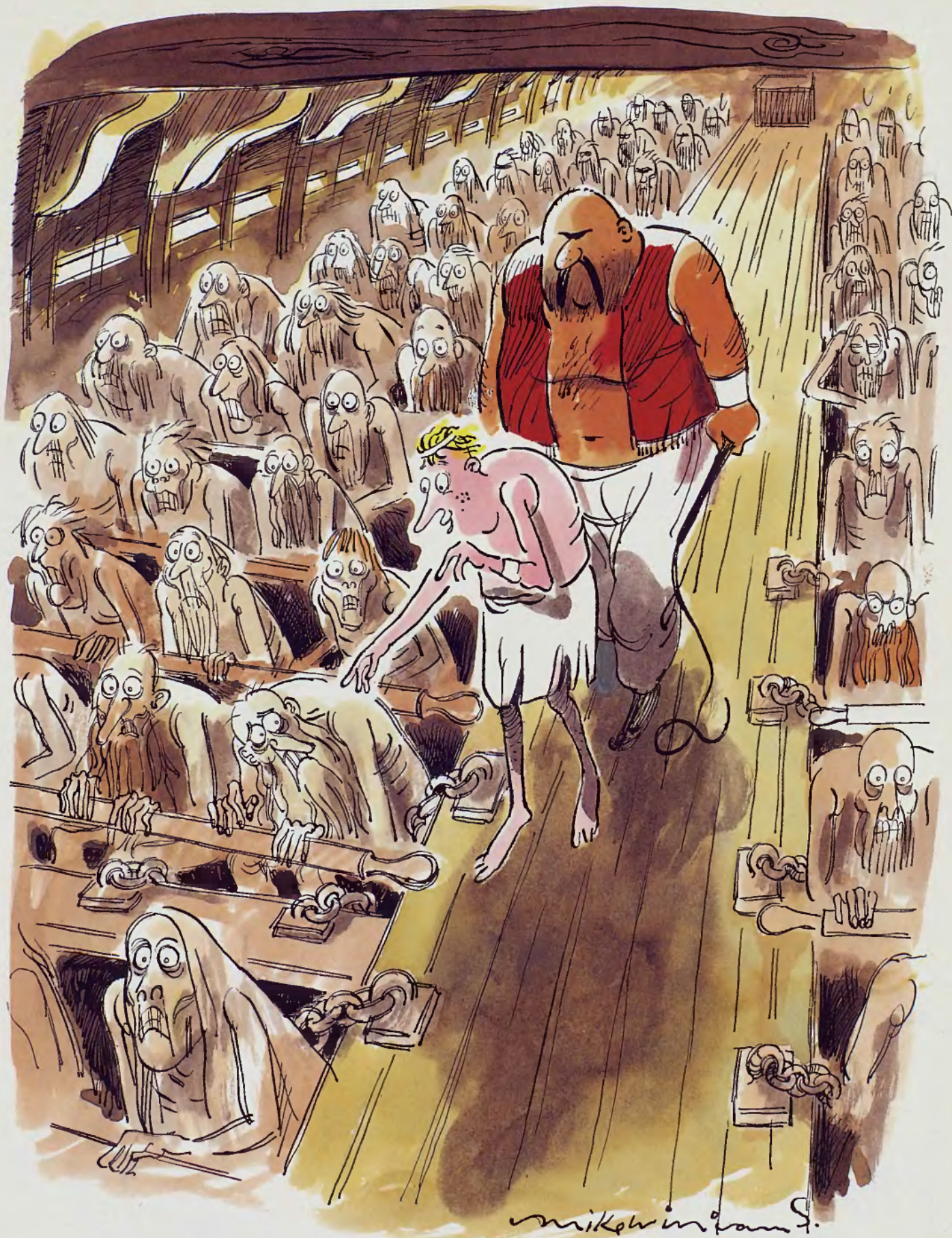
For a while, Brown espoused survivalism. Survivalists are the folk who dream of burrowing into Utah with radiation suits and submachine guns, awaiting nuclear holocaust. They do not so much fear an atomic war as hope for one, so that they can Survive It, making them the only people on earth with a vested interest in atomic war. There are entire colonies of these squirrels out West, filling their basements with beans packed in carbon dioxide and arming themselves.

Brown briefly put out a magazine called *Survive*, which didn't. It folded partly because of amateurish management and partly because survivalists are too paranoid to let their addresses go on a mailing list. *Survive* magazine croaked early, remembered chiefly for its cover photo of a cow in a gas mask.

Anyway, Bob decided to build a survival shelter. He duly found some land and had a phenomenally expensive bunker started. He did this with his patented tight secrecy, which meant that everybody in Boulder was talking about it, except to Bob, because people knew he wanted it to be secret. He began choosing people who would go into it and survive while everybody else bubbled into grease and flowed away in the gutters. He approached those elect—I wasn't one—and said approximately, "Are you saved?" Then he told them about Bob's Box. Someone calculated that six times as many were saved as would fit in the shelter.

Unfortunately, it seems that the floor had been badly poured: Water leaked in. And it turned out that the water was alkaline. Bob was the only survivalist in America whose survival shelter contained six inches of poisoned water.

One time, Colonel Kangaroo and his madmen were playing war in El Salvador. (War in Central America is great for *S.O.F.*, because there isn't any jet lag.) They were out drinking one night with one



"Excuse me; is this smoking or nonsmoking?"

of the Salvadoran battalions, and things were getting woozy and intimate. *S.O.F.* isn't viewed as foreign press; it is part of the war effort, so its reporters get to go places other reporters will never see. So pretty soon it was *amigo* this and *amigo* that, with all the intense comradeship of a war zone, and the wiry brown captain said to someone whom I will call Bosworth, "Come, *amigo*, I show you something very dear."

The captain proudly flung open a long blue cabinet, revealing row after row of preserved skulls. It seemed that the battalion contained a lot of Indians who hadn't lost their folkways—taking heads, for example. The captain grinned like a child showing his rock collection. Bosworth was charmed: This was the kind of thing he could appreciate. Why, the skulls even had painted on them the names of their former owners. "Wonderful!" he said, warmth overwhelming him.

"You like?" said the captain. "I give you!" Whereupon he handed Bosworth a pair of gaping beauties.

So Bosworth went back to the party holding Pancho and José in his hands and

announced that he was not to be parted from his skulls. He meant to go through life with them. Brown, no fool, stared with an "Oh, shit" expression, foreseeing problems in the afterworld. Customs, for example. ("These? Oh, I found them. No, nothing was in them.") How do you get human skulls into the U.S.?

Finally, they came up with an idea. They mailed them to Bosworth with a note, "This is what happens to you if you come back to our country. ¡Viva la revolución! Partido Comunista."

I once went to Powder Springs, Georgia, to cover Mitchell WerBell's Cobray counterterrorism-training school for the magazine. WerBell, who died in 1983, was a legend in the mercenary racket, veteran of obscure wars back when there really were mercenaries, and he had retired to a small palatial mansion.

Cobray purported to teach the death-dealing arts to professionals—who, in fact, would already know them. For several thousand dollars, the student got a week or so of training in the arcana of the new antichivalry. The instructors—I got

to know them—were real, but the courses weren't quite, which didn't matter at all to the students. In the morning, they got Introduction to Small Arms ("The bullet comes out of this little hole here. Point it somewhere else"), and in the afternoon, they got Advanced Small Arms and Sniping. Subjects like those take months of study.

So I landed, was met by a former S.F. colonel and went to watch the classes. Among the students were a podiatrist from Miami, God help us, and his wife and two bratty teenagers.

I saw what had happened. Too many years of serenity and other people's feet had gotten to him. He, like the *S.O.F.* readers, wanted a taste of dark, adrenal-soaked desperation before arthritis set in—his quarter hour with mortar flares flickering in low-lying clouds like the face of God and the nervous click of safeties coming off along the wire, *pokketa, pokketa*. So here he was, \$12,000 poorer, with a tolerant wife and bored kids in Calvin Klein jeans, learning Night Patrolling. Women put up with a lot.

When I got there, Footman and the Powder Puffs had already studied Hand-to-Hand Death Dealing. The instructor, Marvin Tao, had told Footman that he had an unusually good radish position, or some such Oriental-sounding thing. This consisted of standing sort of knock-kneed and pigeon-toed, while turning the palms out and bending forward. Marvin couldn't have been serious. Anyway, Footman was charmed, because here was something he could do. A genuine Martial Artist from Hong Kong said so. So every time I turned around, there he was—bent over, pigeon-toed and grunting dangerously.

All this yo-yo needs, I thought, is a string.

Three A.M. at Scottsdale. Most of the conventioners had turned in. Brown and a few cronies sat by the blue glow of the pool, drinking and telling war stories. "Remember that hooker with three thumbs in Siem Reap? . . ." "So Barstow stood on a moving tank at Pleiku and shot at a dog with an A.R. Fell on his head, tried to get disability. . . ." "Whatever happened to Jag Morris? I heard he got it in the head north of Au Phuoc Dup. . . ." Adventurers at least have stories to tell.

Green smoke was pouring out of one window and somebody was getting ready to rappel from another. I said "To hell with it" and turned in. A muffled thump-thump meant that Brown was firing his .45 underwater.

A bit later, I woke up: Derek was handing me an FN rifle. "Found it," he said and walked off, talking to Saint Michael. I curled around it and went to sleep. It made as much sense as anything else.



"Ahh, the sun is shining, the birds are singing, the flowers are blooming. . . . I feel so good, I could nuke Nicaragua."

"You were very nice to me, and so was everybody else. Except that bitch you married."

I spend my days. And how lucky I have been. I've got almost everything I wanted, being in the right place at the right time.

"I didn't even think that things would turn out so well," she said. "I hoped they would, but I never dared to believe it. The first time I saw the Atlantic Ocean was when I came east to go to Georgetown. And I will tell you, Paul: I was scared. I may've acted like I thought I'd been everywhere and knew everything, but inside I was a California girl estranged from her friendly surroundings, in the wicked East, where everyone was mean."

"I wasn't mean to you," he said.

She reached across the tablecloth and patted his left hand. "No," she said, "you weren't. You were very nice to me, and so was everybody else. Except that bitch you married."

"Well," he said, smiling, "she was jealous of you."

"I know that," she said. "That was obvious. But why should she've been jealous of me? Should've been the other way around. She took you away from me."

"Not fair," he said. "You and I'd come to the fork in our road the previous spring. I was a free agent the summer I met Denise."

"I know it," she said. "Why'd we do that, anyway?"

"You mean, 'Why did I do that?'" he said, smiling.

She shrugged. "Whatever," she said.

"Reason escapes me now," he said. "It escaped me when it happened, far as that goes. I looked up and you were gone. Probably second-year tension. 'Now they know torts—let's see how they handle rank anxiety.'"

"Uh-uh," she said. "It was something more than that. When I came back that fall, after a perfectly rotten summer, I knew I'd made a mistake. But then I saw you with that stupid look on your face. I got rattled. Did not know what to do. So I didn't do anything. I knew it was really over then."

"Well," he said, "something else'd started, but it wasn't permanent then. That didn't happen till the following spring. Nothing else'd intervened, so I decided that was it. Denise was the real thing. And for the next fourteen years, she was."

"So what the hell happened? Between the two of you, I mean."

"Oh," he said, "I don't know. It's either a very long story or a very short one. Usual thing, I suppose. People not paying attention."

"You don't want to tell me," she said.

He gazed at her. "No, I don't," he said.

"But it's not personal. It's just very complicated and I don't want to tell anybody. It was bad at the end. The end was a long time coming. I like it better over. Talking about it revives it. So, can I be excused?"

She nodded. The sommelier appeared, silently poured the rest of the chardonnay into their glasses and silently went away. "I guess you'll have to be," she said. "It's just that it came as such a shock to me when I called you in Concord, thinking the best I could hope for'd be a couple of quick drinks and a kiss on the cheek, and I got her on the phone and she told me. I even said it to her, how surprised I was."

"And how did she take that?" he said.

"Oh," she said, "very well, actually. Entirely cool about it. 'No,' she said, 'he isn't here. The master's in his own apartment. You can reach him there.' And then gave me your number and graciously hung up. I don't think I would've been quite so pleasant if our positions were reversed."

"No," he said. "Well, you always were the more aggressive type."

She chuckled. "I think I'll let that one pass," she said. "You're enjoying your work, and your life?"

