

PLA BO

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1987 • \$4.00

YANNA BEFORE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

THE YEAR
IN MOVIES

CARS '87
TOP PROS
PICK THE BEST!

A SPECIAL
REPORT
DRUGS: WHERE
WE STAND



Queens Reach. A rugged place for a smooth taste to start.



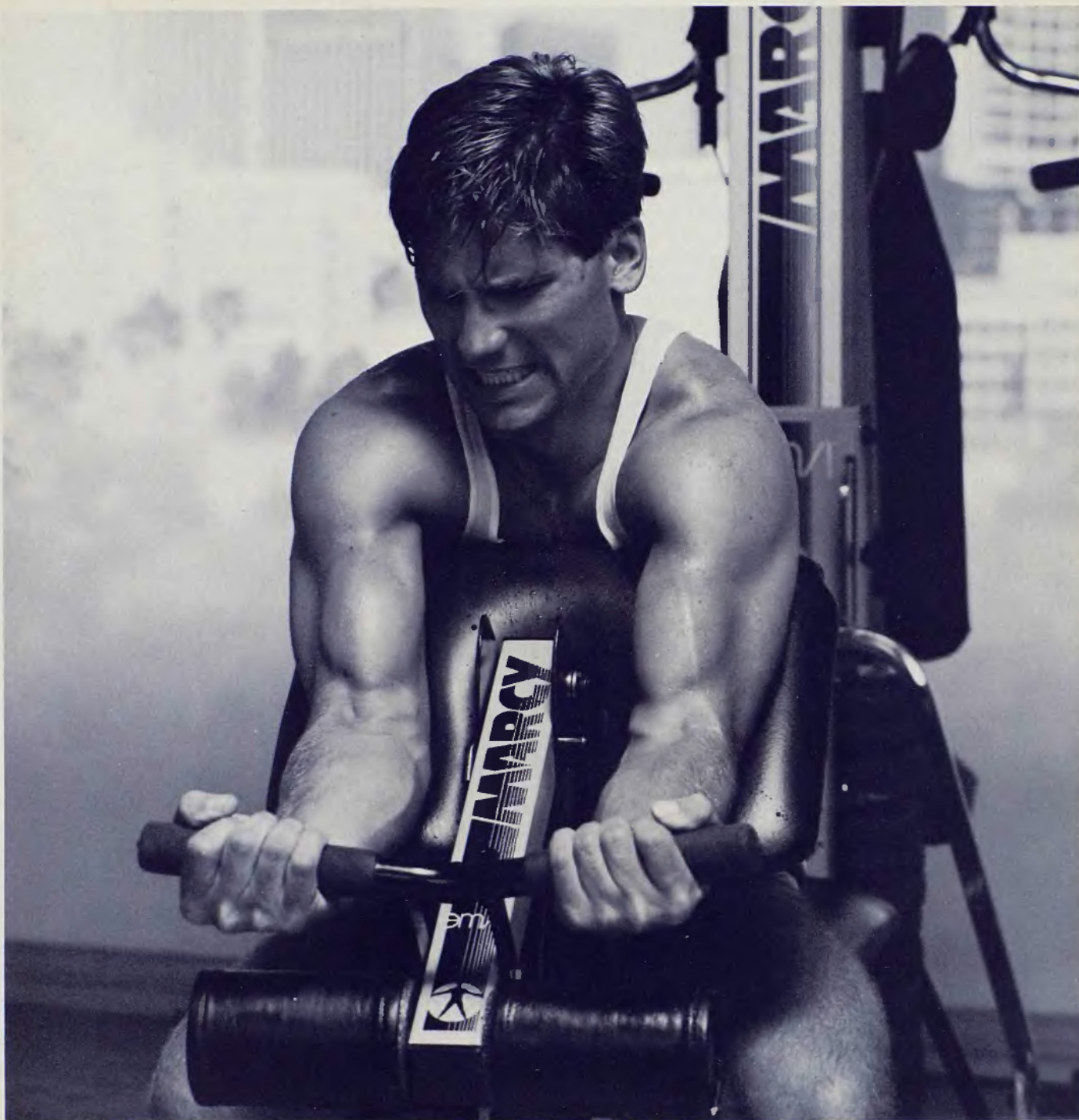
WESTERN CANADA—
We found an opening between two peaks, then dropped down fast to the lake. It was the bluest water we'd ever seen, the smoothest too. So smooth, a ripple would have seemed like a wave.

All around us were walls of deep, green pine and mountains capped with the whitest snow, all reaching for the sky. Pure glacial magic.

They make Windsor Canadian from pure running glacial waters. And from the rich local rye. Even the crackling mountain air plays a part. Nature at her best. That's what makes Windsor, Canada's smoothest whisky.



WINDSOR 
CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.



ARM YOURSELF.

A cushioned pad isolates the biceps. Eliminates momentum. Holds the upper arms in place and concentrates your energy.

The MARCY seated arm curl station. Standard equipment on the MARCY em/1. One of 14 separate stations in one weight training machine. For your home.

Up to 320 pounds of cast iron stack up against all the power you can muster. Weights glide along extruded aluminum on DuPont®

Zytel® bearings. You strain against iron, not friction.

Wake up to a new kind of workout. Call us now, and we'll rush you the story. 1 800 62MARCY, ext. 29.

MARCY®

WHEN YOU FINALLY GET SERIOUS.

® DuPont and Zytel are registered trademarks of E. I. DuPont Nemours & Co., Inc.

Newport



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

Alive with pleasure!



*After all,
if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.



THE INTRUDER 700

Identical twins.

Vic and Van. Brothers. Not just brothers. Twins. Not just twins. Identical twins.

When they were kids, it was a real drag. Same clothes. Same haircut. It was like spending your life with a mirror. But as they got older, they started making their own decisions.

They still shared the same interests. Riding was one of them. And when it came to picking out a new bike, they both picked the cream of the cruisers. The Suzuki Intruder 700. Low slung. Chrome on chrome. V-Twin power. Slim, tear-drop tank. But when it came to customizing their new ride, they were identically opposite.

Van took the traditional pullback bars, Vic opted for the low profile drag bars.



The VS700GL

When it came down to wheels, Vic chose the eye-grabbing wire spokes and of course, Van picked the mag-type wheels.

They didn't surprise anyone in their choice of color. A deep, rich maroon finish caught Van's eye. But the midnight blue lacquer finish looked good to Vic.

They love to punch that electric start and ride side by side like human bookends.

The 4-stroke, liquid-cooled, 8-valve V-Twin engines play a rich, throaty baritone duet that's music to their ears.

Needless to say, their destinations are as different as East and West. Van heads for the asphalt and neon. Vic packs a bedroll and sets out to find "who-knows-where."

And when you ask the "V" twins about their V-Twins, they say the identical thing: "somebody finally did it right."

Right on, Suzuki



This is the only way to go.



Play it safe. Ride with care. Always wear a helmet, eye protection, and appropriate riding apparel. Never drink and ride. Read your owner's manual carefully. Call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700 for a riding course near you.

 **SUZUKI**

For your nearest Suzuki Motorcycle and ATV dealer call:

1-800-255-2550

PLAYBILL

AS THE SONG SAYS, "To everything, turn, turn, turn, there is a season"; and to turn the winning letters on the most popular game show ever, *Wheel of Fortune*, there is **Vanna White**, who a year or so ago was happily enjoying the measured fame accorded her as *Wheel* host **Pat Sajak's** side-kick. Then, suddenly, her face was everywhere. By now, she has probably appeared on more magazine covers than the Statue of Liberty—including, this month, our own. Inside, there's even more Vanna to be thankful for—*Vanna*, photographer **David Gurian's** historic homage to America's top letterwoman. It was shot in 1982, when Vanna was posing for lingerie ads. Vanna was so pleased with the pictures that she personally showed them to Editor and Publisher **Hugh Hefner** on one of her many visits to Playboy Mansion West.

The Last Picture Show, **Larry McMurtry's** novel about a small Texas town in 1951, painted a bleak view of the changes wrought by modernity. The story emerged on screen in 1971, directed by Peter Bogdanovich and featuring an exciting new actress named Cybill Shepherd. Now McMurtry's Texans are back, some 30 years older, in our exclusive excerpt (illustrated by **Bruce Wolfe**) taken from *Texasville*, McMurtry's *Last Picture Show* sequel, to be published by Simon & Schuster.

To **Nancy Reagan**, solving the national drug problem looks pretty easy: Just say no. That may be a good way to avoid getting started on dope, but for the 5,800,000 Americans who already use cocaine—and more who use other substances—it isn't necessarily the right answer. Substance abuse is complicated and frequently misunderstood. For our report *Addiction and Rehabilitation*, we've consulted the nation's top authorities and visited the pioneering treatment centers to present the latest evidence on addiction. We lead off with a special **PLAYBOY** white paper, *Drugs: Where We Stand*, and we've updated our famous 1972 drug chart.

President Reagan had hoped to get that welterweight wild card **Muammar el-Qaddafi's** goat for some time, but last April, when he had a chance to send some F-111s down Libya way, he got Qaddafi's house and a whole bunch of other nonmilitary targets as well. But how carefully was he aiming? In *Sixty Seconds over Tripoli* (illustrated by **Terry Widener**), writer **Andrew Cockburn** grills informants at all command levels—and provides a rare cockpit view from the pilots who pulled off that raid. The consensus? Precision bombing was not the name of the game.

In *The Bachelor's Home Companion*, our excerpt from the ultimate singles guide to home survival, soon to be published by Pocket Books, **P. J. O'Rourke** revives an old and honorable male tradition and serves up tips on how to go it alone.

You've just watched the Academy Awards. Now read *The Year in Movies* (illustrated by **Robert Hoppe**) to help reflect on the winners—and sinners. For a wacko behind-the-scenes look at the cinema, both real and imagined, check out *Diary of a Hollywood Starlet*, Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag's** views of madcap actress **Melissa Prophet**.

For this month's *Playboy Interview*, **Debra Weiner** talks with Cambodia's former monarch **Prince Norodom Sihanouk**, one of this century's more fascinating political survivors. **David Rensin** chats up **Barbara** (*Hannah and Her Sisters*) **Hershey** for *20 Questions*. And Playmate **Kymberly Paige** bows on location in a rodeo arena.

Five top automotive writers, plus 1986 Indianapolis 500 winner **Bobby Rahal**, choose *The Best Cars of 1987*. Editorial Director and Associate Publisher **Arthur Kretchmer** contributes *And from Where I Sit...*, his personal fanfare for the common man's point of view. Kretchmer, who commutes to work every day and knows that sometimes it hurts to drive, offers such pertinent selections as "Best Engine in a Car You Can Sit Up Straight In" and "Lee Iacocca's Best Idea Since the Mustang." Aw, Kretchmer, we wanted tips on the best car to take on assignment to the Baja peninsula. And then we wanted the assignment.



WHITE, HEFNER



MC MURTRY



GURIAN



COCKBURN



WOLFE



WIDENER



O'ROURKE



WEINER



RENSIN



HOPPE

TOYOTA CELICA



GET IN AND GO

Inside Celica, it's a driver's world. The 8-way adjustable Sport Seat tailors to your shape. Controls are perfectly placed. Instruments are large and unobstructed.

CELICA. ONE BEAUTIFUL PERFORMER.

The 1987 Celica GT-S has the sweeping lines and aggressive stance that promise performance. And Celica keeps its word. It's powerfully quick, thanks to the advanced technology under that sleek hood. The 4-wheel independent suspension craves twisty mountain roads. Front-wheel drive keeps it performing, even when the weather turns on you. Celica. For once, looks aren't deceiving.



REDLINE 6800

The Celica GT-S engine is 2.0 liters of pure go. 16 valves, twin cams, electronic fuel injection, 135 hp.



WHO TOYOTA
COULD ASK
FOR ANYTHING
MORE!

Get More From Life... Buckle Up!

PLAYBOY®

vol. 34, no. 5—may 1987

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	5
DEAR PLAYBOY	13
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	23
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS 40
MEN	ASA BABER 42
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	45
DEAR PLAYMATES	49
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	53
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK—candid conversation	61
TEXASVILLE—fiction	LARRY MCMURTRY 82
DIARY OF A HOLLYWOOD STARLET—pictorial	86
THE YEAR IN MOVIES	97
FAST AND EASY—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE 104
20 QUESTIONS: BARBARA HERSHEY	110
KYM—playboy's playmate of the month	112
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	124
THE BACHELOR'S HOME COMPANION—article	P. J. O'ROURKE 126
SIXTY SECONDS OVER TRIPOLI—article	ANDREW COCKBURN 130
VANNA—pictorial	134
DRUGS: WHERE WE STAND	147
ADDICTION AND REHABILITATION—article	149
CARS '87: THE BEST—modern living	158
AND FROM WHERE I SIT	ARTHUR KRETCHMER 163
FAST FORWARD	174
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	201



Vanna P. 134



Texasville P. 82



Paiged P. 112



Fashion P. 104

COVER STORY

You've heard of the door to success; but if you've ever wondered what the window to success looks like, now you know. Vanna White, hostess of the popular game show *Wheel of Fortune*, is sitting in it. David Gurian, who photographed our cover as well as the photos of Vanna that start on page 134, couldn't have been luckier if he'd had a four-leaf clover and a rabbit's foot. And speaking of Rabbits, you probably want to know where ours is. Well, if it sounds like hare, you're there.



GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1987 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE. MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: © BRIAN ARIS/OUTLINE, P. 99; BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS, P. 53; ANDREA BLANCH/OUTLINE, P. 99; STEVE CONWAY, P. 94; RICHARD FOGLEY, P. 49 (3); ARRY FREYTAG, P. 13; 49; BENNO FRIEDMAN, P. 5 (2); © GREY GORMAN/SYGMA, P. 99; KENNETH N. GROSS, P. 159; © FRANÇOIS GUENET/GAMMA-LIAISON, P. 63; © 1985 BRIAN HAMILL/ORION PICTURES CORP., P. 101; © PAUL HARRIS/OUTLINE, P. 99; © BRITAIN HILL/OUTLINE/COURTESY MOVIEGOER, P. 99; RICHARD IZUI, P. 158, 159, 160, 161 (3), 162 (2); © DOUGLAS KIRKLAND/SYGMA, P. 101; MARK LIPSON/WARNER BROS., P. 98; LARRY LOGAN, P. 5; DAVID MECEY, P. 206; KERRY MORRIS, P. 158 (2), 159; DAVIS NOBLE, P. 5; STEPHEN ORLOV, P. 5; POMPEO POSAR, P. 207; ROB RICH, P. 158; ALAN ROSE, P. 126, 127, 128, 129; SIPAHIOGLU/LIAISON AGENCY, P. 63; LONI SPECTER, P. 5; SYGMA/CHINE, P. 63; UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL, P. 63; UPI COLOR PHOTO, P. 63; DIANA H. WALKER, P. 5; STEPHEN WAYDA, P. 49 (2); © 1986 JAMES ZENK/ORION PICTURES CORP., P. 98. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: BETTMANN ARCHIVE, P. 53; DAVE CALVER, P. 100; JOHN ALFRED DORN III, P. 24; MARY ANNE ENRIQUEZ, P. 207; WARREN GEBERT, P. 42; ROBERT HOPPE, P. 99; PAUL MOCH, P. 26, 206; PETER PALOMBI, P. 206; EVERETT PECK, P. 57 (2); KEVIN POPE, P. 40; PATER SATO, P. 23; JOHN SCHMELZER, P. 207; ABBE SENNETT, P. 206; RAY SMITH, P. 38; HARUMI YAMAGUCHI, P. 45. INSERTS: FRANKLIN MINT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 16-17; CLARION CARD BETWEEN PAGES 24-25.

How To Make An Initial Impression.

The fashion-conscious man attends to every detail, while never losing sight of what is practical. Add to your personal style with the Heritage II initial keyring. Crafted in rich tones of gold with personalized silver engraved monogram, it

is a fitting companion for the well-tailored image. And the precision come-apart mechanism makes the Heritage II keyring as functional as it is handsome. Most affordably priced at \$10.

Depress initial to release mechanism.

Slide keyring apart to separate.

Keyrings ready to use.



macy's

SWANK

THE STOMACH ELIMINATOR®

For Travelers, Business Men and Women and Anyone Concerned with their Health and Good Looks

I don't know about you, but I travel a lot and often it's simply not practical to go jogging or do exercise on the road. Worse, it often happens that you eat and drink too much while traveling. The result is stomach flab.

A Portable Device

Recently, I found the answer to this problem. In Europe they have developed a 2½ lb. exercise device you can carry in your overnight bag. They call it "NO STOMACH." Designed specifically to eliminate all excess fat from your stomach, it is a stretching and exercise device made with three steel coil springs so you can adjust the level of workout you want.



© 1985 HARRISON-HOGE IND., INC.
104 Arlington Ave. St. James, NY 11780

10 Minutes a Day and Your Pot Belly Will Be Gone!

That's our guarantee. If you're not satisfied with how it works for you, return it for full refund. There are seven simple exercises to do and you can do them almost anywhere: In a hotel room, in your own home, etc. That's why I think the Stomach Eliminator really is the answer for people who travel, who like to have good meals, but who don't want the pot belly that often comes as a result.

OUR GUARANTEE: If this product does not reduce your stomach significantly in 90 days, return for full refund.

Cecil C. Hoge, Jr.

Please send me:
Stomach Eliminator at \$19.95 postpaid.

Enclosed is a check/M.O. for \$

Charge my credit card:

☐ Amex ☐ Diners ☐ Visa ☐ MC

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

NY Residents please add sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

HARRISON-HOGE INDUSTRIES, INC.
Dept. PB75X, P.O. Box 944, Smithtown, NY 11787
Phone: (516) 724-8900 8:30 am-4:30 pm M-F EST

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
and *associate publisher*

JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*

TOM STAEBLER *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JOHN REZEK *editor*; PETER MOORE *associate editor*; **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor*; TERESA GROSCH *associate editor*; **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor*; **STAFF:** GRETCHEN EDGREN, PATRICIA PAPANGELIS (*administration*), DAVID STEVENS *senior editors*; WALTER LOWE, JR., JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writers*; BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN, *associate editors*; BRUCE KLUGER *assistant editor*; KANDI KLINE *traffic coordinator*; **MODERN LIVING:** ED WALKER *associate editor*; PHILLIP COOPER *assistant editor*; **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *editor*; **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor*; **COPY:** ARLENE BOURAS *editor*; JOYCE RUBIN *assistant editor*; CAROLYN BROWNE, STEPHEN FORSLING, DEBRA HAMMOND, CAROL KEELEY, BARI NASH, MARY ZION *researchers*; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BAKER, E. JEAN CARROLL, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, DAN JENKINS, D. KEITH MANO, REG POTTERTON, RON REAGAN, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*), GARY WITZENBURG

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director*; CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors*; BRUCE HANSEN, THEO KOUVATSOS *associate directors*; KAREN GAEBE, KAREN GUTOWSKY, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant directors*; FRANK LINDNER, DANIEL REED, ANN SEIDL *art assistants*; BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative manager*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JEFF COHEN *managing editor*; LINDA KENNEY, JAMES LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *associate editors*; PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor*; POMPEO POSAR *senior staff photographer*; KERRY MORRIS *staff photographer*; DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers*; TRIA HERMSEN *stylist*; JAMES WARD *color lab supervisor*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director*; MARIA MANDIS *manager*; ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, RITA JOHNSON *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager*; LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH *director*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*

ADVERTISING

MICHAEL CARR *national sales manager*; ZOE AQUILA *chicago manager*; FRANK COLONNO, ROBERT TRAMONDO *group sales managers*; JOHN PEASLEY *direct response*

ADMINISTRATIVE

J. P. TIM DOLMAN *assistant publisher*; MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions manager*; EILEEN KENT *contracts administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *president*

Test your condom. Right here. Right now.

Here's how:

Four questions to ask:	Your condom		Ramses EXTRA	
	Yes	No	Yes	No
1. Does it have a spermicide for extra protection?			✓	
2. Is each individually tested for maximum reliability?			✓	
3. Is it strength tested to 2500 PSI for maximum safety?			✓	
4. Does it have a lubricant for greater sensitivity?			✓	

You've decided that a condom is the right kind of protection for both of you. Good. You're right.

Now make sure you've chosen the right kind of condom.

If you checked even one "No" on yours, try Ramses EXTRA. Unlike most condoms, Ramses EXTRA has a spermicidal lubricant.

The lubricant is on both the

inside and outside. The spermicide is Nonoxynol-9. No other spermicide is more effective.

Ramses EXTRA is the only leading condom to include a spermicide. That makes it the only one to offer two kinds of protection in one condom.

That's why the "EXTRA" stands for EXTRA protection.

Ramses EXTRA gives you what other condoms don't: spermicidal lubricant for EXTRA protection.

* Ramses EXTRA when properly used are highly effective against pregnancy although no contraceptive can guarantee 100% effectiveness.




Schmid Laboratories, Inc., a member of the London International Group plc.



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

Kings: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 1985.



The experience you seek



© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1987

In field test after
field test...

women agree

Musk by English Leather
outscores the competition
every time.



No other musk has more satisfied customers. That's because Musk by English Leather was created to give a man a fragrance with maximum sex appeal.

MUSK by English Leather®
The Unfair Advantage.



DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY BUILDING
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

SLIP 'EM A MICKEY

After interviews with such flakes as Joan Rivers and the whiny Don Johnson, I was beginning to wonder if the famed and respected *Playboy Interview* was doomed to sound like something out of *People* or, worse yet, *Vanity Fair*.

Then along comes Jerry Stahl's interview with Mickey Rourke (*PLAYBOY*, February) and all is correct in the world again. Rourke is the kind of actor half of the male population of Los Angeles would like to be if only they had the guts. He may be rough around the corners, but at least he's his own man, which is more than most of the acting world can say.

Vic Oberhaus
Liberty Center, Ohio

As a regular reader of *PLAYBOY*, I commend Jerry Stahl on his very real, up-close *Playboy Interview* with actor Mickey Rourke. As one of the very few people who saw Rourke's performance in *Rumble Fish* as the Motorcycle Boy, I found it refreshing to read that he drew from a lot of his own experiences to make that character breathe with so much life. I'm glad that all the Hollywood hype and jive has not spoiled this rare diamond in the rough. He remembers who he is, where he came from and is not ashamed of it, nor is he afraid to tell the truth about himself.

Anita Aceves
Norwalk, California

I have just finished reading the *Playboy Interview* with actor Mickey Rourke and noticed that this "soft-spoken and unpretentious" actor uses the word fuck or a form of this colorful expletive 82 times. Is that some kind of *Playboy Interview* record? If it isn't, then it must be pretty fuckin' close to being one.

Steve Green
Fort Walton Beach, Florida

FLACK ATTACK

Although it is months later, I am still stunned by the article *Flacks*—all 11 pages of it—by Alexander and Andrew

Cockburn, in your January issue, that denigrates public relations. Even the nauseous headline, in letters almost two inches high, sets the tone for this throwback to the days of yellow journalism.

Aside from its slanted opinions and cutesy phrases, the article also does a great disservice to the many responsible reporters, editors, news directors and columnists who work with public-relations people. The Cockburns give the impression that the press is manipulated practically at will. Journalists are far too savvy and objective to fall for the degree of hype suggested by the Cockburns. And I can say that from the perspective of having been a newspaper journalist for eight years and a public-relations executive for even longer.

Public-relations pros learned long ago that opinions can be changed only by sound arguments and accurate information. Reporters and editors who are misled also have very good memories.

C. R. Werle
President, Chicago Chapter
Public Relations Society of America
Chicago, Illinois

THEY RUN FOR COOVER

I salute *PLAYBOY* for having recently published two stories (*You Must Remember This*, January 1985, and *Intermission*, February) by Robert Coover that convey the raunchy, comic outside and the mythic core of America's current movie mania. Coover's work has been lauded on campuses and in scholarly books and journals. He is one of the lasting daredevils of American literature, and such experimentalists seldom are given a broad forum in their own time. Coover and *PLAYBOY*'s mating makes us all luckier and more hopeful.

Jackson I. Cope
Leo S. Bing Professor of English
and Comparative Literature
University of Southern California
Los Angeles, California

If Robert Coover's *Intermission* fails to make *The Best Short Stories* of 1987, I'll



Create a niche
in your life for one
perfect thing.

Tanqueray Gin.
A singular experience.

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.
94.6 PROOF. IMPORTED BY
DISTILLERS SOMERSET, N.Y., N.Y. © 1985.

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), MAY 1987, VOLUME 34, NUMBER 5, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$36 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$38 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$24 FOR 12 ISSUES; CANADA, \$35 FOR 12 ISSUES; ELSEWHERE, \$35 (U.S. CURRENCY) FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 55230, BOULDER, COLORADO 80323-5230, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. CIRCULATION: JACK BERNSTEIN, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR, ADVERTISING: NEW YORK, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: PERKINS, FOX & PERKINS, 3205 OCEAN PARK BOULEVARD, SUITE 100, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA 90405.

FROM START.

Even if you clean your car regularly, you could be missing the tough dirt that builds up on your seats, door panels, whitewalls, bumpers—wherever grease and grime collect. That's why you need new Clean Start.™ A multi-purpose cleaner that safely removes everything from light soils to ground-in dirt. Clean Start. Because you need a good start to have a great finish.



©Armor All Products Corporation, 1986.
Clean Start is a trademark of
Armor All Products Corporation.

miss my guess. It is, in fact, one of the best short stories of the decade.

In the *PLAYBOY* tradition of innovative, intelligent fiction, Coover's *Intermission* represents the best of what American writers are now turning out.

Arlen J. Hansen
Stockton, California

ROOT, TOOT AND SHOOT

Robert Sabbag's article *Cocaine* (*PLAYBOY*, February) is brilliant, though the last line ("We got so hung up on basketball") really makes me concerned. I think it's time for doctors to get some basketball rehab centers going. Bring on the basketball hotline!

Jim McCoy
Reseda, California

I am a former college athlete who was never involved in drugs no matter how great the pressure was. The "stress" excuse is a cop-out! Using drugs is a personal decision not made by anyone but the individual himself or herself (drugs are not used exclusively by male athletes, but the author doesn't point that out).

Michael J. Mader
San Diego, California

A TRIBUTE TO MOUNT

As an avid football fan, I have held nothing in higher esteem than the late Anson Mount's *Pro Football Previews*. His uncanny ability to conceptualize the upcoming year's standings was unsurpassed by any other sports prognosticator.

The average football fan may not grasp the magnitude of the remarkable job Mount did. But those of us who've ever put \$50 on the outcome of a Buffalo Bills-vs.-Indianapolis Colts game know how hard it can be, and that's just *one* game.

This year, it is a fitting tribute to his greatness that Mount accurately predicted which two N.F.L. teams would go to the Super Bowl (*PLAYBOY*, September). He was the true Nostradamus of sports.

As I mail this letter, the winner of the Super Bowl has not been decided. But, being a gambler, I'm going with the New York Giants. After all, it was a "hot tip" from Anson Mount. That's more than good enough for me.

Trevor Masters
Huntsville, Alabama

As you know by now, Anson not only picked the finalists, he picked the Super Bowl winner. In fact, over the past three years, he picked five out of the six teams that went to the Super Bowl.

BEAUTIFUL BEACHAM

Thank you for your great pictorial on *The Colbys* star Stephanie Beacham (*PLAYBOY*, February). Stephanie is one of the hottest, sexiest actresses to hit prime-time television in ages, and your pictorial shows exactly why.

Robert Coffey, Jr.
South Gate, California

ANOINTED ANTOINETTE

Your pictorial on Antoinette Giancana (*Mafia Princess*, *PLAYBOY*, February) is one of the most enlightening features I have read in your magazine in many a year. I relate (agewise) to Antoinette and what she accomplished to erase a great deal of emotional scar tissue and evolve into a very beautiful woman and a good human being.

It is tremendous to know that there are people who, like the phoenix, can rise from the ashes of life.

R. E. Oetting
Denver, Colorado

Congratulations to Senior Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar for such beautiful photos of Antoinette Giancana. Having seen other pictures of the lady showing her in a less favorable light, I'm impressed that Posar has presented her as an ageless Italian masterpiece. I think she is more beautiful today than when she was in her 20s. Great going, A.G. Keep on working out.

Jack West
Northbrook, Illinois

Throughout the years, your magazine has displayed obviously pretty girls; in the case of Antoinette Giancana, you have presented a dignified, beautiful woman. In all my 20 years of reading your always fine magazine, I have never been moved enough to write to you; but I just had to compliment you on your pictorial display of this fascinating woman. This is one issue that I will keep!

Gordon Bobell
Arlington, Virginia

CONSTITUTION POLLUTION

I was shocked (though I probably shouldn't have been) to read in *Year in Sex* (*PLAYBOY*, February) that Pasadena Superior Court judge Gilbert Alston had dismissed a prostitute's rape case because "the law was set up to protect good people" (sounds like something Ed Meese would say). I had always been under the impression that the law applied to everyone. I hope the woman appeals her case. For that matter, I hope Judge Alston gets booted off the bench for being an ass, though I don't suppose it's likely.

Aaron Bennett
Seattle, Washington

EAGER LEIGH WAITING

According to the very last page of your January issue (*Next Month*), Hef's love, Carrie Leigh, was to have made a return engagement in February. Sigh—she is not on any page in that issue. I flipped the pages one by one, with no luck. An explanation, please?

Charles Louis Gelmini, Jr.

East Falmouth, Massachusetts

Sorry to have disappointed you, Charles,

TO FINISH.



Armor All® Protectant is the finishing touch every time you wash your car. It adds life and luster to dashboards, door panels, seats, mouldings, bumpers and especially tires. And it protects against cracking and fading. All it takes is a few minutes after every wash. Armor All Protectant. It's the finishing touch.



©Armor All Products Corporation, 1986.
Armor All is a registered trademark of Armor All Products Corporation.

The game of kings... now a work of art



PLAYING PIECES SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE OF 27MM.

Finely sculptured playing pieces
of 22kt gold and silver on bronze.

Specially designed board of genuine
leather and solid cherrywood.

The Excalibur Backgammon Set is a work of art as dramatic as the 5000-year-old game itself. Timeless as the magnificently decorated sets—now in museums—that were once the proud possessions of royalty.

The ultimate expression of imaginative design and artistic creativity, this splendid backgammon set

takes its name from the enduring legend of King Arthur and his gallant Knights of the Round Table.

Crafted to the highest standards of quality. Each of the thirty playing pieces is a beautifully sculptured relief medal portraying an immortal character from the golden age of Camelot. King Arthur himself... Queen Guinevere... Merlin... Lancelot... Galahad—magical names, every one.

These playing pieces are crafted in 22 karat gold electroplate on solid bronze and in pure .999 fine silver plate on bronze. Each one is a work of precision and artistry.

Richly decorated backgammon board. The imported backgammon board, too, has been custom-designed for this set. Created with all the care traditionally lavished on the most elegant furniture, its



The Excalibur Backgammon Set

SET SHOWN MUCH SMALLER THAN ACTUAL SIZE OF APPROXIMATELY 26-3/4" X 14-3/4" X 3-7/8"

© 1987 FM

frame is solid cherrywood and its surface is genuine leather—elaborately embellished with symbols of medieval heraldry. In addition, there are two compartmentalized drawers for storage of the playing pieces... two leather-cased dicing cups... two pairs of dice... and an oversized doubling cube.

You will receive two minted playing pieces every other month. But you will be billed for *only one* at a time—just \$22.50 per month. The board and accessories are yours at no additional charge.

To play and display with immense pride. Here is an opportunity to own a backgammon set like no other. A work certain to fascinate anyone who appreciates the truly distinctive and unique.

To acquire it, return the accompanying application by June 30, 1987.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Exclusively from The Franklin Mint.
Please mail by June 30, 1987.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my order for The Excalibur Backgammon Set, consisting of fifteen playing pieces in 22 karat gold electroplate on solid bronze and fifteen in pure .999 fine silver plate on bronze, plus a specially designed backgammon board, two dicing cups, two pairs of dice and a doubling cube.

I need send no money now. I will receive two playing pieces every other month, but will be billed for just one at a time—\$22.50* per month—beginning in advance of my first shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax and 50¢ for shipping and handling.

Signature _____

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

An outstanding watch value: on land, at sea, and underwater . . .

Navigator™ Watch

Now, with new ratcheted safety bezel, and still only **\$49.95***

**But read the ad for an even better deal!*

Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive — and to rally. The Navigator™ Watch is steered by a sophisticated, ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement that is powered by a tiny mercury cell. It should last at least 18 months before you need replace it. The Navigator™ has both luminous analog dial and LCD display. It gives you dual time capability. The LCD display shows time continuously — in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and you display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch/chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has "interrupt" and "lap" modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

The Navigator™ Watch is totally executed in black metal, including the linked, stainless steel band. It is waterproof to 150 ft. The new, exclusive ratcheted safety bezel prevents you from staying underwater longer than you had planned. The crystal is "mineral glass"—it will never scratch.

We import these outstanding watches directly in large quantities and are able to offer them for just \$49.95. National catalog houses offer the identical watch for \$120 or more, and that's without the exclusive safety bezel. But here is an even better deal: **Buy two for \$99.90, and we'll send you a third one absolutely FREE, with our compliments.** Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available.

•Many successful products are being "knocked off" to the detriment of consumers. The Navigator™ is no exception. Beware of similar looking imitations. There is only one genuine Navigator™ Watch!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1015B909. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information. UPS/insurance: \$5.95 for one Navigator™ Watch, \$6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+), with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Ernest Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

but Carrie's busy schedule prevented us from finishing our photography sessions until it was too late to make the February issue's closing date. However, there's good news. We now have the photos we wanted, and Carrie's pictorial will be appearing soon.

PHONEMATE DELUXE

I was watching *Playboy's Holiday Shopping Show* on December second, when all the Playmates of 1986 were taking calls. I was very fortunate to be able to talk with Teri Weigel, Kim Morris and Sherry Arnett while simultaneously watching them on the tube. It made my year.

I was sent farther into wonderland when The Playboy Channel sent me a video tape of Teri Weigel saying hi to me and blowing me a kiss, blowing me away! I can't thank you enough. One thing I can promise is that I'll never buy another *Penthouse*!

Corey Wright
Canton, Ohio

JOIE DE JULIE

Just a note to let you know how pleased I am with February's Playmate of the Month, *Easy Rider* Julie Peterson. Since I am her mother, I tend to be biased on how gorgeous she is, but your talented staff has done a beautiful job of showing off how I feel about her. Please accept my long-distance thanks and congratulations.

Arlene Peterson
Anchorage, Alaska

After 25-plus years at PLAYBOY, the talent of Pompeo Posar is still shining through. The gatefold of Julie Peterson is another example of his genius in the photography of women.

Of course, as I'm sure Posar would admit, the model is also very important. How about another shot of Julie, so I won't have to wait for your *Playmate Review* in January 1988?

Robert Bainbridge
Grand Prairie, Texas

Pompeo thanks you for the compliment, Bob, and here's another look at Julie Peterson, compliments of our Photo Library.



Sheer Beauty

Playboy's latest special edition features 112 pages of sheer delights: the world's most beautiful women wearing the next best thing to nothing at all! It's *Playboy's 1987 Book of Lingerie*, and it's available right now.

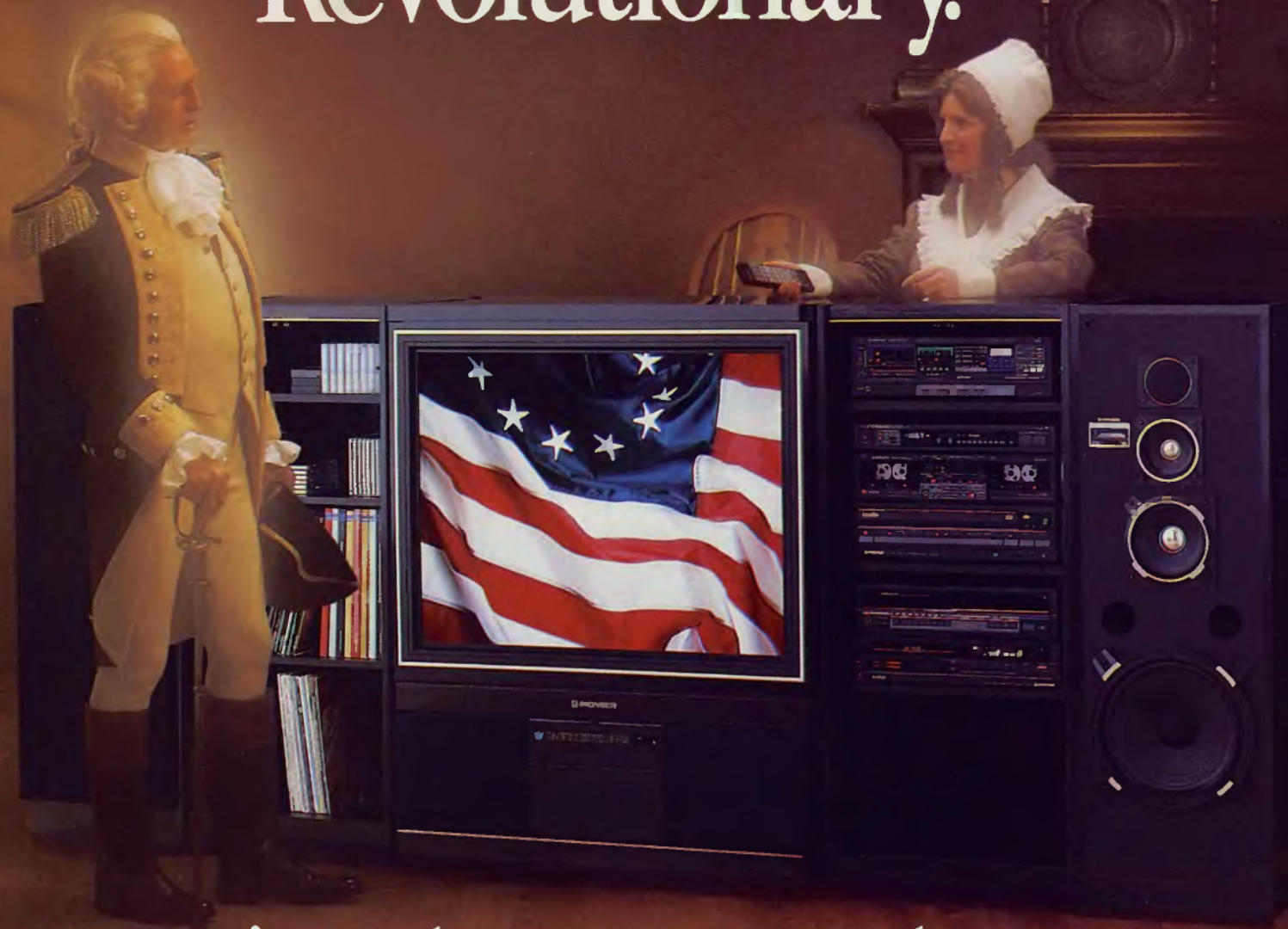
**AT
NEWSSTANDS
NOW**

TO ORDER BY MAIL:

Send check or money order for \$7.50 per copy (includes postage) made payable to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.



Not Evolutionary, Revolutionary.



Pioneer's Revolutionary Foresight System

Once you experience the glory of Pioneer's Foresight® System, you can't help but pledge your allegiance to the finest audio/video system this country has ever seen. And no wonder. Because only Foresight gives your eyes and ears the thrill of LaserVision™, the only video format that delivers both digital sound and a video image 60% sharper than any VHS HQ in existence.

And that's just for starters. Because when you have Foresight, you have it all: easier operation due to

a single "SR" system remote—three-dimensional surround sound—Pioneer's advanced audio technology—and Pioneer's 40" Projection Monitor, the best and the brightest ever made.

So if you're looking for the finest sight and sound show in America today, you have to look for your Pioneer dealer. Because no matter how exciting this ad may be, it doesn't even come close to the excitement of Foresight. For your nearest Foresight Dealer, call 1-800-421-1404.



CATCH THE SPIRIT OF A TRUE PIONEER.

©1986 Pioneer Electronics (USA), Inc., Long Beach, CA LaserVision is a trademark of the LaserVision Association. Actual closed circuit picture shown.

You're a serious driver.

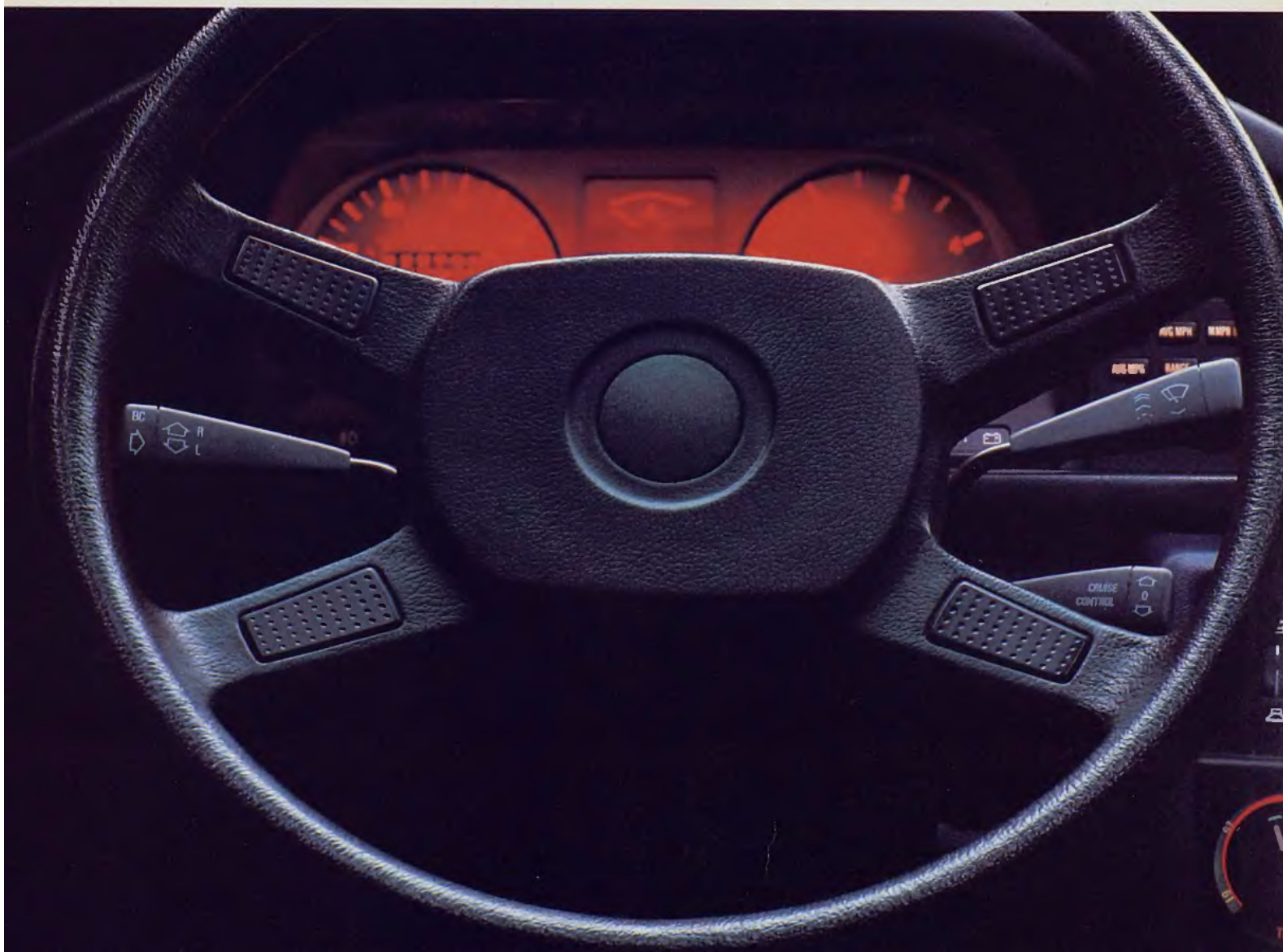
To you, a car isn't just a means of transportation. It's a world where advanced technology is combined with an uncompromising sense of style to make your driving experience more exhilarating, more satisfying, more fun.



Only one radar detector belongs in such a world: the Whistler Spectrum 2®.

Sleek. Black. Compact. Spectrum 2 looks like no other

HOW A SERIOUS DRIVER VIEWS THE WORLD.





The Whistler Spectrum 2 Remote discreetly fits on or under the dash.

radar detector you've ever seen. In fact, its startling high-tech design makes ordinary radar detectors look sadly out of date.

Even more important, Spectrum 2 gives you the performance you demand. With unprecedented sensitivity. And with both an audible alarm and a digital display that tell you when radar is present.

Spectrum 2 accurately warns you of all types of radar, with separate warnings for X and K bands. It has a Variable Filter Setting—a feature offered only by Whistler—that lets you control the amount of filtering to minimize the annoyance of false alarms. *And it's backed by Whistler's exclusive 3-year warranty—the most comprehensive in the radar*

detector industry.

And now there's Spectrum 2 Remote. It gives you the same high-tech look and the same high-performance of Spectrum 2. But they're packed into an incredibly small, 2-part unit (the control console is only slightly smaller than a credit card) which is easily installed and concealed to prevent detection and theft.

For a free brochure on our full line of radar detectors and accessories and the name of your nearest Whistler dealer, call 1-800-531-0004. In MA (617) 692-3000.

Whistler 
STANDARD EQUIPMENT
FOR THE SERIOUS DRIVER.



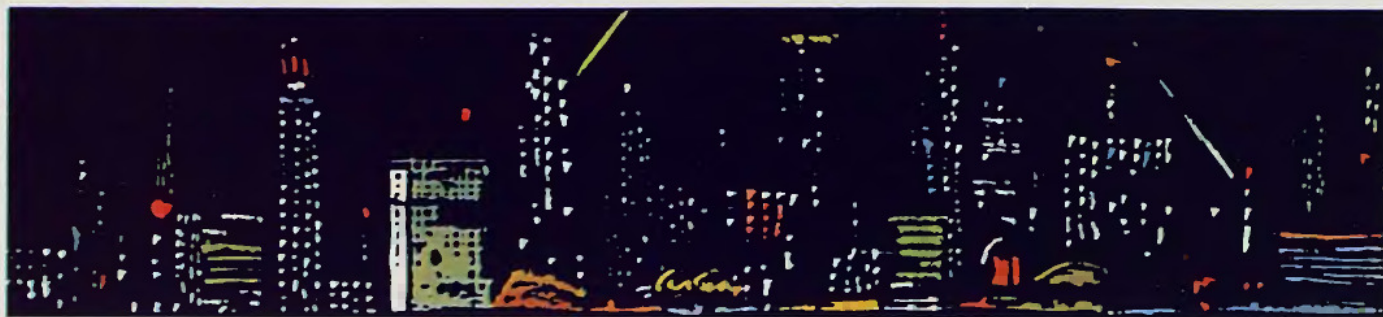
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CATCH IT WHILE YOU CAN

Everyone wants to get into Nell's, the hot Manhattan night club on 14th Street between Seventh and Eighth avenues. Everyone wants to get in because most people can't. Like other swank New York clubs whose popularity preceded it, Nell's employs a basic law of human nature: Keep people out and they'll want to come in. When we didn't get in the first time, we went around the corner, hailed a limo and drove up again. We sailed right in. The waiting crowd could have eaten us alive.

Only about one out of every 50 people who aren't rich, famous or known to the owners gets by the ropes. At 10:30 one Wednesday night, we observed the doormen, drunk with power, discouraging the hopeful. "Too crowded inside," they said. But not crowded enough to turn away a tall Asian woman with a wooden bird in her hair, two tall, striking homosexuals with foreign accents and Armani suits and a high-fashion, racially mixed *ménage à trois*. Packed inside, but there was room, too, for four beautiful Italian girls who emerged from a limousine. By the curb, two Arabs in a Mercedes posted a sign on their windshield: NEED A DATE.

Inside, Nell's is festive. Beautiful People, old and young—mostly young—drink, eat and smoke in a mahogany-paneled British-style *salon*. With antique paintings, couches and club chairs, it could be the Harvard Club gone decadent. No matter. All are merry: They got into Nell's. Women grab men they don't know and kiss them on the mouth.

Nell's is a sometime hangout for such celebrities as Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall, Rob Lowe, Julian Schnabel, Lauren Hutton, Jay McInerney, Debbie Harry, even Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, who could go to their own Palladium down the street. Nell's serves as a court for princes and princesses without countries—Prince Kyril of Bulgaria, for example. We spotted a former Miss Finland, as well as New York's Amazonian club queen, Dianne Brill, big and sexy in her back-zipped black-leather skirt, top and gloves.

If this sounds like your kind of place,

here are some guidelines aimed at getting you through the door. If you are a white male, escort a spike-haired Asian woman. If you are a black male, take a white woman taller than you are. A white female would do well with a good-looking young Asian man. Asians consistently get into Nell's. The doormen think they're exotic. If you can't do any of the above, try renting a limousine, wearing black-leather pants or faking a foreign accent.

But hurry. Soon, the Beautiful People may tire of Nell's. You'll probably get in, but then you won't want to be there.

A FEW WORDS ON BEHALF OF MRS. TORTELLI

NBC's *Cheers* spin-off, *The Tortellis*, named for the wacko couple you instantly either love or hate, has resurrected a treasured archetype in Loretta Tortelli—the classic dumb blonde, portrayed convincingly by Jean Kasem, wife of *American Top 40* d.j. Casey Kasem. The concept of a dumb blonde seems incredibly Neanderthal in 1987. But Kasem argues—as have many dumb blondes in the past—that Loretta is really much more. "I defended

her at first," she says, not sounding dumb at all. "But I've stopped. You have to take my word for it that she's not just another dumb blonde. She's naïve, innocent and vulnerable. She isn't a brain surgeon but she blooms. She's the show's Jiminy Cricket—she's always looking for a glass half full. She has to be like that to put up with Nick [Mr. Tortelli]."

Kasem says she's a lot like Loretta. "She just creeps into you without your knowing it," she admits. "We both like to wear our hair in a ponytail with funny things like cherries and bows in it. We both like to wear crinolines. Loretta used to dress like she was in a time warp, without changing a bit; now she just looks hip. And I don't think Casey minds her at all.

"And you know what?" says Jean. "I'd be friends with her if I met her. I like her. She's kookie and fun and off the wall. Besides, I love her clothes." Yeah, and she's much cuter than Jiminy Cricket.

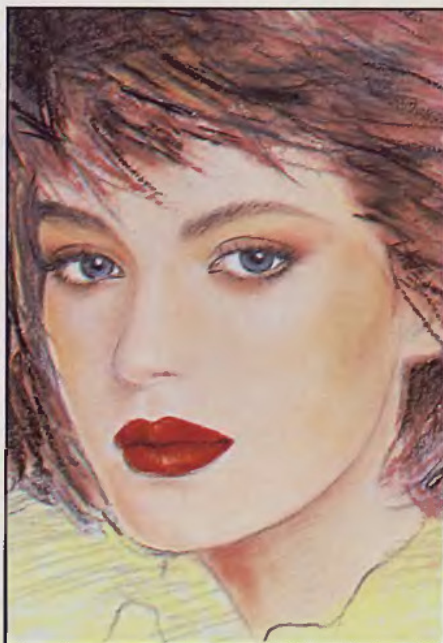
PHENOMS

Every spring, members of that rare species *Homo sapiens phenomenus* alight on baseball training camps in Florida, Arizona and California. In past years, they've borne such exotic names as Jose Canseco, Dwight Gooden and Danny Tartabull. Just three or four of them are spotted per season. Laymen know them as rookie phenoms.

No one has spotted more of those rare birds than the Chicago Cubs' Hugh Alexander, who is celebrating his 50th year as a big-league scout. He has signed, among others, Steve Garvey, Don Sutton, Frank Howard, Allie Reynolds, Bill Russell and Davey Lopes. We asked him to name the three rookies he expects to make the biggest impact on the majors this year.

"You can start with that young left-hander with the Mets, Randy Myers," he answered without pause. "He's going to be the best of the whole bunch. It wouldn't surprise me if, in the very near future, he's out there striking out 275 guys a year. Left-handers don't have a chance against him."

His second choice is 21-year-old catcher



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

Most agreeable way to ingest toxins: hot showers. The longer and hotter the shower, the more water pollutants are vaporized and breathable.

Densest area in United States: Jersey City, New Jersey (12,000 inhabitants per square mile).

Amount health-care facilities spend on TV advertising annually: \$55,000,000.

In a Columbus, Ohio, study, the percentage of residents who said advertising influences their choice of a hospital: 1.2.

Areas in which Nevada is a leader: Murder and nonnegligent manslaughter—20 per 100,000 population.

Percentage of American handgun murders committed using Saturday-night specials: 12.1.

Number of homicides committed with a crossbow in England, 1971-1985: one.

Estimated annual income from illegal drug sales in the U.S.: 110 billion dollars.

Projected national cost of accurate mandatory urine testing: eight billion to ten billion dollars.

Annual estimated cost to employers of employee absenteeism: 40 billion dollars.

Value of annual losses due to employee theft: 40 billion dollars.

Estimated annual cost to employers and individuals from mistakes in health-insurance bills: four billion to eight billion dollars.

Minimum estimated lost wages and health costs from diseases associated with eating meat: \$850,000,000.

Estimated annual cost to U.S. companies of trademark, patent and copy-



right infringement: 25 billion dollars.

Minimum estimated annual cost of treating Alzheimer's disease: \$42,000,000.

Estimated annual cost by the year 2030: 700 billion dollars.

Percent of Germans polled who couldn't remember if they'd read any poetry in the past year: 12.

Number of U.S. labs capable of identifying designer drugs such as ecstasy: two.

Percentage of high school seniors who disapproved of taking cocaine regularly in 1985: 94. Percentage who disapproved in 1975: 93.

Number of Drug Enforcement Administration agents: 2430.

Number of New York City narcotics-squad agents: 950.

Number of Americans using cocaine at least once a month: 5,800,000.

Number of world cocaine users, according to the World Health Organization: 4,800,000, according to estimates provided by individual governments.

Percentage of Bolivia's citizens making their living from cocaine: five.

Percentage of Bolivia's labor force working in all industry: ten.

Street value of 1984 Federal cocaine and marijuana seizures according to the President's Commission on Organized Crime: 11 billion dollars.

Percentage of divorced couples with no children, 40; one child, 26; two or more, 34.

Most likely hour for a heart attack: nine A.M. Least likely hour: 11 P.M.

In one study, percentage of heart attacks within an hour after eating: 25.

—TOM YOUNG

Benito Santiago of the San Diego Padres. "He's the reason the Padres felt they could trade Terry Kennedy," explained Alexander. "This is one hard-nosed player. He's got a good release and an above-average arm, and he's going to hit. I guarantee he's going to hit. He's the kind of player, he walks out on the field and he stands out like a diamond in a goat's ass."

Alexander's third pick is St. Louis' 22-year-old left-handed pitcher, Joe Magrane. "Our reports grade him with two big stars, which means he is really outstanding," he said. "This is a young kid, with just a year and a half in pro ball. He's moved up awful fast, because he throws so hard. He has a plus-90 fast ball, and I mean way up there in the 90s. He could be another Todd Worrell."

For the record, Alexander advises keeping your eye on left fielder Rafael Palmeiro of the Cubs, Phillies infielder Greg Legg and pitcher Marvin Freeman, catcher B. J. Surhoff of Milwaukee and Oakland's third baseman, Mark McGwire.

AND DON'T CALL ROOM SERVICE

Management Review recently offered travel-safety tips for the hijacked business traveler. Here are a few.

"Develop an international appearance. Avoid such things as lapel flag pins.

"Prepare for loss of weight and appetite.

"Eat what they give you. It may taste awful, but it is not poison.

"Attempt a rapport with the hostage takers. As anywhere else, do not attempt to discuss politics or religion."

MEANWHILE, AT CHURCHILL DOWNS

It's Kentucky Derby time, and the best place in Louisville for a great mint julep is the Seelbach Hotel, where you can quench your thirst in a traditional old Kentucky setting. We can't help you with the atmosphere, but here's Seelbach's legendary mint-julep recipe:

Rim a julep glass with confectioners' sugar. Add 2 tablespoons of simple syrup. Muddle with 6 to 8 mint leaves. Pack the glass with shaved ice and top with 2½ ozs. of premium Kentucky bourbon. Stir vigorously until the glass is frosted. Finish by mounding shaved ice on top of the drink, and garnish it with fresh mint sprigs that have been dusted with confectioners' sugar. Add 2 straws, sit back and hope your horse finishes.

REDS RETURN

In 1976, after red dye number two was banned by the Feds as a health risk, the M&M-Mars candy company stopped producing red M&M's, even though they had never contained the proscribed dye. Now the manufacturers are bringing back red M&M's in response, they say, to a national outcry that included thousands of letters and the formation of college-campus societies. Who says today's students are apathetic?

HEAR TODAY.



HEAR TOMORROW.

 **Clarion® Made to last in the first place.**

Clarion Corp. of America, 5500 Rosecrans Avenue, Lawndale, CA 90260 (213) 973-1100

MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

GOOD STUFF to say about Bruce Willis:

1. *The Return of Bruno* (Motown) is unpretentious and silly, and I may even program a cut or two into my next party tape for non-avant-garde types.
2. Willis' voice in its best moments sounds like latter-day Mitch Ryder.
3. His band sounds like the *Saturday Night Live* band, with some occasional raw edge worthy of J. Geils.
4. Unlike Don Johnson, he's not an asshole.