"To a degree," he said. "The work more than the life—it's much better organized these days." He frowned. He looked down into his lap and picked up the pink linen napkin. He crumpled it and

put it on the table. He smiled. "I'd rather hear about your life than talk about mine. You're circumnavigating the globe, hobnobbing with prime ministers, making buckets of money and having lots of fun?"

She sat back in the banquette and smiled and nodded at him. "That's a good capsule description," she said. She drew a deep breath. "Two years after we graduated, I was living in Paris. At the Crillon. At the expense of Damon Steel. A year later, Baltimore Offshore was picking up my tabs at the London Savoy and then at the Excelsior in Rome. I spent most of my partnership year working out of my suite at the Plaza, overlooking Central Park while I worked on the NDT take-over. And the next two years, when I wanted a vacation from the work I was doing for NDT in the Far East, I took the planes from Hong Kong to New Zealand or Hawaii on their credit cards."

"I can tell you," she said, "anything you want to know about hotels in Zurich, restaurants in Florence, how to survive in Brussels when your luggage's been stolen and where to get a cold beer in Edinburgh. I know all about rental cars in Austria and layovers in Karachi, and there are a couple or three things you shouldn't do if you don't want to be delayed changing planes in Athens."

"Now I'm here in Boston," she said. "Back on Offshore's budget for the next six months or so. I wear out luggage left and right, but my life has not been dull."

"You've been around," he said.

"Is that a crack?" she said.

"No," he said, "I envy you. You've made a lot of money, and you've had a good time."

"Well," she said, "but haven't you? I



mean, aside from the divorce and that unpleasantness? You're a Federal judge. Lots of people think that's close to the top of the profession. What the brightest lawyers want and the best lawyers get. You can still enjoy your kids, even if you don't live with them. And because you don't, you've got your privacy. Why not make the most of it?"

He hesitated. "I'm pretty busy," he said. "I'm aware most of the lawyers're convinced that hearing cases from the bench is a lot easier than presenting them in the pit, but in most instances they're wrong. I work most evenings at the office, and then I take work home."

"Don't you ever hear appeals?" she said softly, lowering her head so that she looked at him through her lashes.

He grinned. "I'm a trial judge, Sally," he said. "Not an appellate judge."

"OK, then," she said, "motions for new trials. Petitions for rehearing of old matters improvidently handled, with new evidence discovered." She gazed steadily at him.

He broke eye contact. He cleared his throat and played with the heavy silverware. "Next Tuesday," he said, "I'm sentencing Johnny Hadley. Two uncut kilos of cocaine. He is going to do some time. Man is forty-eight years old. Has a second family, three kids under twelve and a very worried wife, but he is going to go away."

"Should I know this man?" she said. "Name is not familiar."

"No, you never did like baseball," he said. "Unless you followed baseball closely, you would not know him."

"He was a ballplayer?" she said.

"Used to be," he said. "I first saw him play in high school, three years ahead of me. It was an intimidating experience."

"My father, in addition to being a math teacher, was a baseball coach," he said. "He was when he got to Norwood, at least, when I was about to turn thirteen. The old coach'd retired, and when they

offered Dad the teaching position, at about fifty-two hundred a year, they also told him there was another six hundred bucks in the hamper for him if he coached the baseball team. That was serious money back then, in the early Fifties, and my father loved baseball. Shortstop. Lettered all four years at Holy Cross. Probably could've made it to the high minors if Hirohito hadn't taken it into his head to listen to his chiefs of staff and bomb Pearl Harbor the December before Dad graduated. Time the war was over, Dad was twenty-six, which is a little late to start a baseball career; and when you've been a combat infantryman and you've come home mostly whole, baseball probably isn't tops on your list of priorities. He got married instead.

"So far as I know," Mariani said, "the only time I ever disappointed my father—until I got divorced, of course—was when what he saw me doing in the infield when I was about fourteen made it impossible for him to pretend any longer that I could play ball."

"He was upset when your marriage broke up?" she said.

"Oh, he was devastated," Mariani said. "Absolutely destroyed. He still is. He's forgiven me now, I think, but he still can't quite get it out of his mind that I did something the Church forbids. Which is important to him, what the Church forbids. I take the boys down for dinner every so often, family gatherings and that sort of thing, and my sisters're there with their husbands and kids, and my father has to work very hard to pretend the group's complete. But he does it. He manages it better than he did concealing his feelings about my fielding when I tried out for his varsity team."

"We can joke about it now," he said. "When Tom Flanders had his stroke and the Senator put my name in for the court and the whole thing finally went through, I called up Dad and said, 'See? Just like

you did, when I was a kid. They've got me on the bench.' And he said, 'You know something? I used to think God got it backward when He gave you your mother's athletic ability and my brains, but now I can see He was right.'"

"When the Hadley case hit my desk," he said, "the first thing I thought of was that it couldn't be the same guy. Must be a coincidence. But it wasn't. He'd been arraigned before the magistrate, and the first time I saw him was when his lawyer, who's a boob, moved to reduce bail. Now, bail was set at fifty K. This guy lives in Florida, hop, skip and a jump from some Central American banana republic that doesn't extradite. The nose candy he sold to the agents was worth maybe a mill on the street. And he's griping about fifty K bail? The nerve of this cuckoo. So we disposed of that matter in short order, and I said, 'Off the record. Mr. Hadley, are you the same Johnny Hadley who pitched for Natick back in the early Fifties?' And he looked sort of sheepish and said, 'Yeah.'"

"There are levels in every game," Mariani said. "There are levels in the game we play, and levels in every other game. When I was working for the Senator, doing what I did, I knew I was very good. I was good at that. But I also knew that there were four or five other guys who worked for different Senators who were better than I was. I could beat them, now and then, but I had to stay up lots later and work a lot harder and then catch them by surprise. It was very hard to do that, and I didn't succeed very often."

"It's the same thing in baseball," he said. "Johnny Hadley simply played baseball on a higher level than I did. Six or seven levels higher. But we both had to play on the same fields, under the same rules. So he would always win. And then, when he got into the seventh level, the majors, he was just barely good enough."

"Johnny Hadley," Mariani said, "almost singlehandedly beat my father's first two teams out of league championships. Norwood played home-and-home with Natick in those years at the end of the season, and Dad's first year they were going pretty well. Came into the last two weeks the first season needing only a split to tie for first. Two wins gave them the trophy. When my dad's team got off the bus for the first game, there was the Natick coach throwing batting practice to his team. He was a former high-minors player. He could throw very hard. My father expected to see him grooving the pitches for his kids. And that was what he did, until this rangy, six-two, fifteen-year-old junior stepped in. 'Guy cut loose,' Dad said. 'I stood there and I could not believe it. Was he trying to ruin the kid's confidence, and just before the game? And then I saw the kid's swing. Level as a table and the bat speed was terrific. And I said to myself, 'Oh-oh, we are in for it, I think.' And we were."



"Hadley pitched the first game that year," Mariani said. "He walked nine, but he struck out sixteen—they played seven-inning games—and he drove in six runs. Natick won, seven–zip. The next week, Hadley played outfield at Norwood; drove in three with two home runs and beat Dad three to two.

"Next year, same thing," Mariani said. "End of the season rolls around, the two teams are tied for first. Hadley threw a two-hitter at Dad's team in the first game at Natick, hit two homers to win four–one. Second game, at Norwood, Hadley played outfield, drove in six runs, Natick eight to four. Dad came home that night and said, 'You know what I am going to do? I am going to send that kid a savings bond when he graduates. With it I enclose a card: "Glad to see the last of you. Please do not come back."'"

"The Cubs signed Hadley out of high school," Mariani said. "There was a story in the paper about how he got the bonus, which today would be pocket change, and a lot of optimistic stuff about how he'd be out of double A and into the majors in a couple years. I envied that kid so much. I would've given my left ball to be in Johnny Hadley's shoes."

"Careful," she said. "Let's not be reckless here."

"Then, I would've," Mariani said. "Now I certainly would not. Just let me finish here."

"After Hadley's lawyer gave his spiel to cut the bail and I denied his motion, I called a short recess and had counsel in the lobby. Because I've learned from the other judges that the first thing you do, if you want to keep your calendar moderately up to date, is hammer the opposing parties every chance you get, maybe induce a plea. The woman from the U.S. Attorney's office has a well-deserved reputation for being a hardass. Hadley's lawyer is a guy named Holgate who I didn't know before and don't wish to know better. She said she'd be looking for fifteen on a plea. He looked at her like he smelled something that he didn't like. Then he looked at me.

"Your Honor," he said, "did you ever

play baseball?" I admitted I had tried. "Well," he said, "as your Honor is aware, my client was a very good ballplayer. For several major-league teams."

"I told him I knew that," Mariani said. "I knew it because I had mentioned the case to my father, who'd followed his career and had the books at hand. 'Fourteen years in the bigs,' he said. 'Cubs traded him to the Dodgers in Nineteen fifty-three. Dodgers brought him up, middle Nineteen fifty-four. Two-ninety-two, eleven homers, forty-nine R.B.I.s. Next season: three-oh-four, twenty-one homers, seventy-eight R.B.I.s.' And so on with the stats. Traded to the Phillies, winter 'Fifty-seven. Two-ninety-eight. Twenty-one, sixty-eight R.B.I.s. 'Fifty-nine, Phillies—

tried the case, and the Government had him cold. Hand to hand with the junk. He had some cockamamie story that he took the stand to tell, and the jury had all it could do to keep from snickering."

"What happened to him?" Deegan said. "Why did he do that?"

"Oh," Mariani said, "money. Greed. After he left baseball, he started managing a country club outside Orlando. And he's got two kids from his first marriage in college and three more coming along. He doesn't make that much now and he didn't make much then. He played before the players on his level made five hundred thousand bucks a year, and now that they are making it, he's become too old. It was his misfortune to have the ability I never

had to play baseball but to have it too soon. It's my misfortune to have to sentence him."

"What are you going to do?" she said.

"Wallop him," he said. "I don't have any choice. We can't have people doing what he did, no matter what they've done before."

"But that's not my point," he said. "There isn't a scintilla of doubt in my mind that if he had that drug transaction to take back and never do it, that's what he would do. There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that if he could choose not to go skiing or choose to be born twenty years later, that's what he would do. Timing is everything. Mistakes count. You have to learn both things."

"You're trying to tell me something."

"Same thing I told Mr. Holgate," he said. "Baseball and lives change. Neither always for the better. Told him to tell that to his client. 'Life and baseball are alike. They are the cruelest sports. What you did before you made the mistake, no matter how good it was, doesn't matter now. Time, hope, regret—they don't change what's gone before. Don't count in either game. And no one can go back.'

"You follow me?" he said.

She plucked the napkin out of her lap and dropped it onto the table. "Well," she said, "I did this time. I won't do it again."



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Cards. Threc-oh-five, nineteen, seventy-eight. Stays there five years, two-ninety—three-ten, around two dozen homers, seventy, eighty ribbies.

"Cincinnati, 'Sixty-five. Same kind of production. Better 'n most, not as good as the best. Stays there another year. Winter, 'Sixty-seven: He goes skiing in Vermont and tears his knee to shreds. 'Sixty-eight, he misses spring training. Late start. Traded midseason, back to the Cubs, out-right release. Retired, Nineteen sixty-eight."

"Well," says brother Holgate, "I don't think a jury will convict a guy like that. No deal."

"So," Mariani said, "two weeks ago we

FIGHT BY NIGHT

(continued from page 79)

"One of our drivers got caught in a shoot-out. The dispatcher told him to duck and just keep driving."

"Speak of the Devil," says Robinson at an industrial park as a Federal truck pulls out as he shoots in. Then he takes careful aim with an imaginary rifle.

It's 4:50 when Robinson finally tears into the garage at Airborne's Tucson International Airport headquarters, beating his five-P.M. deadline by a handy ten minutes. Here, his pickups will join more than 200 parcels brought in by the 11 other Tucson-based drivers. Tucson, like Las Vegas, is an Airborne satellite outpost for the region's main station in Phoenix, connected to it by the dual-engine Cessna idling on the runway.

Precisely at 5:40, this feeder plane lands in Phoenix, where its pay load is quickly unloaded, then, along with the Las Vegas and Phoenix cargo, repacked into a silver Airborne DC-9 sky freighter. In the gleaming twilight waits the competition: United Parcel Service's brown-white-and-gold Boeing 747, Emery's red-and-white Boeing 727, Federal Express' purple-orange-and-white DC-10—all poised on the tarmac, about to engage in the final leg of the nightly battle for overnight-delivery supremacy.

"It's a war. It's a dogfight—a shoot-out in the sky," says an Airborne executive. "We've got to get better, more efficient, faster all the time. Although we've never had a losing quarter, the competition is always closing in for the kill."

The murderous metaphor is no exaggeration. This, after all, is shakeout time in the overnight-express business, complete with a slowdown in growth, price wars and severe austerity programs. Ten years ago, this six-billion-dollar industry did not exist. Its rocket growth has been predicated on entrepreneurial daring and marketing strategies that have made advertising history and technological breakthroughs. It has also profoundly reoriented the way people do business. But little of it comes easily.

"If you don't provide the service, *adios*," says Robert Brazier, president of Airborne. "This has become a commodity business where you're only as good as your last delivery." Brazier sits in his office at Airborne's Seattle corporate headquarters, fully aware that a lot of people think his company is on the ropes. He's read the articles with headlines such as "OVERNIGHT-MAIL FIRMS FACE SUNSET." He knows what he's up against.

"We've got U.P.S. on one hand offering everybody a low price," Brazier says, "and on the other end, Federal Express saying they offer the best service. We're in the middle. We price close to U.P.S. and

about match Federal's service. Now, if Federal and U.P.S. go after each other," admits Brazier, "we could get hurt pretty bad if we're not quick on our feet."

Some Wall Street savants believe that companies such as Airborne, no matter how fast they run, risk the fatal crunch of a squeeze play. "This could easily become a two-company business," predicts John V. Pincavage of PaineWebber. "Nobody else has the combination of efficiency and mass of Federal Express. And U.P.S. is like an M-60 tank coming over the hill. It's a five-billion-dollar company—it has the resources for the long haul."

Federal Express' competitors have more than it and U.P.S. to blame for the stormy skies. The cloudy forecast is partly due to market maturation. A few years ago, deliveries could be counted on to increase by 35 percent or more. Now predictions for growth in the next five years hover closer to 15 percent. In most industries, that's a healthy rate; not in these air wars, where the increased number of competitors means a smaller slice of the pie for everyone. Adding to the slowdown are businesses that, after tallying up the bills, have become somewhat circumspect about what truly has to be there absolutely positively overnight.

Even Federal Express has had its wings trimmed just a little; it took a bath recently on its electronic-mail service, ZapMail. Yet with more than 37 percent of the express-mail market, it is the sole player relatively assured of a profitable future, though it, too, must play lean and mean to stay sky bound. And that requires speed afoot—on the ground.

There are an estimated 500 drivers—U.P.S.'s, Purolator's, Federal's, Emery's, Airborne's—among them—dueling for Manhattan every working day.

"The day's just starting," says Richie Diana, "and already I'm sweating bullets." Armed with several packs of Kent III's and a bottle of Excedrin, Airborne driver Diana races through the maze of Midtown Manhattan, the bane of traffic cops and the target of violation-mad meter maids. He'll make roughly the same number of stops as his Arizona counterparts but will cover a fraction of the distance.

It helps that the liveried doormen at the city's most fashionable addresses all seem to know Diana, letting him in quickly to save precious time. For his part, Diana revels in these upscale environs. "Frank Gifford was here yesterday," he confides, taking the escalator two steps at a time up to Lina Lee, a plush boutique in Trump

Tower. "Wait until you see the guy at the desk in this place," he says, entering the casting agency for *Miami Vice* after a regular stop at IDANT, a sperm bank.

Back on the street, Diana hooks up with another Airborne truck driver, Richie Tynan, who works the morning deliveries. They break for coffee at Burger Heaven. Tynan used to be an Airborne bike boy, tooling on a bicycle equipped with an oversized silver box, hazardous work but duly rewarded. In New York, Airborne is a Teamster shop, and even bike boys make upwards of \$30,000.

"Catch that traffic," says Diana, pointing toward a full-tilt, horn-blaring gridlock mess. "In winter, forget about it—you take your life in your hands. And out of the truck, some places are a real hassle. Try figuring out Sloan-Kettering Hospital. One pickup at Bloomingdale's on the seventh floor through that mob can take half an hour."

Diana and Tynan part company at the loading zone, in the shadow of AT&T's massive neoclassic headquarters, then Diana heads off for an afternoon of pickups. "Down on Canal Street yesterday, one of our drivers got caught in a shoot-out," says Diana, crossing the 59th Street Bridge on his way to Kennedy Airport later. "The dispatcher told him to duck and just keep driving."

At Airborne's Kennedy Airport warehouse, 7500 parcels—Diana's pickups, along with those of 115 drivers and 39 bike messengers—will be hurriedly loaded onto the waiting DC-9. There's not much chatter—this is deadline business. "We don't have much leeway," says the district-operations manager, Bill Blackford. "If we're late with deliveries, our customers are all over us like a cheap suit."

Three thousand miles away, on the other coast, an Airborne sky freighter laden with 15 tons of cargo lifts off the runway at Los Angeles International Airport and heads toward cruising altitude. "You have to approach each flight as a mission," says Captain Carl Cross, setting the automatic pilot. "Six years ago, with another air-freight company, I'd go to Little Rock, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago and then reverse it every night—eight to ten hours a night in a small twin-engine airplane. I'd go from icing conditions at night to thunderstorms in the early morning. One time I asked this old guy sweeping the hangar if I could borrow his broom. I took the handle and beat the ice off the wings. He said, 'You going back up?' I said, 'Yeah.' He just took his broom and walked off, shaking his head."

Cross doesn't make ten stops a night anymore—maybe only four or six—but he's still racing the clock on a schedule that begins early in the evening and doesn't end until way past daybreak. "There's a lot of things you can get away with flying at night that you can't during

the day," says Cross, smiling. "The absence of passengers makes flying a lot more fun. Freight doesn't talk back. A Republic Airlines captain once hitched a ride with us and his eyes got big as plates. He couldn't believe we flew the plane the way it's designed to be flown."

The first destination of Cross and the rest of the Airborne fleet roaring through the darkness tonight is the company's airport hub in Wilmington, Ohio, a former Strategic Air Command base and a cow town the freight dogs call Hooterville. Airborne is the only air courier that owns an airport—a crucial timesaver. No stack-ups at Hooterville during the post-midnight hours of frenzy—this is a facility designed expressly for express.

Usually it's no problem hauling 15 tons of express mail, executing the perfect slam-dunk landing on the giant cross of runway lights. But once in a while it gets hairy. That's when express-mail pilots earn their pay. The technical term for it is Category II, which means vicious weather and ground visibility down to 1200 feet.

While the pilots chill out at Marvin's, the on-base greasy spoon, with its crummy rec-room paneling, fluorescence and Formica, a small assault army attacks their sky freighters. In the glare of white light and equipped with giant forklifts and conveyors, Airborne's troops rush to unload the cargo and route it to the giant sort center. One section of this vast warehouse is dedicated to hazardous materials—everything from the combustible to the radioactive. Specially trained personnel ensure that restricted goods are packaged according to the Federal aviation code. On occasion, the hazardous-material area includes a live guest, such as the gorillas on their way to a reunion with their mother at the Omaha Zoo.

Like Federal Express' hub in Memphis, U.P.S.' in Louisville and Emery's in Dayton, Airborne's hub is within 600 miles of more than two thirds of the nation's population. Virtually all Airborne packages, regardless of origin or destination, pass through here. Even an overnight letter sent from Boston to New York goes through the Wilmington hub. That creates volume and pressure.

"We had a plane crap out in Greensboro," says Tom Poynter, hooking a walkie-talkie onto his belt. "We had to send a backup out of here, and that's going to make the whole system late." Poynter, a former trouble shooter for U.P.S. who runs the sort center, is constantly racing the catwalks of this giant maze, overseeing the movement of tens of thousands of parcels. Right now, he's just out of his nightly logistics meeting, and there's a problem. Poynter knows he can handle tonight's crisis—there is some leeway in the system that allows for the inevitable mechanical or weather problem in the network. But it does mean that the



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bike boy on Wall Street and the driver out in the desert may have to pump extra hard to make delivery deadlines. Of tomorrow's deliveries, 96 percent will be made before noon, which is no small feat considering the variables involved in keeping the system goosed and greased.

Operating an airline such as Airborne or Federal Express is an expensive proposition. Prior to the landmark airline deregulation of 1978, freight forwarders—middlemen shipping freight on commercial planes—were not allowed to own more than ten percent of an airline; after, they could purchase their own aircraft. New planes, however, don't come cheap. The Airborne fleet—20 DC-9s, four DC-8s and 11 Nihon YS 11 turboprops—is ancient in aviation terms. The DC-8 was introduced more than a quarter of a century ago, the DC-9 a few years later, and flying in a noisy YS 11 is something out of *Terry & the Pirates*. These planes may be gas guzzlers, but they are also reliable and can be bought cheap on the open market. A new cargo plane, such as a Boeing 757PF, can cost \$40,000,000; a used DC-9 can be bought and refurbished for less than \$10,000,000. Hence, Airborne's estimated start-up costs were at least \$100,000,000—a sizable gamble to catch up with Federal, which already had a five-year head start. "I was dead set against it," remembers Robert Cline, then Airborne's chief financial officer and currently its chairman and C.E.O. "This was dumb. We had a capital base of \$30,000,000 and we were talking about spending \$85,000,000 just to buy aircraft."

"It was hard for us to believe initially there were so many people willing to pay so much more to move a document overnight," adds Brazier. But his perception of the market soon changed. It was time to do battle, he argued. Quickly.

In 1980, when Airborne decided to take the plunge and go after Federal—far and away the industry leader, thanks to Federal's founder and guru, Fred Smith—it was faced with not only an enormous capital investment but added competition. Fellow freight forwarder Emery, also worried about being left behind, had entered the business.

Initially, the new competitors took their blows. Emery's long-term debt as it entered the express business went from zero in 1980 to \$70,000,000 in 1981. Airborne's earnings plummeted from \$9,500,000 in 1979 to \$3,100,000 in 1981—a capital investment to transform the former SAC base in Wilmington into a hub, coupled with the purchase of a fleet of airplanes, almost put the company out of business. Little wonder that to this day, Brazier says, "I hate airplanes. I hate to fly in 'em and I hate to own 'em, because they're so goddamned expensive."

By 1983, Airborne had righted itself.

Most of the kinks were out of its system and it, along with everyone else, enjoyed a growing share of an industry fueled by an upswing in the economy. And it didn't hurt that some shrewd minds were working overtime on Madison Avenue.

Airborne and the others that entered the air-courier field were benefiting from a market that Federal Express had in large part created by launching and sustaining one of the savviest ad campaigns in the history of advertising. Federal had not only created a new market but had made its name synonymous with it. By the time the competition geared up, the "absolutely positively overnight" campaigns had made "Federal Express it to me" part of business vernacular. Ally & Gargano, one of Madison Avenue's most innovative agencies, orchestrated Federal's pitch to perfection, preying on people's anxiety in waiting for crucial deliveries and on the rampant mistrust of the U.S. mail. One print campaign promised delivery "absolutely positively untouched by civil servants." Whacked-out commercials, such as the one featuring Methedrine-mouth John Moschitta (whom someone at the agency had first spotted on *That's Incredible!*), won awards and customers.

When Airborne decided to go after Federal, it was contacted by Jerry Della Femina, whose firm, Della Femina Travisano and Partners, had worked on the Emery campaign. Della Femina relished the challenge of topping the work he had done for his former client. The firm created an Avis-Hertz scenario—Airborne/Avis was working harder to catch Federal/Hertz (Emery was left in the dust). A controversial spot declared, "Federal is good; that's why Airborne has to be better." Another said, "We don't talk fast, we move fast."

On TV alone this year, express couriers will shell out more than \$100,000,000 to pitch fast talk and service. But the spending spree may be over. With few exceptions, express companies are now rerouting funds to direct sales and improved service. "Percolator, Potatolator," Brazier is fond of saying, evoking a recent Purolator spot that made fun of the company's name. "There are so many ads out there, I don't think anybody can tell the difference. What makes you stand out is price and the service you provide."