Bad stuff to say about Bruce Willis:

1. His shtick is a shade too reminiscent of the Blues Brothers and Spinal Tap.
2. His band needs more raw edge worthy of J. Geils.
3. He hasn't included the version of *Good Lovin'* that was on the *Taming of the Shrew* episode of *Moonlighting*.
4. His flirtatious half-smile is annoying.

Now, from Alternative Tentacles (P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, California 94101): *Bedtime for Democracy* is probably bedtime for the Dead Kennedys, since they don't get along anymore; but buy this, because the D.K.s need the bucks to fight an obscenity suit brought with obvious political intent. For your money, you'll get screaming denunciations of showbiz (*Triumph of the Swill*), current politics (*One-Way Ticket to Pluto*) and other stuff that needs denouncing.

NELSON GEORGE

James Mtume has long been one of the most respected performer-producers in black music. His writing and production for Stephanie Mills, Roberta Flack and his own band, Mtume, have won Grammys, garnered gold records and won top R&B honors in the 1987 Playboy Music Poll. Now his sound track for the controversial film adaptation of Richard Wright's novel *Native Son* (MCA) shows how multifaceted a composer Mtume is. Using a Fairlight computer as his primary instrument, he mixes "thematic fibers," including pygmy whistles, the sounds of a blast furnace, 18th Century classical motifs, his trademark melodic funk and even a rap record (*Bigger's Beat*, by Woody Rock), to paint his musical picture. *Native Son* suggests that a musician who succeeds in one genre shouldn't feel locked into that style.

In contrast, Starpoint, a hard-working band with a solid base in the black community, stays close to its roots on *Sensational* (Elektra). Led by the brilliant, soaring vocals of Renee Diggs—one of the great underrated voices of this generation—the Maryland-based band makes frisky, upbeat dance music with a minimum of fat. *He Wants My Body, Prove*



David Addison he's not.

Rounding up reissues;
another Bruce sings; and
notes for a *Native Son*.

It Tonight and the vibrant *Touch of Your Love* are typically well-crafted Starpoint performances, but the highlights are Diggs's lead ballads on *Second Chance* and *The More We Love*.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Crunched by the early Eighties, record companies learned what you and I already knew—that music doesn't die the week it falls off the charts. Now compact discs and digital remastering have put an upscale twist on such proven commercial strategies as mid-line pricing and recompiling.

Heading the audiophile sweepstakes are The Rolling Stones, whose post-*Sticky Fingers* catalog has been laserized by CBS, While Abkco/London has remastered the early Stones. MCA is reissuing old Chess albums whole, with *The Blues—Volume One*, *Bo Diddley* and Howlin' Wolf's *Moanin' in the Moonlight* early prizes. Even little Rhino has done some noncomputerized remastering on its extensive oldies list for a Golden Archives Series that stars The Everly Brothers, Ritchie Valens and Love.

Richer sound also enhances an EMI America oldies program topped by five skillful R&B-label anthologies: *It Will Stand*, for Allen Toussaint's New Orleans-based Minit, has to be good if it beats out the Sue, Imperial, Aladdin and Liberty collections. EMI's *Break-A-Way* does for New Orleans' charming yet gutsy Irma Thomas what Atlantic's *Set Me Free* does for Houston's tractable yet acerbic Esther

Phillips—rescues a strong woman from rock's male chauvinist history. Rhino's *Treacherous: The History of the Neville Brothers* salvages another lost New Orleans sound, while Claude Jeter's falsetto on *Get Right with the Swan Silvertones* (Rhino) could make a heathen believe in angels.

VIC GARBARINI

Comparisons of Maria McKee with Janis Joplin, Bonnie Raitt and Linda Ronstadt are obvious and reasonably jus-

GUEST SHOT



ACTOR Peter Reckell has worked for a number of years on stage, on TV and in movies. But he's best known for his portrayal of Bo Brady on the daytime soap "Days of Our Lives." Since Brady is a notorious wine-em-dine-em troublemaker, it seemed right for Reckell to comment on Little Richard's "Lifetime Friend."

"It's fantastic to hear Little Richard sing with that infamous energy and vitality—it's not gone! On *Great Gosh A'mighty*, you also hear that he still has that X factor—the excitement! You can't help but move. There's a lot of variety to this LP; because of that, it's easy to listen to the entire album. *Lifetime Friend* is Gospel. Sometimes Gospel gets in the way of itself, but this isn't the case with Little Richard. You sense how deeply he feels every note. People who still think of him as the crazy guy who ran all over the stage will be surprised by the softness here. It reminds me of when I started acting—you do a lot of screaming and overemoting. Artistic maturity allows all the other feelings to come through."

tified. But on the reconstituted Lone Justice's *Shelter* (Geffen), lead singer McKee has trimmed some of the vocal excesses that marred her debut, learning in the process to temper her aural tempest with restraint and dynamics that deliver her passion with more focus and to greater effect. Credit should go to producer Jimmy Iovine for adding polish without dissipating the punch and to her new band

RUN AWAY TO ROME

GET OFF TO A FLYING START



WITH TDK'S

\$450,000

DASH FOR CASH

S W E E P S T A K E S

See world-class athletes perform in Rome while you continue to get a world-class performance from your TDK audio, video, and Floppy disk products.

2-\$50,000 GRAND PRIZES

If you're one of the lucky Grand Prize winners in TDK's "Dash for Cash" Sweepstakes, you'll receive a fully paid, 8-day/7-night deluxe trip for 2 to the World Championships in Athletics to be held in Rome August 29-September 6, 1987. It includes round-trip airfare via Alitalia Airlines, luxury hotel accommodations and 2 VIP passes to the games as guests of TDK. All this plus

\$40,000 in cash!

5-FIRST PRIZES Five lucky first prize winners will win a fully paid Grand Prize trip for 2, complete with airfare, luxury accommodations and 2 VIP passes, compliments of TDK. Plus \$5,000 in cash!

50-SECOND PRIZES Each of 50 second prize winners will receive a State-of-the-Art Video Camcorder to record their favorite live sporting events or special family moments.

5,000-THIRD PRIZES 5,000 avid sports fans will receive a lightweight insulated sports cooler that keeps your favorite liquid refreshment as hot or cool as you like it.

15,000-FOURTH PRIZES 15,000 runners-up can keep tabs on the pace with a sporty high tech digital stopwatch that keeps track of time with pinpoint accuracy. Go to your TDK dealer today and pick up your entry coupon in specially marked packages of TDK audio, video, or Floppy disks, or write for entry coupon and official rules to "DASH FOR CASH", P.O. Box 2312, Yonkers, NY 10703. Include a self addressed, stamped envelope, except residents of Washington and Vermont. One request per envelope. All requests for entry coupons must be received by June 1, 1987. No purchase necessary. All entries must be received by midnight June 30, 1987. Void where prohibited.

© 1986 TDK Electronics Corp.



THESE AND OTHER SPECIALLY MARKED PACKAGES



TDK
OFFICIAL AUDIO AND VIDEO
TAPE SUPPLIER TO THE
WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS IN ATHLETICS
ROME, ITALY

TDK THE ART OF PERFORMANCE.



The Ujena Twist-Top Bikini, \$34.00. Model: Devin De Vasquez. Photographer: Stephen Harvey. (For one of our swimsuit posters, send \$3.95.)

"...The sexiest swimsuits we've seen this side of St. Tropez."

—PLAYBOY

And this is why: French-cut sides for legs to the limit. Special Sliding-Triangle™ bottom is adjustable for the perfect fit. Our Twist-Top™ adds fullness and shape to your bustline. And the shiny black Tricot makes you look firm and shapely.

The Ujena Twist-Top Bikini. One-of-a-kind.



All suits in stock shipped within 48 hours.
The Ujena Twist-Top, in black, pink or white.
Call toll-free 800-227-8318.

Call 800-227-8318 Now!

To order your Ujena Twist-Top Bikini (black, pink or white) call **800 227-8318**. Our operators will help you select your perfect fit. Tops and bottoms (S-M-L) sized separately. Or send \$34.00 plus \$3.50 postage and handling to: Ujena, Dept. 3015, P.O. Box 7211, Mountain View, CA 94043-7211. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Call **800 227-8318** (Now toll-free from Canada and anywhere in the U.S. 24-hours daily.)



Ujena Girl Magazine

The return of the Pin-Up Girl. Where cover to cover you'll find sexy shots of girls in revealing swimwear and lingerie. Send \$3.95 for one issue, or \$9.97 for six. (On the cover: Western Gauze Shirt \$33.00.) **Swimwear Illustrated On Location Video**—the magazine comes alive in this sizzling home video! Send \$29.95, plus \$3.50 postage and handling. (In VHS only.) Send your order to: Ujena, Dept. 3015, Box 7211, Mountain View, CA 94043-7211.

Come by the Ujena Store nearest you: 1400 Stierlin Road, Mountain View, CA, or our Los Angeles location, 2521 Pacific Coast Highway, Torrance, CA. Or visit our newest stores: Cornerstone Center, Tempe, AZ; Hilton Village Plaza, Scottsdale, AZ; Valley Fair Shopping Center, San Jose, CA. Open everyday 9-9.

FINE SWIMWEAR • AFTERWEAR • ACCESSORIES

for having the chops and the feel to effectively deliver her *nouveau* country rock. And although at times she still tends to smudge the line between sentiment and emotion, McKee has more depth and reach than any other female rocker since Chrissie Hynde.

On the reissue front, Duke Ellington's *Money Jungle* (Blue Note) is a digitally remixed and Direct Metal Mastered edition of one of the greatest jazz-trio records of all time. The 1962 summit featured Charles Mingus on bass, Max Roach on traps and Ellington on keyboards. The effortless grace and extraordinary presence evident in Ellington's playing echo his orchestral sensibilities. On the other end of the spectrum, George Russell focuses and centers his 20-odd-piece Living Time Orchestra so deftly on *So What* (Blue Note) that this potentially unwieldy group sounds as tight as a trio.

DAVE MARSH

During the disco era, black male ballad singing all but died out, and its resurgence has been one of the most encouraging trends of the past couple of years. The problem is that even the finest of the new black balladeers (Freddie Jackson comes to mind) is more formally correct than soulful, and the results are often as mechanistic as any nonhuman beat box. Among Jackson's peers, feeling parallels virtuosity only in Luther Vandross, whose shtick is imitating female crooners.

Womagic (MCA), Bobby Womack's umpteenth album, and *Shake You Down* (Columbia), Gregory Abbott's debut, solve this problem because they have to. Neither has exceptional range or timbre and, as a result, both sing their asses off.

Womack, by far the more limited of the two, has employed one tactic or another for 20 years, with results that have garnered cult respect and black-pop credibility but not much more than a prayer in the Top 40. If *Womagic* is different, it's primarily thanks to producer Chips Moman, who offers settings that range from classic Memphis soul almost to folk. But it's Womack who makes them stick with the assurance of the veteran who's done everything from Gospel to doo-wop to collaborations with The Rolling Stones.

Shake You Down is another story. The title track was the best radio single of late 1986 and early 1987; its intricate arrangement and Abbott's lightly deployed but still intense vocal made number one on merit. The rest of the record is not so much seamless as *smooth*. In the long run, that may also mean slick—and Abbott's *Miami Vice* haberdashery and careful avoidance of meaningful lyrics suggest that it will. In the short term, however, listening to Abbott reach for notes that others would hit easily offers much more reward, simply because there's a hint of risk implied. If that doesn't shake you down, at least it may stir you up.

Meet me here at 6:00
I'll bring the bubbles
"C"

BILL BLASS FOR HANES
Now, you'll never know what to expect. Bill Blass For Hanes. Underwear created by a designer who understands men's fashion. In a variety of styles and colors for the contemporary man.

©Hanes Knitwear Inc. 1987

CANZON

Are Loudspeakers for Classical Music also suitable for Pop?

You'll find the answer and other helpful hints in our big, new 40 page, four color Loudspeaker Journal. Send \$3.00 to:

Canton North America
254 First Avenue N.
Minneapolis, MN 55401

High Fidelity Made in W. Germany

Driving force.



SERENGETI DRIVERS from Corning Optics. The first photochromic high-contrast copper-lensed sunglasses. Uniquely designed for enhanced vision in any daytime driving conditions.

**SERENGETI®
DRIVERS**
By CORNING OPTICS

At optical, department and specialty stores, or call 1-800-525-4001. In New York State, call 1-800-648-4810.

SERENGETI is a registered trademark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, NY 14831.

FAST TRACKS

R

OCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Gregory Abbott <i>Shake You Down</i>	7	4	6	8	5
Beastie Boys <i>Licensed to Ill</i>	10	5	9	3	8
Georgia Satellites <i>Georgia Satellites</i>	6	8	6	5	8
Los Lobos <i>By the Light of the Moon</i>	8	6	7	7	6
Paul Young <i>Between Two Fires</i>	5	4	4	5	5

OK, MICHAEL, IT'S TIME TO KNOCK IT OFF
DEPARTMENT: Michael Jackson has asked the New York toy merchant F. A. O. Schwarz if he can rent its store for a slumber party. All that pure oxygen seems to be taking its toll.

REELING AND ROCKING: *Yackety Yak* is the title of a movie in the works about the legendary songwriting team of Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, who are responsible for such classic tunes as *Hound Dog*, *Jailhouse Rock*, *On Broadway* and *Stand By Me*. They were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame this past winter. . . . **Phil Collins** is considering a part on TV's *Crime Story* to get his acting chops in shape for a film role in *Buster*, a romantic comedy based on the life of one of Britain's fugitive Great Train Robbers, **Buster Edwards**. . . . *Go Johnny, Go*, a 1958 rock movie long unavailable, is being readied for redistribution on pay TV and home video. It stars the late, great d.j. **Alan Freed**, **Chuck Berry**, **Jackie Wilson**, **Eddie Cochran**, **The Big Bopper** and **Ritchie Valens**, among others. . . . Plans are under way to produce a sequel to *Eddie and the Cruisers*.

NEWSBREAKS: **Prince** expects to have a double album out any day now. . . . **Martin Scorsese** is directing a video for **Run-D.M.C.** . . . **Ann Wilson** of **Heart** is planning a solo record after the band's new record is released. . . . **Roy Orbison** is writing music for an album with former **Sex Pistol** **Steve Jones**. . . . **Steve Miller** is recording jazz standards with a heavy dose of R&B. He hopes to film a cable-TV special in Chicago and introduce the jazz material that way. . . . **Keith Richards** is in a New York studio, working on a solo album. . . . **Mary Wilson** is busy with a new recording, a new book and a movie deal for *Dreamgirl: My Life as a Supreme*. . . . A Live Aid-style concert is being planned for July

in London, to be broadcast live to America, Japan, China, the Middle East and Europe. The money will benefit the Save the Children Fund and the Y.M.C.A.'s Third World Charity. . . . This past winter, **George**, **Paul** and **Ringo** lunched together to discuss the possibility of a **Beatles** biography to be filmed by **Steven Spielberg**. . . . **Genesis** may add some outdoor dates for a summer tour. . . . **Dylan** and **Tom Petty** will do it again on a U.S. summer tour. . . . A ballet based on **Elvis'** life will debut this fall in Long Beach, California. **Ben Weisman**, who wrote many of **Elvis'** songs, is working with the **Long Beach Ballet** to incorporate some of those songs into the piece. . . . Watch for albums from **The Cure**, **X**, **Belinda Carlisle**, **General Public** and **Pat Benatar**. . . . **Enigma Records** will introduce a thrash-metal San Francisco band, **Death Angel**, which hasn't spent much time on the road. Why? All of its members are in high school. They can tour when school is out. . . . **Rounder Records** has signed **Pianosaurus**, described as a "New York-based all-toy rock-'n'-roll band." We'll try to get you more info. . . . Rock critics for three of England's most influential publications, *The Face*, *Melody Maker* and *New Musical Express*, honored American artists in their top-ten lists in 1986, among them **Janet Jackson**, **Anita Baker**, **Paul Simon** and the **Beastie Boys**. . . . **The Doors'** keyboardist, **Ray Manzarek**, has been working in Liverpool with **Echo and the Bunnymen**. They're doing a new version of *Light My Fire*. . . . **Alice Cooper** says that seeing other bands doing bad imitations of his act is what drew him back to the concert stage. "It's like the gun fighter; there's always some punk kid who thinks he's faster. I realized I could do better what they were trying to do." —BARBARA NELLIS

BUILD YOUR COMPACT DISC COLLECTION.

Join the
**CBS Compact
Disc Club and
TAKE ANY 3 COMPACT
DISCS FOR \$1.00** with membership.

345777. Peter Gabriel—So. (Geffen)
344812. Billy Ocean—Love Zone. #1 album & hits. Includes Love Zone; more. (Jive/Arista)
246868. Jim Croce—Photographs And Memories—His Greatest Hits. Time In A Bottle; etc. (Sajal)
344705. Patti LaBelle—Winner In You. #1 smash—On My Own (duet with Michael McDonald); etc. (MCA)
334391. Whitney Houston—Whitney Houston. Greatest Love Of All; etc. (Arista)
333286. Phil Collins—No Jacket Required. Album of the Year! (Atlantic)

340323. Sade—Promise. #1 Smash. (Portrait)
308049. Creedence Clearwater Revival Featuring John Fogerty/Chronicle. Greatest hits. (Fantasy)
336222. Dire Straits—Brothers In Arms. (Warner Bros.)
345553. Branford Marsalis—Romance for Saxophone. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
343327. Wynton Marsalis—Jolivet/Tomas: Trumpet Concertos. Philharmonia Orchestra. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
344242. Journey—Raised On Radio. (Columbia)

336396-396390. Billy Joel's Greatest Hits, Volumes 1 & 2. (Counts as 2—Columbia)
326629. Bruce Springsteen—Born In the U.S.A. (Columbia)
342097. Barbra Streisand—The Broadway Album. Somewhere; Something's Coming; more. (Columbia)
343095. Philip Glass—Songs From Liquid Days. (CBS)
349324. Rodgers & Hammerstein—South Pacific. London Symphony Orchestra. (Digital—CBS)
347054. David Lee Roth—Eat 'Em and Smile. (Warner Bros.)

328302. Tina Turner—Private Dancer. (Capitol)
339200. Stevie Wonder—In Square Circle. #1 album. (Tamla)
287003. Eagles—Their Greatest Hits 1971-1975. (Asylum)
293597. Led Zeppelin—Houses Of The Holy. Includes hit O'Yer Maker; more. (Atlantic)
331645. Madonna—Like A Virgin. #1 album & hits Material Girl; Angel. (Digital—Sire)
348706. Wynton Marsalis—J Moods. Much Later; Melodique; more. (Digital—Columbia)
343582. Van Halen—5150. (Warner Bros.)

349530. The Monkees—Then And Now...The Best Of The Monkees. Includes the new hit: That Was Then, This Is Now; etc. (Arista)
219477. Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits. El Condor Pasa; etc. (Columbia)
337519. Heart. Top 10 Album. What About Love; Never; etc. (Capitol)
341305. Robert Palmer—Riptide. Addicted to Love; more. (Island)
321380. Barbra Streisand's Greatest Hits, Vol. II. Includes—The Way We Were; more! (Columbia)
339903. The Cars—Greatest Hits. Includes—Tonight She Comes; much, much more!!! (Elektra)

344622. Anita Baker—Rapture. (Elektra)
323261. Lionel Richie—Can't Slow Down. All Night Long; etc. (Motown)
337659. U2—The Unforgettable Fire. Top 10 MTV hit! Pride (In The Name Of Love); The Unforgettable Fire; plus more. (Island)
322024. Huey Lewis & The News—Sports. Bad Is Back; Heart & Soul; etc. (Chrysalis)
348458. Dvorak: Cello Concerto, Op. 104 Rhonda, Op. 94/Klid/Waldesruhe, Op. 68, No. 5. Berlin Phil. Yo-Yo Ma, Cello. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
348110-398115. Buddy Holly—From The Original Master Tapes. (MCA)

341636. Primitive Love—Miami Sound Machine. (Epic)
347039. Billy Idol—Whiplash Smile. (Chrysalis)
346270. Wham! Music From The Edge Of Heaven. (Columbia)
346205. Belinda Carlisle—Belinda. Includes Top 10 hit Mad About You; many more. (I.R.S.)
345827. Bob James and David Sanborn—Double Vision. Joined by Al Jarreau, others. Includes Since I Fell For You. (Warner Bros.)
328435. Prince And The New Power Generation—The Love Symbol Album. #1 hit: When Doves Cry. (Warner Bros.)
345785. Top Gun—Original Soundtrack. (Columbia)
341073. Steely Dan—A Decade of Steely Dan. Reeling In The Years; Hey Nineteen; more. (MCA)



346478



346643



347153



348987
398982



339226



346957

**COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO**

We've built-in a wide range of choices. You can select from a wide variety of current hits and classical favorites. Our great introductory offer lets you choose any 3 CDs listed in this ad for just \$1.00. Fill in and mail the application—we'll send your CDs and bill you for \$1. You simply agree to buy 2 more CDs (at regular Club prices) in the next year—and you may then cancel your membership anytime after doing so.

How the Club works. About every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for your musical interest...plus many exciting alternates. In addition, up to six times a year, you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive only Selection

without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The CDs you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$14.98 to \$15.98—plus shipping and handling, and sales tax where applicable. (Multiple-unit sets may be higher.) There will be special sales throughout your membership. After completing your enrollment agreement you may cancel membership at any time.

Special Bonus Plan: After you buy 2 CDs at regular Club prices, you can build your collection quickly with our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half price for each CD you buy at regular Club prices.

10-Day Free Trial: We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation. So why not choose 3 CDs for \$1 right now?

ADVANCE BONUS OFFER: As a special offer to new members, take one additional Compact Disc right now and pay only \$6.95. It's a chance to get a fourth selection at a super low price!

CBS COMPACT DISC CLUB, 1400 N. Fruitridge
P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129

Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 3 Compact Discs listed here and bill me only \$1.00 for all three. I agree to buy two more selections at regular Club prices in the coming year—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

SEND ME THESE 3 CDS:

--	--	--

My main musical interest is (check one): (But I may always choose from any category)

Mr. ☐ ROCK/POP ☐ CLASSICAL

Mrs.

Miss

Print First Name Initial Last Name

Address Apt.

City

State Zip

Do you have a VCR? (Check one.) ☐ Yes ☐ No 179/S87

Do you have a credit card? (Check one.) ☐ Yes ☐ No

ADVANCE BONUS OFFER: Also send me a fourth CD right now at the super low price of just \$6.95, which will be billed to me.

This offer is not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; Please write for details of alternative offer.

Note: We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. X80/C2 X8E/C3

CBS COMPACT DISC CLUB: Terre Haute, IN 47811

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

CRIME PAYS for the Coen brothers, Joel and Ethan, whose *Blood Simple* was a sleeper hit two years ago. That offbeat shocker's promise of better things to come is more than fulfilled by *Raising Arizona* (Fox), a hilarious and uncompromisingly amoral comedy about the efforts of a convenience-store bandit (Nicolas Cage) and his rather dim wife (Holly Hunter) to settle down and start a family. They meet in jail: She's a cop, he an inmate and habitual offender. But their subsequent blessed union bears no fruit—or, as the hero puts it in a fair example of the Coens' tongue-in-cheek high-mindedness, "Her insides were a rocky place where my seed could find no purchase." The childless couple, played with wonderfully witless innocence by Cage and Hunter, decide to kidnap just one baby from a set of quintts recently born to the wife of an unpainted-furniture tycoon named Nathan Arizona (Trey Wilson). The deed done, daffy comic-strip complications follow as they try bringing up baby with two lunatic ex-cons (Bill Forsythe and John Goodman) as house guests, not to mention threats from a sort of Mad Max avenger intent on tracking down the missing tyke. Visually, the movie is no less stunning than *Blood Simple*—further proof that the Coens and their professional associates hail from a generation of film makers so steeped in cinema that they seem to be recycling every creepy or cornball Saturday-matinee feature they ever sat through as kids. While *Arizona* scores minor points as social satire, the guys' real aim is to entertain you, and they certainly know how. ★★★½

Gary Oldman, the resourceful English actor who portrayed punk rocker Sid Vicious in *Sid and Nancy*, appears to have a flair for forthright depravity. The black humor and homoerotic intensity of Oldman's performance in *Prick Up Your Ears* (Goldwyn) would probably delight Joe Orton, the late London playwright he impersonates in this macabre, cheeky movie memoir. Even the title's an Ortonesque "in" joke, with ears an anagram of arse. In the film, adapted by Alan Bennett from John Lahr's biography, Lahr himself (portrayed by Wallace Shawn) connives with Orton's agent (another vivid tour de force by Vanessa Redgrave) to construct a posthumous portrait of the artist as a young gay stud. Fame and fortune did not dissuade Orton from cruising tube stations and public toilets in search of tricks.

Orton's meteoric career, based on such subversive social comedies as *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* and *Loot*, lasted only from 1964 to 1967, when he was murdered by his



Cage, Hunter raise Cain and Arizona (T. J. Kuhn).

An oddball family,
a tragic biography
and history in Dutch.

hammer-wielding live-in lover, Kenneth Halliwell (a bristling portrayal by Alfred Molina). The bloody end of their affair draws nigh when Orton suddenly moves into the limelight as the wayward darling of London's literati, while Halliwell sulks in anonymity like a suburban housewife. Director Stephen Frears, who scored a clean hit with last year's *My Beautiful Laundrette*, cleverly depicts Orton's urban hunting ground as a faintly surreal theatrical landscape where the randiest behavior appears remote and stylized. One smashing choreographed sequence set in a public urinal has Joe dousing the lights while a shadowy, sharklike chorus of cruisers starts to circle in and unzip. Far from romanticizing homosexual promiscuity—though bluenoses will probably fault Frears for doing just that—*Prick Up Your Ears* is a hypnotic, uninhibited psychodrama that finally reveals Orton as a self-destructive satyr in a sardonic dance of death. ★★★

The wounds of wartime are explored in depth and at length (two and a half hours) in Dutch film maker Fons Rademakers' *The Assault* (Cannon), picked as the Netherlands' 1986 Oscar entry. Covering four decades of upheaval, from 1945 to 1985, *Assault* begins with the ordeal of 12-year-old Anton (Marc van Uchelen), who sees his family destroyed by Nazi storm troopers in reprisal after Dutch Resistance fighters assassinate a local collaborator. Years later, the boy becomes a successful

doctor (played by Derek de Lint, a Dutch actor with an arresting Gregory Peck air about him) whose adulthood, through two marriages and occasional nightmarish encounters with people he dimly recalls, turns into a jigsaw puzzle of painful memories. "Knowing about the past helps you understand the present" is a scrap of fatherly advice that becomes the key to the message Rademakers delivers in a powerful, personal, novelistic film (from a book by Harry Mulisch). Here's a confident director whose vision ultimately conquers his vices. He goes too far with his ambitious antiwar, antinuke sermonizing, yet there are glimmers of greatness in this sprawly epic about the evils men do in the name of patriotism. ★★★½

The quaint, slightly eccentric correspondence between a New York writer named Helene Hanff and a London book-dealer is already famous as a book, a TV movie and a play called *84 Charing Cross Road* (Columbia), now a feature film co-starring Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins. Both are excellent in an intelligent, decades-long love feast conducted by airmail and jam-packed with literary chuckles that Anglophiles ought to eat up. Bancroft's down-to-earth Jewish shick works comfortably at first against the pleasantly proper Englishness that Hopkins does to a T. All's well until late in the film, when director David Jones apparently runs out of ideas for pictures. Then the actors start addressing the camera a bit too often, and *Charing Cross* is stopped cold. For that warm, filling and gingery sensation, go back to the book. ★★

Government cover-ups that arrogantly thwart the public's right to know are headline news of late, and *Defense of the Realm* (Hemdale) is a British-made thriller with a one-two punch of topicality. K.G.B. intrigues, sex scandals and a nuclear mishap at a U.S. air base in England all figure in a convoluted plot that rivets attention even when it's hard to follow. Gabriel Byrne, Greta Scacchi, Denholm Elliott and Ian Bannen portray the inquisitive journalists and their elusive "official sources." The unhappy ending is cynical, as it should be. *Defense* has the courage to tell us that good guys are likely to wind up dead, ethical but extinct. ★★

Writer-director Paul Schrader's *Light of Day* (Tri-Star) would seem conventional and heavy going if it weren't Jett-propelled. Rocker Joan Jett, in a feature-film debut that may open the way to a new career, infuses the movie with top-pop energy. She and Michael J. Fox team as a sister and brother from Cleveland. She's the rebellious musical sibling, out on the

Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York, NY. 80 Proof. © 1987

When you've met
your match.

COGNAC
Hennessy
The world's most civilized spirit



road playing grass-roots rock; he stays home to keep peace, particularly with their ailing born-again mom (poignantly played by Gena Rowlands). Everyone hits the right notes here—no real clinkers—but Joan's the only surprise. ♫

Among the early victims of *Black Widow* (Fox) are Dennis Hopper and Nicol Williamson, both swiftly dispatched by Theresa Russell. She's a homicidal sexpot who marries and murders for money, amassing quite a fortune by the time Debra Winger—as a Federal agent with an obsession about the case—picks up her trail in Hawaii. Once there, *Black Widow* becomes scenic and cinematically chic but sublimely foolish, full of volcano-sized credibility gaps into which director Bob Rafelson blows plenty of steam. There's just not enough of it to obscure the spectacle of two game actresses groping for a foothold in a very wobbly script. ♫

The title more or less sums up the appeal of *Street Smart* (Cannon), an atmospheric thriller with some gritty authenticity and a pair of exceptionally fine performances in supporting roles. Director Jerry Schatzberg gives his actors plenty of leeway, though the screenplay (by Dave Freeman) offers limited opportunities for Christopher Reeve, playing a New York writer assigned to do a magazine piece about Times Square pimps and unexpectedly caught up in a murder case. The plot scarcely thickens for Mimi Rogers, in a strictly formula stint as the writer's neglected girlfriend. She's sulky because of the bad company he keeps, but it's bad company that makes *Street Smart* sizzle. Bringing out the best of it is Morgan Freeman, mesmerizing as a shrewd pimp named Fast Black, with Kathy Baker stealing scenes wholesale as Punchy, a whore to remember when the next awards season rolls around. These two may make you glad to go slumming with Superman. ♫½

Eddie Murphy, move over. Robert Townsend has arrived, wearing no fewer than four hats as co-author, producer, director and star of *Hollywood Shuffle* (Goldwyn), an unabashedly black comedy about moviemaking. With the sort of minibudget that would hardly cover the cost of coffee and rolls on most film sets, Townsend gets in some hilarious hot licks on the subject of being young, gifted and black in today's Hollywood. He portrays a bit player named Bobby who peddles hot dogs when he's not fantasizing about the establishment of a special school where black actors learn jive talk so they can be cast as rapists, street hoods and slaves. Bobby subsequently pictures himself playing everything from a black "Rambo" to a Sam Spade. There's a bitter taint of vitriol on many of Townsend's barbs, but his mockery comes across as far more madcap than surly or mean. My own favorite bit: a



Reeve has a new pad in *Street Smart*.

More thrillers, plus
a fictional peek into
the Stein-Toklas salon.

lark parody called "Sneakin' in the Movies," with Townsend and Jimmy Woodard as film critics on TV appraising some epic about Amadeus and Salieri ("two mothafuckas really into music"). ♫

Nearly everything in *Waiting for the Moon* (Skouras) is whimsical fiction except the characters named Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas—those American-born literary lights and lovers whose Paris salon was home base for an entire generation of writers, artists and famous friends. Linda Hunt, in a deliciously dry performance as Alice, launches the narrative by remarking of Gertrude, "She likes American food but prefers to eat it in France." Linda Bassett's Stein, sweetly self-absorbed, is a perfect foil for Hunt in a wordy, worldly-wise literary tribute dreamed up by director Jill Godmilow and screenplay author Mark Magill. Their ungenerous portrait of Ernest Hemingway, overplayed by Bruce McGill, as a roaring, whoring drunk the ladies have to yank out of a brothel, provides the movie's least successful episode. Otherwise, the moonshiny dialog shimmers whenever Alice and Gertrude argue, write together or escape for a picnic with Picasso's mistress (Bernadette Lafont), the poet Guillaume Apollinaire (Jacques Boudet) and a young American hitchhiker (Andrew McCarthy) on his way to fight in the Spanish Civil War. A grand-prize winner at this year's U.S. Film Festival, where American independent movies compete under the aegis of Robert Redford's Sundance Institute, *Waiting for the Moon* weighs in as a small, semiprecious gem that *Rocky* fans should probably avoid at all cost. ♫

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Assault (See review) A night to remember in Dutch with Nazis. ♫½
The Bedroom Window (Reviewed 4/87) What a sultry adulteress saw. ♫½
Beyond Therapy (4/87) Re a man and a woman and 1001 gags about shrinks—ably recycled by Robert Altman. ♫
Black Widow (See review) She's deadly, but the plot's on the dumb side. ♫
Crimes of the Heart (3/87) Sissy is tops in Henley's sister act. ♫½
Dead of Winter (3/87) Murder will out, and Mary Steenburgen will sweat discovering whodunit. ♫½
Defense of the Realm (See review) True Brit Thamesgate. ♫
84 Charing Cross Road (See review) Those famous bookish pen pals. ♫
The Fringe Dwellers (3/87) Aboriginal folkways in urban Australia. ♫½
From the Hip (Listed only) Hit-or-miss laughs mixed with a wry lesson in legal ethics for Judd Nelson. ♫
Hollywood Shuffle (See review) A new angle on colorization. ♫
Light of Day (See review) A family drama illuminated by Jett. ♫
Little Shop of Horrors (3/87) A green-thumbs up for this musical. ♫
Miss Mary (3/87) As played by Julie Christie, more than welcome. ♫½
The Morning After (3/87) Drunk and disorderly, Jane Fonda on a crime-solving spree with Jeff Bridges. ♫
My Sweet Little Village (4/87) Czechs bounce in a rustic comedy. ♫
Outrageous Fortune (4/87) Another big win for the divine Midler. ♫
Personal Services (4/87) Social notes from a lively London brothel. ♫
Platoon (1/87) Oliver Stone's harrowing antiwar games in Vietnam. ♫½
Prick Up Your Ears (See review) Joe Orton's gay but grim film bio. ♫
Radio Days (4/87) Woody Allen & Co. on a star-studded nostalgia trip. ♫
Raising Arizona (See review) Those Coen boys concoct another hit. ♫½
Scene of the Crime (4/87) Deneuve in dire straits, lovely as ever. ♫
Square Dance (4/87) Offbeat tale of Texans—Rob Lowe as a retarded lad, Jane Alexander as a floozy. ♫½
The Stepfather (3/87) Dad's a killer; fasten your seat belts. ♫
Street Smart (See review) Baaad characters make it look good. ♫½
Thérèse (3/87) Austere, strangely sensuous French drama of a girl's journey to sainthood. ♫
Waiting for the Moon (See review) Stein and Toklas as they might have been, if not the way they were. ♫

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

**ONE PICTURE
IS WORTH
A THOUSAND WORDS.**



Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. Read your owner's manual. For further riding information, contact the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-421-4600.



The New Magna™
HONDA 
FOLLOW THE LEADER

Availability subject to change without notice. Passenger seat is standard equipment (not shown). Magna is a Honda trademark. © 1987 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (V-17)

BOOKS

WE SEE SO MUCH written about travel—and most of it just tells us how much it will cost to hang our hat in a place where nobody speaks our language. John Julius Norwich starts *A Taste for Travel* (Knopf) by noting that as travel becomes easier, it becomes harder to be a traveler in any real sense. It's too easy, too inconsequential or too boring. Norwich, whose erudition and taste stop just short of intimidation, does us the favor of anthologizing all the smart things writers—among them Chaucer, Thesiger, Doughty, E. M. Forster—have said about how a place can change us. He breaks the anthology down into appropriate subjects: motivations, first impressions, architecture, hardships, health and hygiene. Armchair travelers will get a workout from this book, and those of us who actually go places will arrive more alert because of it.

Here's the plot: A charismatic high school English teacher who idolizes Ezra Pound is implicated in the murders of a fellow English teacher and her two children. Other evidence points at the weird high school principal, who has a predilection for animal porn and is known to his staff as the Prince of Darkness. The story actually unfolds in 1979 at Upper Merion High School in the tony area outside Philadelphia known as the Main Line.

Two fascinating new books present chilling looks at the murders. *Echoes in the Darkness* (Morrow) is the work of master crime writer Joseph Wambaugh. The first couple of hundred pages will give you the creeps as Wambaugh tracks the two main suspects before the crimes are committed. Just as the goose-bump count reaches the danger zone, the crimes are committed and, to the reader's great relief, the state troopers and the FBI enter the picture. Nobody beats Wambaugh at describing the painstaking details of policework, and here he records seven years of cops' building their cases one pebble at a time. In the end, an impressive pile of circumstantial evidence nails the suspects.

The stouthearted might also pick up *Engaged to Murder* (Viking), by Loretta Schwartz-Nobel, a *Philadelphia Inquirer* reporter who has worked mightily toward unraveling the killings by piecing together documents and interviews with the principal characters—including the convicted killers, both of whom maintain their innocence. Strangely, neither book provides an airtight story of what actually happened; it's that lack of conclusiveness that makes the affair so like a nightmare.

Andrew Vachss is scary. His first novel, *Flood*, ripped our hearts out, left our nerves scraped bare and our sense of right and wrong scoured clean. For the past few years, the detective genre has been in the



Acquiring a more refined *Taste for Travel*.

Norwich's compleat book of travel;
another brilliant novel from Vachss;
Bob Greene waxes nostalgic.

hands of academics who get their ideas of violence from TV, other academics, Hammett or Hollywood. Vachss is a street-wise lawyer who works with the dregs of the earth. His view of the seamy underside of the city is eerie, real, excruciating. His bad guys will make your skin crawl and his good guys aren't much better. Burke, the champion of *Flood* and the new *Strega* (Knopf), is an ex-con and scam artist with a sense of self-preservation that is steel-yard hard. In *Strega*, his mission is to track down a Polaroid piece of kiddie porn. Most writers would just introduce the perverts. Vachss gives the complete picture: the therapists who heal the victims, the prosecutors who try to build cases, the people who try to protect pedophiles. This is uncomfortable terrain, covered brilliantly.

The relationship between T. Boone Pickens, Jr., and corporate America may be summed up in two words: mutual loathing. To Pickens, the big boys who run big business are dishonest, egomaniacal jerks. For their part, the captains of U.S. industry regard Boone as a down-and-dirty corporate plunderer; piranha and Communist are two of the more polite labels they've stuck on him. His autobiography, *Boone* (Houghton Mifflin), is a blistering attack on the endangered species C.E.O. *Americamus*. Most corporations misappropriate stockholders' money, he says, recalling his experience with graft and corruption as an oil-company geolo-

gist. All the bosses care about is money, power, status and perks.

This is a slick piece of work, just like Boone himself, no doubt, and while the writing shows the heavy influence of a professional (if unacknowledged) collaborator, the Pickens philosophy comes across loud and clear: "I made contacts every chance I got, just as I do today. I haven't changed much over the years and I find that other people don't change, either. They just get older. If they were smart to begin with and can control a few bad habits, they generally get real smart." Boone, who started off with a stake of \$2500, got smart enough to run it into a personal fortune of \$107,000,000.

There's nothing better than a good con artist in action, and Len Deighton's *Only When I Laugh* (Mysterious) gives us three of them: Silas, Bob and Liz. The author of *The Ipcress File* and *Funeral in Berlin* originally published this caper in 1968, but it reads smashingly today. From New York to London to Beirut, from deceptive tel-exes to fake accents to impeccable disguises, Deighton's three cons sweep up money, people and trouble—and when they can't find a mark to make, they con one another. Fun, fast-paced, witty and strictly tongue in cheek.

The best word to describe Mary Gordon's short-story collection *Temporary Shelter* (Random House) is powerful. So powerful, in fact, that the endings of some stories almost leave one gasping for breath. Gordon gets into the minds of 70-year-old men and ten-year-old girls with equal ease and writes incredibly intense tales of love, dislike and betrayal.

BOOK BAG

Collected Stories (Lake View), by Harry Mark Petrakis: A complete volume of his short stories, including a terrific new one, *Song of Songs*.

Be True to Your School: A Diary of 1964 (Atheneum), by Bob Greene: Syndicated columnist and author Greene's real diary from his final year of high school, fleshed out. It will make you nostalgic. It will make you laugh.

Marital Blitz (Warner), by Jack Ziegler: Modern romance and marriage brought to you by PLAYBOY cartoon contributor Ziegler. A very funny collection.

Rating America's Corporate Conscience (Addison-Wesley), by Steven D. Lydenberg, Alice Tepper Marlin, Sean O'Brien Strub and the Council on Economic Priorities: An informative guide to the companies behind the things we buy, such as food, health care, airlines, hotels and appliances.





MAGNA

Good Smoke. Great Price.

© 1987 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

LITES: 9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine.

BOX: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Serious golf season is coming up—the Masters and all that—so I feel I should share some tips with you on how to lower your handicap. They come from my library of rare, out-of-print instruction books.

From *How to Play Your Best Golf with Corporate Assholes*:

The grip: Get a firm grip on your credit cards; otherwise, you'll have to buy all the drinks and pay for lunch. Rich guys never pay for shit.

The stance: Never stand next to one of the dickheads at a cocktail party. He'll tell you this golf joke he heard in Bermuda.

The clubs: Check out the social functions at any club before you apply for membership. If you see a lot of pink and green blazers around, fuck it.

The bag: That's what you put over the head of some corporate asshole's wife to keep her from telling you her plans to redecorate their farmhouse in Connecticut.

The pro: She'll be with one of the corporate assholes at the club's spring dance. The wives will think she's disgusting because she's got these tits, so she's probably OK.

From *Better Golf Occasionally Instead of When You Least Expect It*:

Tee shots: Your tee shot should always wind up in the fairway (mowed surface), ideally about 280 yards from where you swung at it. Make sure the golf ball is in the fairway before taking your next swing. This may entail throwing the ball into the fairway from the rough, from behind a tree, from out of sand or even out of water, but it is essential. There are remote parts of the country where such behavior may incur a penalty stroke, but it is still the best strategy. By and large, you will make a lower score if you *do not* try to hit your golf ball out of weeds, trees, sand or, it should go without saying, water.

Long irons: These are the one, two and three irons. Break all of them in half immediately. Throw them into the nearest river, lake, creek, ocean or sewer, depending on the type of layout your club has. If you insist on trying to hit a long iron now and then, be sure to whistle a Broadway tune as you swing.

Short irons: You will rely on these clubs more than any others, particularly the seven iron and the nine iron, which were so good to you in your youth. You will use them for chipping around the greens and for chipping and pitching out of front lawns across the street from the golf



PIVOTAL DIVOTAL TIPS

course. The seven iron hurls better when slung at a tree trunk, but the nine iron is capable of taking deep, nasty, vicious divots out of the fairway after your shot has gone astray.

Sand wedge: Since you are never going to be in sand, you do not need this club for golfing, but keep it handy. The sand wedge, as no other club, can put some memorable dents in the hood of a car after an exceptionally frustrating round.

Putters: The golfer cannot own too many putters. Today's average country-club golfer has between 50 and 75 of them at his disposal, because no other club in your bag can break your heart quicker than a goddamn, motherfucking putter. Rotate putters regularly, never allowing one of them to con you into thinking it is the most reliable.

From *Piss on Par (What Par Doesn't Know Can't Hurt It)*:

Just because par is three, four or five on a hole, don't let it affect your game. If you take the attitude that par on a certain hole should be, say, six, what is par going to do about it? Call the police? The fact is, par should be six on any par-three hole that has water around it, five on any par-three hole that has sand near the green and four on any par-three hole that has undulating greens. Do not be intimidated by what par claims to be. Stand up to par!

Keeping score: There is a tendency

among most golfers to let their scores bother them. No golfer has ever shot a score, however low, that was as good as what he thought he should have shot—or deserved. For example, the touring pro who shoots a round of 63 truly believes he could have shot a 61, or even a 58, if God hadn't wanted to fuck him.

The recreational golfer should never keep score. The only time the recreational golfer may wish to keep score is on that day when he has taken so many mulligans and conceded himself so many six-foot putts that he has a very real chance to break 80 or 90 for the first time. Always bear in mind that equipment, clothing and cars are more important than keeping score accurately.

Know your swing: Most golfers do not know what they look like when they swing the club. They like to think they look like Ben Hogan or Sam Snead, but generally, they look like a sack of shit.

The way to avoid looking like a sack of shit is to address the ball properly:

Stand erect but not too erect. Your feet should be slightly wider than your shoulders but not too wide. Bend over from the waist but only slightly. Flex your knees but only the tiniest bit. If you feel that you are in the proper erect-bent position, have somebody hand you the golf club.

Go over some routine check points. Are you too crouched? Are you too erect? Are you too stiff-kneed? How is your balance? If you are about to fall forward, the chances are excellent that you haven't stuck out your butt enough.

How is weight distribution? Is your weight primarily on the balls of your feet? Can you lift your heels without too much effort?

Remember that it is better to err forward than backward. If you err forward in your swing, you at least are going toward the golf ball. By erring forward, you have a chance to get a piece of the ball as you jab the club into the ground, and statistics prove that most golfers who err backward often miss the ball completely and run a greater risk of injuring themselves.

If you are finally in an erect-bent position that feels reasonably comfortable, there is only one last thing to check before you swing the club. Are you pointed toward the golf course or the clubhouse?

Oh, and you'd probably better let all those groups behind you play through. ♣

CONSORT.[®]

AWARD-WINNING CONTROL.

Steve Stone, Chicago Cub announcer and 1980 Cy Young Award winner, talks about the Consort Control Pitcher Award.

"Last year was a great year for baseball and for Consort. After an exciting season, the first annual Consort Control Pitcher Award went to Mike Scott and Roger Clemens. "Established in 1986 by

The Sporting News[†] and Consort, the Consort Control Pitcher Award is a rating system based on a starting pitcher's ERA, hits allowed, walks and strikeouts per nine innings as measured against the league average. I think it's the truest measure of a pitcher's skill today and Mike and Roger were certainly in control last year."

When it comes to control off the field, Steve turns to Consort.

"That's right. Consort always keeps my hair looking neat and in control. And now you can look in control, too, with Consort's wide selection of grooming products and a Consort 'I'm in Control' T-Shirt, just like mine.

[†]Registered trademark of THE SPORTING NEWS Publishing Co.

STEVE STONE

"This quality shirt will make a great addition to your sports wardrobe. So get ready, with your own 'I'm in Control' T-Shirt. And get control of your hair with Consort's complete line of grooming gear. They're both great deals."

GROOMING GEAR FOR REAL GUYS. CONSORT.

Consort. America's best-selling men's hairspray



I'm In Control

© 1987 Alberto-Culver Company

CONSORT "I'M IN CONTROL" T-SHIRT ORDER FORM.

Please send me _____ "I'm in Control" T-Shirts. For each shirt ordered, I have enclosed a check or money order for \$3.95 (postage and handling included; IL residents add appropriate sales tax) plus 1 proof of purchase* from any Consort grooming product.



BACK OF T-SHIRT

SPECIFY SIZE AND QUANTITY: S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____ (Shirts are 50-50 cotton blend.)

Mail to: Consort T-Shirt Offer, P.O. Box 548, Prospect Heights, IL 60070.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____

Zip: _____

*Proof of purchase is cash register receipt with Consort purchase price circled and UPC code of the Consort product you purchased.

Consort Aerosol Hair Spray 22400 _____ Consort Pump 22400 _____ Consort Mousse 22400 _____ Consort Gel 22400 _____

IMPORTANT: Cash or credit cards not accepted. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Offer void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Offer good while supplies last. Offer expires September 30, 1987. This order form may be reproduced to order additional shirts. Purchase requirements apply.

TS 3

By ASA BABER

Men are asking, "What happens if the war in Central America heats up and we have to go fight it?"

I'd be remiss if I didn't answer that question and the others that are flooding my mail. So here goes:

How's the beer in Central America? In general, it's very good, and it is outstanding in Nicaragua. People forget that a large German population settled in Nicaragua years ago. They brought their brewmeisters with them. When the truth is out—you heard this here first—it will be revealed that our war against Nicaragua has been orchestrated by John Madden and Pat Summerall. They want the Nicaraguan beer franchise, and they will do anything to get it.

Can I drink the water in Managua? If you're worried about intestinal problems, you'd do better to drink the beer. The Sandinistas have instituted water rationing (they turn the pumps off two days a week) in Managua, so if you're told you have to invade the place, tell your superior officers to choose a day when the water is on. Otherwise, you'll miss your shower and your commanding officer's bedtime story.

How many beautiful blonde women of Russian and East European extraction are advisors in Nicaragua and might become my prisoners if we attacked that country? If you talk with the Reaganites, there are thousands and thousands of Russian advisors in Nicaragua. I counted about 100 of them during my visit there in 1985. There were some beautiful blonde women among them, but I'm sorry to report that they all looked very competent and tough and it is doubtful that they would consider sleeping with the enemy. They might let you buy them a beer, though.

Is it true that prostitution is legal in Honduras and that it's easy to get laid there? Yes. Indeed, if you drink a few beers and then squint hard, Honduras looks exactly like Okinawa.

I'm a real beer-drinking party animal. Where's the action in El Salvador? This question always astounds me. El Salvador is definitely a bad duty station and should be avoided if at all possible. If the Reagan doctrine sends you there, however, check out the Zona Rosa night-club district in San Salvador. Watch your step, though. The guerrillas have been known to throw hand grenades into the cafés and to shoot up the streets. Not even your American Express card will help if that happens.



SURVIVING THE BEER WAR

Should I worry about V.D. in Central America? Of course not. You? I can't believe you're asking me that, since you plan to remain celibate so you'll be seen as an ideal representative of your Government. You might take an ample supply of condoms, anyway, though. They make great balloons.

If I am part of an invasion of Nicaragua, what will I see as I hit the beach? You will probably land on the Mosquito Coast, in which case you will see a bunch of white guys in grease paint and loincloths trying to look like Mosquito Indians. Don't shoot them. They're just our boys in the CIA. Most of them are graduates of our finest universities.

What should I do if someone actually shoots at me? I guarantee you that the first time this happens, you'll be fascinated by it. "Wow, someone is trying to kill me!" you will say to yourself. "If I offer to buy him a beer, will he stop?" If you stand there for a long time contemplating this thought, you will probably be dead meat. So remember: If a sniper gets you in his sights, keep low and run for cover. Even snipers get the blues, and if you move out of their vision, they'll forget you and go on to the next sucker.


How can I tell if a road is mined before I walk down it? In the first place, you shouldn't be walking down a road if you're

in combat. Stick to the high ground and stay away from ambush points. But if you do have to walk down a road, check for recent tire marks. If you don't see any, there could be trouble. If the local people of the country you've invaded laugh and plug their ears as you start down the highway, reconsider. Finally, if you see strange mounds of dirt or carefully swept places, don't start digging there. You're not on a beer hunt. You're in a war. That means you're in a lottery.

I want to stand tall, act tough, carry the flag and show those little brown foreigners that they can't kick me around. Is this a good attitude to have when going into war in Central America? It is if you are: (A) a Marine; (B) an escapee from a mental institution; (C) Rambo. If you are none of the above, you might think about adopting a more flexible attitude, one that relies on shrewdness and self-protection to the utmost. For example, if your commanding officer offers a case of beer to any man who will walk point, look him straight in the eye and say, "I don't drink, sir." Sure, it's a lie. But it may save your ass.

I'm a Yuppie and I look very good in white suits in the summer. Is that a problem in a combat zone? It is true that olive green and camouflage cloth can be sartorially dull; but in this case, your sense of stylishness could kill you. Much of the Beer War will be fought at night (as are all guerrilla wars), and white is not the smartest thing to wear unless you're into pain and like being shot. Leave your Gucci loafers at home, too. The jungle is very muddy and you might lose them.

Will my PLAYBOY subscription reach me in Central America? Given all the trouble this magazine has had with the Meese commission and other censors, you would think there might be a problem. But Ed Meese has promised me that PLAYBOY will be delivered to the front lines in a timely fashion. "Ace," Ed said to me, "I really like your Men column and I'm rather fond of the magazine. We won't interfere with PLAYBOY's reaching the troops—as long as you're the guy who will deliver it personally to each and every one of them."

I think that answers most of your questions. Write to me if you have more. And listen: Take care of yourself. I'll see you down there. And if you get to Jinotega, don't forget to try what they used to call a cup of Java. Best coffee in Nicaragua. Almost as good as the beer. 

Foltène,[®]

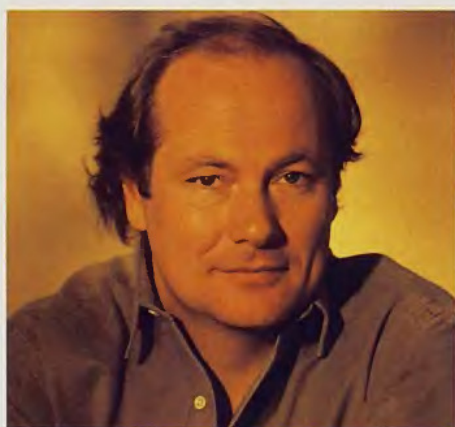
Europe's answer to thinning hair

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.



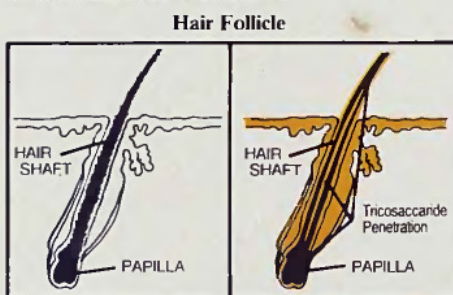
You are not alone.

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[®].



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.





The Peachtree Fuzzy Navel.

When the flavor of
fresh-picked peaches
meets orange juice,
it's love at first sip.

1½ oz. DeKuyper®
Original Peachtree™
Schnapps
Fill glass with orange
juice. Serve over ice.

DEKUYPER® ORIGINAL PEACHTREE™ SCHNAPPS
Bite into something wonderful.

DeKuyper® Original Peachtree™ Schnapps Liqueur, 48 Proof, John DeKuyper and Son, Elmwood Place, OH.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Have you ever heard of the J Spot? Not the G spot, the J Spot. It's supposed to be an erogenous zone favored by Asians, but none of the people I've talked to has a clue.—F. E., Seattle, Washington.

We found a reference to the J Spot in "Love Around the World," by Lailan Young. According to the author:

Japanese men do not particularly enjoy kissing a woman's mouth and few are attracted to her bosom. The reason is quite simple: They prefer her secret spot, which enlightened foreign visitors (male) returning from Japan call the J or Japanese Spot. Men also have a J Spot, but it is usually smaller. . . . The problem about locating the J Spot is that its exact position varies according to the growth of hair in the target areas. The apparent hairline is apt to vary according to posture and whether the object of your attention is lying down or bending backward. . . . The first step is to raise the index finger of your right hand (left if you are left-handed) and quietly run it along the hairline, that is, along the roots of the hairs. This is not easy. Return the finger to the very center of the hairline and lo! Exactly one inch immediately below the center is the J Spot.

The entire spine, not just the nape of the neck, is an erogenous zone. Start at the top and nibble, lick, chew, suck and scratch your way down to the coccyx and back. Pretend you're on a sexual "Sesame Street." Recite the entire alphabet, and you'll have an interesting afternoon.

I have heard through the grapevine that there are a couple of wine auctions held in California every year and that it's possible to pick up some exceptional—and even one-of-a-kind—long bottles at them. Do you have any details?—G. N., Dallas, Texas.

Actually, we have a wine-loving friend whom we, ah, press into action on questions such as these. He says you're referring to the Napa Valley Wine Auction and the Sonoma County Showcase and Auction. The daylong auctions (the proceeds of which go to local charities) feature panel discussions, a formal dinner, tours, parties and barbecues at various wineries, plus a chance to talk and taste with some of the world's most prominent wine makers. The Napa Valley Auction, the larger and more formal of the two, will take place from June 18 to June 20 at the Meadow Wood Country Club in St. Helena, which you should be sure to pronounce Hell-lee-muh, so you sound like a local. Four hundred and sixty-one lots were sold last year for a total of \$439,000, but perhaps the most coveted prize was several bottles of Dominus and a highly touted Cabernet Sauvignon that has



yet to be released to the public. They went for a cool \$31,000; for information, call 707-963-5246. The Sonoma County shindig, at which 112 lots fetched \$112,785 last year, is held at the Sonoma Mission Inn. This one has a more down-home style but no less spectacular wine for sale. Last year, two 1935 wines from Simi, a Cabernet and a zinfandel, were on the block, and Fisher offered to let a "wine maker for a day" custom blend a barrel of its chardonnay, then take the wine home in bottles with personally designed labels. That fetched \$2900. This year's dates are August 13–August 16; for information, call 707-579-0577.