The same turbulence of buys, sells and mergers that has recently affected the commercial-airline industry will no doubt leave its mark on the sky-bound pony express. To survive, Federal's competitors must race to build their package volume in order to bring down costs per delivery. But as volume grows, they must sink more money into capital expenses for equipment and personnel.

These days, the smart money is on consolidation of two or more of the air couriers. There's a consensus that international markets are key to growth, and most of the domestic couriers have already made moves in that direction. The possibility that a foreign courier such as DHL Worldwide, looking for a strong domestic network, will acquire Airborne, Emery or Purolator is often discussed. In January, Australia's TNT Limited—a giant transportation conglomerate—acquired 17 percent of Airborne's stock, for example.

"I don't think there's one person in this industry who at one time or another hasn't talked to the competition," admits Brazier. "A lot of people on the outside look at the industry and ask, 'When is [consolidation] going to happen?' But there's a lot of ego built into this business from the standpoint of saying, 'We have the capabilities of being a survivor on our own. If there's going to be some taking done, we'll do the taking.'"

It's 5:30 A.M. Marvin's is silent. The nightly poker game in the pilots' lounge has broken up. In just the past few hours, 100,000 parcels have rolled onto the sort center's Möbius strip of ramps and conveyor belts and have been rerouted to Airborne's fleet of planes.

The sky freighters are easing down the runway. Carl Cross and his copilot, Rick Spurlock, go through their pretake-off check lists, preparing to fly the last leg to New York. Once airborne, the aviators are eager to pick up extra minutes. George, as sky truckers call the automatic pilot, is doing the flying. Cross removes the silver-dollar-size cover on the trim knob at the back of the console to reveal a picture of a naked woman. "They like to put smile stickers on the back of fire levers, too," he says. "Just what you want to see when your plane catches fire."

Cross had to pull all those fire levers fast one icy February night. As he flew out of Philadelphia with 18,000 pounds of cargo, 100 feet after take-off, both of his engines flamed out. A freak occurrence. An instant-death scenario. In the six seconds he had, he made all the right moves and crash-landed the plane, smashing the landing gear and breaking a wing in two in the process.

"Something like that happens, you know God has already made up His mind," says Spurlock.

"When I saw those emergency fire guys in silver suits, I thought, Oh, this is what angels look like," remembers Cross.

Cross and his copilot sustained some injuries but managed to walk away from the wreckage. "It could have been a lot worse," an air-traffic controller told *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, praising Cross's actions. Yes, agrees Cross, it could have been a lot worse. They could have lost the cargo.



CBS News

(continued from page 76)

voice was Janice Platt's. She was one of the bookers.

"Shit," I said. "What now?"

"They're on G.M.A. second. They don't want to do us at all."

I was silent.

"You know what I think?" Janice said. "I think we'd never have had this problem if they'd let us do what *Today* did—charter a plane."

I went back to the fish bowl to await the next bulletin. A few minutes later, Janice called again.

"You want me to still try to book them?"

"Yes," I said.

It was the philosophy we all lived by. When in doubt, book 'em. In the final analysis, you could always cancel, and we did. Often.

By the time I left the newsroom that evening at eight o'clock, Dotson and Webb had still not agreed to appear on the show. It was decided that two bookers were to show up at the G.M.A. lobby at eight A.M. and try at the last minute to persuade Dotson and Webb to appear on CBS. We would be third, but we'd known losses of pride before on the *Morning News*.

My alarm went off at six the next morning. I got up and turned on the TV. I had logged seven hours of sleep, a blessing. All too often, the phone would ring at three A.M. Some problem had arisen or, worse, a celebrity had died—peacefully, presumably, in his or her bed—in which case the overnight staff would want me to think of someone who could say nice things about the dead person.

In the taxi, I glanced over the *Times* and the "Life" section of *USA Today*. When I got to the Broadcast Center, the usual line of limos was outside the entrance. Guests were emerging, people who didn't know me but for whose presence there I was partly responsible. An odd feeling. On the way, I passed the greenroom, where the guests who'd already arrived were being served coffee and orange juice. It was always a bizarre mix—Senators, actresses, children who owed their lives to a medical miracle, ordinary people caught up in some horrifying news event that they were about to share with 10,000,000 others. They waited their turn to be escorted to the studio, being entertained by one of the set decorators, Budd Gourmen, who took upon himself the role of jester, loosening up our guests so that our anchors could freeze them.

I helped myself to some coffee and went into the control room. The director and the technicians were in their final stages of preparation. Corvo was in his chair, surrounded by the usual chaos. I settled in next to him.

"Thirty seconds!" shouted the floor director.

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front of us, I watched Bill and Phyllis attach their mikes and adjust their smiles. Some tape was coming over the London feed. Charts of mortgage rates covered several screens.

"Fifteen seconds!"

"Quiet!"

Kurtis, sleek and smooth as usual, in pale-gray suit and snappy tie, told us what was in store, then tossed to Phyllis, radiant as always, in a pink dress. Her hair, which had been worked on for an hour, was perfect. So was her make-up. Her cheeks lit up the morning. She stumbled over one tease for an upcoming segment, and Kurtis smiled his on-camera forgiveness, then read the news block.

At 7:10, I strapped on a headset to hear what Dotson and Webb were saying on the *Today* show. Jane Pauley was doing the interview. The couple seemed nervous and reticent. Webb looked frumpy in a flower-patterned dress, and Dotson tugged at his tie. Their lawyers did most of the talking.

During the local cutaway (during which affiliates insert local headlines and weather), the noise in the control room rose again. Two techs were arguing about the audio levels. The associate director, Eric Siegel, wanted to know where in his contract it said that he had to sit next to someone who put mayonnaise on a salami sandwich.

"Call for you on 46!"

I picked up the phone. It was Shari Lampert, another booker, who in partnership with Janice was on the trail of Dotson-Webb. She was excited.

"They said they'll do it!"

"It'll be tight," I said, glancing at the clock, which showed 7:48. "They haven't been on *G.M.A.* yet."

"I know," Shari said breathlessly. "They're on at 8:10. Janice talked to them before they went in and they said they'll do it."

"Call for you on 82!"

"Hold on, Shari," I said.

I passed the word to Corvo and punched 82.

"They're going to do it!" Janice shrieked.

"I know," I said. "Shari's on the other line."

"Can you believe we're chasing these two all over town and this *schmegge* driver wants to stop for coffee?"

"Listen up," I said. "As soon as you get them in the car, one of you call and let us know they're coming. Then take a cab."

Joan Lunden did the *G.M.A.* interview. It wasn't any more lively than *Today*'s. During the interview, Corvo said, "By the way, does Phyllis know anything about this?"

Phyllis had received a background packet the night before, which gave her the history and outcome of the case, as well as a list of suggested questions.

"Has she read it?" Corvo asked.

"Shit, David, I guess," I said.

Corvo knew better than to take chances. At 8:15, between segments, he slid off his seat and went back to the studio to make sure she'd read it. She had.

I looked at the clock as the Lunden interview ended: 8:17. Our entertainment reviewer, Pat Collins, poked Corvo in the back.

"You're bumping me for this?"

She was only half joking.

"No, Pat," he said, "you're still on. We're blowing off something else."

Two minutes later, the phone rang.

"They're on their way!" Janice yelled. "Shari's with them!"

She hung up, and I let Corvo know, so he could change the line-up if necessary.

Ten minutes later, a page ran in from the greenroom. Shari, flushed and breathless, was two paces behind him. It was 8:33.

"Take 'em right in," Corvo said.

Shari darted out to the greenroom, then found out that the message had been relayed ahead of her. Dotson and Webb were already being seated in the studio. We could see them on the monitor. Catching her breath, Shari began filling me in on the details of the chase. Corvo stroked his beard and listened, mildly amused.

Janice arrived in the control room just as we were coming out of a commercial.

"Ready camera one!" the director shouted. "And roll!"

The cheerful intro music started up and the printed title *NEWSMAKER* appeared on the screen. When the music subsided, Phyllis read:

"For the past two months, we've been hearing about the strange case of convicted rapist Gary Dotson and of the woman who now says the rape never happened—Cathleen Webb. Today, three days after Dotson's sentence was commuted, he and Mrs. Webb are talking to each other in public for the first time, and they've joined us this morning with their lawyers."

The camera gave us a group shot as Phyllis, underscoring the fact that they'd been on other shows before the *Morning News*, said brightly, "Do you all feel like you've been at a track meet this morning?"

Corvo groaned.

Addressing them as if they were young lovers, Phyllis continued, "What were the first words you said to each other at your meeting last night?"

"I don't remember who spoke first," Webb said, "but I asked for Gary's forgiveness and it was given sincerely."

"I was nervous," Dotson said, "but I'm glad I met her."

"Did you have dinner together?" Phyllis asked, continuing the lover theme.

"No," they replied in unison.

"Didn't go that far, eh?" Phyllis remarked.

At that point, Dotson's lawyer, Warren Lupel, interrupted with some legal pabulum. Then Phyllis asked Webb if she could live with her burden. Webb said she no longer had a burden and thanked her husband and the Lord for their support.

I glanced at Corvo, but he was being summoned to the phone.

"Is this a new beginning for you?" Phyllis asked Dotson.

"Oh, definitely."

Lupel interrupted again to talk about the upcoming effort to reverse Dotson's previous conviction.

"Why did you go on the morning talk shows?" Phyllis asked.

"To show Gary's character," Webb said. "Gary doesn't have the character of a rapist."

Phyllis then asked Dotson about his movie offers. "I saw you signing autographs yesterday," she said, "and you were handling it like a real pro." This brought out a brief smile, so Phyllis tried an abrupt transition. "How is your mother?"

Dotson assured Phyllis that his mother was fine.

With Corvo on the phone, the director looked at me. There was no reason not to wrap it up.

"Thirty seconds!"

Then Phyllis said, "How about you two shaking hands at the end of a long day?"

They obliged.

Then, with a breezy laugh, Phyllis said, "How about a hug?"

Dotson and Webb smiled awkwardly, frozen.

"We'll be right back," Phyllis told the viewers, all the time smiling radiantly. Clearly, she thought nothing was wrong.

The director spun round. His look demanded confirmation that something was definitely wrong here. I faced the screen in stunned silence. Corvo hung up the phone.

"Were we still on the air when she said that?" he snapped.

"We sure were," I said.

The director nodded.

"Oh, shit," Corvo said through gritted teeth. "Shit, shit, shit."

The phone in front of me rang. It was Stringer.

"Yes," I said, "that *was* what she said. Yes, I found it hard to believe, too. No, nobody else here could believe it, either."

Over the next few weeks, The Hug was the subject of hundreds of columns by the critics and became a joke on *The Tonight Show* and even wound up as the subject of a *New Yorker* cartoon. If everyone who had heard about The Hug had actually seen it, our ratings would have topped *G.M.A.*'s and *Today*'s combined. We took stock of the full extent of the damage in the fish bowl. It always seemed to me that events on the screen took on an inordinate importance within the CBS News building; from that standpoint, the whole world was

watching all the time. But for once, I had to admit that CBS was not overreacting. We were taking broadsides, and every critic in the industry seemed to have a negative opinion.

Then, as I flipped through the *Daily News*, I came across an item in Liz Smith's column. It stated flatly that Bill Kurtis would soon be leaving the *Morning News*. I had to assume that, with all the flap over Phyllis, that fact had momentarily escaped notice.

Early in June 1985, Kurtis' future was finally settled. He was going back to WBBM, a CBS affiliate in Chicago. After the show on Friday, June 14, there were a lot of sad faces among the producers at his goodbye party in the studio. Stringer made a florid speech; all the CBS News executives had turned out. So had Rather. After all, since Kurtis was going to WBBM, he was still part of the CBS "family." A five-piece band played, and singer Sandra Reaves-Phillips sang a salute to Kurtis. There was a gag reel, too, featuring one female co-anchor after another—Meredith Vieira, Jane Wallace, Maria Shriver (all substitutes) and Phyllis—each saying her piece about Bill. It ended with Diane Sawyer, who declared, "I don't care what the other girls say, I did it with him first."

Then the people closest to Kurtis went down to his office and drank straight whiskey.

With Kurtis gone, we went to work to follow Joyce's mandate: to restructure the broadcast around Phyllis. It was only two months since the *Morning News* had received a complimentary notice in *The Wall Street Journal* for carrying the most news of the three morning programs. But, in fact, by midsummer, no longer was any thought being given to exercising what Salant had once called "professional news judgment."