My girlfriend wants to switch our birth-control method to condoms. I suggested that she go scout out some models and choose one she likes. She is reluctant. Do you have any recommendations?—T. W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

We think you should go with her, but only to see which of you has the greater capacity to blush. Insist on in-store demonstrations. Choose a color scheme that matches your sheets. She will have no problem shopping alone. Several manufacturers are targeting female shoppers with lines of condoms designed to appeal to feminine sensibilities. This is a shift from the days when condom manufacturers gave their products macho names. (Did we really see a condom with TURBO printed on the side?) We have heard of a condom manufacturer who called his product the Porsche of condoms. Did he mean the engine was in the rear? Or that it had great traction on slippery curves? The newer brands are more subtle. Lady Protex, for example, is sold in the same area of some stores as feminine-hygiene products. Mentor condoms feature a special applicator to help a

woman ease her partner into something more comfortable and safe. If your girlfriend is worried about the pharmacist's teasing her, suggest that she buy three or four dozen at a time. She can bat her baby blues and ask, "That should be enough for the weekend, shouldn't it?" Actually, we would be surprised if she ran into problems. Last year, 40 percent of 500,000,000 condoms sold were to women.

At a party recently, I started to loosen my tie. One of my frat brothers told me that that was a good way to wrinkle and/or damage the fabric. I just grabbed the knot and pulled it down. Indeed, this is the way I usually remove my ties. Is he correct?—J. R., New York, New York.

It must be one of those preppie frats. Actually, your brother is correct. The proper way to loosen a tie is to undo the knot in reverse order of the way you tied it. Never—repeat, never—simply tug the skinny end through the knot. Doing so causes the fabric to crinkle and may lower your social standing at future parties.

Can you tell me if my girlfriend is normal? The first time we made love, we were lying on a couch. Long before we had undressed, she was straddling my knee and rubbing her crotch in a rhythmic fashion, obviously in an effort to get aroused. She continued to do this throughout the evening. I would penetrate, we would reach orgasm, and then she would continue to rock her pelvis against my thigh. It certainly seemed to keep her in the mood, but I wonder if you've ever seen or heard of this before.—M. P., Chicago, Illinois.

We've come across it in several situations. The knee ride mimics a form of masturbation that many young girls practice—they rub against a pillow or an arm of a sofa. (Later, they graduate to horseback riding, but that's another story.) What works when they're young still works as they grow older. Among gay women, the knee ride is a thoroughly enjoyable route to orgasm. Women who have trouble reaching orgasm during intercourse often resort to this method—it allows them to rock back and forth in a familiar rhythm, without wasting an erection (their partners may find that rhythm too exciting to withhold their own orgasms). Finally, this form of nonpenetration is making a comeback as a form of safe sex between heterosexuals concerned about birth control and/or venereal disease. The woman can masturbate the man, and/or hold on for dear life when the ride gets wild, without worry.

I've been educating myself by reading reports on automobile road tests before buying a car, and they keep using the

word ergonomic in reference to car interiors. I know about aerodynamic exteriors, but what in the world is an ergonomic interior?—F. W., Portland, Oregon.

Think of ergonomic as a fancy word for user-friendly. The science of ergonomics is the study of making work easier for man, so an ergonomic interior is one that makes a motor vehicle easier and less fatiguing to drive. Expanding that definition a bit, some ergonomically inclined auto makers also work on refining the feel and even the sound of various controls. Try this: Sit in the car you're considering, adjust the seat to where you'd normally have it, buckle up and get comfortable. Will you be as comfortable for the long haul? Can you see all the instruments and key controls without moving your eyes far from the road? Can you reach everything you'll need without moving your back off the seat back? Are the switches and controls for lights, washer/wipers, radio, climate system, cruise control, turn signal, horn, power windows and mirrors and other important functions tactile, meaning easy to identify and operate by feel as well as by sight? Can you locate and use them without diverting your eyes or attention from the road, even in the dark? If so, that's good ergonomic design. If not, and if it matters to you—and it should—keep shopping.

My hunch is that safe sex involves more than the use of condoms, but I would like to know just how much of a risk, if any, there is of contracting AIDS through tongue kissing or cunnilingus.—D. A. C., Providence, Rhode Island.

According to current schools of thought on the subject, the risk of contracting the AIDS virus from tongue (or French) kissing is minimal, largely because the virus itself is not heavily concentrated in saliva. However, performing cunnilingus on a woman who has been exposed to it is a different matter. The virus is more heavily concentrated in vaginal fluids; therefore, the virus could be spread through cunnilingus. (So far, doctors have found only one case of transmission from a lesbian to her partner—so while possible, it seems unlikely.) Some medical experts are now recommending the use of dental dams for men and women who want to perform oral sex. Similarly, men who have been exposed to AIDS are urged to wear condoms while receiving fellatio to reduce the risk of spreading the virus to their partners. Nowadays, when you have sex with someone, you are also having sex with everyone that person has slept with for the past seven to ten years. So date virgins, or very young lovers, or people who were monogamous for the past decade, and you cut down your chances of being exposed to the virus. If you know your partner hasn't been exposed to the virus (i.e., if she doesn't use I.V. drugs or has never slept with a bisexual or a drug user), wait away.

My question deals with the specifications of the home stereo. The recording

level on my tape-deck input reads from one to ten. For the recording tapes I use, I usually set the level at four and a half. I find that this puts out a great sound. I also have a couple of tapes that I use for miscellaneous recording (radio, etc.). On those I set the input level at about six. When I play them back, they seem to sound louder. I know that the higher the input, the louder the sound will be. My question is this: What is the normal input level for a high-quality tape? I want the best possible sound I can get, but I don't want to ruin the tape.—G. J., Rockford, Illinois.

From your description, we think that you have found the normal input levels for high-quality tapes, which are best for your system. Generally, the area of four to six on the recording-level control is about normal. There are quite a few variables (including different tape-deck brands, the photo cartridge in the system, the source used to record—turntable, CD or tuner—and the source material itself) that determine the recording-level setting, which is why no exact setting can be recommended.

The best way to establish the precise recording level is to use the VU meters on the machine and ignore the number setting on the input control. The meters should be allowed to peak to at least the zero-VU position, regardless of the source being recorded. The high-quality TDK SAX or SA can handle a signal past zero VU at about the plus-eight to plus-14 position. High-quality tapes have enough headroom to handle this higher input without overloading, and the higher input will result in less background noise. If you try to record past the plus-14 setting on the meters, you risk overloading or saturating the tape, which will result in a loss of high frequencies and a bad recording. For best results, ignore the input-level-setting indicators. They are really just there for reference. The VU meters will be the best indicators of appropriate input-level settings.

I've seen my share (200) of adult video tapes and films and would enjoy them more if not for one inexplicable common denominator: male impotence. The male actors in adult movies can seldom (and only then with incredible amounts of female assistance) get it up. Even the more familiar faces, the guys who have been making it on the screen for the past few years, stay limp. What's the problem? Job burnout? Lack of concentration? Plain old-fashioned wimpiness? My wife claims there's no greater turn-off than seeing a limp penis on a supposedly aroused male, and I agree. What's the problem with these guys?—O. V., Liberty Center, Ohio.

When sex is a nine-to-five job, it takes a little help to go from five to nine. What you are seeing is not impotence; that is, the complete inability to perform. What you are seeing is guys starting from scratch, perhaps after

already performing once or twice. One of the most damaging sexual myths of our time is the notion that men are always ready for sex, always hard, always eight inches of throbbing steel. If your wife expects you to be fully erect, on demand, she may be in for a surprise. Some men, as they age, need some foreplay. Tell your wife to watch what the actresses do to arouse their partners. It may come in handy someday. Arousal is not as easy as it's supposed to be—which is why, we suppose, you both watch porn movies. If you can keep an open mind, there's a lot to be learned. Check out the following letter.

Like many guys, I used to have a problem with premature ejaculation—a few thrusts and I would reach orgasm. I started looking for ways to prolong sex and, much to my surprise, I've discovered one. Watching porn movies, I've noticed that the participants never have sex in just one position. They start with oral sex; then he turns her over and enters from the rear; then she sits on top; then she turns and faces the other way, etc. At first, I thought they were doing it to change the camera angles and make the film interesting. But I tried it and found that by breaking concentration and changing positions, I was able to last a lot longer. My partner views it as teasing. Sometimes I just rub the tip of my penis against her clitoris; sometimes she touches herself to maintain a rhythm for herself. When she looks ready to come, I get serious. The added benefit is that if I prolong the preliminaries, I seem to maintain my erection longer after one orgasm, and it's easier to get a second.—F. W., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

It sounds like good advice to us: Orgasm in a male is usually the result of rhythmic stroking action. If you make love in one position, any thrusting leads to a sense of inevitability. Anything you do to break the rhythm will put off the orgasm. This is not close-order drill. We once read about a cure for premature ejaculation that may explain why this tactic works: "Since quick orgasm is an exclusively male problem, avoid it by pretending that you aren't male. Be a tease instead. Forget about total penetration and adopt the characteristics of the coy female virgin. Do all the things she would do: Be bold, then be frightened; go forward, then retreat; be capricious, indecisive and seemingly unsure of whether you actually intend to go through with it or not." In short, play.

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.



XERYUS FOR MEN



G I V E N C H Y

PARFUMS

bloomingdale's



A brief fashion statement
in a shape, a size,
a color for everybody.

Both cotton rib and
jungle prints available
in low rise and string
bikini styles.



PLAYBOY BRIEFS

Try On The Feeling!



Available at fine department and specialty stores everywhere. Briefs by Ruby International, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118.
© 1987 Playboy Enterprises, Inc. PLAYBOY and RABBIT HEAD DESIGN are marks of and used under license from Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Have you ever been a deliberate tease and why?

I've been a deliberate tease with authority figures, teachers, people older than I am. I never really wanted to know if they wanted me. I joked around with them, anyway. I wouldn't tease a guy in a club if I was really interested in him. I'd just go right up to him and begin a conversation. I'd tease my girlfriends' boyfriends, just joking around, and they'd do it back. We'd both know nothing would ever come of it because of the relationship with my girlfriends. But I wouldn't do that too often.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1986

Just about all the time. It's fun. I'm not taking it too seriously. I do it with a sense of humor. It's a game. Sometimes you meet a man and play the game because it's fun, but you have no intentions. Then you begin to know him and you like him. Or you may meet a man who is shy or is nervous because you are a Playmate, and he'll think he hasn't got a chance with you. Then you've got to be more direct. You have to make him understand that you like him, so he won't feel intimidated. Otherwise, flirt away.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

Oh, yes. I don't think I really meant to, since I was in a serious relationship at the time. But I found myself going out with my college girlfriends and experimenting with how far I could go to get a guy interested in me. It was the fun of the game. Until it went overboard and he got really interested. Then it would be a problem. It was a college game, and I got burned out on it. I guess I did it because I'd been in a serious relationship for a while and I wasn't ready to cut the strings when I went away to college. But at the same time, I was trying to find myself and figure out what kind of person was really my type. That's why I played games.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Yes. I broke up with a guy I was dating and his friend started hitting on me. I knew I didn't want to sleep with the friend, but I kept teasing him and he kept asking for my phone number. I'd say no, dance with him, walk away, talk to other people and then go back. I knew I had his attention, and even though I didn't want to go off with him, I thought maybe he'd say something to the guy I broke up with, like, "I saw Ava last night. She looked really nice. Why don't you give me her number?" But it didn't work out that way. Another time, with another friend of another ex-boyfriend, it did work out. It started as a tease and we ended up having a relationship. It worked out really well.



Ava Fabian

AVA FABIAN
AUGUST 1986

Yes. In the days when I was wild and free, before I met my boyfriend. At the bar, you just kind of tease them. You've got on your suit, you know, your attitude suit. You've got your hair fluffed up and your make-up on. You've got a gorgeous outfit that you just bought and your heels. You're so cool walking around the bar, teasing all the men. But it's just for the fun of it, for your own little snickers. Now that I have a boyfriend, I don't hang out much anymore. I've been too busy.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

The girls who tease men really bother me. I just prefer people to be more straightforward. If I want someone, there's no need to tease. I get what I want by being direct. I think doing a Playmate lay-out is a visual tease, but one on one I wouldn't do it. I was very shy growing up. I wasn't very flirtatious. I didn't have the self-confidence. When I got older, it wasn't necessary with the men I got involved with. I've always gone out with guys I could be honest with.

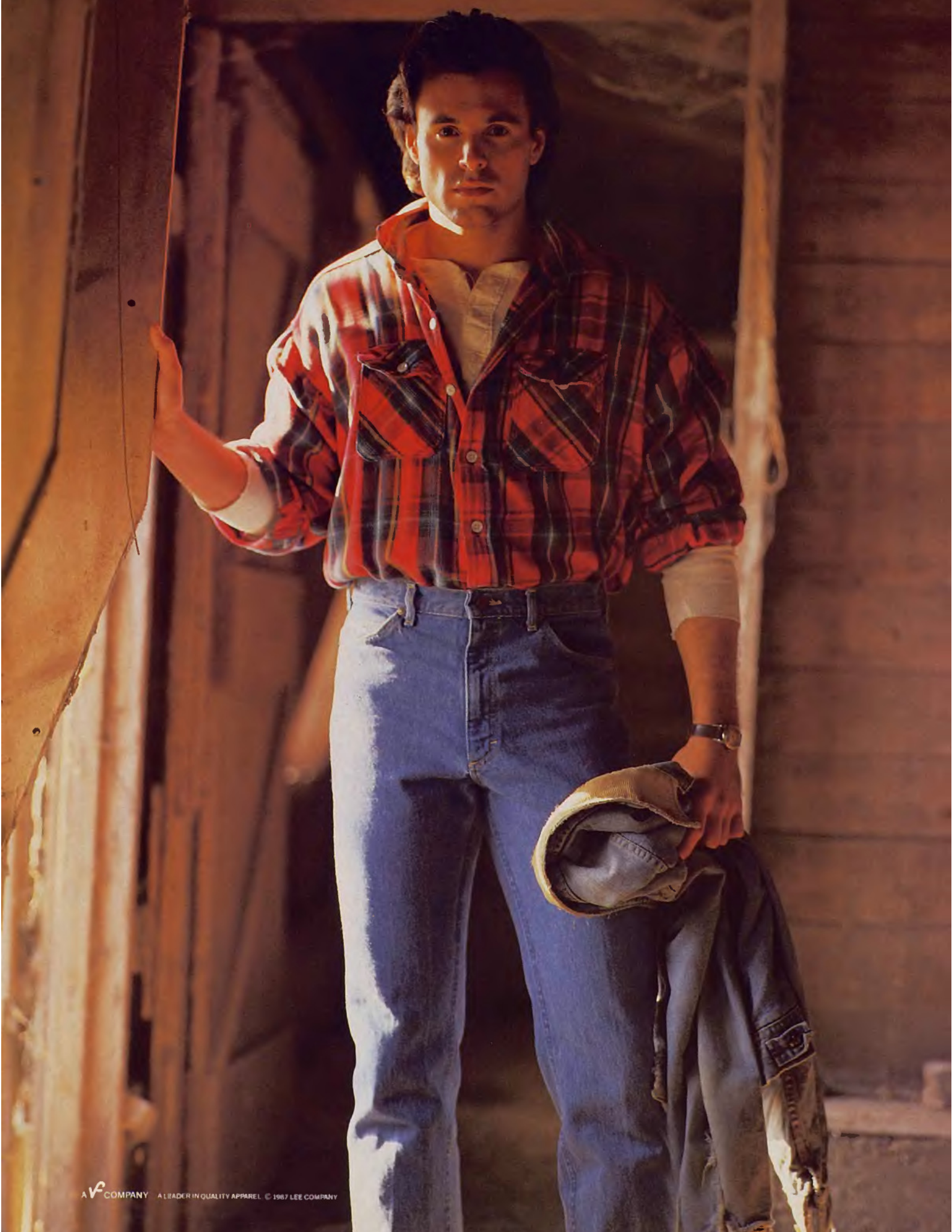


Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 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.





Jeans for the man whose idea of style is whatever makes him feel comfortable.

The way we see it, there are two basic things to look for in a pair of jeans. One is fit. The other is a feeling. Something that tells you that these are jeans you could be comfortable wearing.

That's the great thing about Storm Rider® jeans from Lee®. The soft, stone-washed denim is cut to fit your body. But as the years go by, you'll find it's really the simple and traditional look that makes these jeans fit you. Storm Riders from Lee. Jeans you can feel comfortable in. And comfortable about.

Storm Riders



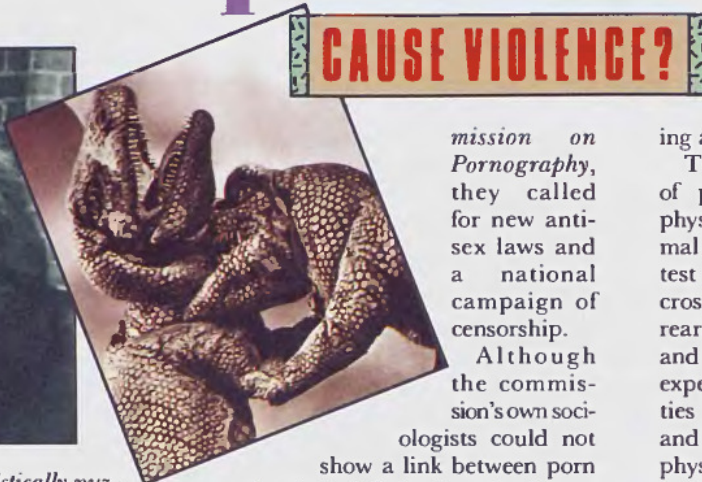


When it pours, Red stands out.
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE DISTINGUISHED BY YOUR
TASTE IN SCOTCH. AFTER ALL, IT'S THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER.
JOHNNIE WALKER® RED



COMMENTARY

Does Repression



Mammals characteristically nuzzle, fondle, hug, caress, pet, groom and love their young, behavior essentially unknown among the reptiles. If it is really true that the R-complex (reptilian brain) and limbic systems (mammalian brain) live in an uneasy truce within our skulls and still partake of their ancient predilections, we might expect affectionate parental indulgence to encourage our mammalian natures, and the absence of physical affection to prod reptilian behavior. There is some evidence that this is the case. . . . —CARL SAGAN, "Cosmos"

Is American society going to the lizards?

Since Sagan wrote *Cosmos*, the Government has launched a campaign to take back the people's right to nuzzle, fondle, hug, caress and love whomever they choose, whenever they choose. Using AIDS as a pretext and porno as a code word for anything they disapprove of, the fundamentalist movement and its Washington friends are trying to scare the country back to a sexual Stone Age and are, to a large extent, succeeding. The reptiles are on a roll.

During the hearings of his Commission on Pornography, Attorney General Edwin Meese and his lizard operatives encouraged testimony on the "evils" of pornography, discouraged testimony from witnesses who wouldn't say that porn caused every ill known to man, even blackmailed retailers into banning men's magazines. In their reptile manifesto, *The Report of the Attorney General's Com-*

mission on Pornography, they called for new anti-sex laws and a national campaign of censorship.

Although the commission's own sociologists could not show a link between porn and criminal behavior, the Meese report based its final recommendations on the belief that pornography causes violence. This is a comfortable myth. The truth is more complex.

James W. Prescott is a developmental neuropsychologist who has done research on the causes and prevention of depression, violence and substance abuse. He was formerly affiliated with the Department of Health and Human Services. Prescott turns the conclusions of the Meese commission on its head, for he believes that sexually permissive societies are healthy and sexually repressive ones are dangerously unhealthy. His research, reported in *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and *The Humanist*, shows that societies that practice sexual taboos are characterized by violence and crime.

Prescott wrote in *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*:

I have devoted a great deal of study to the peculiar relationship between violence and pleasure. I am now convinced that the deprivation of physical sensory pleasure is the principal root cause of violence. Laboratory experiments with animals show that pleasure and violence have a reciprocal relationship; that is, *the presence of one inhibits the other*. A raging, violent animal will abruptly calm down when electrodes stimulate the pleasure centers of its brain. Likewise, stimulating the violence centers in the brain can terminate the animal's sensual pleasure

and peaceful behavior. Among human beings, a pleasure-prone personality rarely displays violence or aggressive behaviors, and a violent personality has little ability to tolerate, experience or enjoy sensuously pleasing activities.

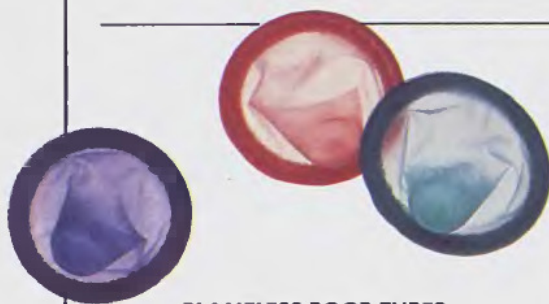
The hypothesis that deprivation of physical pleasure results in physical violence requires a formal systematic evaluation. We can test this hypothesis by examining cross-cultural studies of child-rearing practices, sexual behaviors and physical violence. We would expect to find that human societies which provide their infants and children with a great deal of physical affection (touching, holding, carrying) would be less physically violent than human societies which give very little physical affection to their infants and children. Similarly, human societies which tolerate and accept premarital and extramarital sex would be less physically violent than societies which prohibit and punish premarital and extramarital sex.

Prescott looked at R. B. Textor's *A Cross-Cultural Summary*, a detailed study of 400 primitive cultures. What he found was astonishing. Prescott's theory that repression causes violence is

vividly illustrated when we contrast the societies showing high rates of physical affection during infancy and adolescence against those societies which are consistently low in physical affection for both developmental periods. The statistics associated with this relationship are extraordinary: The percent likelihood of a society being physically violent if it is physically affectionate toward its infants and tolerant of premarital sexual behavior is two percent. . . . The probability of this relationship occurring by chance is 125,000 to one. . . .

There is . . . evidence that points to preference for sexual violence over sexual pleasure in the United States. This is reflected in our acceptance of sexually explicit films that involve violence and rape, and our rejection of sexually explicit (concluded on page 58)

F E E D B A C K



BLAMELESS BOOB TUBE?

Planned Parenthood has continued to pressure the three major television networks to lift their ban on contraceptive advertising. The networks argue that such advertising is "too controversial" and that the public would be uncomfortable with it. Yet a recent Harris poll commissioned by Planned Parenthood Federation of America showed that 78 percent of the public believed that TV presented an unrealistic portrayal of sex and wanted to see messages about birth control on television. Some independent television stations *do* run contraceptive advertising and so far have not encountered public outcry. Studies show that there are at least 20,000 sexual references made on TV per year. Shouldn't that imply that the idea of commercials for birth control isn't so shocking?

A report by the National Research Council, the research agency of the National Academy of Sciences, said that contraceptives should be available to teens for free or at low cost and that TV and other forms of media greatly influence teenagers' attitudes about sex. "We believe that network executives need to be encouraged to incorporate more realistic portrayals of sexual activity and contraceptive use as a way of avoiding unintended pregnancies," study director Dr. Cheryl Hayes reportedly said.

Planned Parenthood has supported those recommendations for a long time. Television, after all, features advertising for laxatives, feminine-hygiene products and, ironically, "birth control for roaches." At a time when more than 1,000,000 teenagers a year become pregnant in the United States, there should be little question that it is time the networks accepted their responsibility in this matter.

Amy Dienesch, Executive Director
Planned Parenthood
Chicago, Illinois

I have read with some skepticism the various ads put out by the Planned Parenthood Federation of America to the effect that "they did it 20,000 times on television last year. How come nobody

got pregnant?" What kind of television are these people watching? I have never seen a sex act on television, not unless you count bugs doing it on PBS in David Attenborough's *Living Planet* series. Most of what I've seen on TV is flirtation, courtship, obvious attraction—maybe a few shots of people playing knee puppets under the sheets or sipping wine in a hot tub. The fine print in the ads quoted the head of Planned Parenthood as saying, "Maybe it's just a creative problem for [television]. We think they can solve it. Right now, they don't even mention birth control when it's exactly appropriate. Why can't J.R. ask his latest conquest if she is prepared? Why can't she ask him? The screenwriters can work it out."

Are screenwriters to become the sex educators in this country? What kind of contraception will the A-Team use? "Here, Mr. T, take this Hefty garbage bag." Will MacGyver take his trusty Swiss army knife and gut some poor sheep for a spur-of-the-moment condom? I'm sure Planned Parenthood's intentions—to end the epidemic of teenage pregnancy—are good, but nothing I've seen on TV convinces me that television is the cause of the problem or the cure.

T. Kendall

Boston, Massachusetts

It is sad that in this day and age, Americans still need a script written for them about sex and birth control. Television may not be the cause of teen pregnancy, but there's certainly no harm—and we can hope some good—in its showing responsible sex, sex with contraceptives or sex with consequences. But, as columnist Ellen Goodman wrote, "Even if every show put on one requisite contraceptive segment in the next year, the score would still hover around this: sex: 20,000; birth control: 120."

CONDOM CONSCIOUSNESS

Last year, both the Surgeon General and the National Academy of Sciences told us that safe sex these days requires latex, used the old-fashioned way.

Condoms prevent the transmission of AIDS, which we all know is a fatal disease. It can take years to get it once you've been exposed, and it's not just possible but probable that if you've been exposed, neither you nor the partner who exposed you knows it. The National Academy called attention to the importance of educating Americans about the value of condoms by noting that of the people who in 1991 will be diagnosed as having AIDS, fully one half have yet to

be exposed.

That's a compelling argument in favor of condom-consciousness raising. It might also seem reasonable to suppose that when a Surgeon General appointed by Ronald Reagan can stand at a press conference talking openly of teaching school children about condoms, the days of condom controversy and embarrassment could be officially declared over.

Well, no—not in the world according to the TV networks. Last year, Ansell-Americas, a New Jersey company that is the world's largest manufacturer of condoms (some 700,000,000 per year), tried to air a commercial for its LifeStyles brand. Easily the most hard-hitting condom ad in history, it made no mention of birth control. Instead, the ad featured a soft-spoken young woman talking directly to viewers about AIDS and condoms, ending with the statement "I'll do a lot for love, but I'm not ready to die for it."

All three networks rejected the com-

"It's a sad note that fear of death, rather than love of love, will finally break down some of America's remaining inhibitions about sex education."

mercial, citing policies banning ads for birth-control devices. Why? Because, they said, birth control is too controversial. That upset Ansell, partly because the ad never mentioned contraception but mostly because the company saw itself as doing little more than heeding the Surgeon General's call for better public education to prevent the spread of AIDS. The National Academy of Sciences had even recommended that health-care companies take the lead in broadly publicizing the value of condoms, given the political unlikelihood of Government agencies' doing it.

Network attitudes seemed especially silly in light of the fact that more than 90 percent of Americans reportedly have used birth control. Beyond that, condoms have been displayed openly on drugstore shelves for years. Condom ads might be expected to arouse no greater controversy than do ads for tampons and other personal products that have long been pitched over the airwaves.

Most ironic of all was the fact that Ansell had already been advertising LifeStyles on cable television in Italy, of

all places, for more than ten years, with no public outcry, no controversy. And the Italian commercials focused on birth control, not on the seemingly noncontroversial goal of preventing disease.

But it's sex itself, and the penis, that Americans and their TV networks still find too embarrassing and controversial to discuss openly and honestly. The very inhibitions that keep condom ads off the networks also constitute the driving force behind other programming—including advertising—that appeals to and promotes our sexuality.

Things are changing, however slowly. Once, magazines such as *PLAYBOY* were the only ones that would accept ads for condoms. Today, ads for LifeStyles, Trojans, Ramses and other brands appear in *Mademoiselle*, *Vogue*, *New York* and *Newsweek*. The print version of Ansell's rejected TV ad, "I enjoy sex, but I'm not ready to die for it," even ran in *USA Today* last fall—with no controversy.

AIDS will continue to promote productive changes in our condom consciousness. But it's a sad note that fear of death, rather than love of love, will finally break down some of America's remaining inhibitions about sex education.

Tom Daubert
Helena, Montana

A WORD ABOUT WARNINGS

Every magazine I've read lately has had articles about AIDS and has carried heavy-duty warnings about having sex. But will warnings have any effect? I remember my parents told me that if I ever got a girl pregnant, I would spend the rest of my life working in a garage. To a certain degree, that warning worked. For years, every time I pulled

into a gas station, I wanted to yell at the attendant, "Hey, bozo, did you knock some girl up?" Then, gradually, attendants disappeared. When was the last time someone pumped gas for you? It's all self-service, as is so much of life. Nowadays, whenever I pump gas, I remember my parents' warning about sex. But the funny thing is, whenever I have sex, I don't. Not once have I thought about gas stations in bed.

D. Addison
Los Angeles, California

CASEY JONES, BETTER WATCH YOUR SPEED

Members of the Conrail train crew involved in the January Amtrak wreck near Baltimore are believed to have had traces of marijuana in their blood and urine. The news comes as no surprise to me.

Some years ago, I took an Amtrak train, occupying a window seat; the aisle seat was taken by a bearded man about my age. We fell into conversation of a sort. Throughout the journey, my fellow traveler drank from a flat bottle in a brown bag, which he eventually finished and dropped under the seat. I didn't see the label but, judging from his breath, it was some variety of wine. Occasionally, he chased a mouthful of drink with pills that he described as uppers. When the conductor came along to collect our tickets, my companion produced an Amtrak employee's pass. We pulled into a station. The man in the next seat stood up. "This is me," he said. "I'm driving the 6:30 out of here."

Now, it may be that the man was lying or that he was too stoned to know who he was and what he was doing; or he was telling the truth and did, indeed, drive

the 6:30 train.

What I should have done was to tell someone in authority. The conductor, perhaps, who might have told his superiors—or might have felt the same constraints about informing that most of us feel. I could have reported it, but I didn't.

The latest Amtrak disaster shows us—at least it shows me—what may happen when we fail to do what common sense and ordinary outrage demand that we do. I believe the main reason I did nothing was that, like most people, I take too much for granted. In a culture in which there are few surprises and no limits in matters of violent self-abuse—no limits to violence itself—why should it be considered abnormal for a train driver to numb himself with booze and pills? Compared with an insane preacher who presides over the murder and suicide of 909 people or the disgruntled workers arrested on charges of incinerating 96 strangers at a resort hotel, a drunken train driver is small potatoes. But I find myself wondering this: Is it possible that among the thousands of men and women employed at nuclear facilities in the United States, there is a man or a woman very much like the man who told me he was driving the 6:30? And if it is possible—as, of course, it is—how can we be certain that if someone reported it to an appropriate authority, action would be taken before it was too late?

D. Ferguson
Chicago, Illinois

FAHRENHEIT 52

When I saw the list of 52 banned books (*The Playboy Forum*, February,) I felt (concluded on page 58)

So Who's Counting

Maybe you've seen the full-page ad in the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Houston Post*, the *Washington Post*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* or the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*. The headline reads, "THEY DID IT 9000 TIMES ON TELEVISION LAST YEAR. HOW COME NOBODY GOT PREGNANT?" *USA Today* ran a different version of the same ad: "THEY DID IT 20,000 TIMES ON TELEVISION LAST YEAR." Who's doing the counting?

The ad is for Planned Parenthood, which had obtained the 9000 figure from the Center for Population Options. Belatedly, it discovered that the center had obtained its figure from the Reverend Donald Wildman's National Federa-

tion for Decency in Tupelo, Mississippi. Apparently, Wildman has a group of self-appointed watchdogs who regularly scan the Tupelo tube for sex scenes. When Planned Parenthood realized the source of the figure, it quickly sought legitimate research and found a study conducted by two professors at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. They put the sex-on-TV figure at 20,000.

Who'd have thought that Wildman, the master of exaggeration, would actually underestimate the number of sex scenes on TV? It can only mean he doesn't know sex when he sees it—something we've suspected for some time.

They did it 9000 times on television last year.

They did it 20,000 times on television last year.

How come nobody got pregnant?

Teenage pregnancy is the #1 social problem in America. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives.



It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives.



It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives.



It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives.



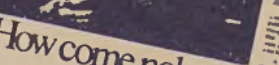
It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives.



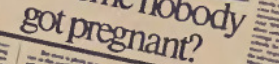
It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives.



It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives.



It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives. It's a crisis that's costing lives and ruining lives.



AIDS hysteria reached epic, if not epidemic, proportions at the turn of the new year. U.S. News & World Report ran on article called "AIDS: At the Dawn of Fear." A Time-magazine cover story proclaimed

"THE BIG CHILL: HOW HETEROSEXUALS ARE COPING WITH AIDS"; Newsweek ran a cover story on kids and contraceptives headlined "A MORAL DILEMMA: HOW TO PREVENT TEEN PREGNANCY—AND AIDS." The Atlantic ran a cover story on "HETEROSEXU-

ALS AND AIDS." In the midst of all this panic—and predictions of heavy death tolls from AIDS by 1991—The New York Times took a cold look at the statistics. We reprint its February 4, 1987, editorial.

The New York Times

AIDS Alarms, and False Alarms

• The Surgeon General recently compared AIDS to the Black Death, a plague that killed a third of Europe's population in the 14th Century.

• The *Los Angeles Times* warns, "It will not be long before the pattern the disease has followed among gays repeats itself among straights."

• The columnist Ellen Goodman predicts, "As—not if but as—AIDS spreads through the population, 'no' will become a much more common answer to sex."

These dramatic alarms are well meant. They may one day be genuinely alarming. Yesterday's proposal by the Federal Centers for Disease Control to test more widely for AIDS could help assess the pattern of the epidemic more exactly. But in the meantime, fears that it is spreading into the heterosexual population are just that, fears.

There is no clear evidence that AIDS in the United States has yet spread beyond the known risk groups, notably homosexuals and drug addicts. There is some reason to suppose it will stay confined to these groups for the foreseeable future.

Why has the truth disappeared so far from view? Perhaps because the chief interpreters of the data want them to reflect their own messages.

Public-health experts see a unique chance to reduce all sexually transmitted diseases.

Medical researchers demand one billion dollars in new Federal spending against AIDS, hoping to refurbish their laboratories.

Government epidemiologists, seeking to protect homosexuals and drug addicts, fear the Reagan Administration may acquire the notion that these are the only people at risk.

Moralists see a heaven-sent chance to preach fire, brimstone and restricted sex. Homosexuals have no desire to carry the stigma of AIDS alone.

With so many experts dramatizing the epidemic, it's little wonder that those who depend on their advice are coming to believe that AIDS is already as rampant as influenza.

True, there are solid reasons to fear that AIDS may one day break out of current risk groups into the general population. It can be transmitted heterosexually. In Central Africa, AIDS is already widespread and affects men and women equally. But Central Africa may suffer from special factors, like widespread medical use of unclean needles.

In New York, homosexuals and intravenous-drug addicts are still the main groups at risk for AIDS. Some 91 percent of AIDS cases come from those two groups. A constant two to three percent of cases are "heterosexual contact"—the partners of addicts and bisexual men. If AIDS were spreading further, there would be a sharp rise in the "no known risk" category. But this continues to remain below one percent. The city believes most of its 65 such cases are members of risk groups but deny it.

Five years or more pass between contracting the virus and coming down with AIDS. So what counts in forecasting is not overt cases but infection with the virus. Of New York blood donors who tested positive for AIDS virus in 1985, 90 percent had previous homosexual or drug experience, or a partner who did. The same is true of virus-positive military recruits who sought counseling in New York. Neither blood donors nor recruits are wholly representative, but these figures do not prove that AIDS is spreading into the general population.

AIDS cases (percentage of all cases) in New York City

	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986
Homosexual/bisexual	269 (60%)	581 (59%)	1025 (59%)	1423 (56%)	1626 (55%)
I.V.-drug users	150 (33%)	328 (34%)	571 (33%)	927 (36%)	1061 (36%)
Heterosexual (partners of risk-group members)	8 (2%)	16 (2%)	29 (2%)	61 (2%)	87 (3%)
No identified risk	1 (1%)	9 (1%)	20 (1%)	20 (1%)	15 (1%)
All others*	23 (5%)	53 (5%)	82 (5%)	105 (5%)	178 (6%)
Total cases	451	987	1727	2536	2967

*Includes Haitians and Central Africans, hemophiliacs, transfusion cases and those still under investigation.
Source: New York City Health Department

If anything, they indicate that the risk groups will be much the same in five years as at present.

Since AIDS might spread, people should learn how to protect themselves by using condoms and avoiding anal sex. But it would be folly to distract attention from the most likely source of spread, intravenous-drug abusers. Homosexuals in major cities have admirably set up self-help groups and informed their communities; homosexuals elsewhere may still need education about AIDS. Meanwhile, the Reagan Administration remains consumed by irrelevant and prurient debate over whether to preach abstinence to school children.

Homosexuals and drug addicts have borne the brunt of a terrible disease that merits, and now generally receives, the fullest attention of medical research. Hysteria about AIDS may squeeze out a few extra research dollars, but at a terrible cost in false fears. AIDS is grim enough without exaggeration.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

TANKED UP

SEATTLE—The Automotive United Trade Organization (AUTO) is giving drunk drivers a good reason not to run low on gas. At the urging of AUTO, many of its member service stations have agreed to give police the car description



and license number of any motorist appearing to be intoxicated. This gives new meaning to the term full service.

DO IT YOURSELF

FORT WALTON BEACH, FLORIDA—One of the long-awaited home drug-testing kits is being test-marketed in Florida—without much success. The \$25 item is aimed at parents who want to test their kids for alcohol and drug use and includes a urine-specimen bottle to be sent to the kit's manufacturer in Omaha for analysis. Commented one pharmacist, "I thought it would go good. I'm surprised parents aren't interested."

THE CLAP IS BACK

With news coverage of gonorrhea running a poor fourth to that of AIDS, ARC (AIDS-related complex) and herpes, health officials are having trouble alerting the public to a penicillin-resistant form of the disease that is spreading rapidly enough in some parts of the country to constitute an epidemic. Called P.P.N.G., for penicillinase-producing *Neisseria gonorrhoeae*, the strain is believed to have entered the U.S. in 1976 via soldiers returning to this country from the Philippines, and the number of cases

has been doubling each year. In 1984, 4418 cases of P.P.N.G. were reported nationwide, and by 1986, the total had increased to about 16,000. While P.P.N.G. can still be treated with other, more powerful antibiotics, its similarity to common gonorrhea leads many doctors to prescribe ineffective penicillin, which permits the disease to develop further. If untreated in males, it can lead to closing of the urethra and infection of the scrotum. In females, it can trigger pelvic infections and damage the Fallopian tubes, which may result in scarring and abnormal pregnancies.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

ST. LOUIS—In a paper delivered to the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, sociologist James Wirth reports that college students today are hanging on to their virginity longer, using birth control more conscientiously and taking "a more committed approach" to sex. His study of 1006 students attending schools in the Midwest finds that:

- The age of first sexual experience has risen from 17 and a half in 1980 to 18 and a half in 1985.
- The number of respondents using birth control for the first time rose from 26 percent to 42 percent during the same period.
- The number approving cohabitation only if there is an emotional commitment increased from 45 percent to 54 percent.
- The number who have seen at least one pornographic movie rose from 46 percent to 70 percent.
- The number who have had sex increased from 55 percent to 67 percent in 1985.
- The number engaging in homosexual activity fell from eight percent to three percent.

HERPES LIVES!

LOS ANGELES—The bad news first: The herpes virus remains slightly active in its victims between outbreaks and, in a few cases, may be transmitted in the absence of symptoms. Now the good news: This fact may increase the possibility of developing a vaccine to prevent recurring outbreaks. The finding that five to ten percent of the herpes virus remains active during dormancy gives researchers "a chance to understand the mechanism of recurrent herpes and to develop drugs and other

methods of preventing recurrent attacks of herpes simplex" in humans, said Dr. Anthony Nesburn, who helped make the discovery.

UNSWUNG

MINNEAPOLIS—Two swingers' clubs in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area have disbanded following the discovery that each had a female member infected with the AIDS virus. The discovery was made by the Minnesota Health Department in the course of testing 134 club members. The health department found that almost three quarters of the swingers interviewed did not consider themselves at risk for AIDS even though they engaged in a number of sexual encounters and used no protective devices such as condoms. "This is a situation where people should have been aware they were at risk—and the majority felt they were not, which is surprising," said Dr. Harold Jaffe of the Centers for Disease Control. There are more than 100 swingers' clubs in America.

A KISS IS JUST A KISS

SALEM, OREGON—Responding to complaints from the American Civil Liberties Union, Oregon correctional authorities have issued a "rule clarification" that will now permit kissing, embracing and handholding between homosexual prison inmates and their visitors. The rule



needed clarification because a 23-year-old inmate, serving a ten-year sentence for second-degree sodomy, had been disciplined for disobeying a guard's order and kissing the hand of a male visitor.

COMMENTARY (continued)

films for pleasure only (pornography) . . . Apparently, sex with pleasure is immoral and unacceptable, but sex with violence and pain is moral and acceptable.

Now, while violent criminals get out of jail early, the reptiles are arresting the producers of X-rated films you see in your video store every day. The reptiles are banning books and censoring rock lyrics. They have succeeded, thanks to a recent Supreme Court ruling, in criminalizing homosexual sodomy.

As this assault on mammalian values continues, where is the fourth estate? On the band wagon, if you judge by *The Washington Post*. This past summer in the *Post*, at the height of the Meese hysteria, editorial writer Michael Barone proposed the following Stone Age theory.

The impulse toward liberation that was felt so strongly 20 years ago has been replaced by an impulse toward restraint. And that impulse responds not just to two diseases we cannot now cure, but to a more general sense that liberation is not good for our health—our physical health, our mental health. . . . Ages of sexual restraint result when people set down new roots, see the inevitable evil effects of sexual liberation and invent a new tradition that persuades them to accept internal and external restraints. . . . Americans from Parson Weems to Walt Disney have invented traditions that have served useful purposes, which have presented artistically true if factually false traditions that make sense of the nation around us. We need traditions now that articulate and explain our new age of restraint. . . .

—*The Washington Post*,

Two important things about this theory: (1) It's wrong; (2) it's a prescription for a cold-blooded, fork-tongued society.

As Sagan and other scientists have suggested, restraining affection is reptilian behavior. The theory of "ages of sexual restraint" turns reality upside down; healthy mammals nuzzle, fondle and love.

This theory also relies on lying. No offense to Mason Locke Weems or to Walt Disney, but most people prefer to live their lives with the truth rather than rely on comfortable but stultifying myths.

Nature, Sagan and scientists such as Prescott are beginning to believe, has a bias against sexual repression.

The conclusion that can be drawn is not simply that sexual freedom won't hurt you; it's that repression is truly hurtful to mankind. The reptile age ended 65,000,000 years ago. The mammals beat the reptiles out. The new reptile age will end, too, if the majority of us resist giving in to a cold-blooded kind of thinking that history proves is false.

FEEDBACK (continued)

compelled to write. I have read more than 30 of the books on the list and will now go out and read the rest. Thank God I went to school when I did—before the self-righteous Right tried to limit school children's education.

Walter Raleigh Garris, Jr.
Murfreesboro, North Carolina

Reading the list of banned books made me angry. It's pretty pathetic when one of the leading democratic countries in the world has "censorship experts" who dictate what a high school-age child may read. To ban a book from a public or high school library is absurd; to protect kids from sex, depression, communism, profanity and race relations is to protect them from reality. Children can make their own choices when properly guided by parents and teachers. It's up to parents and school-board members to provide the best possible environment in which to learn—about everything.

Pamela Schroeder
Iowa City, Iowa

I've just finished reading "Fundamentalist Fairy Tales" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Did these textbook trials really take place in Church Hill, Tennessee, U.S.A.? Ban *Cinderella*, *Macbeth*, Leonardo da Vinci, *The Wizard of Oz*? Why don't we just abolish all literature and art? I don't see any Christians in Church Hill; I just see fanatics.

Chris Maris
Lakewood, California

"Fundamentalist Fairy Tales" scares me badly. To think that such a thing could happen in this country really opens my eyes to the threat posed by religious-fundamentalist freaks. This article should be read by every freedom-loving American, because it has motivated me to take action. Up till now, I was apathetic toward censorship and to fundamentalists, but now I've begun writing letters and will be voting to challenge the views posed by these people.

Scott Fisher
Adrian, Michigan

SLIPPERY BUSINESS

I have noted that the fundamentalists have not yet attacked daytime soap operas, though they don't mind attacking every other form of entertainment. Could it be that they enjoy soaps too much, that they enjoy wallowing in incest, premarital sex, violence, adultery, drugs, divorce, etc? Are the fundamentalist leaders conceding that their followers have to get their thrills somewhere, that they would have a revolution on their hands if they went after soaps? Hey, these people have to have *some* fun.

J. O'Neal
Los Angeles, California

OUR WALLETS, OURSELVES

Four years ago, I dated a girl for about three weeks. Some time after I'd broken off the relationship, she told me that she was pregnant. I insisted that she have an abortion. She refused. I suggested that she put the child up for adoption. No way. She told me that she would have the child on her own. Four years later, I've received a letter from her lawyer. Apparently, she has decided that things are too tough on her own. I'm supposed to pay all the medical expenses connected with the birth and 20 percent of my net income from now until the child is 18. I didn't even want this child. What do you suggest I do?

Robert Banks
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

First, you should obtain a good lawyer. Second, you should contact one of the following organizations.

*National Committee for Fair Divorce and Alimony Laws
11 Park Place
New York, New York 10007*

*Fathers United for Equal Rights
P.O. Box 1323
Arlington, Virginia 22210*

*American Divorce Association for Men
1008 West White Oak
Arlington Heights, Illinois 60005*

These organizations exist to inform and help divorced men and men who are struggling with paternity suits.

And, for your own protection, read the "Condom Consciousness" letters. In addition to preventing AIDS, condoms also prevent unwanted pregnancies. Use them.

MISS LONELYHEARTS

I've always thought of Ann Landers as being the purveyor of advice to middle America. Therefore, I loved it when I read her reprint of a letter originally published in 1974. The upshot of the letter was that the writer saved her marriage by reading hard-core pornography: "For the first time, I enjoyed sex. . . . I now know that I was frigid because I was ignorant (and puritanical), but all that is over now and I am happier today than I have been in my entire life. Please print this letter if you think it will help someone else." Signed, Enlightened Wife. Ann replied, "I do and I will." Thank you, Ann.

E. Smothers
Los Angeles, California

EVANGELICAL WIZARDS

It's a sad commentary on our society when many otherwise intelligent individuals fail to see what most electronic evangelism is all about—an eternal quest for financial gain promoted by pseudopious con artists.

Martin Kohlmeier
Omaha, Nebraska





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.

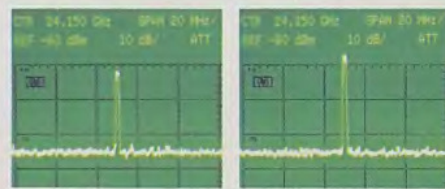


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

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

Last year Road & Track called us "the industry leader in detector technology." We intend to keep earning our accolades.

Now... same-day shipping

Call us toll free with your questions. If you decide to buy, orders in by 3:00 pm eastern time Monday through Friday go out the same day by UPS, and we pay for shipping. Overnight delivery is guaranteed by Federal Express for \$10 extra.

Money-back guarantee

If you're not entirely satisfied in 30 days, return the purchase. We'll refund all your money, including return postage, with no questions.

We specialize in breakthroughs. Can we make one for you?

Order Today

TOLL FREE... 800-543-1608

(Phone M-F 8-11, Sat 9-5:30, Sun 10-5 EST)



By mail send to address below. All orders processed immediately. Prices slightly higher for Canadian shipments.

PASSPORT
RADAR • RECEIVER

Pocket-Size Radar Protection \$295
(Ohio res. add \$16.23 tax)

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

The Classic of Radar Warning \$245
(Ohio Res. add \$13.48 tax)

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 60757
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

© 1986 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

Now... same-day shipping at no extra cost.

NOW APPEARING AT A STORE NEAR YOU.



The Genesis Concert Tour Poster.
Available free, wherever exceptionally
smooth Michelob beer is sold. Or, send
\$3.00 to Michelob Genesis Poster,
Box 9035, St. Louis, MO, 63102.
The Night Belongs To Michelob.™



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK

a candid conversation with cambodia's unusual, outspoken monarch about life in exile, the u.s. in vietnam and the sowing of the "killing fields"

In the past year, as America's foreign policy has undergone scrutiny on almost all fronts, there has been a tide of books and movies examining the legacy of the war in Vietnam. A disastrous consequence of that war was the devastation of Cambodia, the grim final scene of a drama that concluded with one of the worst genocides of the century—the deaths of an estimated 700,000 to 2,000,000 men, women and children in the "killing fields." Caught in the spotlight of the past 20 years, like a tragic character lurching about the international stage, is a curious, poignant and still fascinating world leader: Norodom Sihanouk, royal prince.

Today, Sihanouk, living in exile, is an eloquent eyewitness to that era. Lavishly subsidized by the People's Republic of China and North Korea, he travels constantly, speaking out for his country, a kind of Flying Dutchman crossing and recrossing Cold War boundaries in search of nurture for his shattered land. Tenaciously, he continues an impassioned struggle to regain power, while he explains to all who will listen the global jigsaw puzzle that is his nation's history—a history in which America has, in recent decades, played a substantial role.

Often labeled vain, mercurial, bombastic and opportunistic, as well as charismatic, intelligent and charming, Sihanouk has

shared power with Japanese Fascists, French colonialists, Khmer Rouge Communists—and now seeks assistance from America, the country he sees as most responsible for his personal downfall and the near destruction of his people. The fact that he survived the successive waves of domination by outside powers is testament to his resilience. Despite his chameleonlike ability to change his coloration according to the political winds, he has always stood for the independence of his country. To many, he is a prism, or perhaps a kaleidoscope, through which the past 45 years of Western relations with Southeast Asia may be seen.

Sihanouk had a direct effect on the life of this country, as well, for it was after his overthrow, supported by the U.S., in 1970, that Richard Nixon ordered American troops to attack Viet Cong bases inside Cambodia, thus widening the war and prompting demonstrators to shut down nearly 500 colleges and universities across the country.

Between 1969 and 1973, American B-52s carpet-bombed the Cambodian countryside, dropping as many tons of explosives on that tiny country as had fallen on Germany during World War Two. By the time the U.S.-backed regime of Lon Nol fell to the Khmer Rouge Communist army in 1975, some estimate as many as 800,000 of Cambodia's roughly 7,000,000 population

had already died.

Under the nearly four-year rule of the Khmer Rouge, Cambodia was subjected to genocide of Hitlerian proportions. In December 1978, Vietnam invaded, and within six months, hundreds of thousands of Khmer refugees, escaping starvation and war, fled to the Thai border. Although today Cambodia is still occupied by Vietnam, a U.S.-supported Coalition Government—with Sihanouk as president; Khieu Samphan, of the Khmer Rouge, as vice-president; and Son Sann, of the Khmer People's National Liberation Front, as prime minister—continues to resist the occupation.

Unlike Ferdinand Marcos, Jean-Claude Duvalier, Anastasio Somoza or the shah of Iran, Sihanouk was apparently loved by the common people. Leftist intellectuals distrusted him; the right saw him as anti-American, implementing nationalist policies that cut into their profits; his military was appalled when he terminated U.S. aid. Yet, to the peasantry, who make up the bulk of Cambodia's population, Sihanouk has always symbolized their nation. Despite his reputation as a showman (actor, jazz saxophonist, film producer, horseman, gourmet, singer and composer), and even the rakish image of his younger days, his magnetic personality and god-king image have been a



"We Cambodians believe in rebirth. If I am to come back as a human being, I pray for only one thing: I don't want to be king. Nor prime minister. I want to be normal as a man. Not powerless and not homosexual."



"A king is not the head of a party. For a king, there is only one party—the country, the homeland. We need a king, not a republic. As a republic, we lost our national dignity; we lost everything. Ssssss, just like dirt, mud."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"I still have nightmares of Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge horrors or of the destruction of my country by the Vietnamese. Sometimes I see in my dreams my favorite daughter, Soraya-raingsy, killed by Pol Pot. I dream like that."

source of comfort to the common people—or so he says.

Although the UN has repeatedly affirmed the credentials of the Coalition Government of Democratic Kampuchea—and has also endorsed the seven-year-old resolution demanding Vietnam's withdrawal—Sihanouk remains a ruler without a country, with homes in Peking and North Korea. At the age of 64, he moves like a figure in an ancient Greek tragedy, proclaiming that he alone shoulders the fate of his country and the Khmer civilization.

PLAYBOY sent free-lance writer Debra Weiner, who worked as a reporter in Southeast Asia for three years, to speak with Prince Sihanouk—first in New York, then in Peking—about the plight of his people and his country, as well as the vicissitudes of his life. Her report:

"I had read and heard much about Sihanouk's intricate personality, how he could be gracious and debonair one moment, tempestuous and tyrannical the next. Whether at his opulent palaces in North Korea and China, complete with swimming pools, chauffeured limos and the finest of chefs, or globe-trotting the diplomatic circuit, Sihanouk still lives the life of the pampered prince. But at that first meeting in his suite at The New York Helmsley Hotel, he was a regal statesman—polite but reserved, his short, roundish body wrapped in an elegant gray pinstripe suit. He rambled in his oddly articulate way—wherever his mind led him.

"Sitting in with us were his son-in-law Prince Sisowath Sirirath, who serves as Sihanouk's ambassador to the UN, and his chief protocol officer, Mrs. Khek Sisoda. Throughout the interview, both held their palms clasped together in front of their chests in the respectful 'thwai' position, per Cambodian custom when face to face with a former king. His Royal Highness, Prince Sihanouk, meanwhile, was seated stiffly on a sofa near an end table piled with books and chapters from his autobiography, 'Bittersweet Memories,' published in France, as well as framed pictures of him with the peasants in Cambodia. Every now and then, he pressed a reprinted article or book into my hands, either to emphasize a point or to avoid having to repeat one.

"He agreed to grant me a second audience to continue the interview. But since his New York schedule was packed, as was his agenda in France (where he was going next), our meeting would have to take place in Peking.

"As it turned out, I saw him again only a few weeks later, at a soirée dansante thrown by the Coalition Government of Democratic Kampuchea as a birthday celebration for Sihanouk and reception for UN diplomats.

"The main attraction of the party, of course, was Sihanouk. Gone were all vestiges of princely form and formality. This evening, he was pure actor. Early in the gala, he grabbed hold of the dance mike and, for the next few hours, serenaded his audience with old Sinatra melodies and night-club tunes, his usually high-pitched voice mellowing into a sweet alto.

"More than a month had passed when we finally talked again. I was met in Peking by one of Sihanouk's aides at the high gray-brick palace gate and escorted past the indoor badminton court and the cinema to a large two-story yellow-and-gray building that had originally served as one of China's foreign-guest houses but now lodges Sihanouk and his entourage for several months each year.

"Once inside, I was taken to a cavernous, rather bare reception hall where Sihanouk was waiting. Presenting me with a gift of colorful Chinese silk scarves, he led me to my seat at the far end of the room, patting the corner of the sofa adjacent to his chair to motion me to sit down.

"It was ten A.M. as we toasted each other's health in fine French champagne and began what turned into an animated, reflective discussion about living the life of Sihanouk. Frequently laughing, utterly charming even when goaded or put on the line, he entertained even the most intimate questions. He is irrepressible. In response to one particularly personal question, he said to me, 'You are very charming. If I had a lot of money, I would like to have you as my wife.' When, after several hours, Mrs. Khek tried to cur-

"We Cambodians hide our sufferings behind a screen of smiles. We prefer crying in our hearts—bleeding internally."

tail our talk, Sihanouk waved her away. Perhaps it had been a long time since he had talked about Sihanouk the person.

"I arrived for our next meeting in Peking about three weeks later, expecting to pick up where we'd left off. I was mistaken. Perhaps it was his late flight from Hong Kong the night before or the more serious nature of my queries this final session that triggered his bad mood. Whatever the reason, he began in a petulant, irritated tone and ended by shouting and flailing his arms as he paced about the reception hall like a caged tiger—screaming first at me, then at his pro-Khmer Rouge ambassador-at-large, Chhorn Hay, who had sat in on this last morning session, and finally stormed out of the room.

"A few days later, a brown envelope appeared under the door of the apartment where I was staying in Peking. It contained a lengthy addendum to our last two interview sessions, with a number of my questions, as well as his answers, rewritten. Unbeknown to me, the idiosyncratic Sihanouk had recorded our conversations. Needless to say, I did not use his version; what follows is edited from my tapes of our conversations."

PLAYBOY: Your Royal Highness, you have been a king, a head of state and are now president in exile of Cambodia, but let us

begin more personally. You live a lavish life subsidized by the Chinese and North Korean governments. Do you feel any discomfort, considering the living conditions of your subjects in Cambodia and in refugee camps?

SIHANOUK: The poor, humble people of Cambodia don't criticize me. They don't resent anything, because they feel that they are like me. Some intellectual refugees say that the prince dances, sings and plays music while our people suffer. But at the same time, the people dance. I have photographs of many Cambodians enjoying the same way of life. Rich or poor, we like dancing, music and artistic performances. It is our way of life. In the refugee camps, they have their traditional and modern orchestras. They have their ballet troupes. They dance, they drink. The Cambodian way of life is like that.

So I don't mind those men who criticize me, because I know the majority don't. Even if I gave up dancing, champagne, good food, good clothes, I would still always have enemies.

PLAYBOY: You have even been known as the playboy prince, have you not?

SIHANOUK: Playboy? I don't know. But, ah, yes, I have had many adventures.

PLAYBOY: For example?