"Where's the glitz?" Katz would say at our morning meetings. "We need some more glitz here."

Katz would look at his line-up each day and, except for a lead story or two, would exclude virtually everything that had the potential to be dull or merely informative. "We need more heat, less light," he would say, and the staff was ordered to raise the temperature. A debate between two qualified people on a matter that might be of some interest to a lot of Americans wasn't enough. The debate had to feature a star or stars, a celebrity of one sort or another or people who would add "heat."

I began to gripe at Katz.

"Jesus Christ, McCabe!" he shot back. "You're starting to sound like one of Murrow's ghosts. Don't you think there's enough of them around here?"

After Phyllis went on a long-planned vacation, I held my regular meeting with the entertainment bookers. They often had to invoke the names of the anchors to get guests. In this case, the name was

Maria Shriver's, since it was Maria who was going to be substituting for Phyllis. I warned them not to do it.

"The executive producer makes those decisions," I said. They greeted the reminder as I had expected they would, with silence.

Then Jane said, "You know, this really makes things very difficult. People are saying they don't want to be interviewed by Phyllis."

They had told me this before, and I had discounted it. It wasn't easy to get guests in August, and I had attributed their complaints to general exhaustion from working the phones all day. But now they were insistent. They claimed that if it weren't for Phyllis, a lot more celebrities would be willing to appear on the program.

"Like who?" I asked.

"Dustin Hoffman."

"That's because he's an old friend of Pat Collins'," I said.

Jane looked at her feet.

"No," she said, "that isn't the reason. He didn't want to be interviewed by Phyllis."

"OK," I said, "who else?"

"Tom Hanks."

Jane had a list of at least half a dozen major names. I was surprised. Dotson-Webb, after all, had been three months earlier; and although there had been gaffes and awkwardness since then, Phyllis did celebrity interviews better than she did anything else.

"Face it," one PR agent told me. "Your show has a major liability, and her name is Phyllis George."

I told Corvo what I'd been told and he said, "Let's meet with Katz." That afternoon, I laid out for Katz everything I had gone through with Corvo. Katz listened quietly. For once, there was no banter. He just sat there and listened, and when I was done, he said, "Thanks for telling me this."

The following morning, when I went in for the show, I was hailed by Corvo in the corridor.

"Peter! I need that list!"

"What list?" I said.

He lowered his voice and steered me toward his office. "The list of stars who won't do the show because of Phyllis."

"How come?" I said.

"Katz needs it for Joyce," he confided, "and don't mention this to anyone."

When Joyce eventually agreed that Phyllis had to go, it was a dramatic reversal of his position of only a few months earlier. In May, he had ordered that the show be restructured around her. But by August, he had changed his mind. "I felt it was important that we get back to being a respectable broadcast," he now says, "and the only way to do this was to fire Phyllis. I also felt it was unfair to hold the executive producer accountable for the debacle that was not his fault."

But the desire to get rid of Phyllis met



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with opposition from above. "It was a showdown," Joyce says, "and both Sauter and Jankowski were firmly opposed at first. Finally, they acquiesced, just as I had acquiesced when they hired her. Eventually, they said, 'OK, it's up to you. Do what you like. You want to do this? Go ahead.'"

Joyce called Hookstratten, Phyllis' agent.

"I think the time has come to replace Phyllis," he told Hookstratten. "How do you feel about that?"

One thing Hookstratten felt strongly about was that CBS honor the terms of Phyllis' contract. The contract said "No cut," and he wanted to make sure that she would collect her salary for the next two years and four months—reportedly more than \$2,000,000.

"I was assured she would," he says, "and Joyce was quite honorable about the whole thing. Phyllis was pooped and exhausted, anyway, so it was decided."

On the Friday before Labor Day, the suspicion of imminent change pervaded the fish bowl. Throughout the corridors of the building, rumor abounded.

"I don't believe it," one producer said.

"What makes you say that?" senior producer Bob Epstein wanted to know.

"They've got \$3,000,000 invested in this lady. You're telling me they're going to walk away from that?"

"If it's true," senior producer Roberta Dougherty said, "and I think it is, the interesting thing will be to see who's going to take the fall for this. Someone's got to take the fall."

By three in the afternoon, nobody could concentrate on any work. It was fortunate that Monday's Labor Day show had been booked way in advance. If there was one day of the year the show did not want to struggle to get last-minute guests, it was the Friday before Labor Day. So we had the usual guests already lined up—labor economists, a workers' panel, a typical American working family, Merle Haggard to talk about the workingman, plus a piece on tennis siblings and another on life-guards, for variety. There was no news, except in the CBS News building itself, where the swell of rumor was about to crest.

"It's happening, all right!"

Amy Rosenblum, another booker, stormed into the fish bowl, shrieking.

"I just saw Ann Morfogen [head of PR for CBS News] in the elevator, and she had a batch of press releases under her arm, and when I tried to look at them, she snatched them away."

"The intrepid reporter," producer Pat Shevlin said.

"Can't anyone confirm it?" Roberta said.

Epstein got a call. He was all excited.

"It's done!" he exclaimed when he hung up. "Someone in Sports just told me

that Hookstratten is shopping her back to Sports, and they don't want her."

"She's toast!" Shevlin exclaimed.

Katz himself was toast by October. Five months later, the next executive producer, Johnathan Rodgers, was also gone. The new boss of the *Morning News* turned out to be an attractive, fashionably dressed woman of 34, with large brown eyes and a tense, set mouth. Her name was Susan Winston. It was well known by April 1986 that Sauter had been her biggest admirer when she was executive producer of *Good Morning America*. He had enlisted Stringer in the Winston cause, and it was Stringer, as the executive with hands-on responsibility for the program, who brought her by the newsroom the day after her hiring had been announced to introduce her to the assembled staff.

"As some of you know," Stringer said, "I've been trying for a year to get Susan Winston to come to this program, and I'm very pleased to be able to announce that at last I have succeeded."

He turned to her. "Susan."

Our new boss rose to speak.

"Well, I'm not as bad as many of you might have heard," she said by way of breaking the ice.

The staff laughed nervously. Winston then made a brief speech about the importance of coming up with a new formula. When she finished, she asked for questions. Nobody had any.

After she left, there was considerable discussion in the fish bowl. Winston brought with her an aura of show business and a reputation for being tough. On Monday, May fifth, I went to my first meeting with her.

It was to be held in Corvo's office. We had been told that Corvo was still running the program while Winston drew up her new plans. But as soon as the meeting started, it was clear who was calling the shots. Corvo deferred to Winston. He ran through the line-up, and she said yes or no or "Why are we bothering?" Then booker Vicki Gordon stuck her head into the room to say that singer Gladys Knight had canceled.

"Get her back," Winston snapped. "Call her PR agent and tell her I said she'd do the show. Just tell her that."

The room was silent.

At 10:30 that morning, once the line-up meeting was over, the senior staff of the *CBS Morning News* filed into the fourth-floor conference room to hear from the new executive director what was wrong with their broadcast. Winston had brought with her a batch of manila folders, on top of which was a yellow pad with the notes she had taken on that morning's show. She wasted no time on formalities.

"Understand this," she said. "I've been brought in here to get ratings, and I'll do anything, *anything* to get ratings. I know how hard everyone works on these shows, and don't think I haven't asked myself,

"Why would I want to get into this grind again?" But I've been hired to do a job, and I'm going to do it. I've done it before, at G.M.A., and when I left G.M.A., it was the top-rated morning show, and it was top because everyone pulled together and realized it could be done. So if anyone here feels they are burned out, if anyone here feels they don't want to make the effort, let me know right now, and I'll be happy to accept their resignation."

The room was hushed. People stared at their yellow note pads. The moment for offering resignations passed, and Winston proceeded to find fault with nearly every aspect of the morning's broadcast.

"Let's talk about content," she began. "This show's a clone. It's boring, flat and predictable, and I'm going to change it. First, why did we even bother having Eli Wallach on the show? He's not the kind of celebrity I want. And almost every intro to the segments was too long. People don't want to listen to a lot of words."

"Can you give us some idea what you want the new program to be?" I asked. "Amount of news content, that sort of thing."

"Everything is news to me," she said. "George Shultz is news, Reggie Jackson's news. There's a whole new audience out there, and they're interested in the things you and I are interested in."

"What are you interested in, Susan?" Peter Bonventre asked boldly. Bonventre was another producer hired from print. He was already determined to quit the program but had decided to stick around until Winston took over. He didn't want to miss this for anything.

"Money. We're all interested in money. Working women are interested in money and in business. I want a lot more of those kinds of segments. Also consumer segments."

That afternoon, Winston had a suggestion for the next day's program. We had been running with the Chernobyl story for a week, a story Stringer had described as "our kind of story—a world event and we can't spend money covering it." Winston's idea was that we should examine one of the school children who had just returned from Kiev for evidence of radioactivity. We had booked one of the kids for the next day's show.

"I want Faith [Daniels] to run a Geiger counter over him," she told Corvo.

"But Faith reads the news blocks," Corvo said.

"I know. It's not a whole segment. Faith will ask him a few questions, then she'll pass the Geiger counter over him and we'll see what the thing registers."

"In the middle of the news blocks?"

"Sure, why not? It's good television."

We called one of the bookers and told her what was wanted. A few minutes later, the booker called back. The teenager we had booked had been contaminated but only slightly. The radioactivity had been on his clothes, which had long since been

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destroyed, and he himself would not set off the machine.

"I can't believe that," Winston said. "Those things are highly calibrated."

The booker was insistent. The Geiger counter would not respond.

"See if you can find another kid," Winston said.

On Wednesday afternoon, May seventh, I had my own meeting with Winston. By then I had come to believe that it was unlikely that I could ever work with her. Editorially, we were at odds, and I didn't like her style. Our meeting turned out to be the clincher. I told her about the morale problem on the show.

"A lot of people are trying to second-guess you. The sooner you can clear the air of uncertainty, the more productive people will be."

"Let's talk about the bookers," she said. "Who's good? Who's bad?"

I gave her a breakdown of the people who worked for me. When I was done, she said, "What you're telling me is that some people aren't pulling their weight. OK, I look to you to motivate them. If you can't, I'll get rid of them."

It seemed to me that she had missed the point.

"You can't blame the bookers," I said. "They've worked endless hours for four or five executive producers and seen little in the way of results."

"So their attitude is bad. Whose fault is that? From what you're saying, it sounds like you're pretty burned out yourself."

I wasn't sure what to make of this charge.

"What makes you say that?" I said.

"Well, you haven't exactly been bubbling over with ideas these past two days."

"Most of my ideas are on the grid," I said. "Unlike a few other people on the staff, I haven't been saving them up to impress you."

"Well, I don't know that. I can only go by what I see."

We talked about ideas and about news. I told her that for a time we had re-established the broadcast's credibility as a news program. I said I felt it was important that this not be allowed to slip away. She said she was interested in news, too, but we were talking at cross-purposes. Having Henry Winkler and Donna Mills do interviews for the program didn't quite fit into my idea of news, no matter how far that rubric was extended.

As I walked home, I recalled the mental note I'd made to myself at the beginning—if it ever got too crazy, I'd get out.

When I got to my apartment, I typed a note to Stringer requesting a transfer to another broadcast. I knew it would not please him. On the day it was announced that Winston was coming, he had told me he expected her to be a "keg of dynamite" for the *Morning News*.

The next morning, I left my letter with

Stringer's secretary and went to my office to find Bonventre sitting there with his feet on the desk. He had given two weeks' notice the day before. On the monitor, he was watching an exclusive interview with a team of explorers who had just returned from an overland trip to the North Pole. They were the first team to make the trip since Admiral Peary.

"This was your idea, wasn't it?" he said.

"It's my last," I said. "I just requested transfer to another broadcast."

"Holy shit!" Bonventre said.

I didn't see Winston that day. She was making a quick trip to Los Angeles. Nor did I see Stringer. The following morning, I called his secretary to remind her that I wanted an appointment. She told me Stringer was aware that I did but that it might be difficult that day. I soon found out why. NBC's Tom Brokaw had tied Dan Rather in the evening-news ratings, and panic had set in.

With Stringer pouring oil on the troubled waters of the *Evening News*, I did not get to see him until Monday.

He waved my letter as I was shown into his office.