SIHANOUK: As king, we were not allowed to have more than one queen, but we were allowed to have hundreds of mistresses. You know, my great-grandfather Norodom had in his palace about 300, not wives but, may I say, favorites. My grandfather Monivong was modest. He had only 60. My father was a playboy also. He had only one official mistress in his palace, but one day I discovered a book he wrote about his adventures. He had hundreds. But I lost all of that after the *coup d'état*.

PLAYBOY: Your father kept a list?

SIHANOUK: Yes. [Laughs] But I don't keep one. It would be very embarrassing for the ladies and for myself. So I don't write anything down. But my father, he was terrible. He did not write a line of his memoirs about politics, only about his love affairs. [Laughs] I prefer to hide my performances—I am not proud of them—and write only about politics. So having said this, I have had two official wives. First my cousin, a Norodom also, who was with me from 1945 to 1952. But she was, ooh, very jealous. She was terrible. She knew that her husband remained a playboy, so I could not have peace with her. She got fed up with my unfaithful behavior. So now we are divorced and she is in Paris. But we are good friends. My new wife—from 1952 up to forever, I think—is Monique Izzi. Her father was Italian.

PLAYBOY: Are you still unfaithful?

SIHANOUK: When I abdicated the throne in 1955, I ceased having love affairs. As a king, I could afford to be a playboy, because I had wealth and, secondly, because it is in conformity with the traditions of Cambodia for the king to have many mistresses. But as chief of a political

A taste of Italian night life



*Sambuca Romana...
to enhance your after-
dinner coffee. To drink
Con Mosca, with three
coffee beans and a halo
of flame.*

*Our Sambuca Romana
recipe book has 55 other
ways to enjoy the taste
of Italy.*

*Sambuca Romana,® 84
Proof Liqueur. Imported
by Morgan Furze, Ltd.
Fort Lee, N.J.*

A car stereo designed for people with ears. And something between them.

Odd as it may seem, most people judge how a car stereo sounds by judging how it looks.

Is it loaded with flashing lights? Littered with impressive buttons?

Then it must be a sterling example of modern technology.

This reaction, while somewhat understandable, never ceases to amaze the 326 car stereo engineers who work for Blaupunkt in Hildesheim, West Germany.

fiddle with a confusing array of buttons and knobs.

Keep this in mind, and it's easy to appreciate the difference between Blaupunkt and other leading brands.

If we don't engineer it, we don't sell it.

While other car stereo makers are content to purchase tape mechanisms, amplifiers, tuners, speaker components, and other vital equipment from outside sources, Blaupunkt

and hybrid chips.

To eliminate wow and flutter in cassette mechanisms, dynamically-balanced heavy brass flywheels are honed to within tolerances of .005 inch.

To make systems easier to operate, controls are arranged in logical fashion. So drivers can operate them by touch, without taking their eyes off the road.

It's a painstaking process. And it's repeated for every product we offer.

Cassette receivers. CD players. Amplifiers. Equalizers. Speakers. Antennas. Even the connecting cables.

Few manufacturers go to all this trouble. With every feature. On every product.

Which makes it

all the more remarkable that the design stage is only the first step in making a Blaupunkt.

Now comes the hard part.

Tuners are taken from mountain ranges to bustling urban areas to measure radio reception.

Antennas spend weeks in salt baths in order to measure rust resistance.

Literally hundreds of tests are conducted.

To ensure performance at 160°F above zero.

To ensure performance at 5°F below zero. To ensure performance after 24 hours of



The Blaupunkt Lexington SQR 46. Complex audio technology engineered to be simple.

They prefer to take a more intelligent approach.

When designing car stereos, don't forget the car.

Blaupunkt might be the only car stereo company that thoroughly understands this simple fact:

A car is a horrible place in which to reproduce true high-fidelity sound.

It requires an incredible effort to overcome challenges like road noise and vibration. Shrill glass surfaces. Cushiony seats. Bad reception. Temperature variations. And the obvious principle that a driver has better things to do than to

engineers do almost everything from scratch.

To pack more technology into a smaller space, Blaupunkt engineers design their very own circuitry

Controls are designed to ensure ease of operation even while wearing racing gloves.



The mountains of Europe are just one of the obstacles Blaupunkt engineers have had to overcome to improve radio reception.

punishing vibrations.

Last year alone, Blaupunkt engineers spent hundreds of thousands of hours testing.

And once a new model is approved for production, you might imagine that Blaupunkt

to up to 400 additional tests.

Why do we do it?

If you're a rational person, you almost begin to wonder why on earth Blaupunkt goes to such incredible lengths.

Perhaps because customers

brings you up-to-the-minute traffic reports in many major U.S. cities. And it's a standard feature in most new Blaupunkt receivers.

A thank you.

And an invitation.

While we appreciate this opportunity to explain how well Blaupunkts are built, we are regrettably unable to demonstrate how good they sound.

For that, we invite you to visit the independent car stereo specialist near you who sells, services, and installs our products.

Check your Yellow Pages under "Automobile Radios & Stereo Systems."

Or call 1-800-237-7999, and we'll be happy to direct you.

Because frankly, while you may be surprised by how much goes into a Blaupunkt, you'll be even more amazed by what comes out.

Standard in VW and BMW (Europe), and worldwide in Ferrari, Porsche, and Audi.

engineers might relax a bit.

Wrong.

Every individual component is tested before assembly.

Then tested again during assembly.

Then the finished product is placed on a computer stand and tested before shipping.

But even that isn't enough.

Spot checks at random during assembly subject units

have come to expect it.

Customers like you.

And customers like Lotus. Porsche. Audi. Rolls-Royce. Aston-Martin. Ferrari. Just to name a few.

But a more important reason is simply because that's the way they do things over in Hildesheim, West Germany.

Since 1932, when Blaupunkt introduced the first car radio to Europe, Blaupunkt has been obsessed with automotive sound.

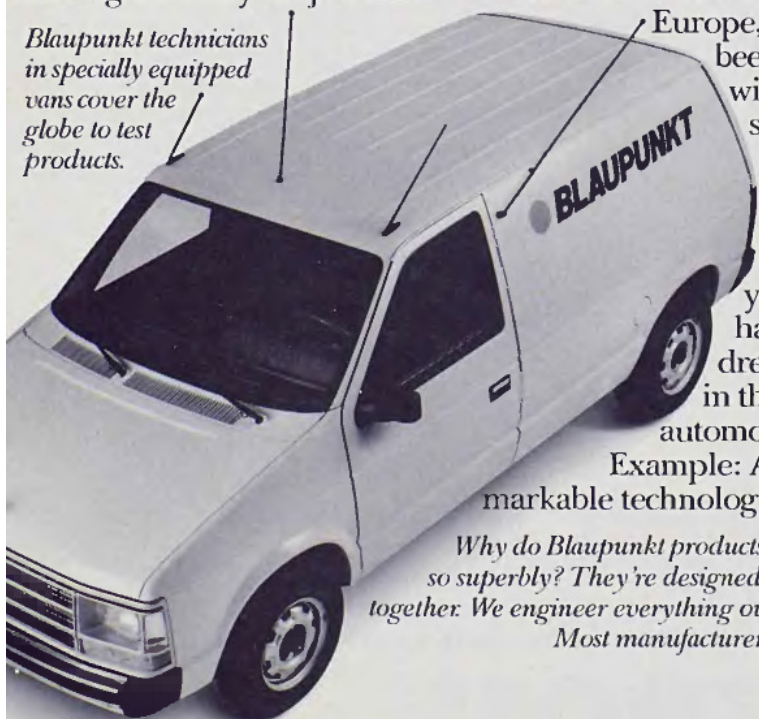
It's hard to argue with the results.

Over the years, Blaupunkt has earned hundreds of patents in the field of automotive sound.

Example: ARI, a remarkable technology that

Why do Blaupunkt products perform so superbly? They're designed to work together. We engineer everything ourselves. Most manufacturers don't.

Blaupunkt technicians in specially equipped vans cover the globe to test products.



BLAUPUNKT

BOSCH Group



SUBSCRIBERS: LET'S DISCUSS SOME IMPORTANT ISSUES...



Have you missed an issue of PLAYBOY?
Have you changed your address?
Do you have a billing question?
If these issues come up, the best way to resolve them is to write and let us know. You deserve the best PLAYBOY has to offer in every issue. So, if you have a question or problem concerning your PLAYBOY subscription, just drop a note to:

PLAYBOY SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

P.O. Box 55230
Boulder, Colorado 80323-5230

Please allow 4-6 weeks to check out your question or problem thoroughly. We can give you faster service when you include the mailing label from your most recent PLAYBOY issue.

We can help you with...

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Whether you're moving across the country or just across the street, you don't want to miss a single issue of PLAYBOY! So, if you're moving, please write and let us know at least 8 weeks in advance. You'll continue to enjoy PLAYBOY at your new address and save costly forwarding charges. Just write us with your new address and attach a mailing label from one of your recent PLAYBOY issues. If you are unable to send a mailing label, print your name and old address on a separate sheet of paper exactly as it appears on the label.

MISSING OR LATE ISSUES

Your first exciting issue of PLAYBOY will be on your doorstep within 6-8 weeks after your order is received. All subsequent issues will arrive around the beginning of each month, prior to the cover date. Occasionally, things don't go as planned. Even the Postal Service may run a little slow at times. If your current issue does not arrive by the 12th of the month, write and let us know. And please don't forget to include your mailing label.

BILLING OR OTHER INQUIRIES

Whatever your question or problem, we can handle it faster when you send in your mailing label from a recent issue. If your inquiry is in reference to a billing discrepancy, please include a copy of your invoice. All inquiries can be handled more efficiently through the mail. However, if you should require immediate service, you may call PLAYBOY SUBSCRIBER SERVICE at 1-303-447-9330 during regular business hours.

MAIL PREFERENCE SERVICE

Occasionally, we make our subscribers' names available to carefully screened companies whose products or services may be of interest. If you wish to be excluded from these mailings, just send us your mailing label along with your request.

BACK ISSUES

To receive a list of PLAYBOY back issues currently available, write **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, P.O. BOX 1554, ELK GROVE VILLAGE, ILLINOIS 60007**. Supplies are limited and prices may vary from issue to issue.

PLAYBOY SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

P.O. Box 55230, Boulder, Colorado 80323-5230
1-303-447-9330

Get the most in magazine enjoyment from the best in magazine entertainment...

PLAYBOY

Before you open a bottle, you have to open the box.

Nothing protects the flavor of beer like darkness. That's something every brewer knows. But very few do anything about.

Most brewers simply hope that you buy their beer quickly—before light begins to affect the flavor. Or worse, they load their beer with additives or preservatives.

At Rolling Rock, we've got too much pride in our beer to take chances like that. So as soon as we bottle it, we put those bottles into light-tight six packs.

That's why every bottle of Rolling Rock lets you

enjoy the real taste of a fine premium beer—one that's brewed with all natural ingredients, and absolutely no additives or preservatives.

So look for Rolling Rock Premium Beer in light-tight six packs.

It's brewed by Latrobe Brewing Co., and imported from Latrobe, PA.



"33"
Latrobe Brewing Co., Latrobe, PA.

SEE WHAT'S MOVING BETWEEN OUR COVERS.



Keep abreast of Playboy's best, with Playboy Magazines, now on video. They're all new, and all exciting. Packed full of spectacular one-of-a-kind pictorials, tantalizing film fantasies, outrageous comedy events, up-close candid interviews and much, much more.

And for a more in-depth coverage of your favorite Playmates, check out Playboy's Video Centerfold Collection. There's a different Playmate featured in every video along with a "Playmate Update" of past Centerfolds, from the 60's and 70's, then and now.

Order Playboy's Video Magazines and Video Centerfold Series today. And get a good look between our covers.

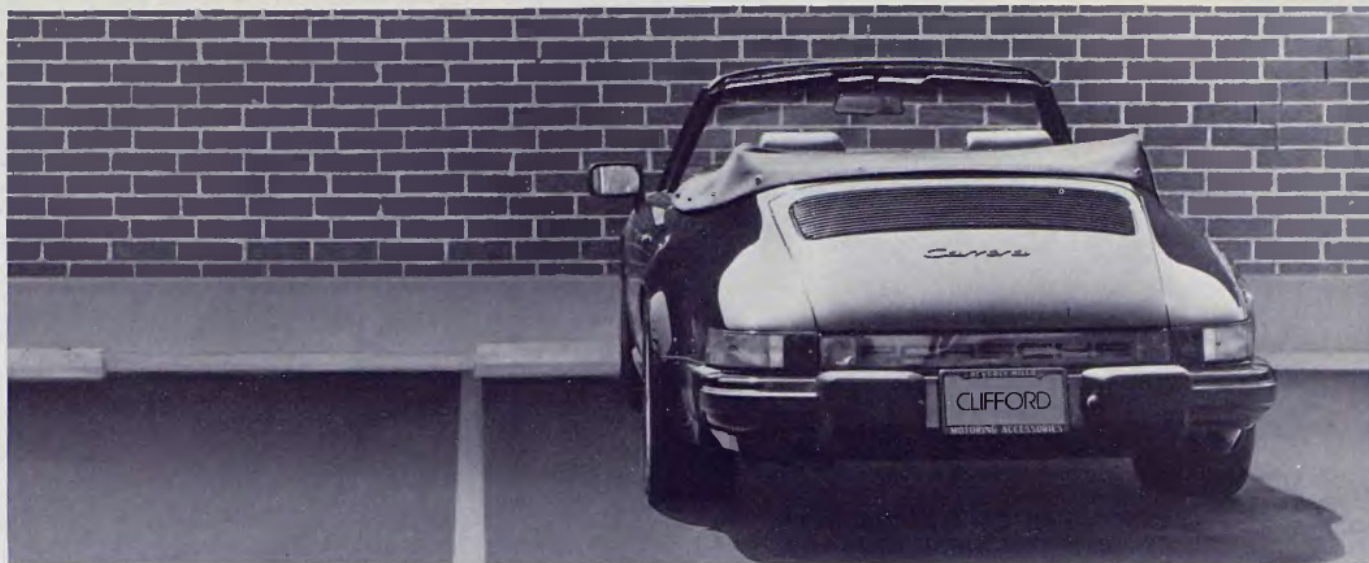
Just send \$39.95 for each Video

Magazine approximately 75 minutes each and \$9.95 for each Video Centerfold approximately 30 minutes each. Specify VHS or Beta format, along with individual item numbers. Include \$1.25 postage for each cassette and \$2.00 handling per total order in U.S. check or money order to Playboy Video, P.O. Box 632, Elk Grove, Ill. 60009. Include your name, return address, and 7% sales tax if Illinois resident, or \$3.00 additional per tape if

Canadian resident. Sorry, no other foreign orders. For payment by Visa, MasterCard or AMEX, include card number, expiration date and signature. Or call 1-800-228-5444 to order by phone.

Also available where video is sold.





THE CAR ON THE LEFT DOESN'T HAVE A CLIFFORD ALARM.

Get Alarmed! With Clifford, The Ultimate in Automobile Security Systems. Last year, one out of every six cars was stolen in the United States. Don't take the chance that it will be the "other" car. Clifford Electronics has a full line of high quality and reliable systems to protect your investment. We've been designing and manufacturing the world's finest remote controlled systems right here in the United States for nearly a decade. For a demonstration of the full line of Clifford Security Systems in New England, call 1-800-824-3208 or you can see these systems for yourself at:

CONNECTICUT

AMERICAN SUNROOF

26 Village St.
E. Hartford 06108
203-528-3991

ARROW ELECTRONICS

224 N. Main St.
Bristol 06010
203-589-6029

560 New Park Ave.
W. Hartford 06110
203-239-1901

BOB SHARP FERRARI

21 South St.
Danbury 06810
203-748-2600

COUNTY LINE BMW

699 Straits Turnpike
Watertown 06795
203-274-7515

INSTALLATIONS UNLIMITED

730 Boston Post Rd.
Milford 06460
203-878-7800

LATHROP P/A

421 Route 12
Groton 06340
203-446-8620

SOUND OF MUSIC

361 Broad St.
New London 06320
203-444-0640

SUNSET DETAILING

4 New Rd.
Madison 06443
203-245-0209

MAINE

PINETREE MOBILE SOUNDS

75 Darling Ave.
S. Portland 04106
207-772-4320

RHODE ISLAND

INSKIP MOTORS

1515 Bald Hill Rd.
Warwick 02886
401-821-1510

NEWPORT AUTO CENTER

1235 W. Main Rd.
Middletown 02840
401-849-0009

VERMONT

STINGRAY ELECTRONICS

170 River St.
Montpelier 05602
802-229-4779

MASSACHUSETTS

ANNIS P/A

960 Worcester
Natick 01760
617-655-5010

C.D.'S AUTO SOUND CENTER

255 North St.
Leominster 01420
617-345-4115

CARPHONES & SECURITY

145 Summit St.
Peabody 01960
617-531-3862

CUSTOM AUTO RADIO

Route 1
Saugus 01906
617-233-3037

FOREIGN ENGINE CO.

67 Chelsea St.
Everett 02149
617-389-7770

NEW ENGLAND CAR STEREO

138 Bridge St.
Weymouth 02191
617-331-8880

660 Arsenal St.
Watertown 02172
617-926-2960

419 Crescent St. Rt. 27
Brockton
617-586-9776

PRESTIGE IMPORTS

22 Pond St.
Norwell 02061
617-871-5580

RIETZL P/A

59 Pond St.
Norwell 02061
617-871-0777

WAYNE'S CAR STEREO

172 Grafton St.
Worcester 01604
617-792-6022

WIRED FOR SOUND

207 Chelmsford
Lowell 01851
617-453-4699

Clifford...the Best Car Security Systems at any price.

CLIFFORD
ELECTRONICS, INC.



Aged in oaken casks for five years.
Naturally, it's richer, smoother...and more costly.

The taste of rum has come of age.

party, I had to run for election every four years. I could not be a playboy. Otherwise, political enemies would have said Sihanouk was not serious.

PLAYBOY: So no more liaisons?

SIHANOUK: None, but I have a very beautiful wife. Certainly, the most beautiful one I could find in Cambodia. *[Laughs]* And I continue to like music, singing, champagne parties, horses, good restaurants, sports cars. *[Sips his champagne]* You know, in affairs of the heart, there is no science, no technique.

PLAYBOY: Were the women attracted to you mainly because you were king?

SIHANOUK: I can't speak of all women, but power does attract women. Wealth also. But even if a man is not very handsome, if he is pleasant, makes good conversation and behaves well, I think that women will be attracted to him. It depends on the woman. I knew some Cambodian girls who refused to have love affairs with me. They said they preferred *[whispers]* strong men, tall men, even Africans, because they make love very strongly. Cambodians are terrible, no?

PLAYBOY: Terrible?

SIHANOUK: Yes, sexually. They like making love.

PLAYBOY: Things could be worse.

SIHANOUK: But, you know, I don't understand the ladies who make love with each other. I respect the freedom of individuals, but I don't understand homosexuals. I don't criticize them. I respect their way of life. But I bless heaven for allowing me to be very normal, very normal. I like only ladies. We Cambodians, you know, we believe in rebirth. So if I have to come back to this world as a human being, I pray for only one thing: I don't want to be king. I don't want to be prime minister. I want to be normal as a man. Not powerless and not homosexual. *[Laughs]* It is my only wish for the next life.

PLAYBOY: Let's shift subjects. Do you have a hero?

SIHANOUK: I have heroes—De Gaulle of France, Tito of Yugoslavia, Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai of China. They were great patriots, heroes of their nation, freedom fighters, liberators of their homeland. Second, they were very, very human. They were loved by their people. De Gaulle was criticized when he was alive, because the French don't like to love a leader who is alive. But the dead De Gaulle is loved by the whole French nation. And third, because they were faithful friends. They understood me, my motivations. They are not like those critics who believe I am dishonest, Machiavellian, and so on. No, they never believed that. Really, they are among the greatest in mankind's history.

PLAYBOY: Which of their qualities do you try to emulate?

SIHANOUK: Their dedication to their homeland, to their people; their dedication to national independence, freedom and dignity and their refusal to be the

A PRINCE'S PROGRESS



In happier days (left), Sihanouk participates in a traditional ceremony. In 1967, he welcomes Jackie Kennedy (right), en route to the famed temples of Angkor Wat.



With his wife, Princess Manique, at his side (left), Sihanouk presides over a November 1968 meeting of the Socialist Youth of Cambodia.



In Peking (right), Sihanouk hears of the 1975 victory of the Khmer Rouge. Across the border in Thailand last year (left), he reviews his Armée Nationale Sihanoukienne troops.



- 1941: Norodom Sihanouk, 18, crowned king of Cambodia, long a French protectorate.

- 1954: Sihanouk secures Cambodia's independence from France.

- 1955: Sihanouk abdicates throne, calls for elections and is overwhelmingly voted in as head of state.

- Fifties-early Sixties: Sihanouk carefully keeps Cambodia neutral.

- 1965: War in Vietnam escalates; Sihanouk breaks off diplomatic relations with Washington.

- 1966-1969: Sihanouk turns a blind eye to Hanoi's use of Cambodian jungles for supply lines, only mildly criticizes U.S. bombing inside Cambodia.

- March 18, 1970: While Sihanouk is in Moscow, his prime minister, General Lon Nol, stages a successful coup. The new Khmer Republic is recognized by the United States.

- April 30, 1970: U.S. invades Cambodia. Sihanouk seeks exile in Peking, forms United Front with Khmer Rouge Communist guerrillas (former enemies) and resolves to fight U.S. and the "blue Khmer" Lon Nol regime.

- 1970-1975: Khmer Rouge evolves into formidable army, controlling vast

stretches of Cambodian countryside.

- April 17, 1975: Khmer Rouge marches into Phnom Penh; within hours, begins forced march of capital's population to the countryside. Pol Pot attempts to revolutionize Democratic Kampuchea (as Cambodia is renamed) into an egalitarian, agrarian society.

- September 9, 1975: Sihanouk returns from exile as nominal head of state. Seven months later, Khmer Rouge places him under house arrest, where he remains for three years.

- 1975-1978: From 700,000 to 2,000,000 Cambodians are executed or die from disease or starvation. Skirmishes break out along Cambodia-Vietnam border.

- Christmas 1978: Nearly 200,000 Vietnamese invade Cambodia, install a regime headed by Heng Samrin.

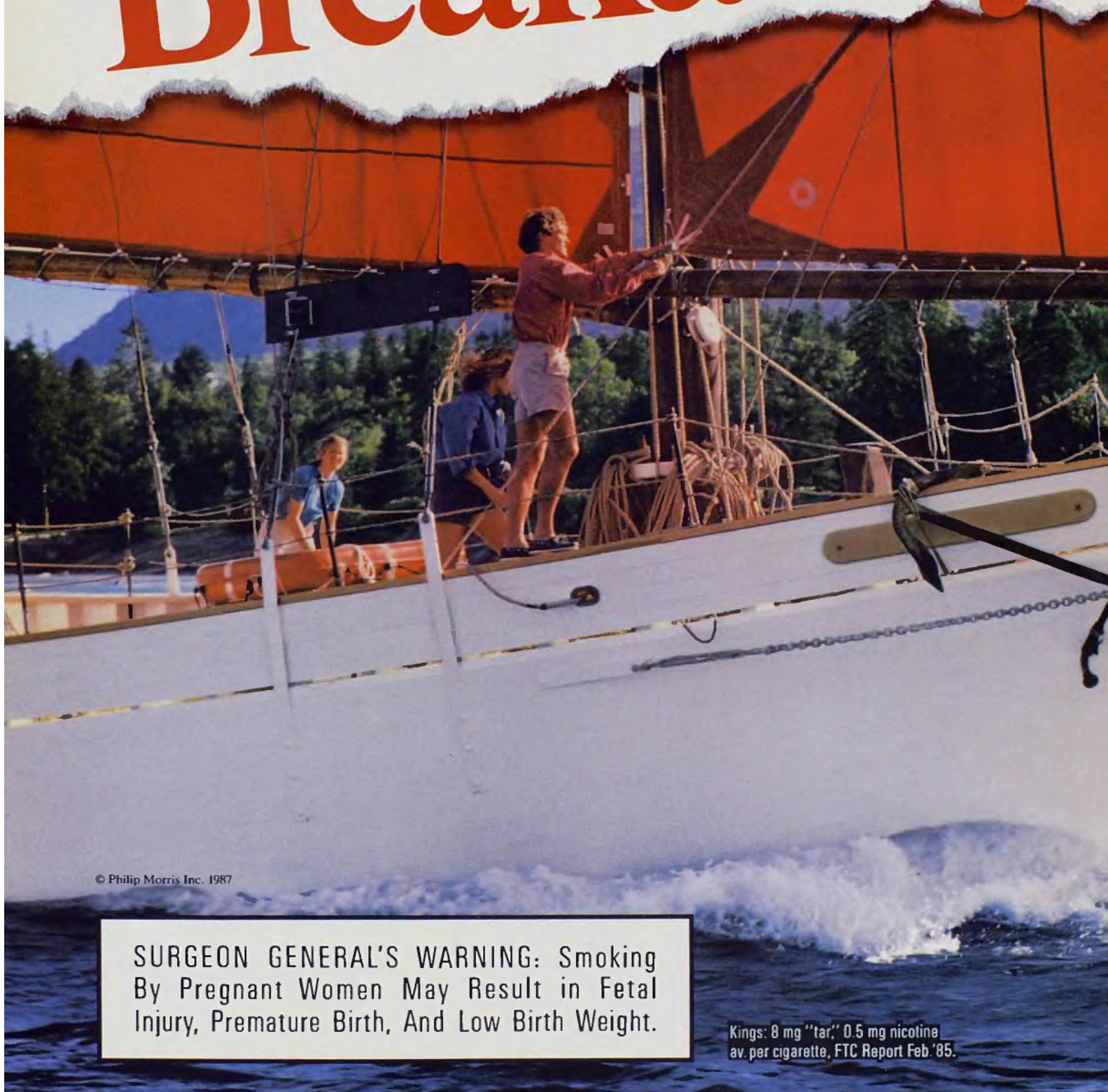
- 1982: Sihanouk reluctantly agrees to head the Coalition Government of Democratic Kampuchea.

- 1982-1987: Buoyed by arms from China and effective military operations by a rejuvenated Khmer Rouge, Coalition continues guerrilla war against Vietnamese occupation. Cambodia becomes Vietnam's Vietnam.

Get the flavor of these leading brands, but less tar.



Breakaway



© Philip Morris Inc. 1987

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

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85.

to Merit.

Breakaway to flavor.



Comparisons based on king-size versions of product shown and tar levels from latest FTC report.

servant, the satellite of any superpower.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as the only person who can unite your nation? Some people call you Cambodia's last hope.

SIHANOUK: You know, I don't want to appear as a man of pretensions, but I'm sure that without me, Vietnam will gain everything. I don't see anybody capable of replacing me and making himself accepted by the majority of people. Son Sann is getting old, and my son Ranariddh is a good military commander but not accepted by everybody. Still, when I propose something, my proposals are rejected, not only by the enemies of the Coalition but by the sponsors and my partners in the Coalition. So I am useless. I am powerless. I am now 64 years old. I may live a few more years, but the day I disappear, all chances for our side to retake Cambodia from Vietnam will also disappear.

PLAYBOY: Does that frighten you?

SIHANOUK: I am not frightened. The Khmer Rouge horrors were frightening. But to know that you are losing your battle, losing your country, is a feeling of sadness. You know, every night I take sleeping pills; otherwise, I could not sleep, because I am pessimistic, anxious, sad.

PLAYBOY: In your memoirs, you wrote that when you became king, you had a recurring nightmare about failing your college exams. Do you still have nightmares?

SIHANOUK: Yes, but now the nightmares are always of Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge horrors or of the destruction of my country by the Vietnamese. Sometimes I see in my dreams my favorite daughter, Soraya-raingsy, killed by Pol Pot. I dream like that. And, yes, sometimes I see the Vietnamese. They come in a car, a luxury car. And I am standing there, half dressed, with bare chest, bare feet. And the Vietnamese, they come and say to me, "Please come with us." I say, "I cannot go outside my house; I have no clothes. I have just a sarong around my waist."

PLAYBOY: What do you think the dream means?

SIHANOUK: I think I am like a poor, naked man, without the possibility of joining the Vietnamese and without the possibility of saving my country. Because I am like a man without clothing. And, with the sleeping pills, I am like a dead man without any dreams.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of dying?

SIHANOUK: No, not at all. I am not afraid. But I am afraid of the next life.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SIHANOUK: I could have a very, very bad next life. If I have rebirth in Sweden or in the U.S.A., that would be all right. But suppose I meet with another Pol Pot; or I could live under the Vietnamese and Heng Samrin. Or suppose I become a baby born in a refugee camp under Pol Pot in Thailand. That would be horrible.

PLAYBOY: Everyone has heard about the Khmer Rouge atrocities; many have seen *The Killing Fields*. But it's hard to understand how it happened. Who are the

Khmer Rouge? Where are they from?

SIHANOUK: Before the war in 1970, Cambodia had more than 7,000,000 inhabitants. We were a gentle, tolerant people, loving peace, freedom and individual liberties and dedicated to religions. Six million Cambodians were Buddhists, about 500,000 were Moslems and about 50,000 were Catholics. Our agriculture was prosperous. We had good soil. Every year, we could export surplus rice, corn, rubber, fish. Even without working hard, we had a good way of life.

But already in the Fifties, we had two categories of Communists. One group had been educated by Hanoi, by what was then called the Indochinese Communist Party, led by Ho Chi Minh. The second group was a left wing of young intellectuals who had studied in France and had become Communists. I called them Khmer Rouge. *Khmer* means Cambodian; *rouge*, red. Red Cambodian.

I was king of Cambodia then and had built primary and secondary schools for my people. But the universities weren't built until the Sixties. After secondary school, we used to send the best students to France. So Pol Pot, Son Sen, Khieu Samphan, Ieng Sary, all those men the world knows as Khmer Rouge leaders, got scholarships from me to study in France.

PLAYBOY: So your government paid for their education?

SIHANOUK: Yes, the government paid. [Laughs] And they were influenced by their studies in France. If you read the history of the French Revolution, there is a terribly fascinating but terribly bloody period called *La Terreur*—the terror—during which the revolutionaries began by cutting off the heads of the king and the aristocrats and, after that, making "a terror" among themselves. Those French-educated Cambodians were fascinated by *La Terreur*. And when they came back from France, they wanted to make a revolution.

I had established diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China by then, and they were invited to study communism there. They loved Chinese communism. They were fascinated by Mao's cultural revolution.

PLAYBOY: The cultural revolution was so extreme, involved so much disruption and persecution, that even the present leaders in Peking condemn it as a catastrophe. Was that the Khmer Rouge's model?

SIHANOUK: The Khmer Rouge didn't want to be just Communists. They wanted to be extremists. Their philosophy was a mixture of Hitlerism and Chinese cultural revolutionism. They wanted Cambodia to have a name in history, to be even more powerful than we were during the period of Angkor between the Ninth and 12th centuries, when the ancient kingdom of Cambodia dominated this entire part of the world. And in order to be a great nation, they said, everybody must be tough, like the people of Sparta in ancient

Greece. And they had reason to believe they could succeed.

The Khmer reasoning was this: Since we defeated the Americans and succeeded in having the best army in the world, why should we fail in our attempts to make the rest of the nation as pure, as tough, as skillful as our army?

PLAYBOY: So their aim was to turn an entire nation into an army?

SIHANOUK: Yes. They had three steps to achieve their dream of creating a new society: the full evacuation of the population from Phnom Penh and other towns to the countryside; the building up of the strongest, toughest, most efficient army in the world; and the liquidation of all the corrupt and nonconvertible elements who handicapped society and who could not be transformed into the new type of Kampuchean. The Khmer Rouge did not appreciate our *joie de vivre*. We were like the people in your state of Hawaii or in French Tahiti, singing, dancing, making love, eating well. The Khmer Rouge came to the conclusion that the Cambodian people were lazy and that unless we changed our way of life, we could not become a big power as before. So to build up a new society, they had to wipe out our civilization and traditions. And they had to wipe out Buddhism, because Buddhism says, "Please be tolerant; please don't make war; make peace." Buddhism would not be good for making strong warriors.

PLAYBOY: But why kill so many people?

SIHANOUK: Like Stalin when he was in the Kremlin, the Khmer Rouge saw enemies everywhere. The intellectuals who were not like them were intellectually corrupt and had to be killed. The princes had to be killed, they said, because they were oppressors of the people. I did not oppress my people. I built for them schools, universities, hospitals. They had no reason to hate the monarchy. But those Communist Cambodians knew that in order to take power, they must kill the princes and all the royalist leaders. And after wiping them out, they wiped out the nonroyal republicans, the *bourgeoisie*, the rich peasants, the rich merchants, the industrialists—all of whom the Pol Pot group decided were enemies of the poor. Because to be rich, they had to have exploited the poor. In some Communist countries, they'd have put them in concentration camps and re-educated them. But the Communists in Cambodia said, "No, these people cannot be re-educated. We cannot change their minds or their hearts. They have to be liquidated."

And, you know, I spoke of Buddhism. We had 80,000 monks. And according to Buddhist law, monks are not allowed to work. They are to be fed by the other citizens, so they can make prayers for the rest of us. So Pol Pot and his group said the monks had to be wiped out, because they were making our economy weak. They ate the rice produced by the peasants, but they didn't participate in the building up

Eventually you'll arrive at Finlandia.

"FINLANDIA" AND "THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF PALKO LTD. 80 AND 100 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. IMPORTED BY PALACE BRANDS COMPANY, FARMINGTON, CT © ALKO LTD. 1987.



The world's finest vodka.

EVERYONE WINS IN THE CHAPS MUSK "LIVING WITHOUT BOUNDARIES" SWEEPSTAKES.

AT STAKE: Prizes and adventures worth more than a million.

GRAND PRIZE: The adventure vacation of a lifetime to the continent of your choice. Plus an Isuzu Trooper II worth up to \$12,000.

- More than 1000 prizes in all, including three additional Isuzu Troopers.
- Plus everyone wins a gift certificate immediately redeemable toward purchase of any Chaps product.
- Enter today at participating retailers. Discover what living without boundaries really means.



CHAPS MUSK BY RALPH LAUREN



Trips provided by Sobek, Inc. Angels Camp, CA 95222 No Purchase Necessary. See Official Rules at participating retailers for full details. For a copy of Official Rules, please write to: P.O. Box 2514, Yonkers, N.Y. 10703. Odds of winning depend on number of entries. Must be 16 or older. Sweepstakes ends 9/30/87. Void where prohibited.

of a prosperous economy.

And after that, red and red clashed. The Khmer Rouge started killing one another, because the ones who had chosen to be with Hanoi and Moscow—not with China—could not be trusted. They used to say, "We would prefer to have only 1,000,000 pure proletarians—pure, poor peasants—than to have many millions who cannot be transformed into good, pure Communists."

PLAYBOY: How were they able to turn so many people into killers?

SIHANOUK: In the circus, there are tigers that people succeed in taming to perform. So if you can change tigers into cats, you can change cats into tigers. And there were Cambodians ready to be tigers.

Among some tribes of the South Pacific, Malaysia and Indonesia, there is a phenomenon called amuck. And from time to time, the people there become possessed by amuck and become violent and cruel. We Cambodians also have amuck, because we belong to that same family of Oceanic people. So Pol Pot—by separating poor peasants and young people from their parents and educating them into a new race, a *nouvelle* race trained to attack Cambodians—created a lasting political and ideological amuck.

PLAYBOY: Are killing and violence intrinsic parts of human nature?

SIHANOUK: Yes. Look at your TV screen. Every day you have violence. In every country, you can find cruel people who like violence, who like killings. And Pol Pot encouraged those people to kill.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Pol Pot ever had any feelings of remorse, of guilt? Was he ever horrified by the blood on his hands?

SIHANOUK: Pol Pot and his group do not say that they are guilty but that they are aware of their mistakes. Remember, please, Hitler. Remember Himmler. There are people who like killing. A French proverb says, *L'appétit vient en mangeant*: "The more you eat, the more you get a good appetite for blood."

PLAYBOY: You joined with the Khmer Rouge against the U.S. and Lon Nol from 1970 to 1975. Even though you were in exile in Peking during that time, surely you had some idea of their plans.

SIHANOUK: When the United Front, presided over by Sihanouk, won the war in April 1975, the Khmer Rouge told me that only seven leaders of the Khmer Republic would be shot. So I told them, all right, because I thought we could then have a general reconciliation. On the 17th of April, I even told the press in Peking, "You will see. There will be a general reconciliation." And the first reports from Phnom Penh said that the red Khmer and the republicans, the blue Khmer, were together on trucks, laughing and singing. But a few hours later, everything changed.

PLAYBOY: When you returned to Phnom Penh, didn't you see what was going on?

SIHANOUK: I saw the forced labor and the suppression of liberties and so on, but I

did not see the killing fields. And after my resignation as president of the United Front in April 1976, the Khmer Rouge became very hostile toward me and I was kept under house arrest with my wife. The Khmer Rouge had wanted me to remain as head of state, as their figurehead, because behind my name, even with such a tough regime, they could be accepted by the international community.

PLAYBOY: Was the policy of killing random or was it planned?

SIHANOUK: Random? Not at all, not at all. I can say that everything was planned. Everything. The Khmer Rouge regime was very strict, like Stalinism. I am sure that it was planned in detail by the leadership—that Pol Pot, Ieng Sary, Ta Mok and the other leaders were responsible for the genocide policy.

PLAYBOY: You and your wife were kept under house arrest for nearly three years. What did you do all that time?

SIHANOUK: I had nothing to do. The Khmer Rouge would insult and slander the monarchy and my regime, so I had to listen to that every day and to their revolutionary songs, which were horrid. Also, I read. There were many books—French literature—in the royal palace that had been mine when I was king. I also had some books in Russian, Spanish, German and Italian. So I read them to learn something of those languages.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever fear for your life?

SIHANOUK: One night, they withdrew all the civilian staff—they were all Khmer Rouge, but I had cooks and so on—from my palace. They gave my wife and me meat and vegetables so we could prepare our meals. But I was frightened by the fact that they had withdrawn all the civilians so suddenly and put their toughest military troops all around our building. Before my resignation, we'd had good relations with the Khmer Rouge soldiers. But these tough troops refused to have conversations with us. So my wife and I were afraid we would be killed. As it happened, they did not kill us—I think because the Chinese leadership, the North Korean president, Kim Il Sung, President Tito of Yugoslavia and other Third World heads of state did their best to save me.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever cry?

SIHANOUK: Yes, yes, I cried. But not very often. Because we Cambodians hide our sufferings behind a screen of smiles. We prefer crying in our hearts—bleeding internally, not externally, if I may say so. But, you know, I cried when one of my daughters died of leukemia at the age of four in 1952, and I cried when I lost my mother in April 1975 here in Peking. A few times when I was under house arrest in Cambodia, it also happened that I cried. Once or twice, when I listened to the Voice of America and the BBC and learned about the sufferings of my people, I suffered with them, and so I cried. And I cried when I had no news from my children and grandchildren who'd been sent



IT'S A BLACK DAY FOR THE COMPETITION.

Now that Isuzu has introduced the white on white Impulse Turbo RS, a lot of cars are looking pale in comparison.

They start to fade when we start the engine. A 2.0 liter fuel injected overhead cam triumph, turbocharged by the same people who turbocharge cars for the Indy 500. And unlike most turbochargers, it's both watercooled and intercooled. This rare combination reduces maintenance, such as oil change intervals, and eliminates cool-down idling, while increasing engine output by 20%.

In black and white, that gives the Turbo RS 140 exhilarating horsepower. And a 0-60 speed of 8.5 seconds. Faster than a Toyota Celica GT-S and a Porsche 944, among others.*



Then, to turn our competitors' faces even redder, we introduced a limited slip differential with heavy duty sway bars and oversized high performance tires to improve handling and take the suspense out of cornering. The result: in rigorous slalom testing, the Impulse Turbo out-performed the Mercedes Benz 560SEC and the BMW 635CSI.*

And as for the interior, *Motor Trend* described it as having "just about every conceivable convenience and comfort known to the automotive world." Which means the only people uncomfortable with it are those competing against it.

All of which helps to explain most carmakers' reaction to white on white.

Green with envy. *Performance figures from *Road & Track* 11/86.

The First Car Builders of Japan.

ISUZU



THE NEXT BEST THING TO WAXING.

Get a Hard Gloss shine and water-beading protection as easy as drying your car.



**WHEN YOU'RE DONE DRYING,
YOU'RE DONE SHINING.**

to cooperatives. But since my liberation by China in January 1979, I have not cried. I've had no opportunity.

PLAYBOY: When did you learn the Khmer Rouge had killed so many in your family?

SIHANOUK: The Khmer Rouge had told me that my children and grandchildren were still alive in a remote northern village in Preah Vihear province near the Thai border. Not until 1980 or 1981, when I met with refugees in France and in the United States who'd been in the concentration camps, the cooperatives in Cambodia, did I learn that five of my children and 14 grandchildren had been killed by the Khmer Rouge.

PLAYBOY: Certainly, Pol Pot was responsible. Yet you've told journalists that you felt that Pol Pot was a nice man.

SIHANOUK: He is a nice man. Yes, a nice man. He is very polite, with a civilized manner; and when he speaks of our country, he speaks well—of the necessity for us to unite, etc. If nobody told you that Pol Pot was Pol Pot, that he was Khmer Rouge, if you met him without knowing who he was, you could be seduced.

You know, we met twice. The first time was in March 1973. I lived with him and his comrades for a month in the jungle. They accompanied me from the border of Vietnam and Laos to Angkor and then on into other liberated provinces. I liked very much having conversations with him. The second and last time was on the night of

the fifth of January 1979. You know, nobody likes to be criticized or insulted, and Pol Pot never said anything bad about me. Always very, very good things. So to me he was the perfect host.

PLAYBOY: Even in 1979?

SIHANOUK: Oh, yes. He apologized for not being able to meet with me, that he'd been too busy. And he praised me very much. He said that I was a great patriot. But thanks to Voice of America, BBC and Radio Australia, when I met Pol Pot that last time, I did know one thing: He was a killer. Not the killer of my children. He pretended they were safe. But I knew already he had killed innocent compatriots. So I could not be happy with him.

PLAYBOY: Did it ever cross your mind that one day Lon Nol might depose you?

SIHANOUK: I never imagined that. Really, never. But it was my fault, my mistake. Because I could not tell the difference between genuine and false friends.

PLAYBOY: When you say friends, do you mean political confidants or do you mean intimate friends—people who can criticize you if they get annoyed instead of simply deferring to your Highness?

SIHANOUK: I have a few friends. Not so many, really; but, yes, one or two. You know, before, I was like Louis XIV and the other kings of France and could not distinguish between the flatterers and the genuine friends. Now I can tell the difference; but of all the ones who did not flatter

me, only one or two people are still alive. So I have no choice. I have no more friends. I am surrounded by enemies. [*Sihanouk points to the gentleman sitting in on the interview*] I know ambassador-at-large Chhorn Hay is Khmer Rouge. He tried to join my party to influence me. I said, "No, please stay a Khmer Rouge," because I prefer to have Khmer Rouge [*laughs*] rather than false Sihanoukists. My wife says that I no longer have any friends around me, that I am the only Sihanoukist left. The only royalist. My wife is right.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Cambodia should have remained a monarchy?

SIHANOUK: When we were a kingdom, Cambodia was great. Even without Sihanouk, when we were a kingdom, we were great. A king is not a political *chef de parti*. For a king, there is only one party—the country, the homeland. The Republicans, they think in terms of parties, political plans and so on. They don't think of the superior interests of the country. So even if we did not have Sihanouk, but instead my son installed as king of Cambodia, I am sure that Cambodia would be great again. We need a king, not a republic. As a republic, we lost our national dignity; we lost everything. Ssssss, just like that [*points toward floor*—dirt, mud.

PLAYBOY: Yet it was you who changed your kingdom into a republic. You gave up the kingship to become its president.

SIHANOUK: Yes, I regret. I have always been a royalist. But now I have to accept the *fait accompli*. Just like my people inside Cambodia—they hate the Vietnamese, but they have to accept them.

PLAYBOY: At first, didn't many Cambodians support the Vietnamese invasion?

SIHANOUK: Of course. Pol Pot was really very, very cruel, so the Vietnamese had a very good pretext to invade: to liberate our nation from the yoke of Pol Pot.

PLAYBOY: For most outsiders, Vietnam's invasion of Cambodia came as a complete surprise. Why did it happen?

SIHANOUK: During the war against the Americans from 1970 to 1975, the Russians, the North Vietnamese, the Chinese all supported the Cambodian Communists in their fight against the United States and Lon Nol's Khmer Republic. Then the Americans went home. Ever since, there have been only Communists in Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam. And now there is a split between the Communists. I call them churches: the church of Peking with the Khmer Rouge and the church of Moscow with Hanoi. It's like a religious war.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying Vietnam invaded Cambodia merely for ideological reasons?

SIHANOUK: No, the Khmer Rouge provoked the Vietnamese. Since 1976, the Khmer Rouge—as ultranationalists, extremists—had been at war with Vietnam with the very foolish purpose of con-

quering South Vietnam. So the North Vietnamese were provoked and, in December 1977, they invaded Cambodia for a few weeks. But nobody was aware of the seriousness of the war until the Vietnamese entered Phnom Penh in January 1979. Cambodia was not open to the outside world then, but the international community knew about the horrors, the genocide. It knew exactly what was happening and was very much against the Khmer Rouge. So when the Vietnamese entered Cambodia, they were our saviors. Everybody applauded. Applauded!

PLAYBOY: You also applauded.

SIHANOUK: Yes, but not now. Because now I know that the Vietnamese did not intervene in my country in order to liberate the Cambodian people. Not at all, not at all. The Vietnamese went into Cambodia to swallow up Cambodia, to physically Vietnamize Cambodia. They are encouraging Cambodians to flee in order to have an empty Cambodia, which they will fill up with Vietnamese. More and more Vietnamese officers, technicians and soldiers are infiltrating the so-called Cambodian army of Heng Samrin. Already there are more than 500,000 Vietnamese settlers in Cambodia. They are taking over our land, exploiting our natural resources. And in five years, there will be 1,000,000. That is why the Vietnamese can say that by 1990, their army will go home. After two decades, we will be a province of Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: You actually believe that could happen?

SIHANOUK: [Shouts] I believe! There are intermarriages between Cambodian women and Vietnamese men. Their children will get Cambodian citizenship, but in their hearts and in their minds, they will be Vietnamese. Already, many students are sent to North Vietnam, to the Soviet Union, to Czechoslovakia and East Germany to be indoctrinated. So we will become another race with another philosophy, another way of life, another way of thinking—a Vietnamese way of thinking.

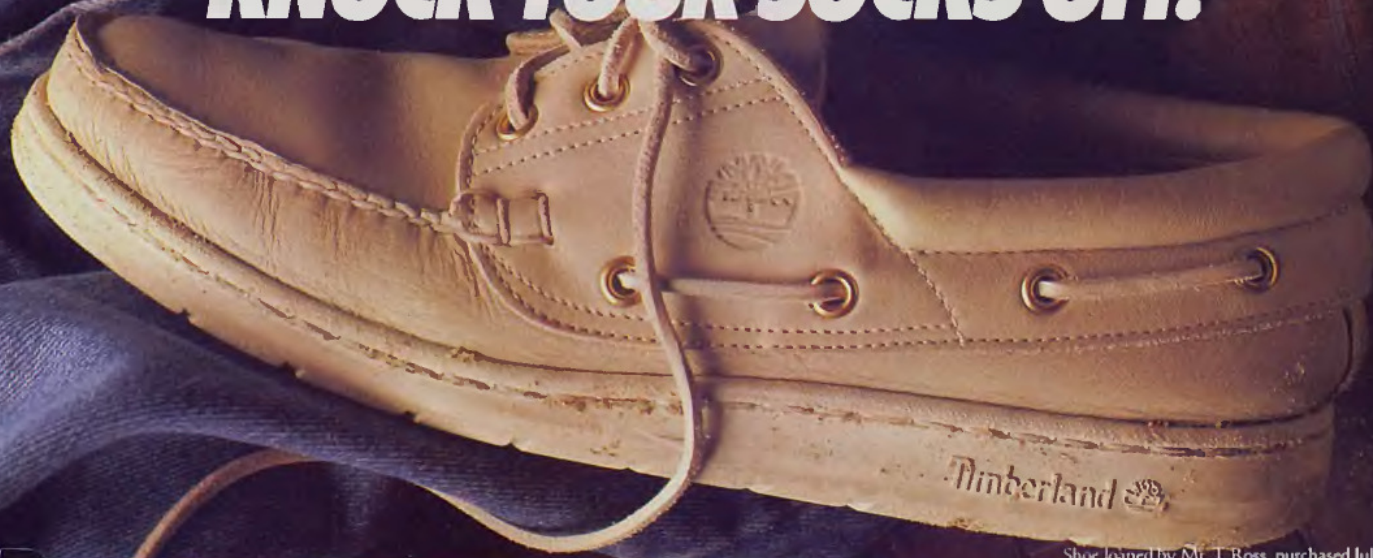
PLAYBOY: The young people who remain in Cambodia—what are they learning?

SIHANOUK: The Vietnamese have rewritten the history of Cambodia. What they now teach the students and children is this: Sihanouk was a bad leader; Lon Nol was worse than Sihanouk; and Pol Pot was worse than Lon Nol. Vietnam helped the Cambodian people and, because of this, Cambodia is now happy.

PLAYBOY: But do Cambodians even care as long as Pol Pot is out of power?

SIHANOUK: When the Vietnamese liberated Cambodia from Pol Pot, it was all right. But now many Cambodians don't like the Vietnamese, because step by step, little by little, we are losing our national identity, our soul. Many people now suffer because of the Vietnamese. The villagers are so poor. They are miserable. There is malnutrition. Each year the country lacks

TIMBERLAND. COMFORT THAT WILL KNOCK YOUR SOCKS OFF.



Shoe loaned by Mr. T. Ross, purchased July '85

Rest assured that even a pair of socks will not detract from the comfort of these Timberland Boat Shoes. Inside is a soft inner core that supports and cushions your foot.

The moccasin construction of the waterproof leathers will surround your foot in luxury as if your Timberland Boat Shoes were custom made. At Timberland mere comfort is not enough: Our tough outer sole has scuppers or channels around the edge that prevent hydroplaning on any wet surface.



Timberland Boat Shoes may cost more than ordinary boat shoes. But think of all the money you will save in socks.

Timberland
MORE QUALITY THAN YOU MAY
EVER NEED.

Available at: Aspen Leaf, Woodward & Lothrop,
Parisian, Rich's, Dillard's

How to enjoy tobacco under 100 lbs. of pressure.

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT
MAY CAUSE GUM
DISEASE AND
TOOTH LOSS

Skoal Bandits® is the way.
It's tobacco that comes in a
convenient pouch. Don't chew it
—just put a pouch between your
cheek and gum. What you get is
real tobacco pleasure without
lighting up. Anytime, anywhere.

Skoal Bandits®
Where you can't smoke.



© 1987 U.S. Tobacco Co.

about 400,000 tons of rice. The international community sends gifts to the refugees in Thailand. But because the Vietnamese are hated by the international community, the Cambodians inside receive very little international help. And the Vietnamese themselves are very poor. Only the Soviet bloc helps them. Whatever aid goes through Phnom Penh is taken by the Vietnamese and their puppets. It doesn't reach my people.

PLAYBOY: What about the reports of forced labor, that thousands of people from all over Cambodia are herded to the Thai border to plant mines, to clear the jungle?

SIHANOUK: Yes, the Vietnamese are trying to cut off the resistance's supply lines. In the early Thirties, the French built what they called *la ligne Maginot*, a concrete line built of stones and cement against the Germans. The Vietnamese are doing the same, only their Maginot line consists of earth and bamboo. I think it is the biggest mistake made by the Vietnamese since their arrival in Cambodia in 1979.

The Vietnamese proclaim throughout the world that they are very popular in Cambodia, but why do they fear general elections? If they are, as they pretend to be, so popular, they would win an election. But the Vietnamese know that they'd be sure to lose now, because the majority of Cambodians would choose the Khmer Rouge as the lesser of two evils.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to imagine people voluntarily siding with the Khmer Rouge, having suffered so deeply under them.

SIHANOUK: Not everybody was a victim of the Khmer Rouge. My family, yes. But the dead, they are dead. They are no more in Cambodia to vote against the Khmer Rouge.

You know, the situation in Cambodia under Pol Pot was not so bad for everybody. The Khmer Rouge had their followers. They took care of the poor peasants and young people whom they'd separated from their parents. And there is a new generation that does not know much about the Khmer Rouge horrors. So now there are recruits. I am not an astrologer, and I don't like to predict the future; but I think that in the long run, more and more Cambodian citizens in the towns and in the countryside will abandon the Vietnamese and help the resistance.

PLAYBOY: Some people think that the best way to solve the Cambodian problem would be for you to return to Phnom Penh and cooperate with the Vietnamese.

SIHANOUK: Yes, the other side is more and more interested in getting Sihanouk. The Australian foreign minister, Bill Hayden, told me that if I decided to go back home to Phnom Penh, Heng Samrin, acting in conformity with orders from Hanoi, would like to appoint me head of state. After that, I saw the [then] French foreign minister, Roland Dumas, who told me that Heng Samrin wanted to pay his respects to me. So they are both telling me that the other side wants Sihanouk. I know that

The Thermal Sweatshirt

Everyone loves the classic sweatshirt look—we've crafted it in cozy cotton/poly thermal fabric. Air pockets trap body heat making it comfortable in most all temperatures. Roomy raglan cut for wear as underwear or activewear. Made in USA in Red, Blue, Plum, Jade, Black, Natural, Teal, Khaki or Gold. S, M or L. Three for \$36; \$14 each.

French Officer's Short

The best of French design is interpreted in this captivating twill short. Comfortably roomy with a brawny look.

Asymmetrical button fly, D-ring self-belt, one back and two side pockets. Imported in 100% cotton twill in Black, Khaki, Blue or Ivory. Waist sizes 28 thru 34, 36 and 38. \$20.

CALL TOLL FREE

1-800-854-2795

24 Hours Everyday with Visa, MasterCard, American Express, Diners Club, Carte Blanche or Discover. Within California, call 1-800-527-6111.

Add \$3 Handling. Calif. residents add 6% tax.

MAIL ORDERS by credit card, include acct. no., expiration date and signature. Or send check or money order. No CODs.

INTERNATIONAL MALE

DEPARTMENT 8M6023
BUILDING 76
HANOVER, PA 17333



How to enjoy it free.

Just fill out the coupon and send it back, and we'll send you a sample of our three great flavors—original Wintergreen, refreshing Mint and rich, smooth Skoal Bandits® Straight.



PL 701

For a free sample of Skoal Bandits®, send to Skoal Bandits, P.O. Box 2900, Greenwich, CT 06836. I certify that I am _____ years of age*.

Signature _____ Name _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Telephone () _____

Are you a regular user of any smokeless tobacco? Yes _____ No _____

If yes, what brand? _____

*Offer not available to minors. Offer good in U.S.A. Void where prohibited by law. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

© 1987 U.S. Tobacco Co.

China and Thailand fear that I could change sides. But no; I am a man of loyalty.

PLAYBOY: Your critics would disagree strongly. They would say that the tragedy of Sihanouk was about your switching sides depending on who was in power.

SIHANOUK: I did not switch, never! One day you saw me against the Americans and pro-North Vietnam, and another day, against Vietnam and friendly to the U.S.A. But I did not switch. The other nations, they changed *their* policy. In the Seventies, I supported the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese because I believed they were defending a just cause, leading a just struggle for the freedom of Vietnam. And I fought the Americans because I could not accept their illegal intervention in the internal affairs of my country. We were independent and we became a satellite of the U.S.A. Now the Americans are very respectful vis-à-vis the independence of my country and the Vietnamese have become colonialists in Cambodia. So I fought the U.S. when the Americans were the imperialists in Indochina. And now I fight Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: You sound like Machiavelli: The end always justifies the means.

SIHANOUK: How can Sihanouk be considered Machiavellian, without moral values, shifting from one side to another? I did not change my behavior. I am in favor of an independent Cambodia.

PLAYBOY: Your critics would say you're an opportunist, that you would sleep with the Devil to achieve your end.

SIHANOUK: As far as devils are concerned, the U.S.A. also supports the Khmer Rouge. Even before the forming of the Coalition Government in 1982, the U.S. each year voted in favor of the Khmer Rouge regime. But I don't accuse the U.S. of being opportunistic and sleeping with devils. The U.S.A. wants Cambodia to be independent, not a slave of Vietnam. That is why the U.S.A. votes for the Coalition of Democratic Kampuchea, even though the Khmer Rouge are still there. The U.S.A. says that it is against the Khmer Rouge, that it is pro-Sihanouk, pro-Son Sann. But the devils, they are there *[laughs]* with Sihanouk and Son Sann.

PLAYBOY: Then you feel that morally, you would do anything for your idea of patriotism—even collaborate with the people who killed your children?