"What can I do?" he exclaimed. "I'm being told to collect heads around here. There's nowhere I can assign you to. *West 57th* is under review. *Nightwatch* is in trouble."

We faced each other over a long silence.

"Work it out with her," Stringer said finally. "I'll talk to her. I'm sure it can be worked out."

"Howard," I said. "Who are we kidding?"

I got up and left his office and went to search out Bonventre. I needed a drink.

In the morning, Winston called me from the control room.

"I can't operate like this," she said. "Let's meet."

"Whenever you like," I said. "I'm in my office."

I read the papers and watched the show. That morning, it seemed to be devoted entirely to Hands Across America. As soon as it ended, Winston marched in. She was shooting from the hip, and the encounter was brief.

"I see no point in prolonging this," she said. "Are you resigning from this broadcast or not?"

"I haven't resigned," I said.

"Then you're fired," she told me. "I don't think we have anything more to talk about."

"Fine," I said. "Put it in writing."

Suddenly, I was on the outside looking in, as part of one always is in moments of crisis.

"I want you out of here by close of business today," she said.

I laughed. "Susan, there is no such thing as close of business at the *Morning News*. It's a 24-hour-a-day game."

I pulled my personal stuff together—Rolodex, kids' photos, files. A group of

bookers—Janice, Amy, Jane—were congregating outside my office. I told them to come in and we closed the door. The phone rang and I started to answer it.

"You don't have to do that," Amy said. "Let it ring."

"It may be from personnel," I said.

It wasn't. It was a standard PR pitch.

"We think Dr. Diet would make a wonderful guest on your program . . ." an enthusiastic voice said.

"Tell her to go suck a big one," Amy suggested.

The other bookers dissolved in giggles. The PR woman rambled on and on, until finally I interrupted her pitch.

"Let me see if I've got this right," I said.

"You want five minutes of free publicity on the *Morning News*. You want to expose Dr. Diet to Maria Shriver, with the hope that five minutes of his unscientific ramblings will sell a few books. Is that right?"

"Scuse me?" said the PR woman, astonished.

"You're hoping that the Kennedy glamor will mean the difference between Dr. Diet's book sales and all the other idiotic tomes on how to lose weight. Isn't that correct?"

"Is this the *CBS Morning News*?" the woman asked.

"It sure is," I said. "Can the doctor do cart wheels or stand on his head? I bet he can't set off a Geiger counter."

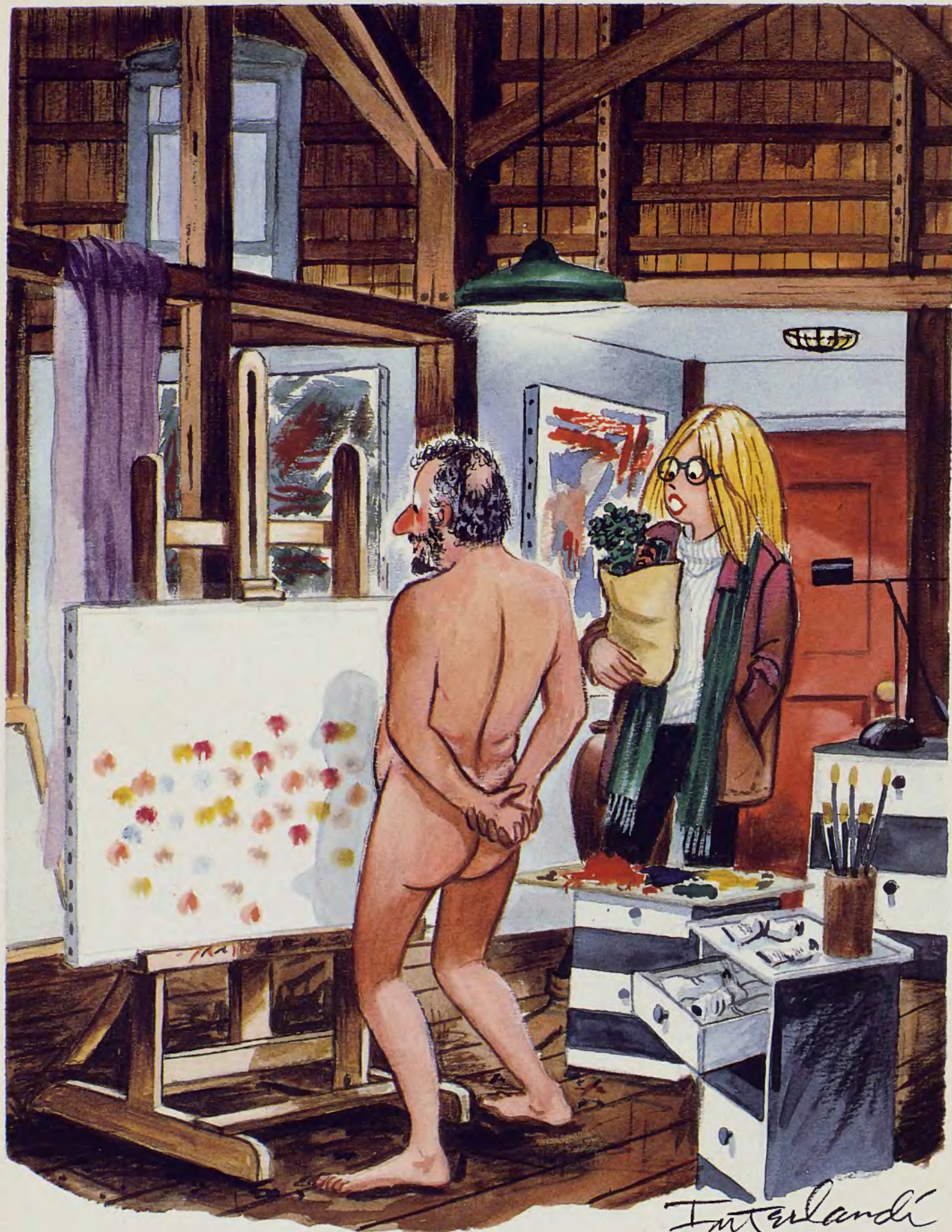
"I'll tell you what," I continued. "Let me put you through to Susan Winston. She's just the person for this segment. And if you can't reach her, try Howard Stringer."

I transferred the call and hung up. The senior staff came by to offer me condolences, and I did my best to look sad. I finished packing my things. Then, as I was making a final check of my office, I heard the irritating little sound that had plagued me for the past year. The gray contraption attached to my belt—the little gray beeper that over the past year had gone off in movies, on Saturday mornings, in cabs, on the beach, on the night stand at three A.M.—sounded its familiar beep, beep, beep.

I took it off my belt and laid it on my desk. Then I borrowed a shoe from one of the bookers, and with one blow, I sent the thing to beeper heaven.

Two months later, CBS announced that the *Morning News*, such as it was, would no longer exist after December 1986. At the same time, it was announced that Susan Winston would be leaving CBS. In September, Gene Jankowski asked Van Gordon Sauter for his resignation. Sauter obliged. Howard Stringer became president of CBS News in October. Ed Joyce, who had left the company the previous February, was living in Connecticut and writing a book about his CBS career.





"Aside from its being a terrible waste of an erection, who'd want it?"

NIGHT MOVES

(continued from page 93)

"The driver forgets to dim his headlights. You lose sight of the center line. What if he crosses it?"

simply better than others' at seeing in the dark. Even healthy eyes require several minutes to adjust to the dark. And the eyes' most difficult time is during that transition period at dawn or dusk, midway between light and dark, and that's when you should be the most careful.

One idea is simply to sit in the darkness of your car for a minute or two. Another is to put on sunglasses for a few minutes before starting out to let your eyes adjust to low-light conditions. But it's foolish to drive at night with dark glasses on, because they reduce what little light there is before it reaches your eyes. We know the Blues Brothers did it—but look how many cars they destroyed.

Some professional rally drivers recommend high-quality antiglare glasses with a slight yellow tint. Yellow increases the apparent brilliance of what you're seeing, while enhancing details and filling in shadows without reducing the total light transmitted by more than a few percentage points. Be sure to try a pair on before you buy, since mellow-yellow vision is not to everyone's liking.

It should be obvious that another important factor contributing to savvy night driving is a clean windshield. A dirty one can cut visibility up to 25 percent. Streaked and smeared by bugs and bad wiper blades, it brings on blinding, eye-fatiguing glare. The need for keeping the outside of your windshield clean is obvious, but many people forget to clean the inside. This is especially important for smokers and those whose cars are so new that the various plastics inside them are still curing and giving off chemical vapors.

Next come your headlights. Most new cars are equipped with quartz-halogen lamps. Some are better than others, and all need to be properly aimed. Government standards and cost considerations make original-equipment lights inferior to the better aftermarket units, however; so if you do much night driving, consider upgrading your head lamps with some high-output ones or adding a powerful driving light or two. Check your state laws to see what's permitted.

Be aware, too, that the factory-installed auxiliary lights common on many of today's new cars are not (by law) high-powered driving lights that illuminate way down the road. They are essentially fog lights, which have low, wide beams to reduce reflection back into your eyes in fog, driving rain or snow. Properly aimed, they are also good for illuminating the edges of the road. But they almost never come properly aimed, and they can be very annoying to other drivers.

Once your night vision is maximized, you may need practice in using it properly. Professional instructors report that most of us focus too closely on the road in front of our cars instead of far ahead, especially at night. "With few exceptions," says former racing champion Bertil Roos, who now heads the Bertil Roos School of High Performance Driving, which operates year round at the Pocono International Raceway, Blakeslee, Pennsylvania, and in Woodbine, New Jersey, "your sharp focus must always be far down the road—wa-a-a-a-y down the road and parallel to it, not angled downward.

"When your focus is gliding along this way, you don't have to look at objects up close, because that part of the road has already been investigated by your sharp focus and was found to be free of hazards." Roos calls this long-focus view his early-warning system (E.W.S.) and emphasizes that it comes very easily and naturally once you learn to trust it. "Eliminate the temptation to look down to see where you are," he adds, "and you will be surprised at how clearly you can see the center line and the edge of the road in your peripheral vision."

The next step, especially on two-lane roads, is learning exactly where your wheels are (relative to your view of your car on the road) and how to use all of your lane when necessary. This is also easier than it sounds. "People should be aware of how wide the road really is," Roos tells us. "Also that there is often an apron along the edge that can be used in an emergency, though it may be a little rough."

Most drivers are rightly afraid of dropping a wheel off the edge of the road, but Roos also teaches the proper—and easy—method of recovery from that. "First," he says, "keep your eyes straight ahead, where you intend to go. Second, don't overreact. Take your time, with small and gentle movements of the steering wheel, and coax the tire back up onto the pavement."

What does all this have to do with night driving? Consider the oncoming car. Its driver may be sleepy or drunk. He forgets to dim his headlights. You flash yours to remind him, but it does no good. The glare gets worse, and you lose sight of the center line. What if he crosses it?

First, never look directly at oncoming lights. Focus your attention on the right edge of the road, as far ahead as you can see, and begin easing toward it. Roos recommends just hugging the edge as the other car passes, using peripheral vision to keep track of both it and your position on the road, then easing back toward the cen-

ter line. That way, you give the other driver as much room as possible, while keeping your visual concentration away from his headlights.

Then flip your brights back on as soon as he passes to help compensate for your temporarily reduced vision, since your eyes may need as long as eight seconds to recover fully from a bad case of headlight glare. If your eyes are very glare-sensitive, consider clipping an antiglare shade onto your visor and flipping it down just for the few moments that an oncoming car's lights are especially bothersome.

Night driving also increases the need for another Roos technique called brake alert. This involves simply moving your foot from the gas pedal to the brake and squeezing it slightly to remove the slack any time you suspect there may be a hazard ahead—instead of waiting until the last minute, when it's already too late, and slamming on your brakes in panic.

We asked another driving-school president and former top racer, Bob Bondurant of the Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving, Sonoma, California, for additional advice. "Obviously," he says, "use your brights whenever you can, but be aware that they're on and dim them right away for other drivers, cyclists, even pedestrians. Don't wait for the other guy to dim his first. If he doesn't, flash yours once or twice to remind him. But don't get mad and leave your brights on if he doesn't dim his, because that only blinds you both." In steady traffic, where you can't use your high beams for long, try an occasional flip to brights and back to get a quick look at what's farther up the road.