SIHANOUK: Yes, to fight against the ones I don't hate and to stay with the ones I do hate, with the Khmer Rouge who killed my children, those reactionaries who deposed me. As a man, how can I be happy? I do not want to work with them. I prefer the Vietnamese. They never did anything to me. They did not kill any of my followers or my children. They are my friends, people to people. But now they harm my country, so I have to fight them. So, as a patriot, it is my duty to stay with the ones I hate and to defend my ideal of independence for Cambodia. If I were an

opportunist, I would go to Phnom Penh. But I cannot be a quisling. I cannot be a collaborator, like the former head of state in France during World War Two, Marshal Pétain. I prefer to be a small Charles de Gaulle, who resisted his enemies.

PLAYBOY: Isn't Cambodia like many European countries during World War Two—caught in a superpower struggle?

SIHANOUK: We are the victims of a hot confrontation by proxy. As far as China is concerned, it is by Khmer Rouge proxy. Vietnam is very independent-minded, but it is also a poor nation and needs Soviet aid in order to colonize Laos and Cambodia. Practically speaking, there are four countries that have a role in solving the Cambodian problem: the U.S., China, the Soviet Union and Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: You've also received military aid from the United States. How significant is Washington's role in the conflict?

SIHANOUK: [Representative] Stephen Solarz and other Congressmen succeeded in getting \$5,000,000 allocated for the national freedom fighters of Son Sann and Sihanouk. It's not very important as aid, but it is a great symbol of solidarity. I think that the American people will always be very sympathetic to our problems. There are now more than 150,000 Cambodians in the United States, and you continue to send humanitarian aid to the population at the Thai-Cambodian border. And the Americans must continue to play not only an important role but a global role in the process of solving the Cambodian problem. Why? Because it is a question not just of Cambodia but of stability and peace for Southeast Asia, for Oceania, for the Far East—that is to say, for the world. If you let the Cambodian war go on, it could spread into other countries, beginning with Thailand.

PLAYBOY: What is the likelihood of a negotiated settlement?

SIHANOUK: For the time being, there is no possibility of breaking the present deadlock, because the powers have an interest in letting the war go on. Strategically, China cannot accept Cambodia as a base for the Soviet Union and Vietnam. Thailand has to rely on the Cambodian resistance to fight the Vietnamese; otherwise, the Vietnamese army could threaten the peace and liberty of Thailand. So both the Chinese and the Thais have more interest in encouraging the Cambodian resistance to continue fighting. The Soviets need Hanoi for access to the strategic bases of Da Nang and Cam Ranh Bay in Vietnam and Kompong Som in Cambodia.

PLAYBOY: With Mikhail Gorbachev in power, do you sense any shift in the Soviet position on Cambodia?

SIHANOUK: Gorbachev is as bad as his predecessors, only he smiles more and he has with him his beautiful wife, Raisa. They both are trying to show the world and America that they are not such bad people. The Vietnamese, I think, fear, or at least are disappointed, that the Soviets

are trying hard to improve their relations with China and have agreed to speak about Cambodia with the Chinese.

PLAYBOY: Is Moscow putting any pressure on Vietnam to compromise?

SIHANOUK: The Vietnamese are a proud people. I don't think the Soviets can dictate Vietnam's behavior. But Vietnam is getting more and more isolated, which is very encouraging for us. The question remains, however, Is Vietnam impressed enough by the new development of events? Vietnam has Cambodia in hand. Why should they give it up unless they are defeated militarily?

PLAYBOY: Can they be defeated?

SIHANOUK: They cannot be defeated, but we can bleed them more and more in order to accept a compromise. The Cambodians are also a proud people. They want their national independence restored. You know, I say that we are a gentle people, but we've had so many wars since becoming a state during the Angkor period. Since that time, we've had war, war, war. We knew World War One, World War Two, the Japanese occupation and so on. So we've had some training. *[Laughs]* Like your athletic teams or baseball teams, we have had good training in wars. We have ahead of us several years of hardship and bloodshed. But we can last.

PLAYBOY: There are reports that the Vietnamese have been forced to tighten security inside Cambodia, that there are guerrilla attacks near Phnom Penh and that this year, compared with last, the Vietnamese had to deploy several times as many soldiers around the capital.

SIHANOUK: When the guests of Vietnam in Phnom Penh, the Soviet technicians and advisors, want to visit the temples in Angkor, they must travel by helicopter. They can no longer take the roads. That means that our guerrillas are more efficient. Now the Khmer Rouge are everywhere in Cambodia. And my guerrillas are not just in three provinces, as before, but, with the Khmer Rouge, can go deep inside Kampuchea to attack the Vietnamese.

PLAYBOY: There are also reports that many cities are now under curfew and that in parts of the countryside, bamboo stockades have been built around villages.

SIHANOUK: Yes, strategic hamlets. Please remember the experiences of the U.S.A. and your South Vietnamese puppets Diem and Thieu, and your Cambodian protégé Lon Nol. They all made strategic hamlets. But what was the result? *[Imitates Woody Woodpecker laugh]*

PLAYBOY: Why do you laugh?

SIHANOUK: Because I see the Vietnamese making the same errors in Cambodia, the same mistakes as the Americans in South Vietnam. Only now the Vietnamese are our Americans in Cambodia. So I laugh.

PLAYBOY: How do the people react?

SIHANOUK: The peasants, they resist. The immense majority of my people are against the Vietnamese. We are helped even by defectors from Heng Samrin's

Only

Only Löwenbräu is brewed in the world's great beer drinking countries. Brewed in Munich, in England, Sweden, Canada, Japan, and here in America. Only Löwenbräu, by license and authority, must use Bavarian Hallertau hops and be checked for flavor and quality by the brewmasters of Löwenbräu, Munich. Only Löwenbräu gives you 600 years of Bavarian heritage in one smooth American beer.

THIS WORLD CALLS FOR LOWENBRAU.





Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. Read your owner's manual. For further riding information, contact the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

Lord, don't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz.



The Shadow™ 1100

HONDA  **MOTORCYCLES**

FOLLOW THE LEADER

Availability subject to change without notice. Mercedes-Benz is a trademark of Mercedes-Benz of N.A., Inc., Montvale, N.J. Shadow is a Honda trademark. © 1987 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (4/87)

CABLE TV

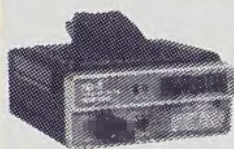
UHF CONVERTERS:

- JERROLD
- OAK
- HAMLIN



CALL TODAY FOR PRICE

RADAR DETECTOR



RETAIL
\$249

\$78

FREE CAR TRIAL

COMPACT DISC PLAYER



RETAIL
\$289

\$119⁰⁰

"TOP OF THE LINE"

CELLULAR CAR PHONE



RETAIL
\$3000

\$699

FREE CAR TRIAL

PRO-TECH TRONICS

6870 SHINGLE CREEK PARKWAY #103
MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55430
(612) 560-6603

QUICK
DELIVERY



1-800-345-5080

administration and army. I have 1000—I repeat, 1000—defectors from Heng Samrin's army. So the situation in Kampuchea has changed in favor of my Coalition. There is a new turning point against the Vietnamese.

PLAYBOY: So the Khmer Rouge are now the most important faction militarily.

SIHANOUK: And they will remain the most important. Pol Pot is a very, very good military leader and strategist. He has succeeded in making his troops the best guerrillas in the world—even better than the Vietnamese. You know, as a Cambodian, I am proud of them, if I may say so. Not proud of their communism but proud of their military capability, their dedication, their toughness, their skill on the battlefield. The Vietnamese fear them so much. That is why they have set as a condition for withdrawing their troops from Cambodia the liquidation of the Khmer Rouge—not just Pol Pot but the Khmer Rouge—as a military and political force.

It is a terrible situation for us. Without the Khmer Rouge, we have no credibility on the battlefield. Yet the very fact that the Khmer Rouge are the only credible military force is a stumbling block to a solution, because unless the Khmer Rouge disappear, the Vietnamese will not accept a political solution.

PLAYBOY: Will the Khmer Rouge disappear?

SIHANOUK: They will never disappear.

PLAYBOY: If the Coalition fell apart, would you remain with the Khmer Rouge?

SIHANOUK: I will stay. I have promised the resistance, the patriots, that I will stay in the resistance. I have no choice. I have to either go to Phnom Penh and consequently serve the Vietnamese or continue as chairman of the Coalition.

PLAYBOY: When you were allied with the Khmer Rouge, you said in an interview then that you knew once the Khmer Rouge took power, they would spit you out like a cherry pit. And they did. Well, won't they spit you out again?

SIHANOUK: Yes. There is a French saying, *L'histoire est un éternel recommencement*. "History repeats itself eternally." So now I'm going to a situation that I know well—the situation during the Vietnam-American war in the Seventies. I will be head of state with a Khmer Rouge army behind me.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think the Khmer Rouge won't repeat the atrocities?

SIHANOUK: They cannot be repeated. The situation now and the situation prevailing in Cambodia in April 1975 are not the same. After the departure of the Americans, the Khmer Rouge had no obstacle in their way to taking over Cambodia. Before, Vietnam was helping Pol Pot. Now the Soviet Union and Vietnam will not let the Khmer Rouge retake power. The Vietnamese and the Soviets would not leave Cambodia without a solid guarantee that the Khmer Rouge could not retake power. And please don't forget that the Vietnam-

ese will not go home very easily. Even if they say they'll go home by 1990, they will remain on the border. And if the Khmer Rouge were to retake power, they would come back immediately, immediately.

Vietnam, unlike the U.S.A., will not go away. The U.S. is far away from Indochina. Once you decided to leave, your troops went home. But even if Vietnam says one day, "We will go home," geographically, they border Cambodia. Besides, the Khmer Rouge do not act alone. The Chinese and the Khmer Rouge, they are one team. And China cannot afford to lose the friendship of the United States, ASEAN and other countries in the free world that will never again accept the Khmer Rouge as dictators in Kampuchea. If one day there is a solution, it will be in the form of a four-party compromise government.

PLAYBOY: At the Geneva Conference on Indochina, you were the master diplomat, negotiating Cambodia's independence from France. Can you do it again?

SIHANOUK: Before I could play the game of balancing superpowers—before I was a powerful head of state—I had a country. I could maneuver. I could play such a game. The U.S. press used to write that I danced on a tightrope. It was salt-water acrobatics. But now I cannot. I am powerless. I have lost my country. How can I be like before, walking the tightrope? I cannot, I cannot. I have this image in my mind: I see myself as a captain sinking with his ship. But at least I have the flag. Ah, yes, I am holding up the flag.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like a Hollywood movie. Undoubtedly, Hollywood will someday make a movie of your life. Who should play the part of Sihanouk?

SIHANOUK: There are two Sihanouks, the young playboy who was handsome and the old Sihanouk now. So there should be two artists. I am very ignorant about the new generation. I don't remember their names. But if the movie had been done ten years ago, I'd say Elvis Presley. My favorite actor was Clark Gable. Oh, I loved him. But, yes, Elvis Presley could play the young Sihanouk.

PLAYBOY: Why Elvis?

SIHANOUK: Because he was handsome and a little fat. And he played, you know. He sang. I used to sing and play the saxophone. Presley played the guitar. But never mind. And for the old Sihanouk, Charles Laughton.

PLAYBOY: He was a good actor.

SIHANOUK: Yeah, and he was fat as he got older. You know, when I was young, I wrote a few comedies. I also wrote scripts for a few films. I played myself. I've always been interested in the theater.

PLAYBOY: In another interview, you said that Shakespeare would have been interested in your destiny.

SIHANOUK: Oh, yes, I am very Shakespearean, a tragic hero with a tragic destiny and a country in a tragic situation. The French already have a play about me:

Dunoorn

by Red Wing



America's new shoe for work. A lot more than casuals.

Sure, Dunoorns look easy-going. They're supposed to. But don't be fooled. These shoes have all the guts and 20-mile-a-day comfort you expect from Red Wings...America's finest shoes for work. Like all Red Wings, Dunoorns are made to work hard. Every Day.

For more information and your nearest dealer, call toll free 1-800-255-2550.



MADE IN THE U.S.A.

20 MILE-A-DAY COMFORT

The Terrible but Unfinished History of Norodom Sihanouk, King of Cambodia. It is very successful, like *The King and I*, only *The King and I* is a very happy story and my story is dark, very dark.

PLAYBOY: Shakespeare's heroes are often responsible for their own downfall. Are you responsible for your own tragedy?

SIHANOUK: In ancient Greek theater, heroes whose destinies were tragic were depicted as the victims of the gods. And I believe that I am like the Greek heroes, manipulated by the heavens.

PLAYBOY: Usually, the Greek hero draws a lesson from his tragedy. What has the prince learned from his?

SIHANOUK: Because I ignored the fact that the Kampucheans loved the United States more than Cambodia, I was the victim of my own army. I loved Cambodia more than the United States. That was my mistake. Because I was a proud head of state, I did not appreciate the policy of the United States, which supported Thailand and South Vietnam against me. And the U.S. State Department did not appreciate my policy of neutrality.

I cut off relations with the U.S.A. in order to be free to receive aid from the U.S.S.R., from China and others. But my officers were accustomed to getting money and material aid from the U.S.A., and they became very, very angry. The rich merchants and industrialists were also used to getting economic aid from USAID [United States Agency for International Development]. And there were many corrupt civilian servants in my administration who enjoyed U.S. economic aid. So when I cut off relations with the U.S., they got very angry and supported Lon Nol.

But the deposing of Sihanouk had very tragic consequences. We had war, war, war, and after that, we had Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge. And now the Vietnamese. So if I could go back to the past, I would not be so proud. I should not have given up your aid. I am very sad to say that, because I am Kampuchean. I love only Cambodia. I assure you. I like many countries. Like but not love. Only for my Cambodia is there love.

PLAYBOY: Do you accept some of the blame, then, for its ruin?

SIHANOUK: No, all the misery of Cambodia comes from the United States. It comes from the Nixon-Kissinger policy to destabilize my regime in the Sixties and to support Lon Nol. And you lost the war in Southeast Asia because the regimes you supported in Indochina were very, very unpopular, very corrupt.

PLAYBOY: As you've suggested, your regime was not free of corruption, either.

SIHANOUK: But the ones in my government who were corrupt were Lon Nol and all his followers. *They* were corrupt. If I were corrupt, I would have much money in a French or Swiss bank. But I have nothing. When I was deposed, I had only a few clothes with me. My wife had nothing

with her, no jewels. Without China and North Korea, we could not have survived. That is the reason I cannot be separated from them—because I cannot forget that when I had nothing, I got clothes, food, a house from China and North Korea. The money I spend to pay the bills here at the Helmsley Hotel, or to get my plane ticket to come from Paris, it is paid by China. And my clothes, I bought them in France, but they are paid for by Kim Il Sung, the president of North Korea. My necktie is French but bought with North Korean money. I have nothing. And the free-world press told the world that I was very corrupt. I protest. *I protest!*

PLAYBOY: Then let us ask you a personal question—

SIHANOUK: You know, you are the only one whom I have received so many times, to whom I have dedicated so many hours. I've never given so much to others, even to Khieu Samphan, to Son Sann, to [George] Shultz or to other journalists. My chief of protocol is a witness. But I cannot spend my life with you and with **PLAYBOY!** I beg your understanding.

PLAYBOY: Our question is simple: How should history remember Sihanouk?

SIHANOUK: The only thing I want history

*"I am fed up! I am not a
vain person. I have always
loved my country
passionately. I will never
betray my country!"*

to remember is what the world ignores—that after obtaining by my own efforts my country's independence from France, I was the only leader in contemporary Cambodia who built schools, universities, colleges, hospitals, roads, seaports, bridges, airports, factories for his homeland and for his people. But the world ignores that. History does not want to record that. But I did it, I did it. I have proof. I have pictures of my achievements that I can show the world. After that, they can say I'm Machiavellian, that I slept with devils. They can say anything, but they must acknowledge that I am the man who built up his country, not destroyed it. You know, even my worst enemies agree on one point: If I am not the best leader Cambodia could have had, surely I am the least bad. I am not very proud to be the least bad, but at least I am not so bad as the other leaders in Cambodia. Ha, ha.

PLAYBOY: Many people would envy your power, your influence.

SIHANOUK: It is horrible to be a politician. I am disgusted, fed up with politics. Look at me now. I am the president of the very poor, very unattractive republic of Demo-

cratic Kampuchea. I am in exile because of politics. I feel very sad and ashamed.

PLAYBOY: Why ashamed?

SIHANOUK: Ashamed because I have no country. Ashamed to be a Sihanouk whose country is in the hands of a foreign power, whose destiny is to die far from his people. I am the victim of events, a victim of the Americans, of Lon Nol, of Pol Pot and now of the Vietnamese and of the dispute between Peking and Moscow and Hanoi.

PLAYBOY: Do you disagree with those critics who say that you're vain?

SIHANOUK: [*Shouts*] I have already given you books! They are proof that I have built many hospitals, built up my country! But if you refuse to read the text and to look at the pictures, you will certainly continue to say that I am vain. You are free to be on the side of my enemies. I don't ask you to be on my side. But I am at peace with my conscience. I will never surrender to the ones who criticize me, because they are bad people. They are dishonest. I refuse absolutely to surrender!

PLAYBOY: Just one more question. You've been interviewed so many times; is there any question you have never been asked but would like to be asked?

SIHANOUK: [*Stands up, angry, and eventually starts pacing about the room, now and then waving his arms*] I am fed up with questions! Yes, I am fed up! There are a few honest French and American journalists. If you read their writings, you will see that I am not a vain person. I have always loved my country passionately. [*Louder*] I will never betray my country! [*Louder*] I am not a traitor! You said that as a king, I liked people who flattered me. [*Shouting*] But it is the United States who likes the ones who flatter her! China likes me, but I never flatter China. Even though I criticize China, she continues to respect me. But you, the Americans, when somebody criticizes you or expresses convictions that are not yours, you don't like it. You say you can't trust Sihanouk. But my people—the *genuine* people of Cambodia—they trust me because they know that I am the only national leader of Cambodia who is sincere, who is not thinking of his interest but only of the interests of his country. So I think we have already had full discussions about almost everything and I beg your pardon, but I can no longer go on, because really I am exhausted.

PLAYBOY: Thank you very much for your time.

SIHANOUK: [*Shouting as he heads toward the door*] You have had more time than any other journalist—hours and hours of questions and answers! Really, my wife advises me not to have interviews with journalists, because I have nothing to gain and everything to lose. Whenever I'm with a journalist, I always leave defeated. So please excuse me now; I have to join my wife. I have to. Ambassador Chhorn Hay will see you out.



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

25 for the price of 20

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's, 14 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Menthol Kings, 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Also Available in
Lights & Menthol Kings,
and Regular 100's.



Richland, USA

Suggested retail price of Richland 25's is the same as that of regular price 20's.

© 1987 B&W T Co





TEXASVILLE

a sequel to *the last picture show*, in which is debated the burning question: do women want more sex than men?

SOMETIMES, DRIVING into town, Duane Moore found it hard to tell whether he was going forward or backward.

The pickup was going forward, of course. He was not yet so crazy as to drive into town in reverse. And yet, internally, he ran mostly in reverse. He spent hours replaying old conversations in his head or reliving past events. If they had been important conversations or crucial events, the habit might have been understandable, but they weren't. Having such conversations once was enough; yet his brain would sometimes play them back three or four times, as if it were a cassette player that kept rewinding and replaying unimportant tapes.

Just inside the city limits, he passed his own pipe yard with the four towering rigs sitting in it, representing doom. They were all deep rigs and had cost nearly \$3,000,000 apiece. One of them had occasionally been used to drill a well, but the three others had never been out of the pipe yard where they were built. Looking on the bright side—as everyone constantly advised him to do—he could tell himself how lucky he was that there weren't *ten*

fiction

By **LARRY McMURTRY**

rigs sitting there accumulating rust along with interest he couldn't pay.

Lester Marlow, the president of the local bank—and recently indicted on 73 counts of bank fraud—had encouraged him to build ten rigs. That had been at the height of the boom, when every headline spoke of the energy crisis. It had been hard to get drills into the ground fast enough to meet the demand for West Texas crude. Duane's four small rigs operated around the clock, month after month, but they could only drill shallow wells. There was plenty of money to be made from shallow wells, and Duane was making as much of it as anyone in the area, but every banker he brushed elbows with assured him that deep oil was the wave of the future. Marlow breezily offered to lend him \$30,000,000 to build deep rigs with.

After much brooding, Duane decided to build four. Before they were even completed, the wave of the future knocked him right off the surfboard, along with plenty of other surfers. The energy crisis somehow changed into an oil glut. The four new rigs were dead in the water or, at least, dead in the pipe yard; but the money it had taken to build them was very much alive, hungrily consuming interest payments of more than \$100,000 a month.

Lester Marlow's trial for bank fraud was coming up in three months. He was planning to plead ignorance. Everyone in town agreed that he was ignorant but cheerfully assumed that he was headed for prison.

Bobby Lee, Duane's number-one tool pusher, who hated Lester for having once repossessed a pickup, argued strongly for the death penalty. Never having worn a white collar, he took a tough line on white-collar crime.

"I'd like to see Lester walk the last mile," Bobby Lee said whenever the subject came up.

"Why, he couldn't walk no mile," Eddie Belt said. "Too fat. I doubt he'd make it three hundred feet."

Eddie, who also worked for Duane, was the local realist.

The Dairy Queen was filled with the usual hard-bitten but dejected crowd—*nouveau riche* only a few months earlier, now *nouveau* bankrupt.

"I see you brought your land shark," Eddie Belt said when Duane took his seat at the oilmen's table. Eddie was referring to Duane's dog, Shorty, who could be seen through the big plate-glass window, his head flattened against the windshield.

It was a remark Duane heard several times a week. Bobby Lee, whose wit was often indebted to *Saturday Night Live*, had once referred to Shorty as a land shark, and the name had caught on. Shorty was hated throughout the oil patch for his habit of unannounced attacks. He would lie motionless in the pickup seat for hours,

looking like a dog that had had a sunstroke; but if some roughneck or old friend of Duane's so much as leaned an elbow against the pickup, Shorty would strike, instantly and unerringly. He preferred to nip heels but would make do with elbows, as most of the people who worked for Duane had learned to their sorrow.

"Good morning," Duane said. He had no interest in defending Shorty or in talking about him at all. The thought that most of the people he knew could think of nothing to talk about except the bad habits of his dog often depressed him.

Junior Nolan was looking particularly low. Junior was fair-skinned and his forehead had sunburned a fiery red. He wore a cowboy hat when he was in the Dairy Queen but often forgot to put it on when he was outside. It could usually be found on the seat of his pickup.

Junior had made so much money in the oil business that he had been able to buy a ranch and realize his lifelong dream, which was to be a cowboy. Unfortunately, he had to run his ranch almost alone, since most of the cowboys in the area had long since given up and gone to work for oil companies. Junior made do with one ranch hand, an elderly chain smoker named Mitch Mott, who was sitting beside his boss, chain-smoking, when Duane sat down.

"Mitch, I thought you quit smoking," Duane said.

"I did," Mitch said, lighting a cigarette off the one he was just finishing. "I quit for part of last week. But then I got down in the dumps, and the first thing I knew, I was smoking again."

Junior Nolan was well on his way to losing his oil company and his ranch, too. He was 6'5", one of the tallest men in the county. Karla, Duane's wife, had often expressed an interest in him; but so far, little seemed to have come of her interest.

Janine Wells, Duane's girlfriend, was sitting a table or two away, having coffee with her girlfriends from the courthouse. Janine, a petite blonde, had got herself elected county tax collector.

Duane was glad that he and Janine had agreed to ignore each other in public. Or he guessed he was glad: Sometimes he thought he would have done better to strike a deal allowing him to ignore her in private. Their last tryst or two had been uneventful from Janine's point of view, though Duane had taken two much-needed naps.

The only cheerful person at the table was Luthie Sawyer. Luthie owned a small drilling company and was going broke, like everyone else, but he talked so constantly and kept in such perpetual motion that he may not have noticed that detail. Luthie was an eternal optimist and also an imaginative one. He was always coming up with novel solutions to problems that left everyone else totally stumped.

"I think I've got the answer to this oil glut," Luthie announced, stirring his coffee so rapidly he made a little whirlpool in his cup.

"Good," Duane said. "What's the answer?"

"Let's bomb OPEC," Luthie said. He was a small, vigorous man, deeply suntanned.

"Well," Duane said noncommittally.

Bobby Lee and Eddie Belt looked thoughtful.

"Napalm it or use H-bombs?" Bobby Lee asked.

Luthie evidently hadn't got that far in his planning.

"I don't know if you could buy an H-bomb," he said.

"Why couldn't you buy one?" Eddie Belt asked. "It's still a free country, ain't it?"

"I don't think you'd need nuclear weapons," Luthie said. "I think regular bombs would do it."

"If this means getting drafted, I pass," Bobby Lee said.

"No army in the world would take you," Eddie Belt said. He and Bobby Lee were longtime rivals.

"Don't you remember Ross Perot?" Luthie said. "They stuck some of his engineers in jail and he just hired himself some mercs and got 'em out."

"What's a merc?" Mitch Mott wanted to know.

"You know, mercenaries," Luthie said.

The hated name of H. Ross Perot, the billionaire computer baron and educational reformer, rang like a bell in the dining room of the Dairy Queen.

Thanks to the state's new no-pass, no-play law, students failing even one course could not participate in extracurricular activities during the six weeks following the failure. H. Ross Perot had done all he could to lobby the bill through, and it was ruefully admitted that he could do a lot.

What it meant for the Thalia Thistles was that many of the young men now sweating through calisthenics would fail off the team at the end of the first testing period, making it doubtful that the high school could even field a complete team.

Rage, like a wall of flame, had swept the state in the wake of no pass, no play. The fear haunting every parent's mind was that if the young ones were denied the right to play sports, twirl batons, lead cheers or blow horns in the band, they would quit school immediately and sit around the house forever, watching TV.

"I'd rather just go bomb Ross Perot's offices," Bobby Lee said. His position on no pass, no play was not in doubt.

Duane, a closet advocate of the new law, kept his thoughts to himself. Occasionally, he daydreamed about how nice it would be if his children got educations. He imagined Dickie becoming a lawyer instead of a criminal; Jack and Julie being

(continued on page 94)



"Rhonda, I'm curious. Do I really know this guy?"

Diary of a Hollywood Starlet

**melissa prophet has a wild imagination
and a hell of a good time**

I've always had this enormous imagination," says Melissa Prophet, 29, whose résumé reads like imaginative fiction and whose voice was made for exclamation points. "Balls, brains, sense of humor—that's me, the whole package! So when I did *PLAYBOY*, I didn't want to just take my clothes off. I wanted to have some fun!" Melissa's life and fun times began—where else?—in Southern California, where the five-year-old seen below celebrated her sister's first-Communion party by "rolling in the mud!" Her formative years formed her fantastically; she went on to win 14 beauty titles, from Miss Hollywood to Miss California World. On sheer beauty? "No way! I was a professional beauty queen—I knew what each one of those contest judges wanted to see, and I played to all their fantasies. Well, not really—but I could have."



*Melissa Prophet
age 5*



I think one judge saw me as a Bunny!

One seemed to think I was Marilyn.



One could look right through me...

But to one I was as innocent as a cheerleader.



I won Miss California World!

Melissa had a bang-up time in Chuck Norris' action-packed *Invasion U.S.A.* (below). "Chuck's the sweetest guy, but he loved scaring me. I spent a lot of time yelling. He'd drive 80 miles an hour, hitting walls, banging other cars, and he'd look at me and his eyes would just dance. I had bruises everywhere after that!" Before her movie career took off, Melissa played Mr. Savalas' real-life gal Friday. "I'd sign WHO LOVES YA, BABY? to a thousand pictures a week, and he'd say, 'This kid signs my name better than I do—I'm hiding my checkbook!'" At right, Melissa's tribute to Telly-vision. "Who loves ya, Telly? I do!"



I did all my own stunts for "Invasion U.S.A." Do I get a Purple Heart?

*I loved working
for Jelly,
but when people
started saying
we looked alike,
I got outa there!*



*I'd do
anything for
a great Hollywood
role: do taste tests
like Kim's ...*



*be out of it in
Africa ...*

*N*ext, as associate producer of *The Cotton Club*, Melissa raised "seed money" for producer Robert Evans ("a master salesman") and Francis Coppola ("a genius"), then sat back and watched the film's star, Richard Gere ("Aiee! He walks down the street and he's sexy; he can't help it"). She has a few production deals in the works now, but her enduring passion is "acting! I want to keep working as an actress!" Basinger, Streep and Goldberg should not be losing sleep, she says with a wall-to-wall smile. "These are three women in the industry who do not need to worry about the competition. Kim, you're too beautiful. Meryl, don't fret; I can't do accents. Whoopi, baby, relax. I just can't get my hair to stay that way!" All others, watch out. Melissa can make fantasies come true.

*have them
color me for
"The Color Purple."*





*I thought that to pose
for PLAYBOY, I'd just
have to lie there and
look glamorous.*

*Guess you can see how
wrong a girl can be!*





"Hell, let's get the women in on this," Duane said. "They're the ones who know the answer."

the first Texas twins to graduate from Harvard. In public, he confined himself to an occasional ambiguous murmur.

"How come Perot ain't going broke like everybody else up here?" Eddie Belt asked. "You think he's a Communist?"

"He's not in the oil business," Duane pointed out.

"I don't like no son of a bitch that's that much richer than me," Bobby Lee said.

"It might not cost but a few hundred thousand to bomb OPEC," Luthie said, returning to his plan.

"I don't think OPEC is a place," Duane said.

Luthie looked hurt. He had always been thin-skinned. Bombing OPEC had seemed like a simple solution to everyone's problems. All the papers made it clear that OPEC was responsible for the oil glut. But Duane's remark shook his confidence.

"I thought it was over there by Kuwait somewhere," Luthie said.

"Mexico don't belong, but Venezuela does," Duane pointed out.

"Oh, shit, don't bomb Mexico; it'd just spread them germs," Eddie Belt said. He had been to Mexico twice and had caught inconvenient diseases both times.

"I don't want none of them germs coming around me," he said as his memories grew more vivid.

After that, conversation lagged. It was as if the various patrons of the Dairy Queen had been overtaken for a moment by events too sobering for words. The only sound was the sound of Janine popping her bubble gum—a sound that made Duane feel tense, for some reason. Janine had never given up bubble gum, though it contrasted sharply with the polished, sophisticated image she felt was required of her as an elected official. Duane knew she was watching him. She watched him constantly but without finding out much. Janine could not be said to be a very advanced student of male behavior.

"Do you think women want it more than men?" Junior Nolan asked suddenly, staring at a salt shaker.

The table was collectively stunned. Only Duane smiled. Everyone else stirred his coffee thoughtfully, embarrassed that Junior had seen fit to ask such a question.

"Want what more?" Bobby Lee asked, though he knew perfectly well what "it" meant.

"Uh, sexual intercourse," Junior said sadly.

The coffee in several cups was again thoughtfully stirred. Duane had already finished his and chose to sit back and hear

how the company responded to Junior's surprising question.

Just at that moment, Sonny Crawford walked in, a copy of *The Wall Street Journal* tucked under his arm.

"Good morning," he said politely. Sonny was, by general agreement, the most polite man in town.

"Junior wants to know if women need more sex than men," Duane said.

"I didn't say need it, exactly," Junior said, blushing into his sunburn.

"Don't look at me; I'm a bachelor," Sonny said.

"We need the bachelor perspective," Duane said. "Mitch is a bachelor, too. What do you think about it, Mitch?"

"Duane, I wouldn't know," Mitch said. "I've mostly done without, except during rodeos."

Duane glanced over at the ladies from the courthouse, avoiding Janine's steely-blue eyes. He had an urge to invite them to join in the conversation, if it ever became a conversation.

He wondered what had prompted Junior to ask such a question. His wife, Suzie Nolan, was a lovely woman, quiet and seemingly demure. She had lived in Thalia all her life, graduating in the same class as Duane and Sonny.

Junior Nolan had not taken his eyes off the salt shaker since asking his unexpected question—a question that had given his tablemates a bad surprise. The specter of female need had been raised, and the response of most people at the table was to look discreetly away.

Junior himself abruptly decided not to wait for opinions, since none had been forthcoming in almost a minute.

"Mitch, we better hit it," he said. "It ain't getting any cooler outside." He got up and headed for the door, carrying his hat in his hand. Duane saw him toss it into his pickup.

"How come Junior only wears a hat inside?" Eddie Belt asked.

"He's always been a little eccentric," Sonny said.

Mitch Mott got up and ambled out, trying to walk bowlegged. He affected the walk of a lifelong cowboy, but for most of his life he had been a short-order cook who rodeoed a little on the side. Junior had gone up to the Panhandle to buy some calves, had met Mitch at a small rodeo, mistaken him for a cowboy and hired him on the spot.

Since he had lived in Thalia for a mere ten years, Mitch was not deeply versed in its lore, which only a lifetime's residence

could make intelligible—and sometimes not then.

Duane had spent a lifetime there and still found much of what went on to be incomprehensible, but he didn't care. He was beginning to find the thought of Suzie Nolan interesting. After all, as he knew better than most, what looked demure from one angle might not look so demure from another. Janine sat just behind him, looking like the woman who invented Sunday school while, in fact, possessing the heart of a slaver.

"Maybe Junior should call up Dr. Ruth," Sonny suggested.

One reason Sonny's little Kwik-Sack did such a booming business at night was that he took the night shift himself and kept the radio tuned to Dr. Ruth Westheimer's popular call-in show, *Sexually Speaking*. He kept the radio turned up loud so that all the customers could hear it, even if they were back in the far corner by the detergents. Roughnecks and truck drivers, stepping in to buy cigarettes or beer, would fall under the spell of Dr. Ruth's brisk Central European voice; often they lingered for 15 or 20 minutes, piling up items they didn't need, while Dr. Ruth discussed the pros and cons of anal intercourse or offered helpful tips on how not to drip too much spit into one's partner's mouth while tongue kissing.

"Hell, let's get the women in on this," Duane said, feeling in an impish mood for the first time in months. "They're the ones who know the answer."

Sonny smiled when he said it. Sonny could smile without looking one bit less sad, a fact that had bothered Duane during all the years of their friendship.

Elsewhere around the table, the suggestion met with something akin to panic. Bobby Lee nearly swallowed the toothpick he had been masticating for the past ten minutes.

"I don't think we ought to ask them," he said. "They're women."

"Well, wasn't Junior asking about women?" Duane said.

Eddie Belt, who rarely agreed with Bobby Lee about anything, agreed with him this time. "If Junior wants to know, let Junior ask them," he said. "I ain't gonna ask one of them nothing."

He started to shut up but then remembered the many injustices he had suffered at the hands of women.

"I wouldn't ask one of 'em for a Dr Pepper if I was dying of thirst," he said. "I wouldn't ask them to connect the hose if my house was burning down. If both my legs was broke and one offered me a wheelchair, I wouldn't take it."

"What's he raving about?" Janine said. She and her friends, Charlene Diggs and Lavelle Bates, were on their way out, but Eddie's outburst had been delivered in such a loud voice that they all stopped. Janine had the bold urge to chat with



"Mmm—love the cologne you have on tonight. Which magazine did you tear it out of?"

Duane a minute and felt that Eddie Belt, whom she couldn't stand, had provided her with a sufficient excuse.

"I wasn't raving about nothing, and if I was, it was none of your business," Eddie said. His memories had raised him to such a pitch of outrage that he forgot for a moment that he was talking to his boss's girlfriend.

"That's not very polite," Janine said crisply. "I just asked."

"You girls sit down," Duane said, jumping to his feet. He was not willing to be cheated of his first impish mood in months. Who knew when he would see another?

He secured chairs so quickly that the women were nonplused.

"Duane, we just got up," Charlene said. "We got jobs to do. We ain't allowed to sit back down."

"Yeah, you ought to been doing the jobs all this time instead of sitting there telling lies," Eddie said. Once he got up a headful of outrage, it took it a while to drain.

"What'd he do, take an ugly pill this morning?" Janine asked.

Some months earlier, she and Eddie had been engaged for three months. Over the years, Janine had indulged in a number of engagements, complete with rings and the selection of wallpaper. She had been responsible for some of the very episodes Eddie was remembering with such ire, but she had undergone two years of very helpful therapy with a psychologist in Wichita Falls. The therapist had taught her how unproductive it was to dwell on past mistakes.

Since Duane had pulled up chairs, the ladies from the courthouse all sat down. All of them had worked there since graduating from high school. It occurred to Charlene and Lavelle that it was a fine opportunity to see how Duane and Janine behaved toward each other in public. At the very least, it would provide meat for analysis.

Luthie Sawyer nodded to the ladies, got up and left, a hurt look on his face. The fact that his plan to bomb OPEC had bombed in Thalia was clearly a letdown.

"We hurt that old boy's feelings," Duane said. "He had a scheme cooked up to keep us from all going broke."

"Oh, you ain't going broke; you just like to feel sorry for yourselves," Janine said.

She knew that a person in good mental health didn't dwell on the bad things that might happen. Her view was that the oil business was just in a lull between booms. By the time she and Duane got married, he would be richer than ever.

"What was you men talking about that's so important we have to neglect our jobs to hear about it?" she asked.

Bobby Lee had recovered from his moment of panic. He was one of the few

men in town who had not been engaged to Janine. He felt she was nowhere near smart enough to get Duane away from Karla—therefore, he had little to fear from her.

"We was talking about sex," he said.

"We knew that; we ain't dumb," Charlene said.

"Junior Nolan was wondering whether women want more sex than men," Duane said. "When I was growing up, the boys all wanted it and the girls didn't. Now it's the other way around. I wonder why."

Charlene laughed. She had been married three times, but all three husbands had died after only modest use.

"We've got prettier and you all have gotten uglier," she said.

It was certainly true that Charlene had gotten prettier. She had been overweight and sloppy as a teenager but had turned into a good-looking woman.

"Men are all wimps, anyway," Lavelle Bates said. She was a tall, rawboned brunette who had recently become the first employee of the Thalia courthouse to go to a Club Med on her vacation. It gave her a slight aura of mystery, and even a slight aura had proved enough to intimidate suitors.

"If any woman wants much, she's out of luck around here," she said, looking pointedly at Bobby Lee, who had been flirting with her for the past several years in his languid fashion.

Janine tried to look thoughtfully aloof. It was the first time since the affair began that she had sat in public with Duane unless they were out of town. She found that she liked being in public with him. It was good for her self-esteem, the thing she had had to work on most assiduously with her therapist. The men she had been engaged to thought she had far too much self-esteem, while her therapist thought she had much too little.

"I think they should need it equal, the males and the females, don't you, Duane?" she asked.

Being able to sit in public with him raised her self-esteem to the highest pitch in her memory.

"There ain't a man alive that can think up as much dirt as a woman," Eddie Belt said.

"He must have taken two ugly pills this morning," Janine said. "Ugly as he is, he isn't usually *this* ugly."

Janine had a sense that she was finally getting the situation to swing her way. The sense was so strong that she casually put an arm across Duane's shoulder, a move not lost on anyone in the Dairy Queen. Even the cook was watching from behind a stack of taco shells.

"All I know is, men are scaredy-cats," Lavelle said.

"I figure the average man tells at least a

million lies a year," Charlene observed.

"You women won't stick to the point," Duane said. "All we're trying to find out is whether you girls want it more than us boys."

"In the first place, you ain't boys," Lavelle said. "You look half dead to me."

"That's what being middle-aged means," Sonny said. "You're on the downhill slope."

"I ain't, and besides, I've got my brakes on," Bobby Lee said. He was five years younger than Sonny and Duane and objected to being lumped with them. He didn't care for the downhill-slope concept, either.

"What's it say about it in *The Wall Street Journal*?" Duane asked.

Sonny liked to buy penny stocks. He generally spent an hour or two each morning at the D.Q. picking through the *Journal*. He wasn't rich, by any means, but he owned the laundromat, the Kwik-Sack, the video parlor, four or five buildings and a recently installed car wash.

"It doesn't say a word about the problem," he said.

"I can't believe we have to pay taxes to the county so these women can sit here and talk about stuff like this," Eddie Belt said.

"Stuff like what?" Karla asked, materializing suddenly at Eddie's elbow.

Although everyone else at the table was frozen with horror, Duane could hardly keep from laughing out loud. He alone had seen Karla's BMW whip past the drive-in window a minute earlier. Karla was impatient with the drive-in window, as well as with other forms of service at the D.Q.

What she usually did was park behind the building, come in the back door, gossip a minute with the cook, sniff the *nacho* dip to see if it met with her approval and pour herself some fresh coffee before anyone in the dining room even knew she was around. If there was no one there with whom she felt like gossiping, she could cut back out the rear exit and be on her way to wherever her mood took her.

Duane had decided to give Janine lots of rope and see if Karla could hang her. He knew it wasn't a charitable thing to do, but then, he was not always in the mood to be charitable toward Janine. Without bothering to ascertain whether he planned to divorce Karla and marry her, Janine had told him not to plan any custody fights, because she had no intention of living with his kids.

If there were such a thing as a personality glut, Karla had it. She often wore a T-shirt that said, LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO DANCE WITH UGLY MEN, a motto that dated from the day she had first learned of the concept of open marriage. She had read it in *Cosmo*,

(continued on page 154)

THE YEAR IN MOVIES

A W E L C O M E R E T U R N T O S T Y L E

IN 1986, THE
GROWNUPS—NOT THE
EMPIRE—STRUCK
BACK

NINETEEN EIGHTY-SIX might be fondly remembered as the year the movies grew up, the year that—against all odds and expectations—sophistication finally succeeded at the box office.

That's not entirely the case, of course. The top ten movies of the year, led by the bellicose and noisy *Top Gun*, were pretty much playground stuff; and the biggest star of the year, Tom Cruise, is nothing if not a major teen dream. Still, the downside wasn't abysmal: There weren't a zillion loony slasher/sexpot

baby-sitter/MTV inspired movies. Instead, Hollywood emulated upscale TV. NBC had sailed out of the ratings doldrums in 1985 by charting a course away from the lowest common denominator, and last year the movie industry attempted to follow in its wake.

Surprisingly enough, it worked, both critically and financially. Audiences responded like crazy to movies that, in years past, would have been stillborn, or at least fatally crippled, because of their unmarketable concepts. The English film *My Beautiful Laundrette*, about a frankly gay couple who make it in the suds-'n'-duds trade, was hardly high concept, yet it played to packed houses. Small-town life, which lost its cachet as a film subject 15 minutes after *It's a Wonderful Life* closed back in the Forties, was the topic of choice, albeit skewed, in *Blue Velvet* and *True Stories*, directed by those visionary two Davids—Lynch and Byrne. Unlikely heroes, from “Crocodile” Dundee to Rodney Dangerfield to Sid Vicious, had unlikely successes, while traditional commodities such as Robert Redford and Clint Eastwood and Sly Stallone plummeted on the futures market. There was silliness, of course—*Howard the Duck* and *Under the Cherry Moon*

spring stupidly to mind—but most of the daffy movies in 1986 ducked out quickly and quietly, dragging studio heads away with them.

The major conclusion is that last year, the real stars were in the audience—they showed some taste.

During Oscar season, it's *pro forma* to invent trends and dis-

tribute awards, so we will, too. With no further ado, and not even a nod to the best documentary, the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award or any bad dancing and lip-synching, we start with the biggie.

TREND OF THE YEAR: MOVIES FOR PEOPLE WITH BRAINS

Two late releases of 1985—*Out of Africa* and *Kiss of the Spider Woman*—helped raise the tone for all that followed. They were brainy all-star vehicles, and the closest thing to gratuitous sex was a dry kiss between Raul Julia and William Hurt; the love scenes between Redford and Meryl Streep seemed mostly theoretical.

But that classy prologue quite naturally led the way for Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters*. Allen, who seemed to have retreated shyly into the world of the small films after his back-to-back classics *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*, made his first screen-filling movie in years. The characters, the plot, even the laughs, had all grown back to full size. The movie dealt with the complexities of all sorts of relationships—familial, marital, extramarital, even the relationship between a neurotic and his neuroses—but spared us his usual Bergmanesque rant-



ings. Instead, the director himself was out there leading the laughs and—amazingly enough—working out the angst before the closing credits.

Many “smart” movies followed *Hannah* onto the high ground, even if they showed a disconcerting tendency to plunge off cliffs. *Children of a Lesser God* and *A Room with a View* played like state-of-the-art TV dramas, while *Legal Eagles* made a valiant but most of all expensive attempt to revive the Tracy/Hepburn school of repartee.

Perhaps it's no tragedy that *Legal Eagles* failed. Yes, it was a dream package: It had three hot stars (Robert Redford, Debra Winger, Daryl Hannah) and a hot director (Ivan Reitman of *Ghostbusters*). But they all seemed to get on like a bag of cats. The moral, if anyone was listening, was this: It isn't the package that counts; it's the content.

The Color of Money, too, had relationships to burn. This time around, Tom Cruise was playing a cocky little squirt with some life in him, as opposed to the cocky little zero-dimensional squirt he played in *Top Gun*. Playing flint to Cruise's sharp edge was the redoubtable Paul
(continued on page 168)

TOP GUYS: David Byrne bares the highest brow in Texas in his arty small-town rhapsody *True Stories* (above). Immigrant of the year was Aussie Paul Hagan, who charmed reporter Linda Kozlowski, along with most of the American moviegoing public, in “Crocodile” Dundee (left). Tom Cruise's star-making role was as the hothead aviator in *Top Gun* (below left), but his best performance was in *The Color of Money*. Lending new meaning to the word sophomoric was Rodney Dangerfield, whose film *Back to School* (bottom right) was a top grosser in both senses of the word.



ANOTHER KIND OF HERO

NOT ALL STARS HAVE
PERFECT MUSCLES AND
TYPECAST MORALITY



HURT SO GOOD: If Stallone played a homosexual window dresser, he'd be given a ticket out of Hollywood. They gave William Hurt an Oscar.

BYOND the realm of matinee hunks such as Sylvester Stallone, there is a class of actors—those pictured on this page among them—who bring such unpredictable talent to their roles that they defy idolatry. Their characters, because they are so fully human, will never be cast in plastic and sold at Toys-R-Us. Yet they stand above the common lot; they are such off-the-wall on-screen presences that they skew the portion of reality that their films inhabit. They manage to be both quirky and heroic. Looking back at 1986, then, we salute those particular actors who made going to the movies so worth while.

In *Children of a Lesser God*, William Hurt turned in one of his usual intelligent, passionate performances as an exuberant teacher in a school for the deaf. Commenting on the Rambo/Rocky phenomenon, Hurt once said, "Our job as actors is to perceive our humanity, not [to create] pathological heroes." He has broadcast the humanity of such unlikely character as a devolving scientist (*Altered States*), a cynical Porsche-driving drug dealer (*The Big Chill*) and a jail-bound homosexual window dresser (*Kiss of the Spider Woman*); he could bring life to marble statuary.

Jeff Goldblum's talents are such that he broke Hurt's rule—he created a thoroughly yucky pathological hero in *The Fly*—and still became the only sympathetic film insect since Jiminy Cricket. On screen, Goldblum projects the steadiness of a man who knows the universe to be a madhouse but is using that knowledge to his advantage. So it is that when his disgusting Brundlefly said "I'll hurt you if you stay" to his screen lover in

buzzing, menacing tones, audiences permanently retired their fly swatters. Sigourney Weaver, who at times resembled a (concluded on page 168)



DREAM WEAVER: Sigourney Weaver seems to be as comfortable trading bonter on the off-Broadway stage as she is trading fire with aliens on screen.

NUTS AND DOLTS: Bob Hoskins' ex-con in *Mona Lisa* exuded thick-skulled integrity; he was a good guy dumb enough to succeed.



GOOD AS GOLDBLUM: Since *The Big Chill*, Jeff Goldblum's neurotics have been hot. In *The Fly*, he had audiences buzzing.



PEEKABOOOOO: Dennis Hopper's terrifying turn as a sexual deviant in *Blue Velvet* made him the erotic oddball of the year.



STUDIO WARS

By GREGG KILDAY

IN THE 1986

BATTLE OF

THE BOX OFFICE,

EXECUTIVES' HEADS

ROLLED ALONG WITH

THE FILMS

HOLLYWOOD, as if caught in a self-reflective time warp, staged a massive retromaneuver in 1986: While on screen the crew of the U.S.S. Enterprise was leaving its heart in 20th Century San Francisco and Peggy Sue was once again losing hers at the high school prom, the movie industry was taking its own detour back to the future. Even *Top Gun*, the top-grossing movie of the year, with \$172,000,000 in its flight plan, played like a high-tech remake of the 1927 silent film *Wings*, the first Oscar-winning best movie.

But if, at times, everything old seemed new again, there were limits, and it was Atlanta media hysteric Ted Turner who stepped beyond the pale when he decreed that 100



classic black-and-white films—from *Yankee Doodle Dandy* through *The Maltese Falcon* and *Casablanca*—would be tarted up via colorization for broadcast on his Turner Broadcasting System. The computerized color coding immediately stirred up Hollywood's most emotional protest in years. Jimmy Stewart, at (concluded on overleaf)

BRUCE'S PICKS

OUR FILM CRITIC, BRUCE WILLIAMSON, FLAGS THE BEST AND THE WORST FLICKS OF '86

Best (in alphabetical order)

The Color of Money Proof that Tom Cruise is more than a hunk, plus Paul Newman's chance to win an acting Oscar to match the one they gave him for the hell of it last year.

Crimes of the Heart Sissy, Jessica and Diane make movie magic from Mississippi mud by transforming Beth Henley's Pulitzer flimflam into a triple-threat star turn.

The Decline of the American Empire This provocative art-house flick features lustful academics in a wordy but scintillating social weekend devoted to body politics.

Desert Bloom The nuclear family (headed by Jon Voight) hauntingly portrayed at the dawn of the atomic age.

Hannah and Her Sisters Another vibrant human comedy from Woody Allen, whose potent mix of Barbara Hershey, Mia Farrow and Dianne Wiest outshines even *Crimes of the Heart* in its display of feminine wiles and woes.

Little Shop of Horrors S-f offers a transfusion of new blood to the dying art of movie musicals, with dentist



SIBLING REVELRY: Farrow, Hershey and Wiest buddy up in *Hannah and Her Sisters*.

Steve Martin and patient Bill Murray inflicting painfully extended howls of laughter on theater patrons.

Platoon To date, nothing matches it for emotional firepower about the U.S. debacle in Vietnam.

A Room with a View E. M. Forster's elegant Edwardian romance adapted with superior taste and talent—a triumph for stylish movie minds over bookish matter.

Round Midnight Dexter Gordon adds sax appeal to director Bertrand Tavernier's moody, masterful paean to American jazzmen in Paris when it sizzled.

Ruthless People Greed, kidnaping and murder played for belly laughs by Bette Midler, Danny DeVito and the trio of madcap directors who launched *Airplane!*

Worst (in alphabetical order)

Absolute Beginners The plucky Brits still have a thing or two to learn about musicals. Not even Bowie could budge it.

The Clan of the Cave Bear Despite what's on screen, rumors persist that the book was a deserving best seller.

Cobra Stallone may have stumbled upon a sicko formula to end the socko era of muscle-bound *macho* flicks.

Ferris Bueller's Day Off The generation gap widened for fun and profit by John Hughes, with Matthew Broderick as the most insufferably arrogant teenager of our time.

The Golden Child Eddie Murphy rapping à la Indiana Jones, which adds up to big bucks for a very bad movie.

Howard the Duck Talk about canards. Webs-down winner for laying the year's largest egg.

Legend Tom Cruise was all thumbs in Ridley Scott's feckless phantasmagoria. Can't win 'em all, kiddo.

The Men's Club A bunch of middle-aged boys whooping it up like refugees from a tiresome encounter group.

Shanghai Surprise Madonna and Sean Penn waaay over their heads in the kind of movie Harlow and Gable used to make, though no one seems to remember how.

Under the Cherry Moon Prince reportedly did the entire movie *his* way—and launched his own lunar eclipse.



ROOM FOR TWO: Victorian passion in *A Room with a View*.

THIS YEAR'S MODEL

IF HOLLYWOOD'S 1987 movies are big-buck vehicles loaded with top design and plenty of market research, then the gear of choice is reverse. That is, the studios prefer to back into new production by offering the same stuff they've unloaded successfully in years past. For instance, this year we'll see a third *Jaws* movie, *Beverly Hills Cop II* and *Rambo III*.

When Hollywood's moneymen can't sell last year's models, they'll at least try to put familiar faces at the wheels of their new vehicles. Steven Spielberg is producing two films (*Innerspace* and *Batteries Not Included*) and directing a third (*Empire of the Sun*). We'll be seeing a lot of Jack Nicholson: As a demonic stranger in *The Witches of Eastwick* (July), he'll cast spells over Cher; and as a lie-about bum in *Ironweed*, he'll degenerate Meryl Streep.

Also on the way are movies with Madonna, as a wrongly imprisoned innocent in *Slammer* (August); Barbra Streisand, playing an accused killer who wants to avoid an insanity plea in *Nuts* (Christmas); and Steve Martin, who is updating the comedy *Cyrano de Bergerac* in

Roxanne (June). *Top Gunner* Kelly McGillis hunts Nazis in *The House on Sullivan Street* (October). Richard Attenborough is directing the prestige film of the year, telling the story of South African poet Steve Biko; Denzel Washington and Kevin Kline star.

Experience, of course, tells us that there is no sure thing in Detroit—or in Hollywood; among even the best new vehicles, some will always turn up lemons. Let the buyer beware.



BEWITCHING: Cher, Jack Nicholson star in *The Witches of Eastwick*.

a press conference sponsored by the American Film Institute, begged that his 1946 Christmas classic *It's a Wonderful Life* be seen "the way [director] Frank Capra and [cinematographer] Joe Walker wanted it to be seen."

Steven Spielberg protested, "You can't remake a movie simply by giving it a new paint job, but you can easily destroy one."

And, most eloquently, that lion in winter John Huston reared up from his wheelchair to lament, "It is as though . . . our children have been sold into white slavery. They've been brutalized. These poor little creatures have had their teeth knocked out, have been given black eyes, bloody noses. Now they've peroxidized their hair."

Turner was unmoved. "The last time I checked, I owned the films that we're in the process of colorizing," he snarled. "I can do whatever I want with them."

In truth, the cause was already lost, for the color of money prevails. Even as the storm raged, the other studios—convinced that their black-and-white libraries would earn more if they could be shown on TV in color—were quietly signing on with the peroxide merchants.

If Turner held the spotlight of criticism, it was not only because he had been first to wield the colorizer's brush. Hollywood had been forced to stand by helplessly as, earlier in the year, he had systematically hacked up Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, once the *grande dame* of the studio system, and ridden off into the sunset with the studio's valuable film library in his hip pocket.

Although the sentimentalists lamented MGM's dismemberment, the remaining studio heads were too preoccupied with keeping their own bodies intact to pay much notice. As the shell-shocked MGM/UA sank to the bottom of the list in terms of studio share of 1986 film rentals, Paramount Pictures—enjoying a wealth of hits such as *Top Gun*, *Star Trek IV* and the Australian import "*Crocodile*" *Dundee*—vaulted to the top, commanding 22 percent of the market. Paramount's victory was all the sweeter given the fact that two years earlier, its successful executive team had splintered: Paramount chairman Barry Diller, breaking with his corporate bosses at Gulf+Western, left to head 20th Century Fox; while the studio's president, Michael Eisner, departed for Disney. Diller's successor, Frank Mancuso, who had come up through the sales ranks, was regarded skeptically, but he confounded his critics by aggressively staging Paramount's blitz. By comparison, Diller has failed to rework his old magic at Fox, where his energies were diverted toward launching the much-ballyhooed "fourth network," the Fox Broadcasting Company. Eisner again summoned his Paramount power to miraculously re-energize Disney, reversing decades of dormancy to jolt the studio into third position on the strength of tough-talking, sexy hits such as

Down and Out in Beverly Hills, *Ruthless People* and *The Color of Money*. Caught in the squeeze, the normally reliable Warner Bros. dropped from its commanding 1985 share of 18 percent to a second-place 12 percent, just two percentage points above Disney's total.

Meanwhile, the old guard at the remaining studios was in retreat. At Universal Pictures, Frank Price, a proponent of high-gloss, big-budget movies such as *Out of Africa*, resigned after a disastrous summer: The \$38,000,000 *Legal Eagles* lost its day in court, and the \$34,500,000 *Howard the Duck* executed an inglorious swan dive. At Columbia Pictures, Guy McElwaine, an agent turned studio head, also departed after a series of expensive failures. And industry sources reported that when United Artists' Jerry Weintraub tried to bring his buddy McElwaine aboard, he, too, was shown the door.

The grounding of such Hollywood highfliers reverberated through town, but nowhere did it register more strongly than at the leading talent shop, Creative Artists Agency, where packaging expensive movies is a way of life. They also had trouble with their own clients. Angered that she had been forced into *Legal Eagles* by her agents, Debra Winger simply walked out on C.A.A.

Similarly, a new regime at Columbia is striking fear into the hearts of the blockbuster deal makers. When the studio's corporate overlords at Coca-Cola chose iconoclastic British producer David Puttnam to succeed McElwaine, the agents groaned audibly, for Puttnam immediately announced his intention to break with profligate business-as-usual practices. Calling astronomical star salaries "crazy," Puttnam vowed to usher in a new era of creative film making coupled with fiscal restraint. Joked one competing studio head, "No one knows what they're doing right now—except for David Puttnam, who's talking as if he knows what *everybody* should be doing."

After a slow start, the year's box-office revenues rallied and climbed to 3.83 billion dollars, by *Variety*'s count—marking Hollywood's best year since 1984's record-breaking tally of 4.03 billion dollars. But the real news was that revenues from both sales and rentals of video cassettes climbed to an astounding 7.2 billion dollars. Industry lobbyist Jack Valenti continued to complain that the studios themselves were not enjoying a big enough piece of the pie; but elsewhere in Hollywood, producers learned to stop worrying and love the video cassette, since that expanding market was attracting new investors to the game. With the average cost of a studio feature costing about \$17,000,000—and another \$7,000,000 required for promotion and advertising for each major release—the studios them-

selves proceeded cautiously, initiating 161 productions. But the burgeoning ranks of independent competitors, taking advantage of the available investment cash, more than compensated as a total of 515 English-language movies went before the cameras, a 56 percent increase over 1985.

It's worth noting that the newly energized independents—now in heated competition with the majors—claimed an impressive 12 percent of the total film rentals in 1986. Even the Oscars gave the indies a boost: Little Island Pictures walked off with two of the top trophies in 1986—William Hurt's best-actor Oscar for *Kiss of the Spider Woman* and Geraldine Page's best-actress Oscar for *The Trip to Bountiful*.

The strength of independent production, as dramatized by Oliver Stone's *Platoon*, suggests a developing marriage of convenience. Stone fought long and hard to mount *Platoon*, but no Hollywood studio would touch it. Finally, England's Hemdale Films advanced the bulk of the modest \$5,600,000 needed to begin filming in the Philippines, with Orion Pictures chipping in the rest and then going on to underwrite a studio release. In effect, *Platoon* is a studio film that grew out of an independent production. The majors aren't willing to take the risk of developing "difficult" material—the indies can do that more cheaply and efficiently. But they don't have access to the powerful distribution channels controlled by the studios, so they arrange to have their big friends escort their small films into the market place.

This link won't dissolve soon: The studios' domination of the distribution channels is tightening. As increased film production triggered an upswing in theater construction, the studios—though barred from owning theaters directly—were all scrambling in 1986 to buy shares in theater chains. MCA-Universal, for example, joined forces with Cineplex Odeon; Gulf+Western bought up Mann Theaters; Tri-Star Pictures eyed the United Artists circuit and the Loews chain. This, along with the increased focus on video-cassette sales and TV rights, underscores a new reality out in studio-land: Making movies is only half of what Hollywood is about; fully exploiting movies once they are made is now the name of the game.

If that game is being played with an increasing air of frenzy, it's because the competition is more intense than ever, as newcomers such as Cannon and DeLaurentis follow Tri-Star's example and simply incorporate as major studios and start throwing money around. The stakes are high, and heads will roll, or swell, depending on how it all pans out. But that, as they say in Hollywood, is showbiz.





"But I don't think I can sell a picture of your hands."

FAST AND EASY

playboy's spring/summer guide to
casualwear, from classic jackets to playful picture shirts

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE Part Two

COTTON-KNIT CARDIGANS, wide-legged walking shorts and boxy unconstructed jackets are just some of the casualwear that will be garnering more than casual interest during the hot months ahead. In general, there's a more dressed-up feeling to sportswear that marries nicely with softer fabrics and loose—but not

sloppy—tailoring. It's *aloha* to last year's Hawaiian shirts as printed ones, such as the “shirt of the stars” in this feature, take the spotlight. Soft leather moccasins and canvas-and-leather slip-ons are shoe-ins, worn with either colorful slouch socks or no socks at all. It's going to be a fun six months. Go for it!

Opposite page: The easy elegance of linen and cotton as showcased in this single-breasted linen/cotton unconstructed but lined jacket with notch lapels and side tabs, \$350, and cotton double-pleated slacks, \$92, both by Olivier Strelli; worn with a long-sleeved cotton rib-knit polo sweater, by Calvin Klein Menswear, about \$60.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS KEEVE AND JAMES IMBROGNO





Left: A silk tropical-print shirt worn with the sleeves rolled, by Perry Ellis Men, \$155; plus cotton-twill pleated-front shorts, by Robert Stock, \$40; canvas slip-ons, by Vans, about \$24; and—tied at our model's waist as a belt—a silk-Jacquard tie, by Calvin Klein Menswear, \$32.50. (Draped over his shoulder: A cotton knit button-front cardigan, by Ruff Hewn, \$84.) **At right, by the numbers:** 1. Cotton-denim striped cardigan, by Tony Lambert, about \$65. 2. Cotton interlock polo shirt, by Alexander Julian, \$35. 3. Linen baseball cap, by Makins Hats, Ltd., \$16. 4. Tortoise-shell aviator glasses, by Polo/Ralph Lauren Eyewear, about \$150. 5. & 6. Wool belt with leather tabs and brass buckle, by Trafalgar Limited, \$20; shown with plaid cotton pleated shorts, by Ruff Hewn, \$42. 7. Leather driving shoes with double killie and tassel, from Jag by Rio Rio, \$60. 8. Cotton/wool socks with an embroidered crest, from Polo by Ralph Lauren Hosiery, about \$18. 9. Cotton boot socks, by E. G. Smith, \$9. 10. Cotton splash-print slouch socks, from Rare Footage by Keepers, \$10. 11. Moon-phase quartz watch with pigskin band, by Supré Int'l, about \$125. 12. Cotton-twill shorts with navy stripes, by Ruff Hewn, \$45. 13. Tortoise-shell Ray-Ban Wayfarer II sunglasses, by Bausch & Lomb, \$55. 14. Cotton hand-knit cabled cardigan, by Renso Fabiani, \$290. 15. Frosted-cotton five-pocket jeans, by Lee Co., about \$34. 16. & 17. Cotton chevron belt with leather tabs and brass buckle, \$18.50, and wool belt with leather tabs and brass buckle, \$18, both by Trafalgar. 18. Metal diver's watch, by Armitron, about \$35. 19. Cotton short-sleeved shirt of the stars, by Ermenegildo Zegna, about \$110.





The classic *blouson* jacket resurfaces in a gimmick-free guise. Left: A royal-blue viscose zip-front style with front flap pockets, padded shoulders and banded waist, \$300, worn with a yellow cotton-piqué short-sleeved polo shirt, \$65, and beige prewashed-cotton double-pleated slacks with slash side pockets, a watch pocket and two back pockets, \$130, all by Hugo Boss; plus a hand-braided-in-England saddlehide belt with a solid-brass roller buckle, by Cole Haan Accessories, about \$35. Right: The summer sweater comes of age in the form of a handsome multicolor linen/cotton all-over-cable crew-neck, about \$85, worn with a multicolor cotton buffalo-check long-sleeved buttondown shirt, about \$37.50, both by Boston Traders; and candy-stripe linen slacks with double pleats, slash side pockets and two button-through back pockets with flap closures, by Alexander Julian, \$175.





BARBARA HERSHEY

Barbara Hershey says she's left the past behind. So we won't mention it, except to say that the only thing about this provocative actress that hasn't calmed down is her career. Hershey's films include "The Stunt Man," "The Entity," "The Right Stuff," "The Natural," "Hannah and Her Sisters" and, currently, "Tin Men." Contributing Editor David Rensin spoke with her recently between pictures. "Barbara has two vices: coffee and curiosity. During the interview, we drank a lot of the former. Afterward, I fielded her questions."

1.

PLAYBOY: What's the most memorable rumor you've heard about yourself?

HERSHEY: That I wanted to eat my son's placenta. How do you defend yourself against something like that? [Laughs] For the record, I didn't eat it and I never wanted to. That anyone would even publish something like that is pretty silly. The terrible thing is that it puts you in jail as an actor. People think of you in one light. That's unfair. It was deadly to have highlighted a lifestyle that I was just passing through.

2.

PLAYBOY: How are you teaching your son, Tom, the manly arts? Will you show him how to shave?

HERSHEY: I'm not teaching him any arts, but I've thought about that. Sometimes he needs a man, and I can't act the role. I can only be aware of those needs and try to introduce him to people who can fulfill them. I have one male friend whom I sometimes call for advice. He has been

very close to us both, a force in Tom's life in terms of the manly arts. But Tom is very male, anyway. He'll probably teach himself how to shave.

3.

PLAYBOY: Sum up the Sixties.

HERSHEY: They were necessary: We could make our own rules. I didn't have to eat white bread. I could eat whole-wheat. I could bake it myself. I could grow the wheat. You

could take it as far as you wanted. The bad part of the Sixties and Seventies was the drugs. I saw a lot of horrible things happen. I've tried drugs, but I've never been an addictive personality. For instance, I never took a drug by myself, ever. It's been 15 years since I've even smoked grass.

4.

PLAYBOY: In *Tin Men*, your character is a pawn between Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito. Have you ever been fought over by two men in real life? Isn't it every woman's fantasy?

HERSHEY: Yeah. It's not fun. You can have fantasies about things you never would want to have happen. The fantasy here would be the passion of it, that two men would desire you. In reality, it inflicts a lot of pain. I've never actually watched anyone come to blows over me. Lots of times, fantasy and reality are better being separate.

5.

PLAYBOY: Can you walk down the street today without being recognized?

HERSHEY: Sure. I can walk into a laundromat and no one thinks anything of it. Or I can walk down the street and make people look at me. Sunglasses are definitely an attention-getter. Actually, I'd like to be less of a jerk when people recognize me. I've been working on that, because I do crave the recognition.

6.

PLAYBOY: What aspect of the movies still doesn't make much sense to you?

HERSHEY: You constantly see people hitting each other, being shot, dying. In reality, it's so rare to witness any kind of physical violence. If you saw someone get shot in reality, it would take a long time to recover. We don't often see *that* reaction in a movie. And when's the last time you really saw a car chase? Perhaps it's the fantasy aspect of movies that satisfies on some primal level—stuff that you *don't* want to experience. Probably, people just want to be entertained and those things are so basic that you can escape without any real involvement.

7.

PLAYBOY: In *The Right Stuff*, you played Chuck Yeager's wife, Glennis. What pointers did Yeager give you on your character?

HERSHEY: Because I joined the movie at the last minute and had no time for research, I

asked Chuck to divorce himself from certain details about his wife—and he did. For example, in one scene, Sam Shepard, who played Chuck, and I pick up each other at Pancho's bar and do a fantasy with each other before the audience realizes that we're married. I know that Chuck and Glennis never did a fantasy out in this bar. So I asked him, "Does that bother you?" And not taking himself too seriously, he said, "No, the essence is true. The feeling is true, and that's all I care about." That was generous. He'd also call me Glennis. He brought me quail that she had cooked and told me about their lives. He was great to me. Took me flying. It was the only time I've ever felt confident. I didn't even care if I died. I thought, Well, if I die, I'll die with Chuck Yeager.

8.

PLAYBOY: How can you tell when a guy has the right stuff?

HERSHEY: I tend to be attracted to talented people. Beyond that, I can't figure it out. I've tried. Why this guy? Why not that guy? I've tried to talk myself into attraction sometimes when I think a guy would be good for me but I'm not really attracted. [Laughs] I believe in love at first sight, though I don't *really* know if it's love. There's something irrational, animalistic and delicious about it. It's fun to feel it, whether anything happens or not. It makes you feel very alive. But I don't attach much seriousness to it until later, if it still feels good.

9.

PLAYBOY: How long must a relationship last in order to be successful?

HERSHEY: We measure success and depth by length of time, but it is possible to have a deep relationship that doesn't always stay the same. It evolves into a friendship or it ends. But that doesn't mean it wasn't real or fruitful. However, perhaps because of my upbringing or mores or society, I also can't quite live by what I just said. I *also* believe that if something is real, it will last. Making movies is always a great lesson in this area. You go through this intense thing a minimum of 12 hours a day. There are outrageous situations. You see people at their best, you see them at their worst, and you quickly know upon whom you can depend. It's like a lifeboat. And sometimes—I'm not necessarily speaking sexually or romantically—intense relationships happen. You cry in each other's (continued on page 176)

the temptress
talks about
men with the
right stuff,
the turbulent
affair and
woody allen's
love secrets

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

KYM

from rodeo drive to rodeo ring,
miss may is the best
in the west







COWGIRL? Not really. Before we took her north to Oregon for the Pendleton Round-Up, the closest Kym Paige had been to a Colt or a Mustang was on the Hollywood Freeway. So what's a nice L.A. girl doing at a rodeo like this? "Falling in love," she says. "With a calf roper. I love tight buns, and when I saw Brad Johnson in his Wranglers, well, he's one of the best calf ropers in the country, and he's got *real* tight buns." Kym had the time of her life in Pendleton. Johnson taught her how to "rope a steer, get him down and *keep* him down," and the rawhide circuit won a new fan. "The Round-Up was wild," says Kym, a reluctant actress whose TV credits include *Hunter*, *The Love Boat*, *Amazing Stories* and *Dynasty*. "Acting and actors don't turn me on. I'm into athletes, and these guys are definitely *athletes*. Now that I know how, I might just rope myself a cowboy."

At the Pendleton Round-Up—Oregon's top spot for rodeo-cowboy competition—Kym took calf-roping lessons, got acquainted with a horse and cheered on her favorites. Afterward, it was her turn to exhibit good form outside the arena.





"When I heard PLAYBOY was taking me to the rodeo, I thought, great," Kym says. "Cow pies and cowboys spitting tobacco. Well, that's what I found. And it was love at first sight. Those cowboys are down-to-earth people, and I am, too."



To develop the wrist strength needed to rope, throw and brand dogies, Kym works out in a Santa Monica health club that's also frequented by Sly Stallone, Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe. On autumn Sundays, she's usually to be found at the Los Angeles Raiders game, cheering for her football hero—and sometime hangout pal—Marcus Allen.





Kym's game used to be tennis. At 12, she was one of the best junior players in Southern California, practicing nine hours a day and spending her off hours on movie sets, where her parents and both of her grandfathers worked behind the scenes. "I had a crush on Burt Reynolds," she recalls, "but what most attracted me was the make-up—scary make-up. I used to go home and draw all over my brother, playing Dracula." Old crush Burt later directed her in *Amazing Stories*. He may not get the chance again. "I don't really want to act," says Kym. "I want to see other places. So I'm going to travel. Then I'll come back to study special-effects make-up. I want to do the scary stuff for films." Along about 1990, when you see *Aliens IV* or *Friday the 13th—the Really Really Final Chapter*, look for Kym's name in the credits. Acting's loss may be the make-up world's gain.

"Put me in a room with a man with tight buns," says Miss May. "Add a fireplace, with the fire going, the shutters on the window blowing in the wind, a warm bed and a Luther Vandross record on the stereo—that's the Kym Paige recipe for good love."



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kimberly Paige

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 4-6-66 BIRTHPLACE: Newport Beach

FIVE-YEAR PLAN: To see the world, Make up scary people (monsters) and own my own N.F.L. Franchise!

TURN-ONS: Tight bums - Ripped Jeans, & Good Food!!! (I love Sushi in Malibu!)

TURN-OFFS: hazy, Sloppy people & Aggressive Men

TV CREDITS: Alfred Hitchcock Presents (I get murdered), Amazing Stories - Dynasty - Outlaws - Knight Rider.

FAVORITE LOVE POTION: Champagne.

IDEAL MAN: John Elway - Randy Stollis - Marcus Allen Athletes - Athletes - Athletes!!!!

IDEAL WEEKEND: To travel into the future And come home on Monday.



puppy love
♡



where's my hairdresser?



a kiss for the #1 team. Raiders.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man went to a brothel and selected six girls for the night. The next morning, the madam informed him that there would be no charge.

Two days later, he returned, selected the same six girls and enjoyed another fabulous evening. In the morning, however, the madam presented him with a bill for \$1000.

"I don't understand," the man protested. "On Tuesday it was free."

"That's right," the madam replied, "but Tuesdays we're on cable."



Mrs. Goldstein walked into an attorney's office and told him she wanted to divorce her husband of 58 years.

"Mrs. Goldstein, fifty-eight years is a long time," the lawyer said. "Do you have grounds?"

"Grounds? No grounds. We live in a condominium. We got no grounds."

"No, no. What I mean is, do you have cause?" the lawyer asked. "For example, does he beat you up?"

"What beat me up? I'm up by seven. The bum is still asleep."

"I mean," the lawyer tried, "is there a special reason to want a divorce now? Do you have a grudge?"

"Sure, we got a grudge. It's robbery what they charge to park in the grudge."

"Mrs. Goldstein," the exasperated lawyer said, "I have to know why you want a divorce."

"Oh, why didn't you say so?" Mrs. Goldstein scoffed. "I want the divorce because I'm sick to death of Mr. Goldstein telling me we can't communicate."

What's the difference between a kindergarten class and a meeting of the National Security Council? Adult supervision.

When the old cowboy walked out of the saloon and went to unhitch his horse, he noticed that the animal's testicles were painted green. Storming back into the bar, the fellow hollered, "OK, which one of you sons of bitches painted my horse's balls green?"

From the back of the room, a huge man, with arms as big as tree trunks, slowly rose from his chair. "I did," he rumbled. "What are you gonna do about it?"

"Oh, nothing," the old man gulped. "I just want to tell you the first coat is dry."

A major toy manufacturer is set to introduce an Ayatollah Khomeini doll to the U.S. market. It comes with flowing robes, piercing eyes and a full beard, but you have to supply the arms.

Do you expect me to believe that you were playing golf from seven in the morning until seven at night?" the wife asked her husband. "You should have been home by three."

"Now, let me explain, Carol," Harry replied. "I got up at dawn and picked Fred up at six A.M., but on the way to the course, I had a flat tire. I didn't have a spare, so I had to walk a couple of miles to the service station. By the time I got back to the car, it was after nine. Then we ran out of gas, and that cost an hour. We didn't tee off till eleven."

"You still should have been home by three."

"I'm not finished," Harry explained. "Everything was fine for the first two holes, but then Fred had a heart attack. I ran to the clubhouse to find a doctor but had no luck. By the time I got back, Fred was dead. So for the next sixteen holes, it was hit the ball, drag Fred, hit the ball, drag Fred. . . ."



What's the difference between a Texas oilman and a pigeon? A pigeon can still make deposits on a Mercedes.

Striking out again at the town dance, Ned began his long, lonely walk back to his farmhouse. When he was halfway home, the rounded, moonlit sides of the pumpkins in the fields reminded the horny fellow of so many shapely bare asses. Settling down next to one of the ripening vegetables, he cut a hole in the side and began to get physical with it.

"Hey, pal," a voice said, "what the hell you doin' with that pumpkin?"

Ned bolted upright, saw the policeman's glinting badge and, thinking quickly, blurted, "Pumpkin? Christ, is it midnight already?"

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



"I trust that those things are biodegradable, young man."

COMPANION



a complete guide to female-free domesticity

article By P. J. O'Rourke

THIS IS ADDRESSED to the true bachelor, an adult male and a gentleman, who has never married and never intends to.

We are a select group, without personal obligation, social encumbrance or any socks that match. We breathe the cold, pure air of solitude—of Olympus, of Parnassus and of the basement where all the pipes are frozen because nobody turned up the thermostat.

Sherlock Holmes was portrayed as a bachelor. So was Raffles, the gentleman cracksmith. Sir Isaac Newton and Giovanni Casanova were bachelors, also Saint Paul, President Buchanan, Nietzsche, Oliver Goldsmith, George "Chinese" Gordon, Voltaire and almost all the popes. King Henry VIII kept trying to be one.

We are our own men, aloof and independent, unchoked wheels in a world of cogs and gears. We do as we damn well please. And we don't belong to any immune-deficiency high-risk groups, either.

We also don't exist.

What's become of the bachelors of yore? The old salts? The Oxford dons? The misanthropic billionaires wedded solely to greed? Well, some of us turned out to belong to that immune-deficiency high-risk group after all (Saint Paul, for one, I'll bet). Some of us broke down and got married and are paying a fortune in child support. The rest of us turned into singles.

We are attempting to cut down on saturated fats. We live in co-op apartment complexes with heather-tone wall-to-wall carpeting. We try to meet girls at aerobics classes. And we're in transactional analysis, dealing with our conflicted feelings about making mature commitments.

Therefore, this is really addressed to assistant sales managers, Dekes and Phi Deltis in off-campus housing, divorced guys, young men who've been told to get the hell out of the house by their parents and fellows whose girlfriend won't marry them because her first husband was such a bum. That is, to every male in a house without pot holders.

BASIC HOUSE CLEANING

Cleaning, like seduction, should be done from the top down—starting with the ceiling, which is ridiculous. Gravity takes care of that. If there were

Save time by doubling up on big jobs. Wait until the floor is really dirty before you wash the dishes.

SEWING ON BUTTONS

Don't. You should always be missing some buttons. It's part of your boyish bachelor charm. Many a woman has sat down on the living-room couch to sew on a button and has wound up doing something more interesting on another piece of furniture. If, however, you're involved with one of those very modern young women who pride themselves on being useless around the house, use a stapler.

any dirt on the ceiling, it would fall off and land on the floor. The same goes for the walls. Dirt falls right off them and lands on the floor. And you shouldn't fool around with the dirt on the floor, because it will get all over the walls and the ceiling.

How often does a house need to be cleaned, anyway? As a general rule, once every girlfriend. After that, she can get to know the real you.

Don't try to kid women by being neat. Most bachelors are fairly neat. When the dirty clothes are stuffed into a dresser drawer, we think everything is under control, even if the floor is sticky. But women can tell tidy from clean, especially after they've leaned against a window sill in a pair of white-linen slacks.

But don't be tempted to make house cleaning fun. Don't try to dust with the dog. It may *seem* like a hoot to get naked and slither around on the sopping-wet floor with a mophead in either hand. The results will be disappointing. The house will look worse in the morning. And so will you.

And don't get too involved. There's a part of the psyche that's never satisfied with chunks of an archduke at Sarajevo and has to have a World War One. If you really start to *think* about cleaning house, you'll wind up on a stepladder polishing light sockets with 000 steel wool. Repent of thoroughness. Eschew the systematic.

Concentrate instead on preventive maintenance. Discard anything that's harder to wash than you are (Remington Model 1100 automatic shotguns and Mercedes alloy wheels excepted). Any item of clothes or bedding that has to be dry-cleaned more often than you commit a cardinal sin in it should be thrown away. Anything that has accumulated enough dust to write your name in has to go. You aren't using it enough. It's hard to apply this advice to woodwork, but worth it.

TRICKING MOTHERS, LOVERS AND FEMALE FRIENDS INTO CLEANING UP FOR YOU

Some bachelors spend years in psychoanalysis claiming to have a dependency problem with their mothers just so the old

PEST CONTROL

Cockroaches: Cockroaches have been given a bad rap. They don't bite, smell or get into your booze. Would that all house guests were as well behaved. Don't do anything about cockroaches. There's nothing you *can* do, anyway.

Mice: Don't put cheese in a mousetrap. Mice are more attracted to fat, suet, peanut butter and bookbindings. And if you examine this list, you'll see that if they got it, you probably don't want it, anyway.

Rats: Rats are another matter. You have to do something about rats. But don't poison them, because they'll die in the walls. And a dead rat in the wall is the one thing on earth that can, I guarantee, make your bachelor home more disgusting than it is.



Clean the ceiling?
Are you crazy? Why
not let gravity take
care of the job?



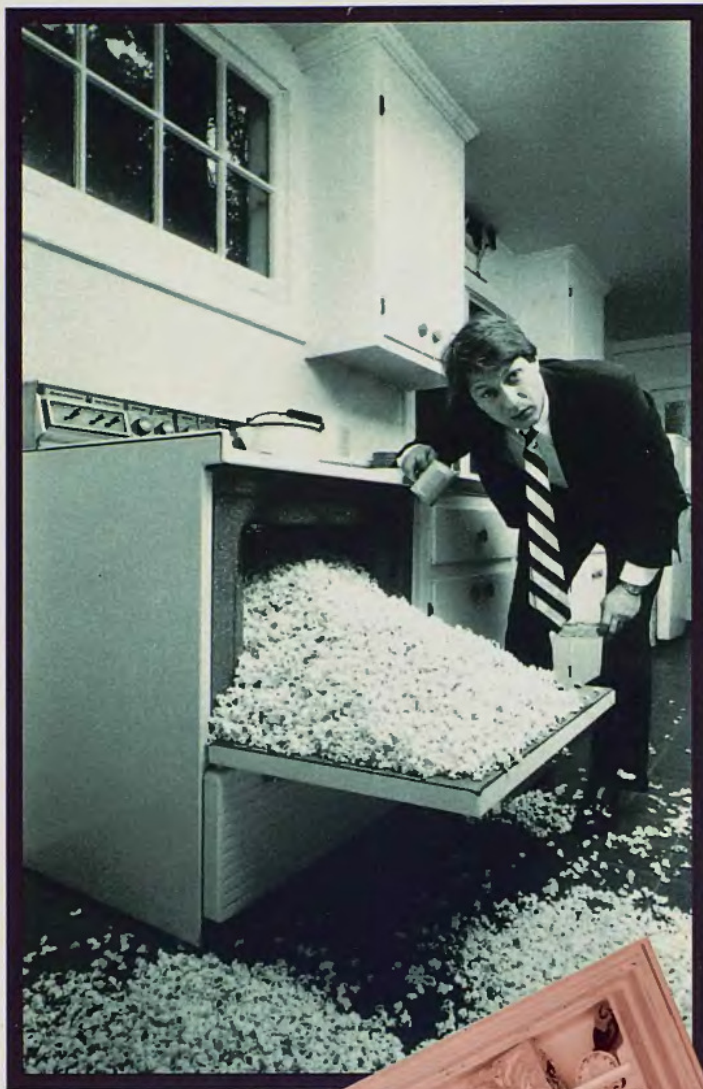
LAUNDRY AND DRY-CLEANING TIPS:

You can dry-clean your clothes at home by dipping them in gasoline. (Clothes will be permanently free of all dirt if you do this near an open flame.)

- The gasoline smell can be removed from clothes by sending them to the dry cleaner.
- Press wrinkled trousers by putting them between the mattress and the box spring before going to bed drunk.
- An alternative to wearing your clothes in the bathtub is bathing in the washing machine.

If you run out of clean clothes, spray deodorant can temporarily restore socks (also sports coats, blue jeans and running shoes) to active duty.





No need to bother with complicated popcorn poppers. Just toss five pounds of popcorn kernels into the oven with a stick of margarine and set to 450 degrees.

MISCELLANEOUS BACHELOR TIPS

Home finance: You can't put your VISA bill on your American Express card.

Bachelor safety tip: Never throw food on a grease fire.

Bachelor health tip: Remember, your body needs six to eight glasses of fluid daily—straight up or on the rocks.

Bachelor diet tip: Eating doesn't make you fat. Marriage does. Compare waistlines of married and single friends for proof. But yogurt *does* make good shaving cream.

lady will come over and clean every now and then. It's hard to pull this on modern women, many of whom are in psychoanalysis themselves.

You can try being pathetically incompetent in your cleaning operation. Let your date see you wet-mopping the windows or vacuuming the dirty dishes and she may feel compelled to step in. Or she may feel compelled to step out, permanently. Knowing today's women, what your date may do is dictate a memo on the proper use of house-cleaning equipment and have her secretary Express Mail it to you.

Maybe you can offer to trade a woman one service for another. Tell her that if she cleans your bathroom, you'll do her taxes. By the time the IRS catches up with her, you will probably have broken up.

Romance is another strategy. For some mysterious Darwinian reason, women feel compelled to straighten up bedrooms before and after sex. Try making love in every other room of the house. Suggest taking a shower together. If the woman loves you enough, she'll rush right in there with a pail and a scrub brush. The only problem is, she *doesn't* love you enough.

Nobody loves anybody that much. The last person to feel this strongly about someone else was Bess Truman, and she felt that way about only Harry, and they're both dead now and don't have any bathrooms to clean.

ENTERTAINING

One of the best things about bachelorhood is that no one expects hospitality from us. We're obviously selfish people or we'd be married and holding up our end of the car pool. Furthermore, we are a scarce commodity. Every hostess in America is racking her addressbook for unattached dinner guests.

As long as our looks don't actually gag a cat, we have more invitations than Charles and Diana on coronation day. Ours is the life of the happy drone. The whole hive of civilization is busy feeding us and keeping us amused.

Nevertheless, there are moments when bachelors are expected to act the host. Sometimes lovers or parents corner us, sometimes we give in to misplaced whims of congeniality and sometimes 20 old SDS buddies show up, drugged and armed.

There are three types of entertainment a bachelor is traditionally called on to provide: (1) love trysts; (2) dinner parties; (3) enormous drunken blowouts.

There is nothing worse than an empty bachelor refrigerator—except a full bachelor refrigerator.





THE LOVE TRYST

The proper love tryst has three elements: (1) drinks; (2) cozy meal; (3) interesting excuse.

The interesting excuse is not actually interesting. It just gives your date an excuse for not saying goodbye when she ought to. Usually, it's a video tape of something high-brow, such as a Truffaut remake of *Francis in the Navy*.

Modern-day electrical appliances can help take the drudgery out of preparing and serving large meals.

With any luck, you won't see the end of it.

The important thing in a love tryst is to make your home tug at your date's heartstrings. Women like to think every bachelor is one of the Lost Boys who wandered away from Never-Never Land while Peter and Wendy weren't looking.

Turn your place into a female's idea of a mess which is to say clean it. Women know we can't take care of ourselves, and they think this is adorable. But that doesn't keep them from blanching at the sight of soap scum. Now muss your home with boyish clutter. Hang neckties from cute places, such as the refrigerator-door handle. Stick your hat on top of a lamp shade. Leave a half-empty wineglass on a table next to a burned-down candle and sheets of stationery covered with crossed-out lines of poetry. (Steal them from Rupert Brooke.) Toss your tuxedo onto the floor. And use a wastepaper basket for (continued on page 178)

TOOLS AND THEIR USE

Screwdriver: For opening beer cans when the pop top has broken off, stirring paint, getting quarters out of cracks in the floor. The handle may be used as a hammer or for tapping stuck jar lids.

Phillips screwdriver: For punching holes in cans of oil.

Adjustable wrench: For pounding nails.

Pliers: For opening greasy tubes of sun block.

Claw hammer: For making delicate adjustments to thermostats, storm windows and loose plumbing fixtures.

Crosscut saw: For swatting the cat, propping open screen doors.

Tin snips: For emergency haircuts and detaching drumsticks from roast chicken.

Scotch tape: For making all actual repairs.



Being a bachelor has turned the author into a housewife—a lausy housewife.

HOUSEHOLD CLEANING PRODUCTS

Many men are confused by household cleaning products. For instance, will Sani-Flush flush the dirt out of extra-filthy clothes if you put it in the washing machine? Below is a brief summary of the proper uses of cleaning products.

Pledge: Speeds up car waxing and is satisfactory on downhill skis.

Windex: You can use Windex the way you use those little towelettes on airplanes and give yourself an instant shower.

Soft Scrub: Makes lousy tooth paste.

Toilet-bowl cleaners: Use in toilet bowls, in sinks and bathtubs. They are the only thing that works on soap scum when your cleaning intervals are six months apart. (Do not use on self or pets.)

Ammonia: A whiff of this will clear a stuffed nose.

Floor wax: Excellent for emergency shoe-shines.

Laundry bleach: Too much eats holes in LaCoste shirts; less won't do anything. Bleach is good, though, for cleaning and whitening your animal-skull collection.

Saddle soap: Can be substituted for baby oil in the bedroom.

Aerosol room freshener: Pressurized can is helpful for filling party balloons.

Warning: Be careful when using any of the house-cleaning products listed above. Have you ever read the labels? These things contain more dangerous chemicals than Bhopal, India. Hold a lighted match to the nozzle of a can of spray cleaner sometime.

SIXTY SECONDS OVER TRIPOLI

it was called "the raid that went right," but a year after u.s. bombs fell on libya, evidence shows that a lot more—and a lot less—went on behind the radar screens

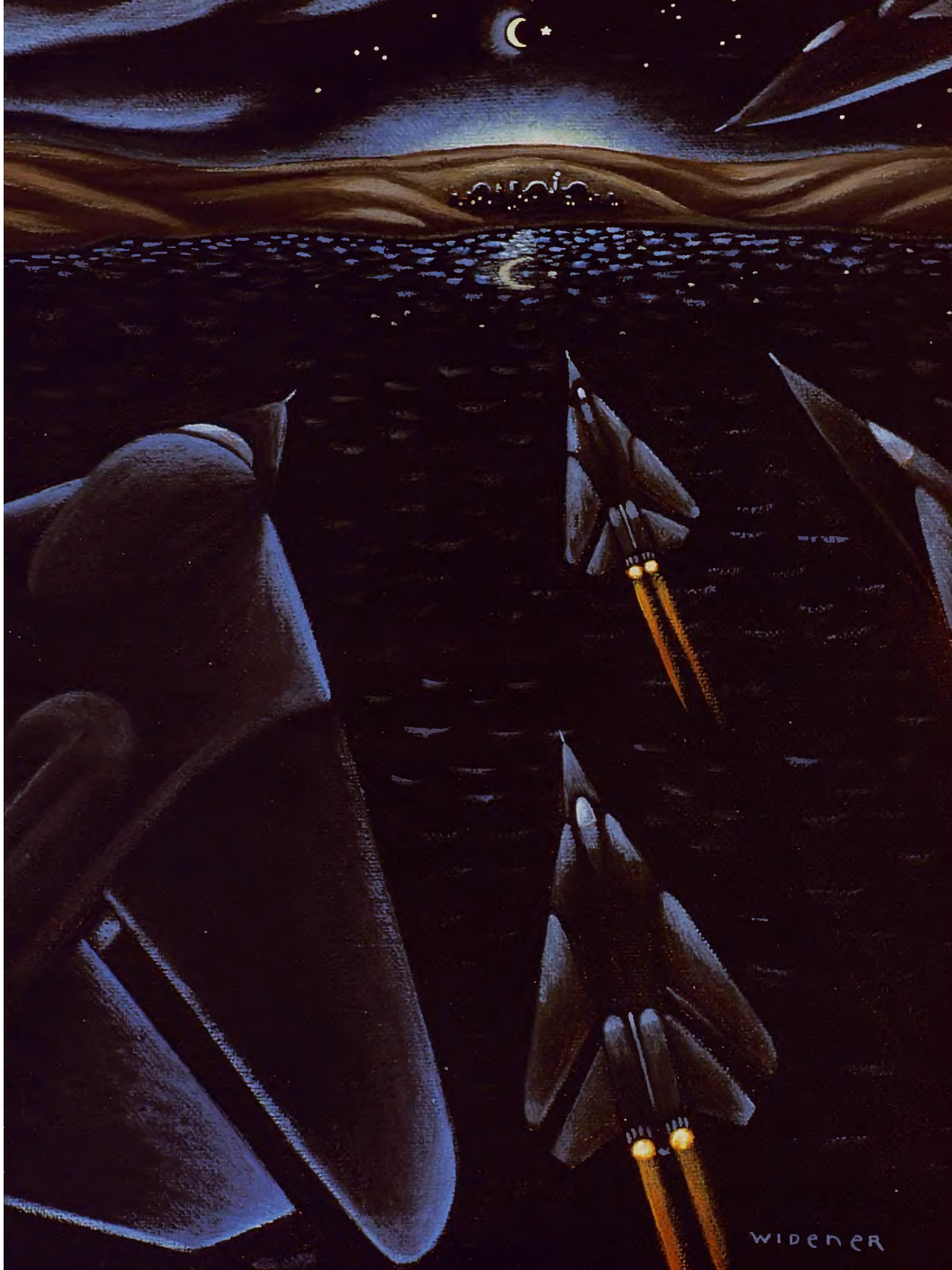
AT 1:55 A.M., Libyan time, the first of the small fleet of F-111 bombers that had taken off from England six and a half hours earlier was still 50 miles from Tripoli, racing over the dark sea at 600 miles an hour. At an altitude of 200 feet, the 40-ton plane was still under the enemy's radar horizon, invisible except for the flaming exhausts of its twin engines. Inside the cramped cockpit, side by side, sat the pilot and a weapons-systems officer. Only a few stars could be seen through the clouds, but the sky was not empty. Above and around the 17 attack planes closing in on the target flew a vast armada of electronic-warfare planes, aerial tankers, night fighters, command-and-control planes, communications-intelligence planes, rescue helicopters, all circling in the dimly moonlit night, their radios silent lest the Libyan defense forces be alerted. The entire complex attack—code-named Operation El Dorado Canyon—had been carefully orchestrated so that the first bombs would start falling on Tripoli at two A.M. local time.

Far away in Washington, it was 6:55 in the evening. Larry Speakes, the White House spokesman, had just put down the telephone after alerting the press corps that he would have an important

article

By ANDREW COCKBURN





WIDENER

announcement to make—at precisely 7:20 P.M. He made no mention, naturally, of a military attack on Libya. But since Washington had been rife with rumors of such an attack for several days, the producers of the nightly network news shows, due to go on the air at seven P.M., were quick to assume that something was about to happen, something that would be concluded by 7:20. One producer later said, “They were spelling it out for us clear as daylight.”

And so it was that, as the lead plane roared over Tripoli, the noise of the TF30 P-100 engines reverberated simultaneously in the ears of the suddenly awake and frightened inhabitants of Tripoli and, through the telephone receiver thrust out his hotel window by NBC correspondent Steve Delaney, across the ocean to the TV sets of the network audience in America. “Tom!” shouted Delaney to his anchor man. “Tripoli is under attack! I can see planes going overhead. I can hear lots of explosions!”

Careful timing had turned the war on terrorism into live prime-time entertainment. As other TV correspondents followed suit, the nation—or at least the Eastern and Central time zones—listened as a group of highly trained U.S. Servicemen launched a military mission unprecedented in history: the attempted assassination of a foreign head of state with 2000-pound, laser-guided high-explosive bombs precisely targeted on Muammar el-Qaddafi’s offices and home and on the tent where he was known to relax.

In so doing, the American military also rained bombs on a naval-cadet-training school at the entrance to Tripoli harbor, on the city’s airport and on the densely populated Bin Ashur residential district. Over the eastern city of Bengasi, the Navy, meanwhile, bombed the airport and a downtown district, though without the benefit of live TV coverage. The Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, Robert Sims, summed up the essential feature of the operation the next day. Speaking to the Pentagon press corps, he said, “I don’t think we’ve had anything like it in U.S. military annals.”

To hear the few men who will talk about it, even in strictest anonymity, the military professionals involved in the raid had little sense of their place in military annals. For the most part a modest and unflamboyant lot, the crews of the 48th Tactical Fighter Wing based in Lakenheath, England, 248 men in their 20s, were kept out of the public eye after the raid, presumably to prevent reprisals by Qaddafi supporters seeking revenge. Almost a year after the bombing—its anniversary comes on April 15—American regulations still make it virtually impossible to interview these

men. Nonetheless, I was able to spend some time with several of them under agreements of complete confidentiality. Besides observing a kind of dispiritment on the part of many of the men, I found it evident that the making of history was not, for the most part, paramount in any of the crew members’ minds.

Although the operation had been described to them by their superiors in Washington as a mission to “destroy the nerve center of terrorism” and to “demonstrate resolve,” the men with whom I spoke referred to the night in simpler, more personal terms. It was reduced to such factors as staying in formation with the tankers on the long flight around the coast of Europe to Libya; not having the engines stall out during the tricky maneuvering of an aerial refueling; spotting the correct “radar offset point” for finding the target in time; dodging enemy fire in a plane less maneuverable than a Boeing 707; hoping that the automatic ground-avoidance system wouldn’t fly the plane into the water; getting home alive.

The unique factor for most, though not all, of the 48 crewmen who lifted off the Lakenheath runway and roared out toward the North Sea that evening in April 1986 was that this was their first combat experience, the significance of which can be understood only by those who have flown in combat. A senior Pentagon officer, survivor of 100 missions over North Vietnam, summed it up: “Going and dropping bombs on a foreign country is an emotional experience; you can’t rehearse it.” Even for those few “left-seaters”—pilots—who had combat experience, this was an initiation. They were not the same people who had flown over Southeast Asia in another war a long time ago. One veteran of the raid said to me with a shrug, “Thirteen years, kids—it makes it another kind of experience.”

On the other hand, combat missions were what these fliers had been preparing for during all the years of training flights. There had been many drills with Libya as the mock target. They *wanted* to make the flight, not pretend this time. There was pride involved. “Airlift [transport] crews get to do missions all the time,” one prematurely grizzled colonel said to me. “They pick up a cargo of trash here and deliver it there, and that is their mission. Our mission is to fly combat, and we don’t get to do that much these days.” That was why, when the unit commander issued the list of crewmen who had been hand-picked to fly over Tripoli, two of the chosen—a gregarious 33-year-old pilot from Puerto Rico, Fernando Ribas-Dominici, and a quiet weapons-systems officer who had risen from the ranks, Paul Lorence, 31—actually thanked their commander. Colonel Sam Westbrook, the ambitious but popular wing commander, later told Lorence’s parents, under grim

circumstances, that the two men were the only ones to have shown their gratitude.

When it was all over and the men had flown back to Lakenheath, some of them so tired after 14 hours in the air that they had to be lifted from the cockpit, none was individually profiled in the newspapers, as Charley Beckwith, leader of the failed Iranian hostage-rescue mission, had been. Nor were they showered with medals and honors, as had been bestowed on the major and minor participants in the conquest of Grenada. Instead, they were instructed not to talk with anyone, least of all journalists. Many, of course, must have been relieved by the press restrictions, especially since the British papers were harping at some length on the effect their bombs had had on Libyan homes, civilians, children.

But to the airmen, the prime frustration came from the fact that months after the raid, neither the British critiques nor the gushing tributes that appeared in the American media (*The Washington Post*: “A RAID THAT WENT RIGHT”) truly conveyed what the experience had been like. Shortly after my arrival in England to discuss the raid with some of the participants, I mentioned to one officer, as a preamble to our guarded conversation, that I had just flown across the Atlantic.

“You mean you *rode* across the Atlantic,” he said, correcting me firmly as we sat nursing Cokes in a deserted bar on a Sunday afternoon. “You rode sitting in a chair that you could get out of if you wanted to take a piss. You didn’t have to use a piss bag [which uses compressed rubber to soak it up] or try to hold it for seven hours. You didn’t have to fly the plane 50 feet off the wing of a tanker the size of a DC-10, with three other fighters beside you in the dark and in the weather [clouds], when all you could see was the tanker’s wing light. You didn’t have to maneuver to refuel four times on the way and then go into combat and then do it all over again to get home.”

Those words were not spoken with rancor, nor in any particularly boastful way, but I began to get a vivid picture of what the glib references to a “2500-nautical-mile flight to the target” really meant for the men who had had to do it. On the other hand, as ignorant as I might have been of what it took to go on a bombing mission in an F-111, I realized in the course of this and other conversations that there were aspects of the operation that had not been fully explored in the many preflight briefings. They included the reasons these professionals were sent out that night and the origin of the machinery they were given to do their jobs. They are worth reviewing briefly before turning to the moment when 24 F-111 planes loaded with 500- and 2000-pound bombs lumbered down the Lakenheath runway in

(continued on page 144)

WICKED WILLIE

I don't understand women

Do you understand
color television?

No....

So what's the problem?

Gray

V A N N A

before her turn on the "wheel of fortune,"
lingerie model vanna white
was already letter-perfect



N

NO ONE has ever hit the jackpot on *Wheel of Fortune* the way Vanna White has. Before a fateful turn brought her to the show, Vanna's life was just like those of thousands of other aspiring California actresses—a scramble of auditions, castings and modeling assignments, of daily dramas and nightly dreams. Who could have predicted stardom? Anyone who knew Vanna: wholesome with a capital W, sexy as an X.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID GURIAN





L

ate in 1982, Vanna auditioned for *Wheel of Fortune* along with 200 other hopefuls. Against those odds, she kept plugging at her modeling career, including this lingerie shooting by photographer David Gurian.

V

anna showed these photos to Hefner and other friends at Playboy Mansion West and was talking about becoming a Playmate when a *Wheel* producer called. What happened next is the subject of pop-culture legends.





P

revailing wisdom had it that game shows had worn out their welcome with the public. *Buzz*—wrong answer. *Wheel*, an outsized version of the kids' game hangman, was destined to make TV history with its success, revitalizing the game-show genre and breaking all ratings



records. Vanna's role, in showbiz jargon, is that of a "moving mannequin," that familiar living prop that game shows use to point out the prizes, applaud the contestants, commiserate with the losers and look pretty on the set. Somehow, she has risen above the job, becoming in a very real sense the heart—and the hub—of the *Wheel*.



W

hat puzzles the pundits who ponder the Vanna phenomenon is "What's her secret?" Why should she receive an average of 300 fan letters every day? Why has a pop song been written (and recorded) about her? Why do parents name their daughters after her? ("In 15 years, everybody will be named Vanna," quips her co-host, Pat Sajak.) Those who know her say that audiences respond for the same reason her friends do: Vanna is warm, genuine, fun-loving—and pretty. And those qualities seem to come across as clearly on television as they do in real life.









K

atie Leishman, in her October 1986 *McCall's* cover story on Vanna, may have put her finger on the mystique of *Wheel of Fortune*—and its hostess: “*Wheel of Fortune* has it all: the hint of a dicey night life, of an afternoon at the mall, of self-indulgence and generosity, of pure luck and quick wit—and Vanna, a blonde who, depending on the lighting, the mood and the dress, can suggest all these possibilities.” *Newsweek's* February 9, 1987, cover story on the Vanna craze posed a rhetorical question: “What is Vanna White if not every adolescent (text continued on page 166)”



"The terrain-following radar unit showed a tendency to guide planes straight into the ground or the water."

flights of four, struggled into the air and set course for Tripoli.

Pilots everywhere have a tendency to be loyal to the planes they fly, no matter how deficient the machines may be. The serious-looking men who fly the F-111s parked in tidy rows on the ramp at Lakenheath are no exception. They refer to their aircraft as "fighters," with the implication of dogfighting in the mode of *Top Gun*, and to themselves as "fighter pilots," a reference that sometimes causes smirks among the more flamboyant types who fly the sleek F-16s and F-15s specifically developed for air combat.

As *Aviation Week & Space Technology* later reported, the raid provided the first "opportunity for U.S. air forces to apply many of the technologies incorporated since the Vietnam war."

Up till that point, it had been the Navy that had all the action against Libya. In August 1981, Navy fighter planes had downed two Libyan jets over the disputed waters below Qaddafi's "line of death" across the mouth of the Gulf of Sidra. The Navy was back in 1983, when it was given high-profile missions shelling and bombing Lebanon. In March 1986, the carriers of the Sixth Fleet once again challenged Qaddafi's claims to the Gulf of Sidra, firing at anti-aircraft-missile radars and attacking Libyan naval patrol craft, with the reported loss of 56 Libyan crewmen.

Combat soldiers and aviators do not usually care much about the ceaseless bickerings between the generals and the admirals at the very top of their Services. To these ranking authorities, however, the question of which Services get to take part in missions is a crucial one of "turf," because it affects their budgets. If there was to be a major bombing action against Libya, then the Air Force was going to be part of it; and, since contingency plans called for highly accurate strikes against selective targets, that clearly required the aviators of the 48th Tactical Fighter Wing.

This particular unit was the natural choice for any Air Force strike against Libya, because it was equipped with the very latest technology for precision bombing. The air generals had been promising such a capability ever since World War Two, when they had predicted that Germany would be knocked out of the war by pinpoint bombing of key war industries. It had not worked then—the bombs tended to miss by thousands of yards—any more than in the Vietnam war, when key targets

survived years of assault by the latest that bombing technology could offer. By 1986, however, Air Force generals had bought the newest gadgetry advertised as capable of bombing within feet of a target. So confidently did they promote these devices, a combination of radar and an infrared-laser system called Pave Tack, that Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger would later claim it was "impossible" that the bombs could miss.

Pave Tack cost around a quarter of a billion dollars to procure, and it is conceivable that its sheer cost had something to do with the Secretary of Defense's confidence. But during Pave Tack tests carried out in New Mexico in 1984, 25 percent of the bombs went wide. As to the F-111 radar, it had actually been tested in combat in Vietnam, and bombs had missed by as much as three quarters of a mile. Another piece of equipment, the terrain-following radar unit, which was supposed to guide an F-111 automatically at very low altitudes, had showed a pronounced tendency to guide planes instead straight into the ground or the water. Finally, the F-111 itself, because of a small wing area and poorly performing engines, is acknowledged to be a sluggish and hard-to-maneuver aircraft.

Meanwhile, planning had become more intense in the Pentagon at the beginning of 1986, after two gangs of gunmen had opened up with machine guns at travelers at Rome and Vienna airports, killing a total of 20, including an 11-year-old American girl. Although neither the Italian nor the Austrian police could find evidence of Libyan involvement, Qaddafi, in a moment of callous buffoonery, had publicly congratulated the attackers, thus giving further ammunition to those who considered the Libyan leader the orchestrator of world-wide terrorism. In the following weeks, the Joint Chiefs of Staff drew up the basic plans for a surgical strike against the "terrorist nerve center," paying due regard to the prerogatives of the Air Force.

In March, the Sixth Fleet had its encounter with the Libyan anti-aircraft missiles and patrol boats. Although this action, officials later conceded to *The New York Times*, had been intended to provoke a military coup that would topple Qaddafi, the Libyan leader remained firmly in office and publicly defiant. Privately, he tried to arrange peace talks with the U.S., an offer that was speedily and unequivocally rejected. A "senior White House official" told *The Washington Post* that Qaddafi was expected to unleash further

terrorist attacks in the near future.

At Lakenheath, the tempo of training increased.

On Saturday, April fifth, at 1:49 in the morning, a bomb went off in a disco called LaBelle in the Friedenau district of West Berlin. More than 230 people were injured. Two people were killed outright: a Turkish woman and an American, Sergeant Kenneth T. Ford of the U.S. Army. U.S. officials moved almost immediately to lay the blame at Qaddafi's door. Reporters were told that intercepted communications (normally the most closely held kind of intelligence) showed a Libyan role in the bombing. By April seventh, Richard Burt, the U.S. Ambassador in Bonn, had stepped into the limelight with an on-the-record assertion that there were "very, very clear indications" of Libyan involvement in the bombing. That same day, ABC News reported that a personal communication from Qaddafi to his agents in East Berlin had been intercepted in which the Libyan leader personally offered "praise for a job well done." It was on that day, according to later reports, that President Reagan made the decision to go ahead with the raid "based on the Ambassador's conclusions, which were shared by other top officials."

All that week, the level of rhetoric against Qaddafi by U.S. senior officials, on and off the record, mounted ever higher. On Wednesday, April ninth, Vice-President Bush described him as a "mad dog," while the same day, General Bernard Rogers, the Supreme Commander of U.S. Forces in Europe, informed an audience of Atlanta school children that the evidence of the Libyan leader's complicity in the disco bombing was "indisputable." He went on to give a dramatic description of how military authorities, with intelligence of an impending attack and racing against time, had combed the bars of West Berlin to warn off-duty GIs, unfortunately arriving at the blasted disco "15 minutes too late."

Lost in the generally horrified reactions were such telling revelations as the one reported by Leslie Gelb, then the *New York Times* national-security correspondent. On April eighth, the day after Burt had made his announcement, Gelb quoted senior officials as admitting that "they had no direct evidence to prove" Libyan complicity in the bombing (and that the ABC announcement was therefore untrue) but that the Administration intended to press ahead with its public campaign identifying Qaddafi with the attack. In a confession of extraordinary and cynical frankness, one source told Gelb that the campaign was "our way of sensitizing Americans and Europeans about the problems and preparing the groundwork for follow-on responses."

In West Berlin, another professional



"The whole thing's much smaller than it seemed on TV."

was voicing doubts as well. Manfred Ganschow, director of the Staatsschutz, the West Berlin equivalent of the FBI, had more than 100 men working on the investigation of the disco bombing. He had no political ax to grind; he was a working cop. He confided to a reporter who called to check on the investigation some weeks later, "I have no more evidence that Libya was connected to the bombing than I had when you first called me two days after the act. Which is none."

Ganschow had, from the earliest moments, access to all relevant information. LaBelle was a disco of some notoriety, and as far as he was concerned, the bombing could have been the work of local dope dealers or pimps, who have a violent way of settling business disputes in West Berlin. As to the dramatic account by General Rogers of the desperate last-minute attempt by West German police to warn GIs of an impending attack, Ganschow found no evidence of such an alert.

In the months ahead, buried in other news reports, came evidence that there were any number of candidates for the Berlin bombing, with the strongest evidence being against the Syrians. Of course, those questions had no relevance for the men of the 48th Tactical Fighter Wing, who were awakened around five o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, April 14, listened to their final briefings, then climbed into the cockpits of their F-111s to await the signal to roll onto the runway.

At 7:36 in the evening, the first of 24 planes lifted off and headed out toward the sea. Of the 24 F-111s that departed Lakenheath, six were spares in case any planes developed equipment problems by the time they were due for the first refueling. The crews carried with them detailed infrared pictures of three target areas. One group of three planes was to attack a so-called terrorist diving school whose position at the mouth of the Tripoli harbor made it perfectly suited for the bomb-aiming equipment (water lines show up well on radar). Another group of six, which would be the last to attack, was assigned to the area of the Tripoli airport used by the Libyan military. Nine of the planes, however—the lead aircraft—were targeted for the Al Azziziyah barracks. Within the barracks was a soccer-field-sized compound that was known to contain the home, offices and tent of Muammar el-Qaddafi.

Back in Washington, someone on the staff of the National Security Council had already drafted a statement that described the death of Qaddafi in the raid as "fortuitous."

Civilian casualties were not part of the plan. As one officer back at the Pentagon eloquently explained, "What we didn't want was some mother with her kids and

her arm blown off on the cover of *Time* magazine, and we went to great trouble to avoid that." In fact, planners were confident that the precision afforded by the high technology encased in these modern aircraft would spare them such embarrassments. Just to be safe, crews were instructed not to bomb if there was any sign that the equipment was not in full working order.

The armada turned south after crossing the coast and then west down the English Channel to link up with the first of 42 tankers and the three electronic-warfare EF-111 planes that were also going to Libya and back that night. When they refueled for the first time, off the Bay of Biscay, three of the planes reported mechanical malfunctions and turned back. Their numbers were compensated for by spare aircraft—the other spares turned back—and the convoy roared south through the darkness, 150 miles of flying metal from head to tail.

The two-man crews, sealed in their cockpits, were seated with the pilots on the left and the navigators/weapons-systems officers on the right. Their elbows almost touching, they could talk to each other above the roar of the engines only through their face-mask microphones. Conversations that night were nervous, businesslike—no light chatter—about the state of instruments, about their position, about the time left until their next refueling. Refueling, when it came every 90 minutes or so, was an exhausting business. The heavily laden and underpowered F-111s were barely maneuverable enough for the pilots to connect with the fuel line extending from the tanker. To work the plane around, they had to "stroke the burner," or turn on their afterburners for small and precise bursts of extra power.

North of the Algerian coast, each flight of four planes nosed up to its attendant tanker for a last drink of fuel before dropping off. At that point, Qaddafi's chances of surviving the evening improved slightly. In a mischance dreaded by every navigator, one of the planes specifically targeted for the Al Azziziyah compound headed off in the wrong direction after leaving the tanker. By the time the crew realized its mistake, it was too late to do anything but give up and turn toward home.

The 17 remaining bombers dropped down low, to just above the surface of the sea. The huge and complex mechanism of El Dorado Canyon now began to execute the opening stages of the attack. Attack planes from the Navy carriers flew toward the coast, firing off antiradiation missiles designed to home in on and put out of action the radar antennas of the enemy defenses. The electronic-warfare planes began jamming the radars that escaped or could not be reached. Larry Speakes alerted the press in Washington.

If the Libyans paid any attention to

these signs of impending trouble, they did not show it. The streetlights of Tripoli continued to burn brightly. Qaddafi was lying in his tent, reportedly watching a movie about Vietnam on his VCR.

After flying inland, the lead flight of planes began the final run back to its targets. The planes were moving faster now, up to 900 feet a second, their afterburners spewing flames into the sky above the city. Afterward, some of the crew members reported that they could remember every detail of every movement they had made with their hands, which instruments they had touched and when. But as the city lights flashed by beneath them, each man was frantically busy. Although no more than 12 minutes was to elapse between the beginning and the end of the raid, for the members of each crew, the war was briefer still: the 60 seconds it took them to make their attack run.

In theory, all that was required to hit the target was for the weapons-systems officer to glance at the big attack radar screen in front of him and identify his radar offset point. That was a readily identifiable landmark, such as the spit of land at the mouth of the harbor, picked out for him beforehand from intelligence photographs taken of the area when the mission was being planned. Once he had found it, he merely had to align the cross hairs on the screen over that point and punch a button. That would tell the navigation computer exactly where the plane was in relation to the offset point and the target. Now the plane could be directed straight toward the target while the right-seater switched his screen over to infrared, picked out the actual target, aligned the cross hairs over it and punched another button. That caused a laser beam to shine on the target. At the proper moment, the plane would flip up and then into a hard turn, releasing and lobbing the bomb forward. The bomb then would pick up the hot spot created by the laser beam shining on the target and lock onto it. The result, while the plane turned safely for home, would be a perfectly destroyed target and no armless mothers on the cover of *Time* to embarrass the Reagan Administration.