"If you see one headlight coming," Bondurant adds, "assume it's a car with the other one out. Look for some kind of reflection off the grille. It could be a motorcycle, but don't count on it. I treat it as a car, and I'm ready to move to the right." Another common hazard is a vehicle with no taillights. But by using E.W.S. (and not overdriving your lights), you should be able to see red cat's-eye glints off the vehicle's Government-required rear reflectors.

High beams in a driver's mirrors are also blinding and fatiguing, so always remember to switch to lows when approaching from behind or following another vehicle. Terry Earwood, an active racer and chief instructor of the BMW/Skip Barber Advanced Driving School, has a tip for anyone momentarily caught in front of someone driving with his brights on. "It's easy to get blinded by your side mirrors," he says. "But don't readjust them. Just lean forward for a second. Some cars also have tinted outside mirrors, which help a lot."

"One thing a lot of people don't realize," Earwood offers, "is that once they've loaded their car for a trip, the rear end has sagged from the weight and they've lost their headlight adjustment. They find themselves hunting for possums in the

trees—not to mention blinding other drivers. Unless your car has automatic load leveling, I recommend installing air shocks to bring the tail back up. Also, whenever I stop for gas at a self-service station and wash my windshield, I clean my headlights.”

When night visibility gets even worse due to fog, mist or driving rain or snow, slow down to compensate and increase your level of concentration within the field of vision remaining. High beams will reflect back at you, so use only your lows—and/or fog lights, if you have them. Use the middle of your lane (or the center lane of a three-lane freeway), so there's room on both sides to dodge around anything that may loom up out of the night. You may want to follow another vehicle's taillights as a guide, but don't blindly follow them off the road if the driver ahead screws up.

Bondurant points out that glancing at the treetops can help you anticipate curves: When they blend together, there's probably a bend coming up. But don't get lulled into following trees, telephone poles or even guardrails in bad conditions: Sometimes they veer off sharply one way or the other.

If you find yourself on newly surfaced blacktop at night, without any center or edge lines to guide you, Bondurant advises, “Read the right edge. Otherwise, if the road suddenly curves to the right, you may not notice in time and end up off the other side.”

Then there's black ice, virtually invisible on cold, clear nights on what looks deceptively like dry pavement. Watch for telltale shiny spots, especially on bridges, under overpasses and where snow may have melted and run over the surface in the daytime before refreezing at night. You may *feel* a patch of it without ever seeing it, but don't panic. Just steer straight, don't touch the brakes or change the throttle setting and you can glide straight across. (See *Winter Driving Smarts* [PLAYBOY, January] for more tips on how to cope with icy roads.)

You also may wish to check out the many night-driving products now on the market. Among the more interesting items listed in the catalog of Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories (B.H.M.A.—the store, obviously, is located in Beverly Hills, California) are a Sleeper Beeper, which clips behind your car and sounds a loud alarm if your head tilts forward; a corn-ball but effective Tell-a-Tail high-mounted brake light, with changeable letters for your own message (DIM IT!); custom-fit rear-deck reflectors; Euro-style amber fog-lamp lenses; and head-lamp wiper/washer kits for Mercedes-Benzes and other European cars. B.H.M.A., like most major accessory houses, also carries a variety of driving and fog lamps, driving glasses and other useful merchandise.

Then there are portable trouble lights operated by the car's battery (through the cigarette-lighter plug), as well as battery-powered ones offering a choice of wide-angle area light, a superbright pencil beam or emergency flashers.

Those who can't be bothered to flip their own inside mirrors from day to the glare-reducing night position and back can install an electronic Night Sight automatic mirror to do it for them (AMPM, Inc., P.O. Box 1887, Midland, Michigan 48640-1887, sells it for \$80, postpaid).

Finally, let's discuss the most obvious night-driving danger—falling asleep. “Sometimes I get out and run around my truck,” says long-distance trucker Phil Thompson. “But that's good for only about 15 minutes, and I can't stop and do it that often.” The many other stay-awake tips we've heard range from cold water in the face to singing along with the radio to keeping one's eyes moving and playing mind games to stay alert.

Unfortunately, though, *nothing*—including coffee—works for long when


you're tired. If you do catch yourself nodding or dozing for even a split second, the only real answer is rest. And the longer the trip, the more rest you need. Even a half hour of sleep works wonders to refresh the body and brain without delaying a trip very much.

Following a study of late-night drivers on Germany's autobahnen, one German work psychologist came up with these recommendations: a five-minute break after the first hour, another ten minutes after three and a half hours, 20 minutes more after five hours and a full hour's rest after seven hours at the wheel. He also recommended no more than ten hours of driving in any one night.

Truck owner/operator Dan Campbell, like everyone else with whom we talked, strongly recommends *never* pressing your luck with fatigue. “It's a gamble,” he warns. “If you snooze, you lose. And if you lose, you lose everything. It's not worth the risk.”



“Your Frederick’s of Hollywood package came today, but I didn’t sign for it. Instead of the peekaboo bra and matching panties you ordered, they sent two peekaboo bras.”



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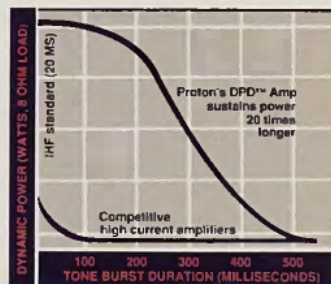
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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

ACCESSORIES

Ever since Enzo Ferrari first put the *cavallino rampante*, the prancing colt, on the side of one of his cars almost four decades ago, the *marque* has been synonymous with a no-compromise approach to style and quality. Now Ferrari has moved into the fast lane of status accessories, where, until now, Porsche Design held the inside track. Ferrari

DAVE JORDAN

Formula, as the collection is called, will include pocket leather goods, travel items, desk accessories, attaché cases, sunglasses, smoking accouterments and a collection of watches—all tastefully emblazoned with the Ferrari name or colt and often accented with a touch of Ferrari red. Check your mirror, Ferdinand—Enzo's gaining on you and looking to pass.

You're in fast company with the products pictured below, which include (clockwise from 12) leather document carrier, \$175, gold-plated letter opener, \$90, sunglasses with leather case, \$120, quartz-powered Swiss-crafted chronograph, \$795, water-resistant travel clock, \$275, ballpoint pen, \$65, and matte-black roller-ball model, \$90, lighter with refillable and interchangeable cartridges, \$65, aluminum-and-steel cigar cutter, \$40, and a handsome grained calfskin wallet with pockets for credit/business cards and more, \$75, all by Ferrari Formula, New York.



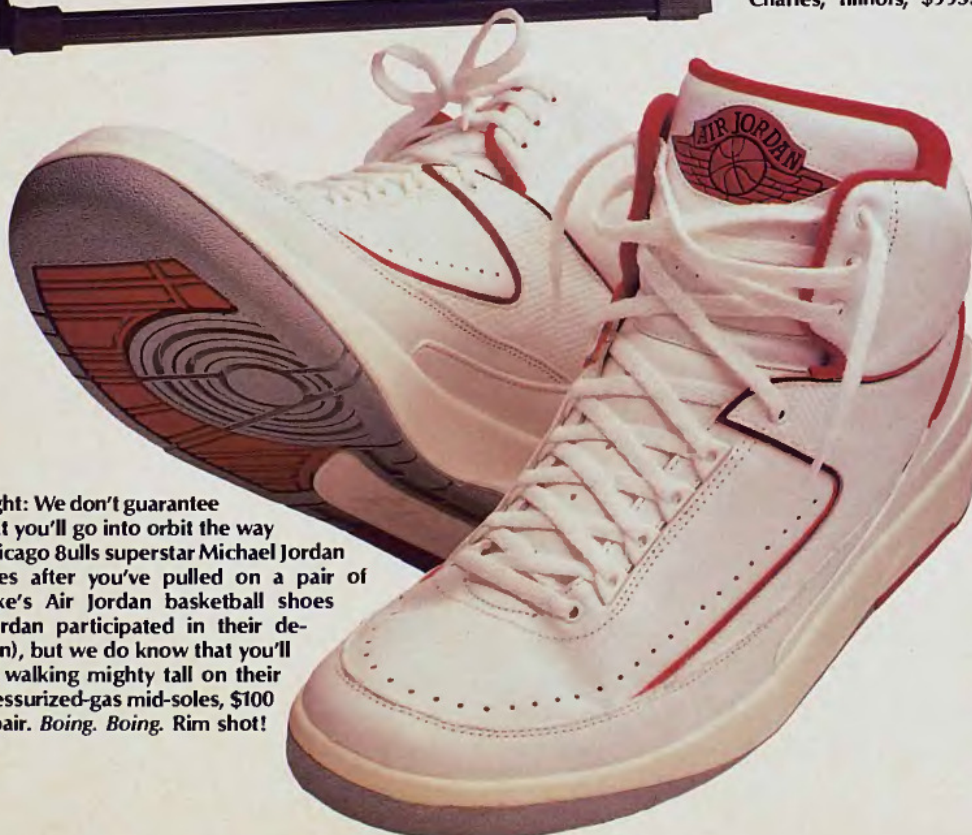
SUPER SHOPPING



Aramis' Lab Series of men's cosmetics consists of the following daily-maintenance products: Skin Clearing Solution, \$10, Instant Moisture Complex, \$18.50, and Dual Action Face Soap, \$10. In addition, there are two specialty items: Active Treatment Scrub for ridding the skin of impurities, \$10, and Razor Burn Relief, \$15.



Left: The Video Pro 7 VHS Presentation System is a portable, professional video unit measuring about 18"x 13" x 6½" that plays back standard-speed video tapes on its 7" color monitor, from Dukane Corporation, St. Charles, Illinois, \$995.



Right: We don't guarantee that you'll go into orbit the way Chicago Bulls superstar Michael Jordan does after you've pulled on a pair of Nike's Air Jordan basketball shoes (Jordan participated in their design), but we do know that you'll be walking mighty tall on their pressurized-gas mid-soles, \$100 a pair. *Boing. Boing. Rim shot!*

Right: To brighten your corner, there's the 69"-tall Big Mack Lamp, designed by Robert Sonneman and inspired by the Scottish *art nouveau* of C. Rennie Mackintosh. It features a solid-brass shade and a dimmable 40-watt halogen bulb, from Tech Lighting, Chicago, \$650.





Left: Corby of Windsor's Ambassador trouser press is the perfect electronic Jeeves; controls can be adjusted for a 15- or 30-minute press (and canceled at any time), and there's an accessory tray, a hanger and a tie bar, from BrenMer Industries, New York, \$295.



Six sleek radar units for the road are (top to bottom) the Whistler Spectrum 2, \$329.95; the GUL G-300S, \$260; Sparkomatic's Road Alert 30, \$230; Cobra's Trapshooter Micro, \$299.95; the Passport, which slips into a shirt pocket, by Cincinnati Microware, \$295; and the Model 9507, by Kraco, \$199.95. All units read X- and K-band signals and feature audio-visual warnings, city/highway switches and test modes, and more.

Right: Weighing about ten pounds and standing 47" high, the Pro-tech golf bag made of impact-resistant plastic has a storage compartment that keeps accessories within view and an automatic ball dispenser, from Inno Design, Santa Clara, California, \$159.95.



Two hot shooters from Canon: The Model T90 35mm SLR camera, at left, with a built-in computer chip, offers 15 automatic-exposure modes, a motor that fires off shots at the rate of 4.5 frames per second and shutter speeds of up to 1/4000th of a second, \$865. The Canon Aqua Snappy AS-6 (above) is a fully automatic, hermetically sealed 35mm camera that will withstand water pressure up to 33 feet and even float, \$273, including two buoyant film cases, close-up lens, sports finder, close-up frame, a handy waist bag for camera and accessories and more.

Swede Dish

Does NANCY EKSTEDT look familiar? She's Britt Ekland's niece. She's also an actress and a model. Her dual careers met with success in Sweden, so she generously imported them to our shores. Thank goodness. Nancy obviously knows exactly how to drape the drapes.

© 1986 MARK LEVDAL



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Gaudy, Bawdy, but Not Haughty

When LIBERACE hit the stage at Radio City Music Hall last fall, his audience expected the usual fine blend of flash and trash, with a couple of terrific Rockettes numbers thrown in for good measure. And that's just what it got from a man who describes himself as Disneyland.