But that night, the complex system often failed to cope with the realities of combat. Experienced pilots know that the system can go awry, and they use precious reserves of attention and energy while coping with it. During the attack run, the weapons-systems officers concentrated on finding the target. The pilots, meanwhile, were meant to be working the electronic-warfare instruments, while the automatic pilots took care of flying the plane. However, in the words of one veteran, "very few pilots will trust the system"; instead, they had to monitor the terrain-following radar to make certain it did not fly them into the ground. At the same time, the

(continued on page 164)

HAS INCREASED ABUSE OF
HARD DRUGS—AND THE ENSUING HYSTERIA—MADE OUR
PAST POSITION SEEM TOO SOFT?

DRUGS: WHERE WE STAND

WE'VE ALL done it. Magazines latch on to something new and make it sound like lightning in a bottle.

They make you feel left out if you haven't tried the latest taste sensation.

Ten years ago, on May 30, 1977, you could pick up *Newsweek* and read:

Among hostesses in the smart sets of Los Angeles and New York, a little cocaine, like Dom Pérignon and Beluga caviar, is now *de rigueur* at dinners. Some partygivers pass it around along with the canapés on silver trays. . . . Cocaine is a stimulant—an “up”—and produces none of the blurred perception or memory lapse that often accompanies the use of marijuana. The user experiences a feeling of potency, of confidence, of energy. A Miami nurse reports: “I could touch the moon.”

Who wouldn't want to touch the moon? Millions of Americans tried the drug. The media's romance with cocaine—even *The New York Times* called it “The Champagne of Drugs”—glamorized it and gave it a false innocence.

The drug fascination quickly ballooned into something ominous—a “drug plague,” as romanticized as the flirtation that preceded it. *Newsweek*, the magazine that ten years ago was comparing coke to caviar, turned around in 1986 and compared drugs to the Black Death.

When TV news got into the act, we had *48 Hours on Crack Street* on CBS, *Cocaine Country* on NBC and Geraldo Rivera exploring the depths of *American Vice: The Doping of a*



**THE ART ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES
ACCOMPANIED OUR 1972 ARTICLE. THE IMAGES REMAIN
A POWERFUL REMINDER OF THE TOLL THAT DRUGS EXACT.**

Nation, in which the host drug-tested himself and his audience.

Not to be outdone, the Administration announced a plan to drug-test 1,000,000 Federal employees. Presidential candidate Pierre du Pont wanted to test every high school student in the country. The House of Representatives passed legislation prescribing the death penalty for drug-related crime. A California teenager turned in her parents and their drugs to the local police. The commissioner of baseball talked about defoliating Bolivia and Peru to cut off the world's supply of coca plants. The President peed in a bottle.

Millions of us came under the spell of the latest trend, but the drug plague, no less than the moon the coke user of 1977 reached for, was an illusion.

There is no drug plague. In 25 of the top metropolitan areas in 1985, recreational cocaine was responsible for 643 deaths; recreational handguns kill thousands;

and traffic accidents kill an estimated 50,000; but you didn't hear the commissioner of baseball calling for the defoliation of Detroit. Seventy percent of the drug-related deaths in this country are due to *prescription* drugs. And, no matter how timely they seem today, coke scares are nothing new. “A number of cases of confirmed cocaine habit have recently been reported,” *Scientific American* wrote in 1887. “If the cases continue to multiply, there may be room for questioning the utility to man of the discovery of this anesthetic.”

There turn out to be many reasons to question cocaine's utility to man. It weakens us. It saps our productivity. It wastes our financial and spiritual resources. It makes us silly. It is time we stopped yelling about it and started dealing with the problem like grownups.

First we must take a step back from the hype and hysteria. It's

a hysteria that has come close to home because PLAYBOY has been accused of pushing drugs—falsely accused because our insistence on staying rational is misinterpreted as a pro-drug stance.

For 30 years, PLAYBOY has stood for a principle that sounds simple—the individual's right to do as he pleases, as long as he knows what he is doing and he doesn't hurt anyone else. In most instances, this philosophy leads to clear-cut policies. Repression, oppression and censorship are wrong because they deny the individual's right to make his own decisions.

Drugs are a thornier matter. "Rational men should be expected to exercise what is termed enlightened self-interest," wrote Hugh Hefner in *The Playboy Philosophy*. When it came to drugs, we tried to enlighten without preaching. We never said simply, "If it feels good, do it." But we rejected that old-time religion that said, "If it feels good, *don't* do it." We urged a combination of self-determination and self-control. We tried to present the facts without the politics.

We helped set the tone of the Sixties. Marijuana laws were out of touch with the facts, and we said so. Everything the Government told us about marijuana was a lie, and we said so. We supported NORML, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. It succeeded in its lobbying effort with the Government, and people stopped going to jail for minor violations of irrational drug laws.

We were never starry-eyed about drugs. In the Seventies, we published more information on the effects and hazards of drugs than you could get anywhere else in the national press. We published two charts (September 1972 and September 1978) covering the entire drug spectrum (see page 150 for an annotated version of our 1972 chart). We told you what each drug could do for you and what it could do *to* you. In the mid-Seventies, we began to hear a lot about cocaine.

It was alluring. It was sexy. It was dangerous, too—but only to the nose, or so we thought. We had heard about experiments with animals that preferred cocaine to food, to the point of starvation, but we felt confident that humans were not as blindly self-destructive as rats.

Then the stakes went up. Some people lost control of their lives to cocaine's high-energy madness. Then once-glamorous cocaine became free-base. We saw people's lives literally go up in flames. Friends of friends, and then friends, began learning by experience that the drug had a vicious side.

We got smarter. We became cautious and skeptical—if not early enough, earlier than most. In 1975, when cocaine was widely considered granulated glamor, we published Richard Rhodes's *A Very Expensive High*, which suggested that the drug had drawbacks. In a major editorial in 1978—the year after *Newsweek's* "cocaine is now *de rigueur*" story—we wrote, "The safest message is, Don't take drugs." In 1981, we published the first "Say No to Drugs" message from an athlete who had blown his career: *Confessions of a Cocaine Cowboy*, by Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson. "Cocaine is the most dangerous drug in our society right now," Henderson wrote. "It turns people into animals. I haven't seen anybody who's gotten deeply into it without

destroying his life . . . nobody who can afford to [free-] base will ever survive it."

We mourned the deaths of Len Bias and Don Rogers in 1986. We hated seeing San Diego Padres pitcher LaMarr Hoyt, a Cy Young Award winner, reduced to smuggling Valiums across the border in his skivvies. We are saddened by anyone who ruins a life, a career or a relationship by abusing drugs.

We still refuse to give in to hysteria. We think the Government's current War on Drugs is a worse idea than selling arms to Iran. It won't work. The solution to the drug problem lies with the individual.

"Enlighten the people generally," Thomas Jefferson wrote, "and tyranny and oppressions of body and mind will vanish like evil spirits at the dawn of day."

At least 18,000,000 Americans smoke pot. Six million use cocaine. In 1919, when the Government declared war on liquor, there were similar numbers of drinkers. Prohibition didn't work. Because, as any high school economics student will tell you, there will always be a supply to meet a multimillion-dollar demand.

We now have a new Prohibition. It doesn't work, either. The President's War on Drugs hasn't made a dent in the multibillion-dollar drug trade. Ninety percent of the drugs smuggled to the U.S. make it safely across our borders. What the new Prohibition does—just as the previous one did—is subsidize crime bosses, who are behind 90 percent of the drug trade. The suppliers charge inflated prices for their drugs, use the profits to buy judges and police and to bring more contraband into the country.

We won't begin to solve the drug problem until we accept the fact that we can't end it in one stroke, Rambo style. Instead of panic and White House proclamations, let the Government allocate funds to teach school-age kids real truths about real drugs. Superstar athletes and entertainers make effective antidrug pitchmen, but a few class hours on the toxicity of street drugs might provide the information kids need when they have to face down peer-group pressure and temptation. Let's put Government muscle behind research

into the nature of addiction and develop ways to fight it. Let's use social science to find out what influences kids and use what we learn to teach them facts, not fear. Let's stop wasting millions on border patrols and surveillance systems and start spending them productively on teaching our kids to treat drugs with the same respect with which they should treat guns.

Throughout its history, PLAYBOY has championed your right to choose. We still do. But these are perilous times. The smarter we get, it seems, the more dangerous our drugs get. These days, what you don't know can hurt you, even kill you. That's why you should know all you can about drugs.

That doesn't mean there is no such thing as recreational drug use. We're not saying that you can't possibly try a drug and survive. You might be the one who can. But the odds against it are much greater than we, or anyone else, would have believed ten years ago.

The best message still is, Don't take drugs.

**"LET'S PUT
GOVERNMENT
MUSCLE BEHIND
RESEARCH INTO
THE NATURE
OF DRUG ADDICTION.
LET'S USE
SOCIAL SCIENCE
TO FIND OUT
WHAT INFLUENCES
KIDS AND TEACH
THEM FACTS,
NOT FEAR."**

THE LATEST MEDICAL EVIDENCE POINTS LESS TO DRUGS
THAN TO DEPENDENCY. SOME OF US CAN GET AWAY WITH
A BRIEF FLING. FOR OTHERS, THE CRAVINGS NEVER END

ADDICTION AND REHABILITATION

WHAT IS ADDICTION?

IN THE WORLD of science and medicine, ideas about what addiction is and what should be done about it have changed dramatically in the past ten years. Researchers now agree that addiction—whether to cocaine, heroin, amphetamines or some other chemical substance—is a single disease. According to much of the latest evidence, addicts will switch drugs when their choice is not available and will even display addictive behavior with drugs thought to be non-addictive (such as marijuana and over-the-counter diet pills). That fact is extremely important in the way we think about drugs and addiction, because it means that the chemical is not the problem; it is the individual's reaction to it that causes the difficulty.

In addition, there is a difference between physical dependence and addictive disease. A normal person *can* be given enough morphine to become physically dependent on it. (Yes, certain drugs, in and of themselves, can produce physical dependence.) He may even suffer withdrawal symptoms afterward. But he will not hit the street looking for drugs once he's taken off the morphine. Only an addict will do that.

What, then, is an addict?

An addict, exposed to the same amount of morphine (or to any mood-altering drug, such as cocaine or marijuana), will compulsively attempt to repeat and even to intensify the feeling produced by drugs—*no matter what the consequences*. The key to diagnosis of addictive disease is in the observation that the patient persists in using drugs in spite of the consequences. His failure to adapt is our clue that he suffers from a real disease (as opposed to moral bankruptcy, which was once thought to be the case with alcoholics).

In other words, simply taking away cocaine or marijuana—



**"THE ADDICT SUFFERS FROM A REAL DISEASE
AND WILL COMPULSIVELY USE MOOD-ALTERING
DRUGS NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES."**

even if it could be done—would not solve the problem of drug addiction. At treatment centers across the country, we learned this: If his cocaine is taken away, the coke addict will become addicted to alcohol. If his alcohol is taken away, he'll come back a month or a year later addicted to Valium or Xanax. If his Valium is taken away, you'll find him somewhere down the line taking heroin. And if his heroin is taken away, he'll find morphine, Stadol, Demerol, codeine, Talwin, Percodan, Dilaudid . . . the list is endless. So is the problem, unless society learns this: Addiction is addiction. Until we leave off attacking individual chemicals and take up treating the disease, more and more people will suffer and die without ever understanding what hit them.

Mark S. Gold, M.D., is director of research at Fair Oaks Hospital and one of the most prominent addiction researchers in the United States. Fair Oaks doesn't look like a hospital. It looks like someone's mansion, tucked away on a small wooded hill next to the high school in Summit, New Jersey. In the new field of addictionology, Dr. Gold is one of the old hands, having published some 460 scientific papers in the field. Gold was one of the first scientists to demonstrate that cocaine was addictive (at a time when scientists still thought that it was the substance, not the addict, that mattered). He developed the first treatment for heroin overdose, which has saved many lives. He has also developed nonaddictive treatments that relieve the pain of withdrawal from addiction to cocaine, heroin and amphetamines, so that addicts no longer have to fear "going cold turkey."

Fair Oaks Hospital is one of the most well-respected treatment facilities in the nation. In that quiet, wooded location, Gold has treated rock stars, professional football players and the sons of

Senators. Fair Oaks has a special locked ward for people whose wealth gives them too easy an access to drugs. Its staff teaches addicts that the particular drugs they've been using are not the essential problem; once they have developed addictive disease, they are equally vulnerable to all mood-altering drugs. The recovering coke addict can't go out and become a social drinker. The recovering heroin addict can't smoke an occasional joint. Even going to the hospital for surgery can be risky, because a shot of morphine that wouldn't affect most people adversely could trigger the cycle of addictive behavior and kill an addict.

Even though a precise definition is hard to come by, most authorities agree that there are three good indicators of addictive disease: compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of adverse consequences. In the case of a coke addict, that might result in a cycle such as this: Noon: "I need a line." Midnight: "Just a few more." Noon: "That was the worst experience I've ever had; I need some blow."

Here's a simple law of nature: Normal people move away from painful stimuli. In addiction, the adaptive response fails. It should not be surprising, then, that the word inebriate has several meanings: to exhilarate, to stupefy and to disorder the senses. Here's what the book *Alcoholics Anonymous* has to say about those combined effects:

Our behavior is as absurd and incomprehensible . . . as that of an individual with a passion, say, for jaywalking. He gets a thrill out of skipping in front of fast-moving vehicles. He enjoys himself for a few years in spite of friendly warnings. Up to this point you would label him as a foolish chap having queer ideas of fun. Luck then deserts him and he is slightly injured several times in succession. You would expect him, if he were normal, to cut it out. Presently he is hit again and this time has a fractured skull. Within a week after leaving the hospital a fast-moving trolley car breaks his arm. He tells you he has decided to stop jaywalking (continued overleaf)

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED IN 14 YEARS

We published this chart almost 15 years ago, in September 1972, when lack of overt use and hard evidence made some drugs (such as cocaine) seem less harmful than they are now known to be. New drugs, both dangerous and unpredictable, have been developed; they pose new risks. Furthermore, a new understanding of addiction has come about: While certain chemicals do have a peculiar power to produce physical dependence, true addiction is possible only for people who suffer from addictive disease. Therefore, to say that cocaine is extremely addictive while marijuana is not misses the point. Those prone to addiction will become addicted. Based on the latest scientific and behavioral research, we've indicated the most important new information, but bear in mind that the "risk" ratings are no longer as meaningful as they once were. All mood-altering chemicals are dangerous to addiction-prone people. Some, such as cocaine, merely kill you faster.

PCP (phencyclidine), now a major drug of abuse, was not generally known in 1972. It can be sniffed, smoked or injected. In small amounts, it produces hallucinations, euphoria, anesthesia and stimulation. In larger amounts, it produces severe hallucinations, sweating, flushing, drooling, dizziness, lack of physical coordination, slurred speech and violent psychotic reactions. For some reason, people on PCP are drawn to water but are unable to swim; many drownings result from PCP intoxication. PCP is both habit-forming and addictive. The long-term effects are psychosis and death. (Some 30 percent of involuntary psychiatric patients have been users of PCP.)

MAJOR DRUGS: THEIR USES AND EFFECTS

DRUG TYPE	NAME	ORIGIN	AVERAGE AMOUNT TAKEN	HOW TAKEN
DEPRESSANTS	ALCOHOL	Beer Distilled spirits Wine	12 ounces 1½ ounces 3 ounces	Swallowed
	BARBITURATES	Chloral hydrate Doriden Nembutal Pneobarbital Seconal	500 milligrams 400 milligrams 400 milligrams 50-100 milligrams 50-100 milligrams	Swallowed
	INHALANTS	Aerosols (Freon) Airplane glue Amyl nitrite Nitrous oxide	Varies	Inhaled
	NARCOTICS	Codaine	Opium poppy	Swallowed
		Demerol	Synthetic	50-150 milligrams
		Heroin	Opium poppy	Varies
		Melhadone	Synthetic	5-15 milligrams
		Morphine	Opium poppy	10 milligrams
	TRANQUILIZERS	Librium	Opium poppy	Varies
		Miltown/Equanil Thorazine	Synthetic	15-50 milligrams
PSYCHEDELICS	CANNABIS	Hashish Marijuana THC	Cannabis plant Cannabis plant Synthetic	Inhaled/swallowed Inhaled/swallowed Swallowed/injected
	HALLUCINOGENS	DMT	Synthetic	Varies
		LSD	Synthetic	150-200 micrograms
		Mescaline	Cactus	350 milligrams
		Nitrogl	Nitrogl	Swallowed/injected
		Psilocybin	Psilocybe mushroom	Swallowed
	AMPHETAMINES	Scopolamine	Scopolamine	Swallowed/sniffed
		STP	Synthetic	Swallowed
	ANTIDEPRESSANTS	Benzedrine	Synthetic	Swallowed
		Dezadrine	Synthetic	Swallowed
STIMULANTS	CAFFEINE	Coffee Cola No-Doz Tea	Coffee bean Cola nut Synthetic Tea leaves	Swallowed
	COCAINE	Cocaine	Coca leaves	Swallowed/injected
	NICOTINE	Cigarettes	Tobacco leaves	Inhaled
		Pipes	Tobacco leaves	Inhaled
		Snuff	Tobacco leaves	Inhaled

The facts and determinations presented here are based on expert observation of available drug use by human beings in nonlaboratory settings. Drug types are listed alphabetically. Within each of the three major categories, color intensity suggests the degree of danger to the health of the individual user (assuming short-term use of average amounts and consistent use of addiction). The darkest shade indicates the greatest danger. Drug effects vary widely, depending on the quantity consumed, its purity, the presence of other drugs in the user's system and—most important—his personality and the setting in which he takes the drug. Data provided by Dr. Joel Fort.

Valium, a tranquilizer, became the most popular prescription drug in the world during the Seventies. In combination with alcohol, Valium is dangerous and can be fatal. (This is true of all tranquilizers and barbiturates.) The risk of addiction is extremely high.

Ecstasy (methylenedioxymphetamine, or MDA—also MDMA and MDMA) is one of the many new designer drugs whose effects are not well known. However, it is presumed by medical authorities to be highly addictive, as are the other amphetamines.

Caffeine is addictive.

Potent new compounds, such as China White, increase the risk of fatality.

Marijuana is addictive. It carries a high risk of habituation, and tolerance to its effects develops quickly. Although not generally thought to be a common condition, dependence upon marijuana alone, especially among adolescents, is now known to occur. Additional effects include deterioration of hand-eye coordination, infertility, panic, anxiety, paranoia and trancelike states. Marijuana cultivation has led to strains of Cannabis that contain far more THC (the psychoactive ingredient) than plants did 14 years ago. The long-term effects of marijuana are not entirely known. One thing is certain: It is no longer considered to be harmless by any responsible medical authority.

Amphetamine use carries a high risk of addiction.

The high cost of cocaine, its scarce supply and impure quality prevented its addictiveness from being recognized for a time. However, it's now known that the risk of addiction is extremely high for people who take cocaine. Crack, or free-based cocaine, has become dangerously popular. Short-term toxic effects of cocaine can include heart failure, fever, respiratory collapse and sudden death. Long-term effects include impotence, anxiety, depression and heart ailments, in addition to the other effects mentioned in the chart.

Nicotine is addictive.

SHORT-TERM EFFECTS OF AVERAGE AMOUNT		SHORT-TERM EFFECTS OF LARGE AMOUNT	RISK OF DEPENDENCE			LONG-TERM EFFECTS (continued excessive use)	MEDICAL USES
DESCRIPTION	DURATION		HABITUATION (psychological)	ADDICTION (physical)	TOLERANCE (increasing amounts needed for same effect)		
Relaxation, breakdown of inhibitions, euphoria, depression, decreased alertness	2-4 hours	Stupor, nausea, unconsciousness, hangover, death	High	Moderate	Yes	Obesity, impotence, psychosis, ulcers, malnutrition, liver and brain damage, delirium tremens, death	None
Relaxation, euphoria, decreased alertness, drowsiness, impaired coordination, sleep	4-8 hours	Slurred speech, stupor, hangover, death	High	High	Yes	Excessive sleepiness, confusion, irritability, severe withdrawal sickness	For insomnia, tension and epileptic seizures
Relaxation, euphoria, impaired coordination	1-3 hours	Stupor, death	High	None	Possibly	Hallucinations; liver, kidney, bone-marrow and brain damage; death	None None Dilation of blood vessels Light anesthetic
Relaxation, relief of pain and anxiety, decreased alertness, euphoria, hallucinations	4 hours	Stupor, death	High	High	Yes	Lethargy, constipation, weight loss, temporary sterility and impotence, withdrawal sickness	For cough Painkiller None in U.S. Withdrawal from heroin Painkiller For diarrhea Painkiller
Relief of anxiety and tension, suppression of hallucinations and aggression, sleep	12-24 hours	Drowsiness, blurred vision, dizziness, slurred speech, allergic reaction, stupor	Moderate	Moderate None	No	Destruction of blood cells, jaundice, coma, death	For tension, anxiety, psychosis; alcoholism
Relaxation, breakdown of inhibitions, alteration of perceptions, euphoria, increased appetite	2-4 hours	Panic, stupor	Moderate	None	No	Fatigue, psychosis	For tension, depression, headache, poor appetite
Perceptual changes—especially visual, increased energy, hallucinations, panic	½ hour 10-12 hours 12-14 hours Varies 6-8 hours Varies 12-14 hours	Anxiety, hallucinations, psychosis, exhaustion, tremors, vomiting, panic	Low	None	Yes	Increased delusions and panic, psychosis	(LSD and psilocybin have been tested for treatment of alcoholism, drug addiction, mental illness and migraine)
Increased alertness, excitation, euphoria, decreased appetite	4-8 hours	Restlessness, rapid speech, irritability, insomnia, stomach disorders, convulsions	High	None	Yes	Insomnia, excitability, skin disorders, malnutrition, delirium, hallucinations, psychosis	For obesity, depression, excessive fatigue, narcolepsy, children's behavior disorders
Relief of anxiety and depression, temporary impotence	12-24 hours	Nausea, hypertension, weight loss, insomnia	Low	None	No Yes No	Stupor, coma, convulsions, congestive heart failure, damage to liver and white blood cells, death	For anxiety or over-sedation, children's behavior disorders
Increased alertness	2-4 hours	Restlessness, insomnia, upset stomach	High	None	Yes	Restlessness, irritability, insomnia, stomach disorders	For oversedation and headache
Feeling of self-confidence and power, intense exhilaration	4 hours	Irritability, depression, psychosis	High	None	Yes	Damage to nasal septum and blood vessels, psychosis	Local anesthetic
Relaxation, constriction of blood vessels	¼-2 hours	Headache, loss of appetite, nausea	High	None	Yes	Impaired breathing, heart and lung disease, cancer, death	None (used as insecticide)

RESTRICTIONS AND PENALTIES: Alcohol, caffeine and nicotine are not legally considered drugs, though some restrictions apply. Sale of alcohol is banned in scattered localities. Federal laws restrict advertisement of cigarettes and distilled spirits and manufacture of alcoholic beverages, state and local restrictions govern the sale of alcohol and nicotine products to minors. Possession and sale of tobacco are generally unrestricted, though some states and cities have imposed restrictions. Possession of barbiturates, tranquilizers, amphetamines, antidepressants and some narcotics is legal only if prescribed. Among narcotics, there is no harmful use of opium or heroin, though opium powder is a component of certain prescription drugs. All hallucinogens except mescaline are similarly illegal, as are cocaine and all Cannabis drugs. Maximum Federal penalties for possession of illegal drugs: first offense—one year in prison and \$50,000 fine; subsequent offenses—two years and \$100,000; much harsher penalties apply to sale. However, most drug convictions are made under state laws, which vary widely and arbitrarily and are often stricter than the Federal laws.

for good, but in a few weeks he breaks both legs.

The description goes on. The jaywalker gets even worse. And the conclusion is "Such a man would be crazy, wouldn't he?" Indeed, once exposed to any mood-altering substance, most people who are predisposed to addictive disease are inexorably drawn into that sort of downward spiral of irrational behavior. Of course it's insane.

The frightening fact is this: Most people born with the tendency to become addicted will become addicted unless they never take drugs. A dope fiend can start or perpetuate the addictive cycle with over-the-counter diet pills or even with cough syrup if other drugs are unavailable. The controversy over whether or not marijuana "leads to the harder stuff" came from the mistaken idea that the chemicals are to blame. There are no gateway drugs. An addict finds his own gate and plunges through. The nonaddict does not, and not even making him physically dependent upon the drug by injecting him without his consent will turn him into an addict.

The only treatment for addictive disease is to give up *all* mood-altering chemicals. It used to be thought that taking drugs or drinking to excess was a symptom of some other disorder, but it is not. It is an illness in its own right—the cause, not the effect. The conclusion is the result of a simple but profound observation: Most addicts become normal people when they stop taking drugs.

COCAINE AND THE NEW ANTIDRUG MOVEMENT

Professional sports teams have been instrumental in making people aware of the drug problem—all because of cocaine. "Why are the sports teams against cocaine?" Gold asks. "Because it makes wide receivers drop the ball. We have linemen with judgment problems, defensive ends who try to pick up the opposing player or a linebacker who tries on national TV to do a one-and-a-half somersault over a tight end. Cocaine has anti-motor-performance effects. Athletes drank. Athletes used to take amphetamines. Athletes used to smoke marijuana. Not that they were good for the athlete, but it wasn't like time-lapse photography. With cocaine, you could watch an athlete decay in the same season. The core person rotted out from within somehow. The reason that cocaine has changed the way Americans think about drugs is that in a matter of months, you can see it all happen."

Over and over again, Gold emphasized that when he spoke of addiction, it wasn't important which drug the addict took. The disease is progressive, and it is fatal. A few years ago, the athlete who used amphetamines might have outlived his usefulness to the team before the drugs destroyed his performance. By then, it didn't matter. The team didn't suffer. There was no publicity. Today, that same athlete might find himself on national TV, because cocaine does its work so much faster.

The more we know, the more it looks as if the Nineties will be a risky time to experiment with drugs. Only 14 percent of the

population may be susceptible to addiction, but those who are will have a wider array of more powerful drugs to get them into deeper trouble faster; and there appears to be no overwhelming philosophical or moral movement that will put a brake on our society's drive to seek ecstasy through chemicals. Perhaps most frightening is the fact that in an era when we believe we can cure any ill, addiction stands out as an incurable (but treatable) condition.

MEMORY AND ADDICTION

Gold began to get interested in drugs at the University of Florida, when he noticed that students were taking amphetamines to improve their memory. He asked himself, "Do amphetamines really improve your memory?" He began doing research to find out.

"It turned out that speed improves your perception of your memory but not your memory. The truth of the matter is that memory is state-dependent." In other words, if a student learns something straight, he'll remember it best straight. If he learns something high, he'll remember it best high. For the best results, his mental state when he tries to recall what he has learned should be the same as when he tried to learn it. Thus, as Charles Dickens observed in April 1870, "If I hide my watch when I am drunk, I must be drunk again before I can remember where." In truth, the best performances are given by those who are straight both times.

"People who take amphetamines for memory kind of know that," Gold says. If they cram for an exam while they're high on speed and then start crashing during the exam, there is a mismatch and they can't remember. "Or if they're too high, there's a mismatch, too, and they can't grasp the memory. It's there, but they can't connect. And so we had the concept of state-dependency of memory."

That concept also explains why women tend to forget the pain of childbirth. Yet they'll remember the most minute details of a previous birth once they're experiencing labor again. "As the chemical

states link up, they have full access to those memories again. *It also explains relapse in drug abuse.*" When an addict goes through the detoxification process, the brain is cleared of chemicals. The sober addict cannot remember certain things from his stoned state. "However," Gold says, "with even one drug-use episode after a long period of abstinence, he can now match up those dormant memories, and they're all unlocked." Pandora's box is opened, neurologically speaking. "If it took him five years to get totally addicted, and then he's straight for five years, it could take him one dose and he'd be as bad as when fully addicted."

The fact that memory is dependent upon state of mind may eventually serve to explain a great deal about addiction, such as the failure of the adaptive response. We know what we know because of our ability to remember. The first time a toddler touches a hot radiator, he learns— (continued on page 182)

**"WHY ARE
SPORT TEAMS
AGAINST COCAINE?
BECAUSE IT
MAKES WIDE
RECEIVERS DROP
THE BALL...WITH
COCAINE, YOU
COULD WATCH
AN ATHLETE
DECAY IN
THE SAME SEASON."**



"I don't know if it's fair to judge the whole male sex by this ugly little bunch," she said."

the source of many of her concepts.

Janine withdrew her arm from Duane's shoulder as smoothly as possible, well aware that if Karla had happened to walk in with a chain saw, the arm would be lying on the floor already.

"Hi, Janine," Karla said. "Haven't seen you in a long time."

"I hardly ever leave the courthouse," Janine said. "The only people who see me are people with overdue taxes."

Karla seemed happy as a lark, though she hadn't taken off her sunglasses.

"Why are you looking so red in the face, Eddie Belt?" she asked. "Were you talking about sex? I've noticed the mere mention of sex turns you red in the face."

"You don't have to call me by my whole name," Eddie pointed out. "You've known me all my life."

Eddie had a hard time concealing the fact that he was deathly afraid of Karla—more afraid of her than he would have been of a cobra. You could run from a cobra, but where could you run from Karla if you happened to work for her husband?



"I'm a very busy woman—fix me up with someone who's a premature ejaculator."

"Now, don't pick on Eddie," Duane said. "We've just been discussing whether women like sex more than men, or what. We didn't reach a decision yet."

"In fact, we haven't got very far in the discussion," Sonny said. It worried him that Duane would sit there practically egging on his wife and his girlfriend.

"Bobby Lee's just a Peeping Tom, so he shouldn't get a vote," Karla said.

"I ain't, I'm married," Bobby Lee protested.

Pretending her finger was a piece of chalk, Karla marked a few scores in the air. "Sonny's a bachelor, Eddie Belt's scared of women and Duane says himself he's past his prime. I don't know if it's fair to judge the whole male sex by this ugly little bunch," she said.

"Yes, it's fair," Lavelle said. "I lived in Olney twenty years, and men ain't no better down there."

"I ain't scared of women and you ain't no Gina Bardot yourself," Eddie Belt snapped, wishing he'd never stopped at the Dairy Queen in the first place.

"Brigitte Bardot," Sonny corrected.

Janine could hardly believe Duane would sit there and let his own wife insult him so bluntly. Ordinarily, she would have thought it meant he suffered from low self-esteem, but Duane was tricky and couldn't really be understood in terms of self-esteem.

"I may get a second wind any day now," he said, grinning.

"Duane, you used up all your winds years ago," Karla said.

"I wish I could just sit here all day, but some of us have to work," Janine said, standing up. Charlene and Lavelle were reluctant to leave until they had heard what Karla had to say to Duane out of earshot of Janine, but they didn't have much choice. Fortunately, the cook was still watching from behind the taco shells, and they knew they could get a full report from her.

"If you ever figure out who wants it most, let us know," Charlene said. "I've often wondered."

Karla took Eddie Belt's dozer cap off and ruffled his hair to show him there were no hard feelings.

"I know you're not really scared of women," she said. "You're just scared of me, and that shows you got good sense."

"If I had good sense, I wouldn't be here," Eddie said, though now that the horrible trio from the courthouse was gone, his mood was improving.

"You oughta do like Duane, get you a girlfriend who chews bubble gum," Karla said, still the picture of good cheer.

Duane laughed.

"I don't know what you think you've got to laugh about, Duane," Karla said, smiling at him.

"I was just laughing at nothing," he

She expects this moment to be beautiful.
Give her a diamond that makes it unforgettable.



De Beers

You want her to remember this moment forever. So begin with a brilliant diamond of the highest quality. Today, that means spending about 2 months' salary.

So take your time. See a jeweler. Learn about the 4C's that determine a diamond's quality: Cut, color, clarity and carat-weight. And send for our booklet, "Everything You'd Love to Know... About Diamonds." Just mail \$1.25 to DIC, Dept. DER-PL,

Box 1344, NY, NY 10101-1344.

After all, this is the one thing that will symbolize your love every day of your lives. A diamond is forever.



Is 2 months' salary too much to spend
for something that lasts forever?

said. "It's either that or cry about everything, and I wasn't in a crying mood."

Karla put an arm around Sonny, her old friend. From time to time, in years past, she had tried to penetrate his detachment at least enough to get him to flirt with her, but she had finally come to accept the fact that his detachment was impenetrable. Since then, he had been a stable source of advice, though rarely a source of fun.

"It don't say much for your character that you'd let him sit here with that slut and not do a thing to save our marriage," she said.

"Your marriage isn't in any danger, and it never has been," Sonny said.

"Wrong," Karla said. "You'd be surprised how often it's been in danger."

"Karla's chased off all the women except herself," Duane said. "I guess it's time to go to work."

"As soon as you leave, I'm gonna pump Sonny like he was an oil well," Karla said.

She made a pumping gesture with her right hand.

"I'll pump until I get you to have total recall of everything Duane said to his girlfriend while I wasn't here," she said.

"That won't take long," Sonny said. "They barely spoke."

"Do you think morals have declined?" Karla asked. "Ten years ago, a married man like Duane wouldn't have dared sit in this Dairy Queen with his girlfriend."

"Ten years ago, this Dairy Queen wasn't here," Duane observed.

"There's never been a dollar's worth of morals in this whole county," Eddie Belt volunteered. He was perking up a lot. The decline of local morals was one of his favorite topics.

Duane got up and stepped over to the window. Shorty, ever loyal, still had his head pressed against the windshield, though the sun was blazing down. Duane waved at him. Shorty, overjoyed, jumped straight up, bonking himself against the

roof of the cab. Then he went into a frenzy, trying to scramble onto the dashboard to be closer to Duane. In his frenzy, he knocked pliers, receipts and everything else Duane kept on the dashboard onto the floor boards. Duane laughed. It always cheered him a little to see Shorty leap up like a fish and bonk himself on the roof.

"Laughing at animals is a sign of bad morals, too," Karla said. "Shorty can't help it that he's the stupidest creature on earth."

"What do you expect when a place is nearly a hundred years old?" Sonny said. "Decadence sets in."

"Who's going to the centennial meeting tonight?" Duane asked, since Sonny had mentioned the county's age, a topic on everyone's mind.

Only Sonny raised a hand. As mayor of the town, he spent most of his evenings going to one meeting or another. The week before, in the city council, there had been a hot debate over street names, a flourish the town had done without so far. Some wanted to name streets after pioneers, others after trees. The tree faction won by three votes.

Everyone else stonily ignored Duane's question.

"What happened to the pioneer spirit?" Duane asked.

"Who cares what happened to it?" Eddie Belt said. "I ain't growing no beard, either."

It had been decided to require all adult males in the county to grow beards for the centennial. Many neighboring counties had had their centennials already and had had a beard requirement. For this one, those refusing to comply faced the danger of being ducked in a water tank situated on the courthouse lawn for that purpose.

"You'll get ducked if you don't grow a beard," Duane warned.

"You're not a dictator, Duane," Karla said. "You can't make people grow beards just because you're chairman of that stupid committee."

"I hate beards," Bobby Lee said. "The whiskers kind of stick into you when you try to sleep at night."

"The people of this county don't deserve a centennial," Duane said. "They're too uncooperative."

"Who asked for the damn thing, anyway?" Eddie Belt asked. "I wasn't here a hundred years ago and nobody else was, either. What do we care about how the thing got started up?"

"You're supposed to care about your history," Karla said.

"I'd rather forget mine," Bobby Lee said.

"Wouldn't we all," said Karla.



"What can you recommend for someone who came out ahead in the new tax-reform bill?"



LOOK GUYS, NO KEG.

Just twist a cap and you've got beer on tap.
New Miller Genuine Draft® is real draft beer in a bottle. It's not
heat-pasteurized, like most bottled beers. It's cold-filtered to give
you the smoothness and freshness of draft beer from a keg.

No way, you say? Tasting is believing.

CARS '87: THE BEST

THERE IS no best car, skeptics say. Styling? Economy? Performance? Fun to drive? No car does it all. Maybe so, but judgment can be made about various categories of cars; and to prove it, we turned over the job of choosing the automotive best of breed in 13 areas—from Best Car Likely to Hold Its Value to Best Engine—to the six experts below. Five are leading auto writers whose work has appeared in this or other publications and the sixth is last

year's winner of the Indianapolis 500. PLAYBOY Senior Editor David Stevens, who put this feature together, waved the checkered flag. Gentlemen, start your opinions.

five top automotive journalists and indy winner bobby rahal choose this year's slickest wheels



TOYOTA MR2



GARY WITZENBURG

Probably the most widely published automotive writer in America, Witzenburg was an automotive engineer for eight years before he began free-lancing in 1975. To date, he has published more than 30 articles in PLAYBOY and is listed on our masthead as a Contributing Editor.



BROCK YATES

Author, editor, columnist, screenwriter and the organizer of the One Lap of America road rally, Yates has done it all—and well. And that includes the 32 articles he's written for PLAYBOY and his movie scripts for *Smokey and the Bandit II* and *The Cannonball Run*.



TONY SWAN

The editor of *Motor Trend* from 1981 to 1985, Swan has a broad background in automotive journalism that includes stints at *Autoweek*, *Cycle World* and *Better Homes & Gardens*—where he was the auto editor. Besides free-lancing, Swan also does advertising-consulting work.



BOBBY RAHAL

The 1986 Indianapolis 500 winner and Driver of the Year, Rahal won six Indy races this past year, equalling only three drivers in Indy history. (He came in third in the CART PPG Indy Car Championships in 1984 and 1985.) He has also free-lanced for *Car and Driver*.



BEST HANDLING

It was a tough choice, but the Chevrolet Corvette came out a close winner over Porsche's agile 944S. "If you're on a smooth piece of road, I don't think there's anything that touches the Corvette," said Rahal, and most of our experts agreed that *nothing* can touch Chevy's fantastic plastic road rocket. "Best ever from American manufacturers," said Jeanes. "Even H. Ross Perot couldn't have improved this aspect of the Corvette." Both Swan and Witzenburg have raced Corvettes; Swan's comment: "Race-ready, right out of the box." Porsche 944S proponent Lamm disagreed. His comment: "There's more to handling than skid pads and slalom test." Drive both and decide, guys.

You may need plastic surgery to wipe the grin off your face if you spend too much time in the MR2," Witzenburg said. Rahal added that it looks good, too, especially with after-

BEST FUN TO DRIVE

market add-ons. "You can dress the little sucker up and never get bored driving it." Runner-up: Honda's Civic CRX Si, about

which Swan commented, "For the money, this is about the most fun you can have with your clothes on." Who'd argue with that?



JOHN LAMM

Currently an editor at large for *Road & Track*, as well as a respected free-lance writer/photographer, Lamm brings years of solid automotive experience to our panel of experts. From 1969 to 1975, he was with *Motor Trend*; then, until 1983, on staff at *Road & Track*.



WILLIAM JEANES

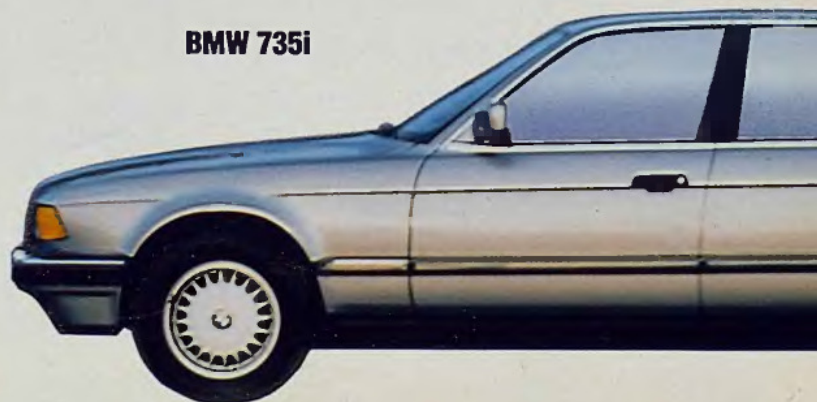
The author of *The Loveliness of the Long-Distance Runner* (PLAYBOY, January 1986), Jeanes has written automotive articles for many publications over the past 15 years. Currently, he's a columnist for *Automobile Magazine* and a guest professor at Millsaps College in Mississippi.

BEST ALL-NEW CAR

Winner in a close contest over Jaguar's all-new XJ6, this new big BMW is designed to displace Mercedes' revered 560SEL as the world's premiere luxury sedan. "Move that

hunk of junk over, Slick, the new Bimmer panzer just hit the autobahn on ramp," said Yates. "One look and you're in love," contributed Jeanes. "One drive and you're addicted." Witzenburg seconded the motion.

BMW 735i





BEST SOUND SYSTEM

It was five votes to one for Ford JBL Audio, available in high-buck Lincoln luxury models. "More expensive than concert tickets and probably better," said Witzenburg. "At least it's better on the Tchai-

kovsky scale" was Lamm's opinion. "But I don't know about Bruce Springsteen." Yates and Jeanes agreed, despite self-confessed tin ears, while Rahal voted for the General Motors' Delco/Bose system.

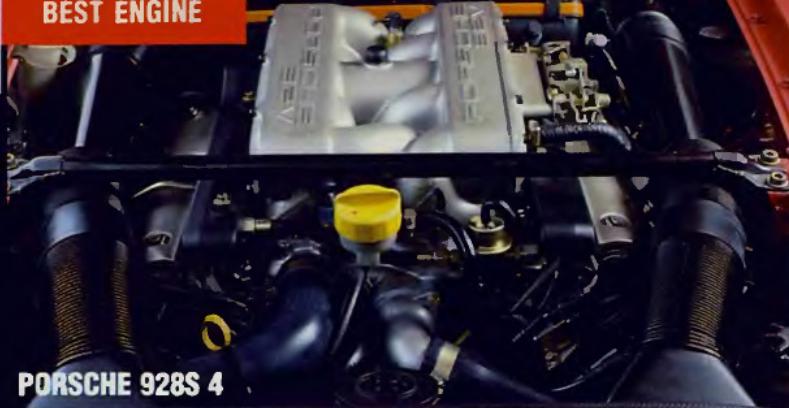


JAGUAR XJ6

BEST RIDE

While Peugeot's 505 and Mercedes' superb 560SEL drew praise from our panel as fine-riding four-door sedans of the highest caliber, Jaguar's latest XJ6 garnered the majority of votes. Not to be confused with the previous Jaguar of the same name (which also might have won despite

its many years on the market), this all-new leather-lined British feline sets a new world's standard for fine sedans. "Plucky Brits, my ass," said Yates. "They like their creature comforts just like us, and the silkiest suspension of them all proves it." Lamm agreed: "A car's ride is more than just soft springs. This is perhaps the only automobile for which you can describe the ride as 'elegant.'"

BEST ENGINE**PORSCHE 928S 4****PORSCHE 928S 4****BEST SPORTS GT**

Our only double winner, Porsche's latest-generation front-engine rear-drive \$61,970 928S 4 luxury sports car finally receives its due recognition as the meanest Porsche on the road *and* our judges' vote as the Best Sports GT at any price. Its smooth, torquey 32-valve V8 drew praise from Rahal as "a work of art" and

from Jeanes as "the highest stage of development from the venerable V8." About the car itself, champion Rahal said, "Dollar for dollar, its sophistication, quality and performance place it head and shoulders above all other serious cars. It's half the price of a Testarossa and just as good or better." Lamm praised it as "perhaps the best-developed automobile in the world."

BEST POCKET ROCKET

VW's original made-in-America Rabbit GTI set the standard; the new GTI 16V moves it way ahead of the pack. Don't let its boxy looks fool you; the new 16-valve engine and terrific handling give maximum grins to the

dollar. "Pocket rockets are a ton of fun," Yates commented, "but the GTI's over-all toughness makes it my choice." Runner-up, the low-volume Dodge Shelby Charger GLH-S, which Jeanes described as "crude but effective. The Molotov cocktail of cars."

BEST SPORTS SEDAN UNDER \$15,000**ACURA INTEGRA FIVE-DOOR**

Our panel of judges was less than unanimous, but the Acura Integra with the magic 16-valve motor emerged the winner over VW's Jetta GLI, Mazda's 626 GT and Pontiac's Grand Am SE. Yates called it "perhaps the best sports sedan of its size and price I've ever driven. My only beef is its rather mundane styling."

ts bear-claw raked styling may be controversial—Rahal called it “mean-looking and a sheer beauty,” while others called it ugly—yet few questioned the Ferrari Testarossa’s king-of-the-road credentials. Second place went to BMW’s new 735i, about which Swan commented, “München über alles.”



FERRARI TESTAROSSA

BEST DAMN-THE-EXPENSE CAR



SUBARU XT TURBO

BEST DISCO DASHBOARD

The Subaru XT Turbo’s dashboard “isn’t an instrument panel, it’s a videogame,” said Swan, and our panel generally agreed that the car’s

digigraphic display would be right at home in George Lucas’ next episode of *Star Wars* or an arcade full of electronic toys to play. “Atari would definitely be proud,” said Witzenburg.

BEST SPORTS SEDAN OVER \$15,000

After years of quirky, eccentric-looking Saabs arriving at our shores, the 9000 Turbo, according to Witzenburg, “may be the sveltest shape from Sweden since Britt Ekland—and almost as spirited.” Yates generally

agreed, saying that “Saab hit a grand slam with its 9000.” But the car’s styling, to him, “looks like a Dodge Lancer—which ain’t a bad car, either, for the price.” Swan perhaps summed it up best with his comment: “Here’s one for the road—and a great one, at that.”

BEST CAR LIKELY TO HOLD ITS VALUE

The Mercedes-Benz 300E was the near-unanimous choice for the best four-door sedan—and one that will continue to hold its value, given sufficient tender, loving care. The way to get maximum value from any Mercedes, Lamm pointed out, is to keep

it for at least ten years. “The 300E is power medicine on the used-car market,” said Yates (and he should know, as he owns one). Jeanes succinctly agreed: “It’s no contest.” The one holdout: Swan cast his vote for the nimble Honda Accord, calling it “*Numero uno* among the new snob cars.”



SAAB 9000 TURBO

AND FROM WHERE! SIT....

a know-it-all's
perspective on
automotive hits
and misses



Chrysler Conquest

On the preceding pages, you've read the opinions of men who are paid to play with cars. They slide, bend and occasionally break them. Then, with the detachment of surgeons, they speculate on each machine's flaws at the outer limits of stress and adhesion. In their search for perfection, these fellows casually reject machines that we would kill for.

Nissan 300ZX



Moreover, they never seem to be deterred by the real world. A car's behavior in traffic, for example, never makes it to the ratings charts. Nor would it deter these experts to learn there are only three mechanics in the country who are qualified to fix the car's Croatian-designed starter, and none of them can get to it before Christmas.

There just don't seem to be any cars these guys don't fit in nor cars they can't afford. So it's time to hear from someone whose most dangerous driving experiences take place in the parking lot at the shopping mall. A man for whom a car is part fun, part basic transportation, part tool and part obsession. A man like you. Me.

Well, maybe not exactly like you. I may be a little taller than you, and I tend to like cars a man can sit in without folding himself in thirds. But I do manage to spend time with most of the new iron that hits the street each year. Here's what I find worth noting about the year of the automobile 1987.

BEST TREND: Anti-lock brakes. If you don't have them, put them on the wish list for your next car. In the meantime, practice the threshold braking technique we described

in *PLAYBOY's* September 1986 "Street Smarts" feature by Gary Witzenburg, *Hit the Brakes!*

BEST CAR VALUE: Toyota Camry. Impeccably made. Runs forever. Not even the rising yen can diminish the return on this investment.

MARKETING QUESTION NUMBER ONE: Why is A.M.C still try-



Range Rover

"It's time to hear from someone whose most dangerous driving experiences take place in the parking lot at the shopping mall."

ing to sell *French* engineering to Americans?

THIS YEAR'S HOT CARS IN BEVERLY HILLS: Isuzu Trooper II, Suzuki Samurai.

BEST ENGINE IN A CAR YOU CAN SIT UP STRAIGHT IN: Saab 9000 Turbo or Mercedes 300E.

WORST BARGE: Lincoln Town Car.

BEST SEAT: Volvo 700 series, especially in leather. Second place, Peugeot 505.

BEST BOULEVARD CAR: Nissan 300ZX.

BEST CAPTIVE IMPORT (arguably the best all-round car with a Detroit label): Merkur XR4TI.

a tire for normal conditions. You want a tire for extremes. Spend the money; it's a fraction of the car's cost for a great improvement in performance.

BEST MOUNTAIN GOAT MASQUERADING AS A CAR: Subaru GL 4wd Wagon.

BEST PERFORMANCE CAR MASQUERADING AS A STATION WAGON: VW Quantum GL Syncro Wagon.

BEST SEDAN I COULDN'T FIT IN: Audi 5000CS Turbo Quattro.

FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE BY WHICH ALL OTHERS MUST BE JUDGED: Range Rover. It's pricy but a dream worth having.

LEE IACOCCA'S BEST IDEA SINCE THE MUSTANG: The Chrysler Conquest. A lot of sport for the price, it turned heads when I drove it.

DISAPPOINTMENTS: Mercedes 420SEL, Michelins in wet



Toyota Camry

weather, Ford Taurus—a sports sedan without the sport.

DELIGHTS: Toyota FX16, new Citroën sedan, Mitsubishi Galant.

LAST THOUGHT: If the seat belt isn't comfortable, don't buy the car.—Arthur Kretchmer

MOST DRIVABLE LAND YACHT: Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Regency with F41 suspension.

MARKETING QUESTION NUMBER TWO: Is General Motors going to be in the car business in 1997?

BEST THING TO DO TO YOUR NEW CAR, EVEN IF IT'S A MERCEDES: Upgrade your tires. The manufacturers'tire decision is a compromise among cost, road noise and passenger comfort. They provide

"It is to the realities of high-technology warfare that Muammar el-Qaddafi may well owe his life."

pilots had to watch for enemy surface-to-air antiaircraft missiles, which can be dodged, though only with difficulty in an unmaneuverable F-111 flying low. All this, even without the stress of combat, can lead to the feared phenomenon of "task saturation," which occurs when a pilot has too much to do and comes apart under the pressure.

As the first crews began their attack runs over Tripoli, the weapons-systems officers realized that their offset points were not as easy to spot as had been promised in the briefings back at base. Now the screen was filled with fuzzy images, among which they had to search for the right point while the ground raced beneath the plane and the seconds ticked away. There was no heavy antiaircraft fire as yet, just a barrage of small-arms bullets from the revolutionary guards patrolling the streets below. In that confused environment, one crew in the first wave careened out to sea without ever finding the point that would steer it to Qaddafi's compound. Another crew found that the equipment was not working. They went home without killing the Libyan head of state, either.

Even when they had located the right offset point, the weapons-systems officers found it extraordinarily difficult to pick out the target on the infrared picture, for the "heat picture" of a building may change significantly between midday, which may be when the targeting picture is taken, and two A.M. Similar distortions occur with changes in seasons. At the best of times, which do not include moving at 600 miles an hour while being shot at, it is hard to distinguish one building from another. That may be why one of the planes aiming for the terrorist diving school at the harbor's edge sent bombs crashing into a school for naval cadets next door.

Even correctly aimed bombs can go astray. Despite stabilizing devices, the pod slung under a twisting, wrenching airframe will shake slightly, causing the laser beam to jitter. That, in turn, will cause the bombs to lose energy and fall wide as they try to steer onto the rapidly shifting hot spot of the laser reflection. The essential point, well understood by combat veterans, is that such mishaps are inevitable, however sophisticated the technology. And predictably, that night, at least

four and possibly more of the 16 laser-guided bombs that were dropped (some of the attackers were using laser-aimed but unguided bombs) went wildly off target. A miss rate of 25 percent is not unimpressive by World War Two standards, but that was not what the systems had been built for in 1986: They were intended to allow precision bombing of targets without error. Senior officials had evidently believed the military's assurances that such imprecision could not happen, for they refused, at first, to accept reports that at least one bomb had ripped the walls off the French embassy.

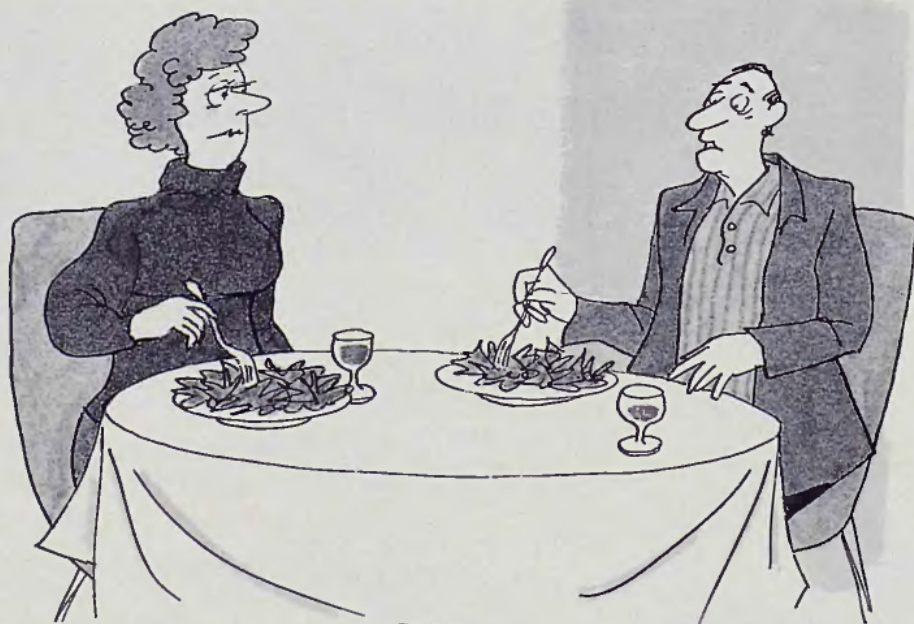
Yet it is to these realities of high-technology warfare that Muammar el-Qaddafi may well owe his life. Of the nine planes dispatched to bomb his compound, only three succeeded in dropping bombs on it. Five others failed to bomb at all. One bombed and missed, hitting the Bin Ashur residential district with grim consequences.

Hardly had the last plane disappeared out to sea, watched and reported by NBC's indefatigable Delaney, when America erupted in a chorus of approval. Conservatives and liberals alike showered congratulations on the President for his courageous action. The White House happily reported an unprecedented barrage of supportive telephone calls from the public.

In the midst of the celebrations, the first reports of what the raid had actually accomplished on the ground began to filter back to the U.S. Qaddafi, it appeared, had survived, though the Libyan press reported that his adopted baby daughter had been killed and two of his sons injured. (The Administration later suggested that Qaddafi had no such daughter; correspondents on the spot interviewed the doctors who had attempted to treat the child and concluded that the Libyan reports were accurate.)

Within a few hours, correspondents were sending dispatches from Bin Ashur, which had received the impact of four or five bombs. "In the wreckage of what had been a comfortable two-story villa," the Associated Press reported, "rescuers found the body of Mohammed Ibrahim al-Shirkawy, an elderly merchant. His body, still dressed in night clothes, was buried in rubble on the top-floor bedroom. Across the street in a one-story villa reporters walked through pools of blood on the marble floor. In one room where neighbors said children had been sleeping, bed sheets soaked in blood lay strewn about the floor. . . ." The total casualties were subsequently estimated at more than 100 men, women and children.

Of all those who witnessed the scene, only one man—ABC News correspondent Charles Glass—got the chance to confront the U.S. Secretary of Defense, appropriately enough on live television. On the morning after the raid, Weinberger went



"In my younger days, I had never heard of such things as radicchio or arugula, and now that I've heard of them, it hasn't brought me happiness."

on *Good Morning America* and cast doubt on reports of civilian casualties and damage to embassies. He suggested that the bad news had come purely from Libyan sources and therefore lacked credibility. Glass, listening patiently on an open phone line in Tripoli, was finally allowed to ask one question.

He had just returned from the Bin Ashur neighborhood, he said. "We saw the damage to the French embassy. We spoke to the Japanese ambassador, who told us that he heard the American planes come over his neighborhood at two o'clock and bomb the neighborhood and saw many of the casualties himself. We saw two bodies and . . . part of another body. We saw eight very badly wounded children and another 20 adults who were injured. We spoke to two Greeks who were wounded and one Yugoslav worker who was wounded. So I'm wondering if the Secretary believes now that it was only Libyan sources that we're hearing from."

Even this recitation failed to extinguish the Secretary's sunny confidence. He replied, "There were people of all nationalities working in and around the headquarters of the Libyan terrorist activity, and we made that one of our targets. But we made efforts to avoid collateral damage, and we will certainly report on what we know about it when we have that information."

Despite the Secretary's promises, reports on that aspect of the raid were never issued. The Pentagon claimed that cloud cover over Tripoli in the days after the raid prevented any aerial reconnaissance for bomb-damage assessment, a curious assertion in view of the fact that the TV pictures of Tripoli showed blue skies and that, furthermore, the Pentagon had no trouble producing crystal-clear photos for internal and heavily classified briefings. When the Pentagon finally issued an "after-action" report to the press three weeks later, the evidence of the TV pictures was ignored in favor of a claim that "any other damage claimed by Libyans, if actually true, most likely resulted from Libyan ordnance falling back to earth."

This excuse—that the Libyans had caused the "collateral damage" with their own antiaircraft missiles—ignored the fact that, according to experts on such weaponry, this had never happened during the entire course of the Vietnam war. All such weapons, U.S. and Libyan—i.e., Soviet—are fused to self-destruct either after a certain amount of time or at a certain altitude.