© 1986 PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Laughing All the Way to the Bank

These two happy guys are the hot singing duo DAVID & DAVID. They never imagined that their debut single, *Welcome to the Boomtown*, would hit the charts, but it did. The results of that piece of good luck were a 30-city tour and a video of another tune from the album, *Swallowed by the Cracks*. Welcome, guys.





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Exposing Lisa

We've uncovered the best of LISA CHRISTIANSON, and we're proud of it. Lisa is an actress who has appeared on the big screen in *Savage* and *Murder Maize*. Now she has a starring role in *Grapevine*. It kind of makes you forget all about the March blahs, doesn't it?

© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL



They're Believers Now

We never expected to see the MONKEES again. But here they are, full of plans that include a new album next month, an upcoming movie and a summer tour. Who knows? Maybe they'll even drag Michael Nesmith in from the cold to complete the angelic picture. It's back to the future for them.

GORMAN / GAMMA-LIAISON



Bottom Up!

Ah, VANITY. There is life after Prince. If you've seen *52 Pick-Up*, you know she can act. Look for her this spring in *Love You to Death*, with Billy Dee Williams, and listen for her new album about the same time.



THE VIDEO TAXMAN COMETH

The best way to compute your 1986 income tax, of course, is to throw your W2 form and bushel basket full of receipts at your accountant and fly south to the sun. But for all you compulsive types who want to compute your own, there's *Video 1040 . . . 1986*, a two-hour VHS or Beta tape that takes you through the maze of current tax laws. Financial Videos, Suite 2970, 150 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 60606, is selling *Video 1040 . . . 1986* for \$24.95, postpaid. All the directions are simple, and if there's a point you don't understand, just reverse the tape and play it again—for free. Don't you wish you could do that with your tax accountant?



IF YOU KNEW ISUZU LIKE WE KNOW ISUZU. . .

American Isuzu Motors introduced its 1987 line-up of I-Marks on the island of Maui not long ago, and we're happy to report that we managed to fit in a bit of driving while soaking up the local beach scenery. The 1987 I-Mark has a completely restyled front end and some other nice refinements, but what really turned our head was the announcement that Isuzu was bringing out a turbocharged two-door hatchback I-Mark "RS" model (above) with a 1.5-liter 110-hp engine. (It's also available as a four-door notchback.) Power steering, 14-inch alloy wheels and a five-speed gearbox are standard, along with special instrumentation, a sports steering wheel and performance-oriented suspension. The price: about \$11,000.

PICK A PAIR

For the lady in your life who warrants them, there's Second Look, erect silicone nipples that give a pert lift to the bustline. Second Look is available in two versions: Subtle is designed for close-fitting, sheer garments, while Provocative is meant to be worn with heavier clothes. Just \$22.50 per pair, postpaid, from Second Look, P.O. Box 11856, Marina del Rey, California 90295. A set of both goes for \$38.



GRAPE EXPECTATIONS

Now that you've been lapping up keeno vinos for years, here's a chance to flaunt your oenological knowledge in the form of *The Wine Connoisseur—A Game of Good Taste*, which challenges players with more than 1100 trivia questions. Grape varieties, vintages, history—these and other subjects are included in true/false, fill-in-the-blank and multiple-choice questions. Thirty-five dollars sent to BDJ Enterprises, P.O. Box 261328, Tampa, Florida 33685, gets you a game. Play and drink up.



SOME LIKE IT HOT

A HealthMate Sauna is one of those products that are almost too good to be true. All you do is buckle the two-person 69" x 44" x 36" cedar unit together, plug it into a 110-A.C. outlet and turn it on. The HealthMate generates *radiant* heat that produces plenty of sweat while keeping the unit's air temperature at 80 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, less than a regular sauna. (You can burn off as many as 600 calories in about 20 minutes.) HealthMate Sauna, Inc., 5318 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 90036, will send you the particulars. All for \$2595. Hot price for a hot product.



HAIR'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID

For all you fellows with cultivated facial hair, Mr. Mustache beard-and mustache-grooming kits containing a variety of barbering goodies have just sprouted in department stores and pharmacies. For \$12, the Royal kit includes six items: mustache scissors, comb, brush, wax (come on, admit it, you always *have* wanted to look like a circus ringmaster), tweezers and a travel case. Other mustache kits containing combinations of these products are available for less. Pick your price and start preening.



BOSS POLITICS

Want to know how to talk with your boss face to face? When and how to go over his/her head? Or how to blow the whistle on your boss? Then pick up a copy of the 320-page hardcover *Problem Bosses: Who They Are and How to Deal with Them*, by Drs. Mardy Grothe and Peter Wylie. It's just out from Facts on File Publications for \$19.95. As Ed McMahon would say, *everything* you always wanted to know about dealing with the top dog is in this book. By the way, the title of the last chapter is "Where Do You Go from Here?"



SIGN OF THE TIMES

Your Name on a Street Sign is a new company that didn't mess around when it came to naming itself. For \$139.95, it will customize a metal city-code-approved double sign, dual-sided with an eight-foot post (as shown below). A dual-sided single sign with the same post sells for \$89.95, and both come with a choice of blue or green background. (Thirteen letters is about the maximum.) Your Name on a Street Sign is located at 7515 Wayzata Boulevard, Suite 201, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55426. Go for the letters.

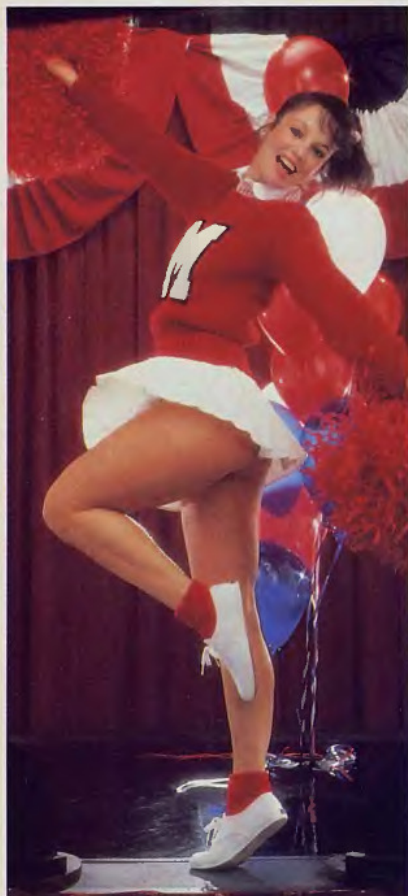


THE LONDON CONNECTION

Anglophiles can now visit London from the comfort of their easy chair, as a Mr. D. O'Neill at 94 St. Georges Square, Pimlico, London SW1, England, is offering for \$10, postpaid, a London Souvenir Package that includes postcards, pub coasters, a map of the Underground and more, plus a cassette recording of Big Ben and other local sounds. Or, for \$39.95, pick up *The London Encyclopaedia* (Adler & Adler)—1029 pages devoted to old Blighty. Cheers!



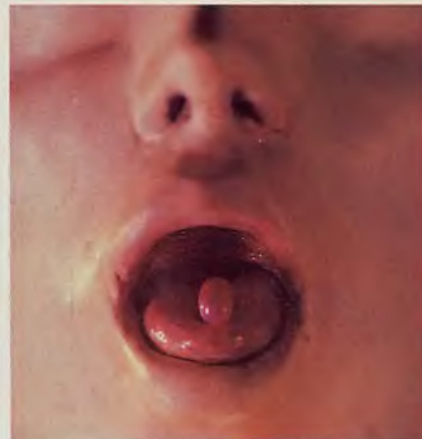
NEXT MONTH



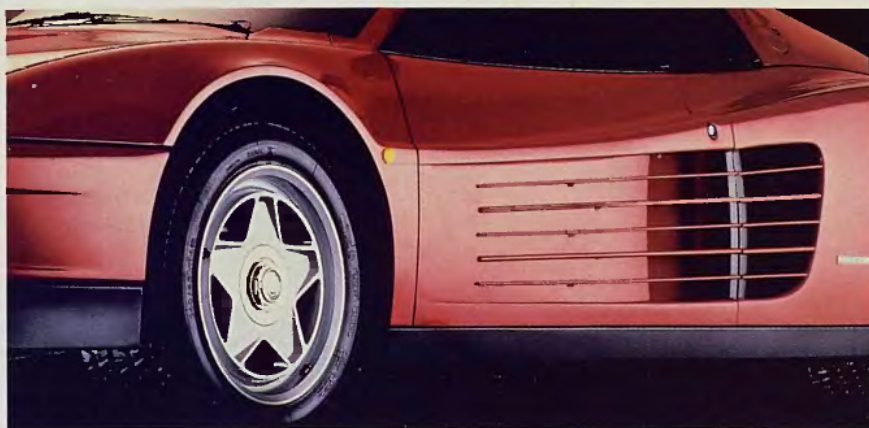
FUN, PROPHET



MOVIES' YEAR



ADDICTION REPORT



BEST CARS

"LETTER PERFECT"—OF ALL THE WOMEN IN THE WORLD, WHICH ONE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO SEE FEATURED IN A *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL? WE'VE GOT HER, IN A SERIES OF BREATH-TAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL PHOTOS. A SENSATIONAL SURPRISE BONUS EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF *THE MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN*

"TEXASVILLE"—IT'S A SEQUEL TO *THE LAST PICTURE SHOW* AND, YES, THE MOVIE DEAL HAS ALREADY BEEN CUT. JOIN DUANE AND SONNY, NOW 30 YEARS OLDER, AT THE DAIRY QUEEN FOR A SCOOP OF THE NEWEST NOVEL BY **LARRY MCMURTRY**

"ADDICTION AND REHABILITATION: A PLAYBOY REPORT"—SCIENTISTS ARE DEVELOPING NEW THEORIES ABOUT HOW AND WHY PEOPLE GET HOOKED. WHEN IT COMES TO TREATMENT, THOUGH, AN OLD IDEA MAY WORK BEST. AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE INVESTIGATION BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

"THE BACHELOR HOME COMPANION"—A GENEROUS HELPING FROM HIS HILARIOUS FORTHCOMING BOOK ABOUT FEMALE-FREE DOMESTICITY, BY **P. J. O'ROURKE**

"DIARY OF A HOLLYWOOD STARLET"—BEAUTY-CONTEST WINNER **MELISSA PROPHET** HAS A TERRIFIC SENSE OF HUMOR, WHICH HELPS ON THE WAY UP TINSULTOWN'S SLIPPERY STAIRWAY TO STARDOM. A FUN-FILLED PICTORIAL FANTASY

"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"—EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK ABOUT THE FILMS OF 1986. BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND: **BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S** HIT LIST. NEW THIS TIME: THE REAL DOPE ON WHAT HAPPENED ON AND OFF SCREEN IN HOLLYWOOD, BY **LYNN HIRSCHBERG** AND **GREGG KILDAY**

"BEST CARS OF 1987"—INTERESTED IN HANDLING? GREAT RIDE? DISCO DASH? A SUPERB SOUND SYSTEM? OR JUST THE BEST INVESTMENT ON WHEELS? SIX AUTOMOTIVE EXPERTS TELL ALL

PLUS: **"SIXTY SECONDS OVER TRIPOLI,"** AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT ON THE U.S. BOMBING RAID THAT WAS INTENDED TO KILL LIBYAN LEADER MUAMMAR EL-QADDAFI JUST ONE YEAR AGO, BY **ANDREW COCKBURN**; **"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST, PART TWO";** **"20 QUESTIONS"** ABOUT LIFE, MOVIES, MOTHERHOOD AND LIVING DOWN A KOOKY IMAGE WITH ACTRESS **BARBARA HERSHEY**; AND (WOULD WE KID YOU?) MUCH, MUCH MORE

**Last year, an outbreak of herpes
made her miss the boat.
This year, with the help of her doctor,
she missed the outbreak instead.**



Whether you have a mild, intermediate or severe case of genital herpes, you should see your doctor to help gain new control over your outbreaks—especially if you haven't seen your doctor within the past year.

The medical profession now has more information than ever before about the treatment of herpes, as well as effective counselling and treatment

programs that can help you reduce the frequency, duration and severity of your outbreaks.

If in the past you were told that nothing could be done for herpes, it's no longer true. Herpes *is* controllable.

Ask your doctor about these treatment programs, and whether one of them would be suitable for you.

See your doctor...there is help for herpes



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

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