By the time that report was issued, the attention of the Administration and the public had shifted elsewhere. The press release, largely ignored, acknowledged implicitly that the raid's technological success had been less than spectacular. Two bombs that had gone off target by 30

yards were described as "near misses." As early as four days after the raid, State Department spokesman Bernard Kalb declined to address the subject of Libya. It was as if the entire affair had been a TV show that the sponsors had taken off the air.

But the show was not over in Libya, where the stunned populace mourned their dead and, contrary to the hopes expressed by the Reagan Administration, rallied round their leader, Qaddafi. Nor was it over for the fliers back at Lakenheath. They had casualties of their own to mourn.

Ribas-Dominicci and Lorence, the two crewmen most grateful to have drawn the mission, failed to make the rendezvous with the tanker along with the rest of their flight after the attack. They had been the tail-end Charleys of the attack, heading for the airport, the last of the targets to be attacked and, thus, a target defended by then wide-awake Libyan gunners and missile crews. Afterward, an Air Force officer told a grieving relative, "Air Force and Navy intelligence never did get all the Libyan antiaircraft positions straight." The fact that a Libyan missile site had gone unlocated despite months of intensive and massive intelligence efforts, the work of hundreds of analysts and tens of thousands of high-resolution photographs is further testimony to the false reassurances of high technology.

Like many such military units, the Lakenheath wing is a close-knit community of Servicemen and their families. While the dead fliers' wives and children were looked after by their friends, the senior officers on the base felt it only fitting that the two should receive an official tribute. They therefore recommended them for posthumous Silver Stars. After all, President Reagan had described them as "heroes of our hearts." General Charles Donnelly, Commander of U.S. Air Forces in Europe, felt differently. He rejected the proposal, awarding Ribas-Dominicci and Lorence Purple Hearts, the all-purpose decoration for any kind of injury suffered in combat, from a scratch to a death.

The men who went on the bombing raid to Libya did not fly for the sake of a decoration or gratitude from the high command. Nor do most of them, as a group, dwell long on their roles in "showcasing new technologies"; or on whether the disco bombing should have been avenged by bombing someone else, or anyone at all; or on why they ended up going to war live on network news. It takes someone who's been there, who has survived both the enemy and the explanations, to understand the real odds they faced. One veteran of an older, more savage war put it in perspective. "They didn't do too badly," he said, "considering what they were up against."



Sensual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.

How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sensual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction — or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sensual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed!)

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. It is priced at just four dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0587
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name

Address

City

State Zip

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

"She had clearly established her reign as America's Sweetheart, the lettergirl next door."

male's dream girl? Who else could appear in a sequined, electric-pink strapless gown with stiletto heels and still project an innocence even a guy's mother would love? Vanna is Mary Poppins in Joan Collins' clothing."

Wheel of Fortune, reportedly the most popular game show in TV history, is seen twice daily in most cities: once in the morning, on NBC-TV, and again in syndication, to what Nielsen reports as a daily audience of 30,000,000. Among its legion of devotees—a vast group that defies demographic pigeonholing—are Mick Jagger and multimillionaire industrialist Armand Hammer. Soaking up the frothiest adulation in the mix is ever-bubbly Vanna. As Lewis Grossberger wrote in *Rolling Stone*, "Her personality shines through without benefit of speech. She's a cheerleader. Your own personal cheerleader. . . . She's a throwback to the kind of simple, sunny, apple-pie-sexy, all-American girl next door who'd be content to stay on the side lines cheering for someone else."

Not surprisingly, she rose from the South—specifically, North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, from which she draws her sweet-hickory drawl. The first stop on the way to Hollywood was Atlanta, where she blossomed in beauty contests and modeled for department-store catalogs and calendars for auto-parts dealers. Then, in 1980, she packed her life into a U-Haul truck and, as showbiz beckoned, headed West. Early on—significant to the legend of Vanna—she was chosen as a contestant on *The Price Is Right*, that Methuselah of game shows, which, coincidentally, for more than a decade has featured May 1971 Playmate Janice Pennington as its hostess. Prizes eluded her, but bit parts in minor films (*Looker*, *Graduation Day*) cropped up. Between casting calls, she tended bar, continued to model and hoped for a shot at fortune.

Soon after she arrived in Los Angeles, Vanna met and became romantically involved with John Gibson, a soap-opera actor (*The Young and the Restless*) and exotic dancer at the well-known strip club Chippendales. Gibson, a longtime friend of Hugh Hefner's, took Vanna to Playboy Mansion West on their very first date. As the relationship grew more serious, Vanna and John became a part of the closely knit family of friends that frequent the Mansion on an almost daily basis.

It was John Gibson, who had himself posed for a Chippendales calendar and a nude pictorial in *Playgirl* magazine, who encouraged Vanna to model for Chippendales' line of mail-order lingerie and for

David Gurian and his Paradise Company. The Paradise lingerie ads featuring Vanna appeared in several publications in 1983, after she had started hostessing *Wheel of Fortune*, but no one seemed to notice.

The show's popularity increased steadily, though not yet spectacularly, as middle America took into its homes affable, quick-witted Pat Sajak and comely, supportive Vanna. Then came 1986 and the Emergence of Vanna. PLAYBOY took early note by bestowing upon her the distinction of best game-show hostess in a March feature titled *The Best*. She posed specially for a *Playboy Gallery* gatefold in the July issue. A poster, reminiscent of Jane Russell's famous haystack pose, was released soon after and sold more than 100,000 copies. PLAYBOY led off its *Sex Stars of 1986* feature in December with Vanna as "the number-one throb in the hearts of millions of her countrymen. . . ." In its year-end issue, *People* magazine, which had featured her on its August 25 cover, declared her celebrity's 1986 M.V.P. *Life* magazine remembered 1986 as a "year when game-show hostess Vanna White outshone the stars on the Great White Way."

At that point, she had clearly established her reign as America's Sweetheart, the lettergirl next door, as invigorating and accessible as a spring breeze. Her likeness graced the covers of practically every magazine this side of *National Geographic*. Even *The New York Times* took a break from pontification to muse on its editorial page last November, "Six months ago, the lives of most Americans were, if not complete, at least not impaired by failing to know who Vanna White is. Today it seems Miss White is everywhere, and those who don't know of her are, well, nowhere."

Now she is as ubiquitous as a traffic light. A second poster—this one a sultrier study in slinky black—promises to outsell its predecessor. This May, Warner Books will unveil *Vanna Speaks*, a combination autobiography and beauty guide. Then there are product endorsements (she reportedly receives an average of three offers a week). Being discussed: Vanna dolls (in Vanna vans), a Vanna Saturday-morning cartoon, Vanna brands of frozen yogurt and cookies. Already she has fronted for McDonald's McD.L.T. sandwich and stumped for a monthlong General Mills "Big G" cereals campaign. Spring Air mattresses, a perennial third in the coil wars, has just signed her to a two-year deal as its spokeswoman. "Her appeal is based on a quiet charm and personality," one Spring Air executive told *Crain's Chicago Business*. "A hometown

girl who has come through the ranks."

Her mettle was tested, tragically, last May, when boyfriend Gibson, with whom she was then sharing a new home, was killed when the small plane he was piloting crashed while landing at Van Nuys Airport. Resiliently, she endured the loss and displayed uncommon stoicism. "All I can do is keep moving," she told *McCall's*. "Keep working. It doesn't take any of the hurt or pain away. There are just some things that only time can help."

Now, one phenomenal year later, Vanna is as celebrated as a rock idol and is on the verge of reaping the tangible rewards of superstardom. Curiously, she feels her success may be threatened by a controversy over something that wouldn't have triggered a second thought just a few short years ago.

Last October, KABC-TV in Los Angeles ran a three-part minidocumentary on Vanna's career, including footage of her in Chippendales lingerie from one of her 1982 modeling assignments. It beamed the segments to affiliate stations around the country. To promote the show, KABC ran an ad in *TV Guide*, illustrated by a line drawing of Vanna in lingerie and promising "Vanna as you've never seen her before."

At the time she modeled the lingerie, Vanna had no reservations about appearing seminude. Recalls David Gurian, "I was working with many models back then, but Vanna was the best." And, he says, she requested copies of some of the photos as a present for Gibson. "She must have ordered 20 blowups for her boyfriend."

Soon after the photo session, Vanna was hired to become Pat Sajak's side-kick. Gurian put aside photography and went into another business venture. Then the August 25, 1986, issue of *People* went on sale. Gurian, realizing he had been sitting on a potentially historic portfolio that could be as important to this generation as the original Tom Kelley calendar shooting had been to Marilyn Monroe's three decades ago, called PLAYBOY that very day to say he had photographs of the woman on *People's* cover.

This pictorial was originally scheduled for our January 1987 Holiday Anniversary Issue, but at the request of Vanna and her manager, we delayed publication until this month, so as not to interfere with other business considerations and to coincide with the publication of her book. She had agreed as well to pose for a PLAYBOY cover for this issue, but when time to shoot it came, she expressed concern that the lingerie pictures would diminish her burgeoning commercial appeal.

Merv Griffin Enterprises, which produces *Wheel*, has reportedly used the impending publication of the photos to stall the renegotiation of her contract, though she receives only a fraction of her co-host's salary.

Similarly, as reported in *People*, Bristol-Myers, the personal-care-products

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

THE REFRESHEST



behemoth, has skittered away from a deal with Vanna to star in a health-and-beauty-tip video, believing, perhaps, that this pictorial might offend users of Ban roll-on deodorant.

The situation is sobering. In this atmosphere of renewed sexual repression, when the makers of Dr Pepper have allowed themselves to be coerced into dropping Dr. Ruth Westheimer as a spokesperson because they were barraged by a concerted letter-writing effort spearheaded by the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his fundamentalist followers, Vanna's fears are understandable. She's facing a question posed by the new Sexual McCarthyism: Are you now or have you ever been a nude (or very respectable seminude) model?

Does Vanna's status as folk heroine preclude her simply being a sexy woman? Must she be as one-dimensional as a stick figure in order to keep the approval of middle America? We don't think so. Fortunately, a formidable marketing company,

the Licensing Company of America, agrees. As this issue goes to press, it has just signed her to a multiyear representation agreement to market everything from dolls to clothing to greeting cards—all bearing Vanna's imprint. L.C.A., a division of Warner Communications,* has until now specialized in products featuring fictional characters such as Bugs Bunny, Superman and *Dynasty's* Alexis Carrington.

Will Vanna knock the socks off all those imaginary figures? Or are her fans as fickle as she fears? How will this story end? Only America can spin this wheel. We're betting Vanna will come up a winner.

*Among Warner Communications' other subsidiaries are Warner Bros., film makers, Warner Books (the publisher of *Vanna Speaks*) and, coincidentally, Warner Publisher Services, the national distributor of this magazine.



HERO

(continued from page 99)

female Rambo in *Aliens*, still managed to bring her cool intelligence and commanding height to the heroic job of alien bashing. Spitting out the line "You bitch!" at the she-beast and then blowing her away, she claims her rightful place as the first feminist superhero.

Many moviegoers might have liked to take a crack at Dennis Hopper with their own alien blaster after his slick sicko performance in *Blue Velvet*. As the sadistic Daddy to Isabella Rossellini's masochistic Mommy, he oozed menace as if he were breathing vapors from hell through his nasty little inhaler. Now that Harry Dean Stanton has moved on to nice-guy roles, Hopper is the degenerate of choice in Hollywood; and with that face, pockmarked by the shrapnel of hard times, he could fuel nightmares for the rest of the 20th Century.

Turn Hopper inside out and you find Bob Hoskins, an innocent movie lug whose head is a blunt instrument. But the dull-wittedness of Hoskins' movie characters spurs sympathy and loyalty, not contempt. In *Mona Lisa*, when he was called on to defend the honor of his leggy prostitute friend, played by Cathy Tyson, he blurted out in his characteristic Cockney tones, "She may be a tall, thin black tart, but she's still a fookin' lydy." Only Hoskins could make this defense stick.

There are others who deserve recognition. Brian Dennehy, a man for all screen sizes (he was bigger than the West in *Silverado*), did his usual rock-solid work in *F/X*; and Dianne Wiest neatly embodied the dizziness of the upwardly confused in *Hannah and Her Sisters*. For that matter, Woody Allen came up with his yearly gem in *Hannah* and again demonstrated that his best comic creation—himself—is still funny after all these years. So as the movie clones and sequels accumulate, it's heartening to know that there are still a few wild men and women who are stirring things up, making the movies new again.

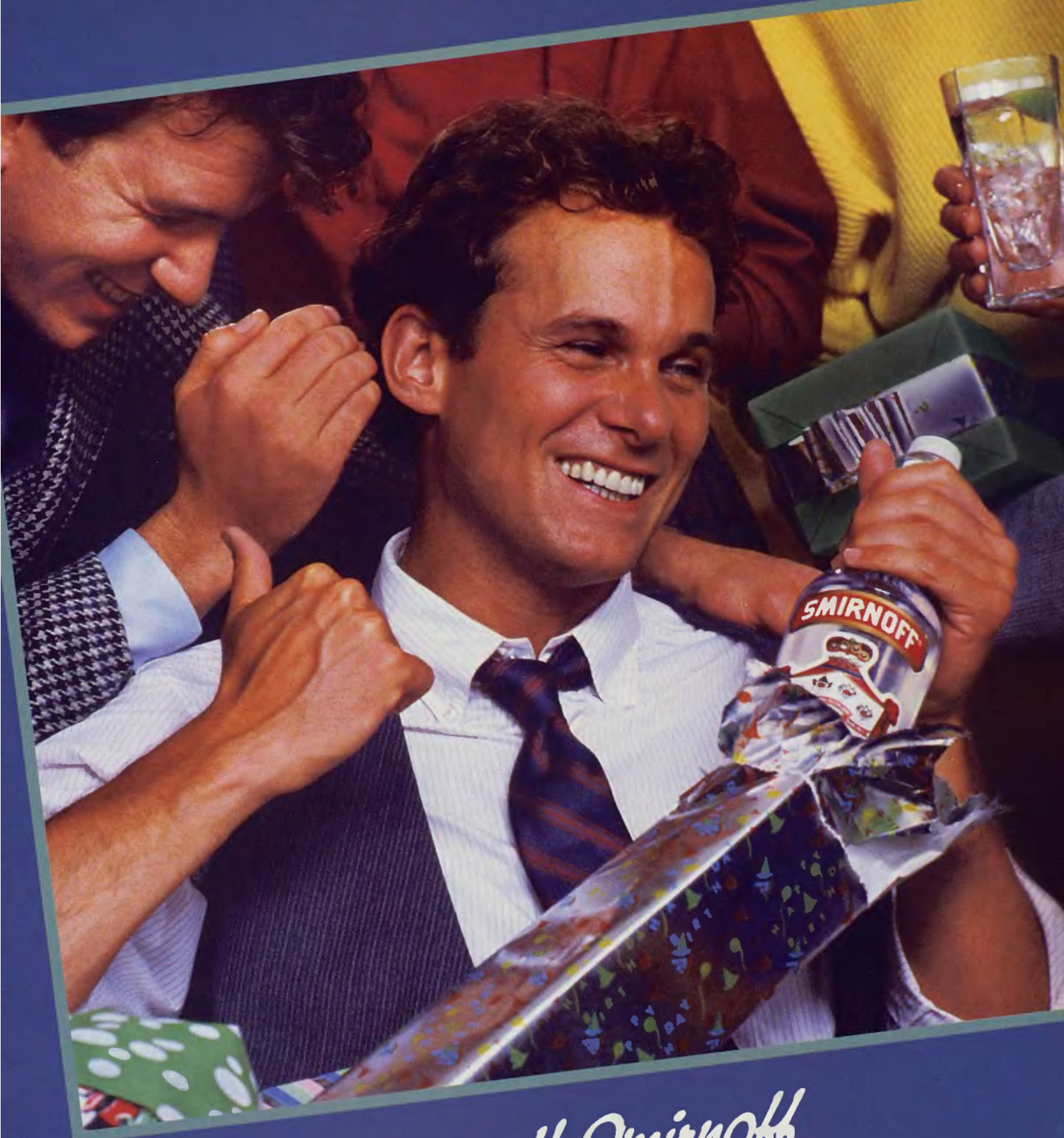


YEAR IN MOVIES

(continued from page 98)

Newman, as the slowing Fast Eddie Felson. Away from pool-tableside, they were great, but just how many shots of well-trained billiard balls can a person watch in two hours? And those final scenes in the Atlantic City tourney hall—one would expect Rocky Balboa and Apollo Creed to come bouncing out for a few rounds.

Still, Cruise's charm kept the balls rolling, much in the same way that Tom Hanks brought his special ironic something to *Nothing in Common*. Hanks played a self-absorbed young advertising



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

Remember special occasions by sending a gift of Smirnoff anywhere in the continental U.S. where allowed by state law. Call 1-800-238-4373. SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1985 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FL5 (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT — "Made in U.S.A."

hot-shot who learns more than he ever cared to about familial responsibility when his parents split up. Now, if that film had stuck with reality, Hanks would have let his parents rot. His noble reaction wasn't realistic, so to hell with reality; you can get that for free outside the theater. Why not indulge in an honorable fantasy or two for your six bucks?

Like *The Color of Money* and Allen's segments in *Hannah and Her Sisters*, *Nothing in Common* cashed in on the idea that infantile grownups can learn the value of character. Perhaps it's an idea whose time has come.

Big ideas spread to other genres as well. In 1986, one of the most popular horror films—like a hell-fire preacher—mixed scares with its sermon. *The Fly* may have filled the screen with ooze and vomit and spit and corroding body parts, but it also delivered a parable of aging for the Big Chill generation.

And *The War Movie*—in recent years a cartoon genre—lurched back toward chastening realism with *Platoon*. Oliver Stone's film gave a snootful of hell to its younger audience—the kids who had bought Stallone's revision of the Vietnam war in *Rambo*—and it reminded the older Springsteen collective—the hordes of people named Wayne and Wendy and Bobby Jean who worship the Boss because they feel he's singing about them—why they dissented the first time around. We can all be thankful it took Stone so long to get funding for the film. If it had been

released in the wake of *Rambo*, the director would have been lynched.

WORST SUPPORTING TREND: MOVIES ABOUT BOYS

In any given year, there are dozens of movies glorifying boys. You know, coming-of-age movies in which boys wax manly by losing their virginity, getting drunk, roping cattle, destroying cars or becoming vampires. Nineteen eighty-six was no different. *Top Gun* was a homoerotic tribute to the Navy and to Tom Cruise's pumped-up jaw muscle. *The Karate Kid Part II* posed the question "How is manhood connected to chopping a board in half?" Apparently, a great many people were interested in the answer—the movie raked in \$114,900,000.

Stand By Me, the story of four touchy-feely prepubescents who come of age while hunting for a dead body, was a huge hit among the boy-worshippers. The movie's appeal stems from grown-up boys' sentimental attachment to the mythical golden days of their youth. Still, it comes off as wishful projection. These kids would make you think that Freudian analysis was a standard part of the seventh grade curriculum.

Ferris Bueller's Day Off was a Reaganesque boy fantasy for people who wonder, What if you were the richest, most charming kid in school and could get away with anything? The film's message is pretty abhorrent and oddly prescient.

Like Ferris, every arrogant Yuppie dreams of being above the law. If this kid were to grow up, God forbid, his career goal would be to outcheat Ivan Boesky.

An irritating corollary to the boy-movie trend was the cinema of arrested development, practiced in such films as *Cobra*, *8 Million Ways to Die* and *52 Pick-up*. In each of them, men act like boys pretending to be men: They shoot big guns and kill bad guys and talk dirty. Stallone, particularly, was so monosyllabic and dull in *Cobra* that the movie died an admirably quick death at the box office.

If the 1986 crop of films proved yet again that boys will be boys, this year, at least, they had to lay down their Uzis and play nice.

THE BEST-SUPPORTING-LOCATION AWARD: CHICAGO, THE BEAUTIFUL

Last year, Hollywood spurned itself as the film location of choice and discovered—tah-dah!—Chicago. The Rust Belt's prettiest lake front served as a strolling lane for Rob Lowe and Demi Moore in *About Last Night . . .*; and Billy Crystal and Greg Kinnear commandeered a Yellow cab and drove it up onto the El while chasing bad guys in *Running Scared*. There were plenty of other Chicago movies, too—*Nothing in Common*, *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, *The Color of Money*, *Native Son*, *Lucas* and *Raw Deal* among them. You could get sick of the place without even living there.

Film makers who weren't working in the city that works were hiding out in the jungle or swamps (*The Mosquito Coast*, *No Mercy*, *The Mission*, *Down by Law*) or making fun of towns so small that they dried up and blew away when the cameras stopped. David Byrne and David Lynch invented the small towns of Virgil, Texas, and Lumberton for their films, *True Stories* and *Blue Velvet*.

Byrne and Lynch, who sound like a terrorist team but are not, loaded their movies with that small-town microcosmic feel—the sense that under any rock is an entire world teeming with life.

Byrne, who grew up in Baltimore, for God's sake, condescendingly patted the Virgilians on the head at the same time he was stabbing them in the back. Looking blankly at the audience in his role as narrator, he delivered bizarre, lobotomized lines, but his subtext was murky SoHo obscurantism—Laurie Anderson's specialty. But then, Byrne writes catchier tunes.

Lynch, on the other hand, demonstrated that he was a quintessential Lumbertonian, just one of the messed-up guys. His identification with, and sympathy for, his creepy characters made *Blue Velvet* the most distinctive, disturbing creation of the year.

One of the reasons *Blue Velvet* worked so well was that Lynch got at what's appealing and scary about home-town life. That



Magnavox controls Sony.



And Panasonic. And RCA. And Zenith. And lots of other equipment not made by Magnavox.

Because this is the remarkable new Magnavox Universal Remote Control. It comes with every Magnavox Star TV, but it controls a lot more than that.

It's the first remote that's pre-programmed to control virtually *any* brand of wireless VCR or cable system (including those you already own). One remote that does the work of three.

It could even control your decision over what TV to buy.



The perfect remote. With the perfect TV.

Nobody puts it together like MAGNAVOX.



THE NEW MICRO EYE QUANTUM RADAR DETECTION YOU PROGRAM TO YOUR DRIVING ENVIRONMENT!

B.E.L-TRONICS introduces a new radar detector so advanced, you can program it to match any driving environment with a simple touch of a button. Whether driving in urban, suburban or rural areas, the MICRO EYE QUANTUM will adapt for the ultimate in radar detection performance!

DETECTION "TAILORED" TO YOUR DRIVING NEEDS

The MICRO EYE QUANTUM eliminates "pre-set" thresholds found in other radar detectors with City/Highway and Filter modes and the limitations they impose. Instead, the MICRO EYE QUANTUM incorporates two modes that can be adjusted quickly and easily to suit your exact driving needs.

PROGRAMMED BY A SINGLE TOUCH OF A BUTTON

That's all that's required to set the MICRO EYE QUANTUM into action. Whether you adjust the C/PAS or FSR modes, each will provide a significant increase in selectivity and performance. Used in combination, maximum immunity to false alerts can be obtained. Or, if you choose, simply plug the unit in - it's ready to operate. No matter what your selection, the MICRO EYE QUANTUM will provide quick, accurate detection of X and K Band or instant-on radar.

COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

The digital display acts as the QUANTUM's command center indicating all mode selections as well as a system of digits (1 to 9) to indicate the strength of police radar. This, in conjunction with a series of separate audio tones and visual alerts, will indicate an X or K Band radar warning for the quickest, easiest identification possible. A photo-electric dimmer automatically adjusts the display for easy viewing under any conditions. For night driving, the display, along with both X and K Band LEDs, can be rendered dark with a simple touch of a button.

HIGH PERFORMANCE THAT'S POCKET SIZED

The MICRO EYE QUANTUM delivers performance previously unheard of in pocket-sized radar detectors. Its light design (just under 4 oz.) incorporates BEL's patented half-horn microstrip circuitry and surface mounted devices, making it the smallest radar detector of its kind.

SPECIAL BONUS OFFER

Right now, by buying the MICRO EYE QUANTUM radar detector through this ad (mail order only), you will receive a coupon redeemable for a pair of soft, high quality leather driving gloves absolutely FREE - compliments of B.E.L-TRONICS.

30 DAY TRIAL OFFER

You can order your MICRO EYE QUANTUM, risk-free. If not completely satisfied, simply return the unit within 30 days for a full refund (mail order only). It's that easy. So order now by calling the toll-free number in your area.

MICRO EYE QUANTUM
\$329.95

Call toll-free 1-800-341-1401
In New York 1-800-845-4525
In Canada 1-800-268-3994

(NY residents add applicable tax.
Price higher in Canada)
Please allow an additional 15 days
when paying by personal or
company check.



**FULL ONE YEAR
WARRANTY ON
PARTS AND LABOR.**

B.E.L-TRONICS Limited
International Head Office
2422 Dunwin Drive,
Mississauga, Ont., Canada
L5L 1J9

In U.S.
20 Centre Drive
Orchard Park, NY 14127

Model 880



B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED The Radar Detector Innovators

880PB

theme was also at the center of *Peggy Sue Got Married*. Kathleen Turner's Peggy Sue went back to her high school days and saw her parents, her friends and her future husband through the eyes of an adult. Her phone conversation with her long-dead grandma was the heart tugger of the year.

Peggy Sue lived out the ultimate small-town dream: She could go home again. That dream is, in large part, the appeal of these movies. When they succeed, they're a combination of the familiar and the surreal, an odd mix of memory and make-believe.

**BEST ODDBALLS IN FEATURED ROLES:
RODNEY AND COMPANY**

In 1986, Paul Hogan's "Crocodile" Dundee said "G'day" to every New Yorker he passed on the street, and America cast aside its America's Cup prejudices to say "G'day" back. Rodney Dangerfield, at the age of 64, went *Back to School* and earned some respect, a degree and \$90,000,000. In *Aliens*, Sigourney Weaver went slumming in the action-adventure genre and showed that she could keep up with the big boys. And Jim Belushi won 'em over by being a loudmouthed, smartass jerk in "About Last Night . . ." perhaps because he provided something to think about while Demi Moore and Rob Lowe had athletic sex for what seemed like weeks.

Oddly enough, the heroes considered most likely to succeed in the class of 1986 were also the least appealing. Clint Eastwood, newly heralded as a cinematic genius, experienced the *auteur* theory of failure in the horrible, homophobic *Heartbreak Ridge*. In that film, Clint's mission was to remake scaredy-cat Marines in his own image. The results are tough on the eyes. Suffice it to say that Eastwood has a few kinks to work out on the subject of anal sex.

Clint's big competition in the Christmas season was supposed to be *The Golden Child*, Eddie Murphy's first film since *Beverly Hills Cop*. After that huge success, the new film was designed as a star vehicle, but this one came complete with an egomaniac behind the wheel. As Axel Foley in *Beverly Hills Cop*, Murphy was an outsider triumphing against steep odds; that was the fun of it. But in *The Golden Child*, Murphy himself is the chosen one. The result is an unfunny exercise in ego massage.

American movie audiences love heroes. Yet, from Rambo to Rodney, they prefer for them to strive in the name of a worthy cause, and they especially like to see an oddball triumph. Wisely, Murphy is hustling back to Beverly Hills before "Crocodile" Dundee II hits the theaters.

**BEST SUPPORTING TRENDS:
THE SEXY, THE SILLY AND THE SUBLIME**

The sex symbol of the year was France's Béatrice Dalle, the star of *Betty Blue*. In her endless nude scenes, she amply dem-

onstrated that a body need not be aerobicized to be enticing.

America's answer to Dalle was Kim Basinger. In *9½ Weeks* and *No Mercy*, she proved that sex appeal can be enhanced if you are (A) damp, (B) muddy or (C) damp and muddy. She was doused with sweat or some other glistening substance through about eight of the *9½ Weeks*, her S/M drama with Mickey Rourke; while in *No Mercy*, she carried on the light-bondage theme as she was dragged through a swamp handcuffed to Richard Gere. When they finally have sex in the movie, Gere, who usually strips whether or not the script calls for it, *doesn't even take off his shirt*. It didn't seem like the same actor.

There were sexual-electricity brown-outs as well. Oriental slime and dirt didn't do the trick for Sean Penn and Madonna in *Shanghai Surprise*; and Prince, a fine musician but an extremely tiny person, miscast himself as a big-time gigolo in *Under the Cherry Moon*.

There were other mysteries: Why, for instance, was Emilio Estevez allowed to go into production as writer, director and star of his own movie (*Wisdom*)? And why was *Soul Man*, in which a white kid masquerades as a black to win a scholarship to Harvard Law School, allowed through the theater doors?

Some risky maneuvers did pay off in 1986. *Star Trek IV* landed happily in San Francisco; and Jane Fonda let her perfect body droop to play a boozy, out-of-work actress in *The Morning After*. Bette Midler further rehabilitated her undeservedly lagging career with a gutsy comic turn in *Ruthless People*; and Dexter Gordon hit all the right notes in *Round Midnight*. In *She's Gotta Have It*, actor-director Spike Lee reminded us that Eddie Murphy doesn't have an exclusive on black wit. His hilarious story of a woman and her three competing lovers also showed Hollywood that movies about blacks can be something other than terribly noble (*Native Son*) or shamelessly exploitive.

**SUMMATION OF THE YEAR:
THE END**

There is a promising conclusion to draw from all this, and it comes from the business itself. Not only did Hollywood supply us with better-than-average stuff last year but the studios made better-than-average money doing it—1986 was the second-best year in history for box-office grosses. Oddly enough, some credit for that happy fact may be owed to the VCR, which provides an increasingly easy and cheap alternative to going to the theater. Faced with a possible mass defection of their audience, the studios were forced to produce extraordinary lures to the theater, and in many cases they did. So, in the afterglow of a year in movies such as 1986, and as VCR sales continue, there's reason to hope for good things in the future as well.



Take the plunge—
in pure silk!



\$15

Baby-soft, silk bikini—just \$15!

Our pure silk bikini—sinfully sexy, and sure to make temperatures soar, in *Raw Silk*. Sensuously soft and adjustable everywhere, with ties at the neck, back, and hips. Order every colour! Hand wash. Imported for sizes S(30-32), M(34-36), L(38-40). Style #190802. \$15. Full money-back guarantee. Available at our Fifth Avenue store in New York. Call us for other locations.

ROYAL SILK

Royal Silk Plaza
45 East Madison Ave.
Clifton, NJ 07011

Credit Card Holders!
Call Toll Free: 1-800-321-SILK(7455)
Anywhere in the U.S., 24-Hrs., 7 Days

Keycode
127057

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ AmExp.

☐ Diners ☐ Carte Blanche

Card # _____

Signature _____ Exp. _____

Qty.	Colour	Size	Price
Add \$2 per item shipping; handling.			
Style #190802 TOTAL AMOUNT			



☐ Enclose \$5.95 to order our catalogue in VHS format.
☐ Enclose \$2 for a colourful catalogue collection only.

FAST FORWARD

LABORS OF LOVE

Few young actresses in Hollywood have ever worked as steadily as **Mare Winningham**, or gotten juicier roles and better reviews. Yet Winningham, 27, is still virtually unknown, despite seven years of films and TV movies that have run the credibility gamut. She was the recipient of a mechanical heart in one movie and of the first brain transplant in another, yet she also won an Emmy for her role in *Amber Waves*. She made a memorable feature-film debut (nude in a bathtub with Paul Simon) in *One-Trick Pony*, was Rob Lowe's long-suffering girlfriend in *St. Elmo's Fire* and, in the upcoming *Shy People*, she plays a pregnant backwoods Louisiana woman. That most recent role allowed her to call on personal experience—Winningham was eight months pregnant with her fourth child during the filming. She confesses she's longing for "that one cherry role" that will make her a recognizable star. "Right now," she sighs, "I get stopped most often because people think I'm Ally Sheedy."

—BILL BRAUNSTEIN



ANDREW COOPER / CANNON FILMS

THE SLEDGE-HAMMER KID

It's the baseball season and all eyes are on this year's hot young prospect.

Could it be . . . **Barry Bonds**? He was the best combination of power and speed to hit the major leagues since his dad, Bobby, who clobbered 332 home runs and stole 461 bases. Twenty-two years old, with a quick bat, quick feet, a quick smile and a short history of tearing up the minors, Bonds joined the Pittsburgh Pirates last summer and promptly went through an 0-20 slump. "Sitting in the clubhouse, I had tears running out of my eyes," he remembers. "When you're oh-for-twenty, you just pray. And, like my dad says, keep that smile. The longer you play, the more you learn about yourself. I learned that failure is temporary."

He batted only .223 his rookie year, but once out of his doldrums, he hit 16 homers and stole 36 bases—enough to mark him a future star. His lucky charm is a sledge hammer inscribed with his nickname, The Kid. He kept it in his locker until some teammates swiped it and started hauling it out to the on-deck circle. Now it hangs in the bat rack in the Pirates' dugout, and this year, all those pitchers whose names—and weaknesses—Bonds spent the winter memorizing will be hearing from his sledge hammer. "I believe somebody is gonna hit .400 again someday," he says. "I'm gonna try to be that guy."

—KEVIN COOK



PATTY BEAUDET

A PALER SHADE OF SOUL

As anyone who has ever listened to Elvis, Mick Jagger or Hall and Oates can attest, there's nothing new about a blue-eyed soul singer. But few white singers have ever managed to sound quite as soulful as Mick Hucknall, 26, the lead singer of Simply Red. But Hucknall isn't just white, he's *pale* white, and he defiantly regards soul music as much his as anyone's. "It's the music that was there in Manchester, England, when I was a child. It was as if we were in the suburbs of Detroit, we heard it so much," he insists. That has hardly stopped a few critics, who question a white man's ability to *really* sing soul. "So what if I didn't sing in my father's church like Aretha Franklin?" he asks. "I'm from a working-class background and, to me, soul is the music with passion and feeling, with a sort of sexuality. It's the music that moves you."

—MERRILL SHIRDLER

BITCH.

BITCH.

BITCH.

"I love to hear myself bitch," confesses **Roseanne Barr**. And nobody bitches better than the 35-year-old comedienne. Only a few years back, Barr was a Denver housewife who occasionally tried out jokes at a local comedy club. Her turf was bitter suburban angst—sort of Erma Bombeck with P.M.S.—and it took her out of the kitchen and eventually landed her on "The Tonight Show." Now she's the hottest woman comic working clubs and concerts, with an act that still centers on the plight of what she calls "the domestic goddess." Her credo: "The way I look at it, if the kids are alive when my

husband comes home, then I've done my job." Her husband, Bill, gave up his post-office job in Denver and followed Barr to L.A. with their three kids ("I have three because I breed well in captivity"); and while he is the brunt of much of her humor—"My husband says, 'Roseanne, don't you think we ought to talk about our sexual problems?' Like I'm gonna turn off 'Wheel of Fortune' for that"—Barr insists her 15-year marriage is stronger than ever. "My husband and I have been through everything possible," she explains. "There's no stress from this." If anything, she understands her husband's earlier plight. "I'm the working stiff in the family now. This must be my karma for laying around the house all those years," she complains.

"Now, when I come home, I don't want to hear anything out of any of them. I act just like my husband did when he worked." —TOM WOTHERSPOON



CYNTHIA MOORE

W HOLLYWOOD HEAT

Want your movie made? Forget Steven Spielberg or George Lucas—instead, Fed Ex your script to **Jeremy Zimmer** A.S.A.P. Renowned as the "Wolverine" for his energy and tenacity as a deal maker, he is the most-whispered-about young agent in the film business. A pivotal force in such current movies as *Ruthless People*, *Tough Guys* and *The Golden Child*, Zimmer, 28, is also "deeply involved" in a slew of upcoming films, including the much-anticipated screen adaptations of two best sellers, *Bright Lights*, *Big City* and *Less than Zero*. That makes life hectic—his secretary takes as many as 200 calls a day and Zimmer works a 70-hour week, reading 300 screenplays a year. "I love the competition," he says. But, as even Zimmer knows, in Hollywood all glory is leased short-term. "Last year, I was the hottest kid in town. This year, I'm sure it'll be some other 25-year-old," he says. "Right now, I see myself as just another middle-aged nine-to-five, working for the gold watch." —MARK CHRISTENSEN

RON MESAROS





If you're travelling through Tennessee, we hope you'll visit our oldtime distillery.

AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY we're a hard-working bunch who believe in doing a job right.

Two of our rickers are coming to grips with a big stump of hard maple. Soon, they'll strip it and burn it to the charcoal we use for smoothing our whiskey. And nothing does more for Jack Daniel's than this unique charcoal mellowing process does. If you think most distillers don't go to this trouble, well, you're right. None do. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll recognize the rewards of hard work.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 80-90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



BARBARA HERSHEY

(continued from page 111)

arms. And then you walk away at the end of the film, and you may never see these people again. It's always bothered me. I wondered if I was being insincere. I've come to realize that I'm not. The relationship is just finite.

10.

PLAYBOY: What can you do best with your best friend?

HERSHEY: My best friend is a man I was involved with for six years. Nobody you'd know. We're not involved now. I don't know why. I guess we love each other really completely and we've been through a lot together, and we speak a language with each other that I've never found with anyone else. I can tell him things. If I go through a weird experience, I can talk to him about it. Just the other day, I called him because all of a sudden it hit me, after all this time, that *I was in the movies*. I'd watched some movie on TV or something. So I called and just left that thought on his machine. He told me later he laughed. I don't know if I could express that to someone else as I could to him. He understood my moment of joy.

11.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible to be happy in Hollywood?

HERSHEY: Boy, oh, boy. Pauline Kael once said that Hollywood was the only town in which you could die of encouragement. Brilliant. The town is so industry oriented, even the waiters have their eyes on the movies. To be happy, you must have something fulfilling in your life that has nothing to do with your work, because there's that terrible tendency to wait for the phone to ring. I want my life to feed the work. I don't want it to be something that happens only between jobs.

12.

PLAYBOY: What are Woody Allen's love secrets?

HERSHEY: [Laughs] I wouldn't presume to know. But I can say one thing: He really loves women. And I don't mean it just in some lascivious way. He *deeply* loves women. He likes their company; he enjoys them. He's one of the few people who can really write roles for women.

13.

PLAYBOY: Do you make friends easily?

HERSHEY: Easier now. I've been very shy my whole life and that puts people off. I can handle that better now. I realize I need people more. Shyness is a misused, sweet word for something that isn't so sweet. It's more like self-involvement. You're very concerned about what people think of you. When you're not, you extend yourself instead and are curious about someone else. That's the basic difference. I

haven't conquered my self-involvement, but I am more curious and less fearful. Let's just say I have *different* fears. Better fears.

14.

PLAYBOY: Is bad acting contagious?

HERSHEY: Yes. I've seen good actors become bad actors. Acting is half talent and technique, which is half a matter of learning it and half who you are—half what you perceive, half what you're capable of understanding. If you surround yourself with insipid things, you're going to become insipid. If you're afraid of love, then you won't be able to express love on film. Most bad acting happens on television. Those actors often exhale at the end of sentences. And then there's a certain kind of look that's stamped out and accepted. I'm always *afraid* it's catching.

15.

PLAYBOY: Which section of the supermarket do you always avoid?

HERSHEY: [Laughs] The imported, canned-items section. Also the cleaning stuff.

16.

PLAYBOY: Everyone's looking for the answer

to life. What have you found?

HERSHEY: When you go through something that really hurts as a kid, you think you will never recover. I know now that the pain is not going to last forever. This applies to joyful experiences as well. As one gets older, there are fewer absolutes and more perspectives.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's on your night stand?

HERSHEY: Books and magazines, usually. I've been trying to get organized. [Disappears for a moment into the hotel bedroom] A lamp. A tape player, a dictionary. Incense. *The Paris Review*. A TV remote control. An opera review from the Sunday *New York Times*. And a list of things to do.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the most romantic thing anyone has ever done for you?

HERSHEY: A friend went on a trip once. I said, "Pick a spot and take a breath of air for me there." He took a breath of air for me on the Pyramid of the Moon in Mexico, outside Mexico City, and he was hit by lightning. He was actually knocked off his feet. He survived, so it wasn't a tragedy. But it was pretty romantic. [Laughs]

I'll be careful the next time I ask him to do something for me.

19.

PLAYBOY: You once said, "When I'm 30, I'm afraid of being thrown out with the trash." Now that you've passed that age and are still with us, what scares you?

HERSHEY: I'm afraid of being lazy and complacent. I'm afraid of taking myself too seriously. My dad died a few years ago. Afterward, I really examined my life and thought of things that would make it fruitful, so that at the end, I could look back and say, "This was a good life." And my conclusion was to try my best to really live, to take every chance to expand and grow. That means doing things that are scary. That's another reason I moved to New York. I wanted to scare myself, to challenge myself with the unknown. I think I've managed to do that pretty well.

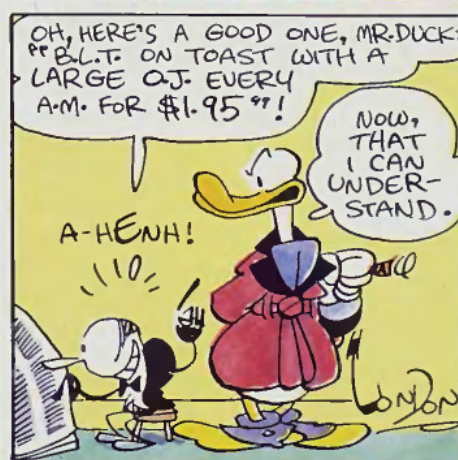
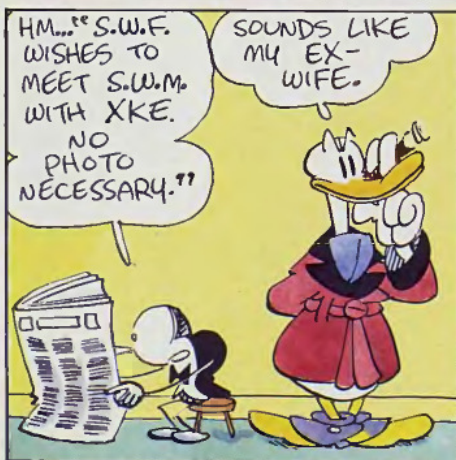
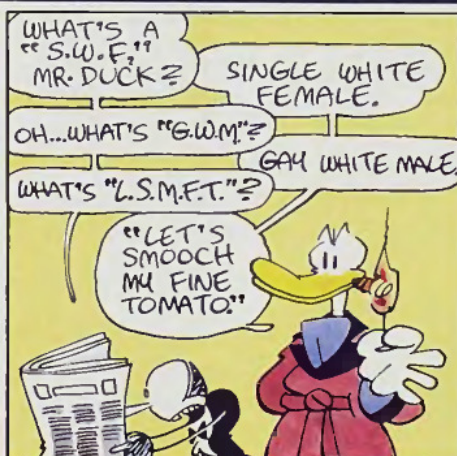
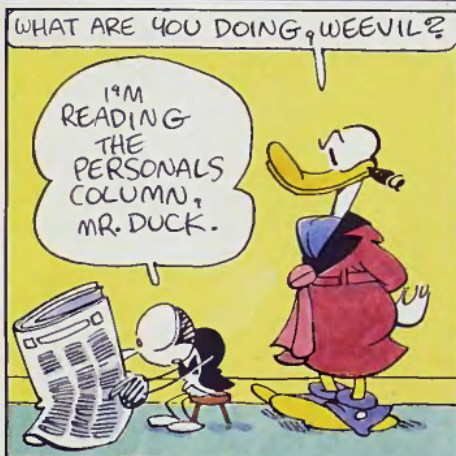
20.

PLAYBOY: Fill in the blanks: If God had wanted us to —, He would have —.

HERSHEY: If He'd wanted us to be perfect, He would have made us perfect.



Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



BACHELOR'S HOME COMPANION

(continued from page 129)

an ice bucket. This is what women mean when they say, "His place was a fright." If your place is really a fright, they won't stay long enough to describe it.

Be sure all towels and sheets are clean. And make your bed, no matter how strange this seems. Women make their beds each morning, and they assume everyone—a criminal on the lam, an animal in its burrow—does the same.

Now wreck dinner. There are two forms of the intentional muff. Using the first method, have all the ingredients for a good dinner ready, but don't start cooking until your date arrives. If you're really incompetent, your date will feel obliged to take over. This, however, is a mean thing to do to a woman, and believe me, she'll know it.

The second method is better. Have the dinner under way before your date arrives, and make sure it's terrifying. Fix baloney soup and pickled-beet salad with *ouzo* and sheep-cheese dressing. And make sure all of it, including the salad, catches fire during drinks. Then, just when the gruesome slop is supposed to be served, have a pizza delivery boy show up at the front door.

ROUGH GUIDE TO SPAGHETTI-SAUCE INGREDIENTS—WHAT SHOULD AND SHOULD NOT BE ADDED

Yes	Maybe	No
spaghetti	egg	beans
	noodles	
oregano	fresh basil	celery
garlic salt	garlic	candy and
	cloves	gum
ground	baloney	dessert
beef		topping
tomato	steamed	stewed
paste	tomatoes	fruit
chopped	cocktail	Brussels
onions	onions	sprouts
pepperoni	breakfast	headcheese
	sausage	
leftover	leftover	leftover
steak	veal	<i>burritos</i>
tips	<i>piccata</i>	
wine	beer	whiskey
anchovies	sardines	
hot	sugar	mayonnaise
peppers	Bac-Os	
		raisin bran
		bananas

Genuine Texas six-gun double-toilet chili: The recipe is exactly the same as the recipe for spaghetti sauce, except take out the spaghetti and add everything in the no column above.

SAMPLE PARTY-MUSIC CHOICES

Crowd

Investment bankers in their late 30s
Media executives in their middle 30s
Public-defense lawyers in their late 20s
Corporate trainees in their early 20s

Noise

Motown and Beach Boys
Vanilla Fudge, Captain Beefheart
Steely Dan, Bee Gees
Devo, Sex Pistols

THE PERFECT LITTLE DINNER PARTY

Why spoil it by showing up? Let people ring your doorbell for a while and go away puzzled but probably relieved. Or be a bully. When you invite your guests, they'll say, "Is there anything I can bring?" Tell them, "Yes, a salad, a vegetable dish, dessert and an eight-pound standing roast—medium rare." *Voilà!* Dinner is served.

If this doesn't work, distract like mad. Serve unshucked oysters as hors d'oeuvres. Dress your dog as a butler. Make guests cook their own live lobsters on wienie forks in the fireplace. If you keep people busy and confused, they're likely to think they're having fun.

THE ENORMOUS DRUNKEN BLOWOUT

Here's an event where bachelor experience pays off. A good bachelor is a living, breathing party all by himself. At least, that's what my girlfriend said when she found the gin bottles under the couch. I believe her exact words were "You're a disgusting, drunken mess." And that's a good description of a party, if it's done right.

Every society needs to blow off steam. Classical Greece had its Dionysia. Ancient Rome had its bacchanals. But modern America seems to have gotten off the track. We are the only culture ever to develop a type of festivity where you get cornered by a pipe-smoking psych prof who's a bug on nuclear winter.

To turn a dumb soiree into a dangerous bash, the first consideration is time. Don't

choose an ordinary time such as Saturday night. Have your party at 11 on a weekday morning. The purpose of parties is fun. And anything is fun when you're supposed to be working. Other good times for a party are during college exams, jury deliberations and any point in a marriage.

Whatever the occasion, do not neglect alcohol. No other refreshment will do. Yes, alcohol kills brain cells, but it's very selective. It kills only the brain cells that control good sense, shame, embarrassment and restraint. Wield a heavy hand at the bar. Spike the white wine. You don't want your guests to get half drunk. They may suddenly remember the baby sitter, try to drive home and kill themselves. If a guest is able to make it to the end of your driveway, you've unleashed a dangerous maniac on America's highways.

Lots of noise and lots of people are musts for a good party. Make sure some of these people hate one another. Otherwise, there will be no chemistry. What would the universe be like if there were only positively charged protons and no negatively charged electrons? The most basic molecules couldn't exist. The world wouldn't have hydrogen, let alone cute blonde girls in shorts. Chaos takes organization.

BACHELOR COOKING

The only secret to bachelor cooking is not caring how it tastes. If you achieve this, everything will be fine. The rest is damage control—most of which

TABLE OF EQUIVALENTS

Customary Household
Measuring Units

3 tablespoons
1/3 cup
1/2 cup
1/3 cup
4 tablespoons
1/2 cup
6 fluid ounces
1 cup
1 pint
1 teaspoon
1 tablespoon
1 cup
1 pint
1 quart
1 gallon
1 peck
1 bushel
1 pound

Bachelor Measuring
Units

1 shot glass
1 handful (dry measure)
1 cupped hand (liquid measure)
1 mouthful
1 good splash (from tap)
1 good splash (from wine bottle)
1 good splash (from whiskey bottle into highball glass)
1 beer can
1 dog dish
Too much salt
Too much instant coffee
Too much mixer
Not enough whiskey
Too much gin
Enough beer to last until half time
I forgot to buy sweet corn
I bought too much

For people
who like
to smoke...



BENSON & HEDGES
because quality matters.

6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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

© Philip Morris Inc. 1987

is done with steak sauce or common antacids.

Besides, if you were a cook, you'd know it already. You'd have one of those hats.

THE FIVE ESSENTIAL BACHELOR MEALS

Standard-issue breakfast: Orange juice, coffee, scrambled eggs, toast and bacon—it's a meal suitable for any time of day, even morning.

You can squeeze your own orange juice by putting oranges in a big plastic garbage bag and stepping on it. Or just buy it. Fresh coffee can be brewed by tying up the grounds in a clean white athletic sock and boiling. This is only a little worse than instant coffee. Lay bread or muffin slices right on the stove burners. Bacon is hard to wreck if you put it in the oven (use a pan or the lid off something) and set the heat at 350 or 400 degrees. Throw some frozen Tater Tots in with the bacon—delicious, and it lets you perform messy-grease cleanup with your own stomach.

Real hamburgers: The secret to getting that compelling/disgusting burger flavor that only roadside bars and all-night diners seem able to achieve is (1) cheap ground beef that's at least 30 percent fat and 20 percent filler; (2) a dirty skillet (available in most bachelor households).

Moosh the burger patty down flat, put a book end or a doorstep on top of it and turn the flame up high so that everything gets splattered. Use heaps of salt and pepper and only the gooiest untoasted burger buns. Garnish according to how wide you

can open your mouth. Serve with beer, chips, another hamburger, more beer.

Peanut-butter-and-jelly-sandwich classic: Proportion is everything. There has to be just enough jelly to squirt out between the bread slices and just enough peanut butter to keep it from doing so. Use the freshest commercial white bread. Wonder bread is OK, but Sunbeam and Silvercup are better. Cheap jelly is also essential. And use a brand of peanut butter that has at least a \$5,000,000 annual TV-ad budget. Skippy, Jif and Peter Pan are recommended. Health-food-store peanut butter is good only for cabinet repairs.

Steak: Every bachelor believes that there's one dish he knows how to cook. For 98 percent of us, this is steak. And we're right. Even we can cook a steak, especially if we don't get silly with the broiler or the charcoal grill and just fry it in a pan.

Buy the most expensive steak you can find, about as thick as the heel of a Bass Weejun. Put half a shot glass of any kind of oil but motor or olive in a skillet. Heat it up until the oil smokes like hell. Now take the batteries out of your smoke detector and put the steak in the pan. As soon as you think the steak should cook just a little longer, stop cooking it.

Spaghetti divorce style: Boil spaghetti until it sticks to the wall when you throw it across the room. Drain through a window screen or an ex-girlfriend's fish-net stockings. While this is going on, heat up a jar of Ragu' spaghetti sauce and put things in

it. Spaghetti is rarely fixed sober, and it may seem like a good idea to put everything in the house in the spaghetti sauce. This is not true.

THREE CULINARY EXPERIMENTS FOR THE ADVENTUROUS

Doggy melt: Boil or heat a hot dog or leave it out to get warm. Put it on a piece of toast or bread with a slice of Velveeta cheese on top and put the whole thing in the oven. Doggy melts make a great plea for help. Fix these to make women feel sorry for you.

Girlfriend chicken: Put a raw chicken breast in a pot with a lid and pour the contents of a can of condensed cream-of-mushroom soup in there. Put the pot in the oven and cook at 350 degrees until you can bite into the chicken without gagging.

This dish is customarily fixed by girl bachelors—your girlfriend, for instance. But you may not have a girlfriend, and if you live according to the precepts of this article, you may not get one. So you can fix it for yourself. Seasoning may help. Or it may not. You may be able to put a potato in the mushroom soup. Maybe you should even boil it first. I have no idea.

Tuna what's-it: This is really horrible. The only reason you'd fix this is to show your ex-wife or your parole officer that you're trying to live like a human.

Mix a whole bunch of canned tuna with the now-familiar condensed mushroom soup and a can of peas. It should achieve the consistency of Play-Doh. Put the result in something that won't explode in the oven—empty Chinese-food containers work well—and crumble potato chips over the top. Cook for as long as it takes to watch a ball game on TV.

EMERGENCY HELPS

Cooking without utensils:

- Fix breakfast by balancing unbroken raw eggs between the pipes of a steam radiator before you go to bed.
- Warm canned goods by putting them inside the air cleaner on your car engine and driving around at 100 miles an hour.
- Bacon can be made to cook itself if you light it with a Zippo.
- Turn TV dinners directly into cold leftovers by allowing them to thaw.
- Take a hint from *steak tartare* and use your imagination to turn raw hamburger into food.

Cooking without food:

Emergency tomato soup: Made with hot water and catsup. (Cold water and catsup makes emergency bloody-mary mix.)

Library-paste guacamole dip: Made with flour and water. (It tasted great in first grade, didn't it?)

Spice slumgullion: Seasoning is what gives food flavor, so if you pour all those little jars of cloves and curry and ginger and garlic salt into boiling water, you should get something delicious.



"That cute young Yale research specialist who was here last summer . . . he never calls! He never writes!"



Let's Get Involved

Subscribe now and get 12 issues of PLAYBOY for only \$24. That's a \$19.00 saving, a full 44% off the \$43.00 single-copy rate. PLAYBOY keeps you involved, informed and excited all year long with... top fiction by the world's leading authors... lively interviews with newsmakers in the worlds of politics, sports, entertainment and business... choice tips on modern living, fashion, food and drink... sophisticated humor... Plus the splendor of PLAYBOY's incredibly beautiful women. Subscribe now. We'll bill you later. Or mail your \$24 check or money order to:

PLAYBOY

DEPT. 7BJ40

P.O. Box 51679
Boulder, Colorado 80322-1679
U.S.A.

OR—Call TOLL-FREE 1-800-228-3700.

(Except in Nebraska, Hawaii, Alaska. In Nebraska only, call 1-800-642-8788.)

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only.
Canadian rate: 12 issues \$35.

The Quality Alternative to High-Cost Inflatable Boats!

Just one of many quality inflatable boats



- Our new Sea Eagle 8H with improved
- 6-point motormount
 - Holds 4 adults/950 lbs.
 - 3 hp capacity
 - Can be rowed, motored or sailed

Why pay \$600, \$1000 or more for an inflatable boat? Sea Eagle inflatable boats last for years, go almost anywhere and cost as little as \$60. Canoes, dinghies, motorboats for fishing, camping, river running, skin-diving and much, much more. Write or phone for

• **FREE COLOR CATALOG!**

SEA EAGLE

A Division of Hanson-Hoge Industries, Inc.

Phone: 516-724-8900
8:30 AM-4:30 PM, Mon.-Fri., EST

Sea Eagle, Dept. PB75B,
P.O. Box 944, Smithtown, NY 11787

☐ Send me **FREE** color catalog!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Uncut United States Currency



"In case of emergency break glass"

Collectable uncut sheet of currency from the United States Treasury. Makes a distinctive gift or addition to your study, suitable for framing; also, unforgettable as gift wrapping or wallpaper. Shipped unfolded. A 21"x24" sheet of 32 one dollar bills, \$75.00; or a 11"x24" sheet of 16 one dollar bills, \$49.90. Add \$2.50 for shipping and handling.

Order today for delivery next week. Satisfaction guaranteed. All major credit cards accepted.

1 - 800 - 251 - 2222

Treasury Sales, National Bank Plaza,
Suite 1, P.O. Box 6, Doyle, TN 38559

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

TERM PAPER TRAUMAS?

Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of research papers available!



IN OUR 14TH YEAR!

Send \$2 for catalog and get our **FREE WRITING GUIDE**

Order catalog with credit card or COD now!
CALL TOLL FREE

1-800-621-5745

American Express, Master Card and Visa Accepted

Name _____
Address _____
City/State _____ Zip _____

SEND TO:
AUTHORS' RESEARCH SERVICES, INC.
407 S. Dearborn • Rm. 1605P • Chicago, IL 60605
Toll-free (800) 621-5745 • In Illinois (312) 922-0300
9-5 Central Time

ADDICTION

(continued from page 152)

permanently learns—not to touch it again. Without that ability, he would not survive to adulthood. Without our memories intact, we are stupid. If we are unable to remember that drinking a quart of vodka causes us pain, we may do it again.

SCIENCE AND THE SPIRIT OF ADDICTION

Until a few years ago, the concept of addictive disease did not exist. No one had suggested that all addictions were the same. Therapists began to realize that the various drugs were just pressure points: Touch one and you'd set the entire continuum vibrating like a great spider web.

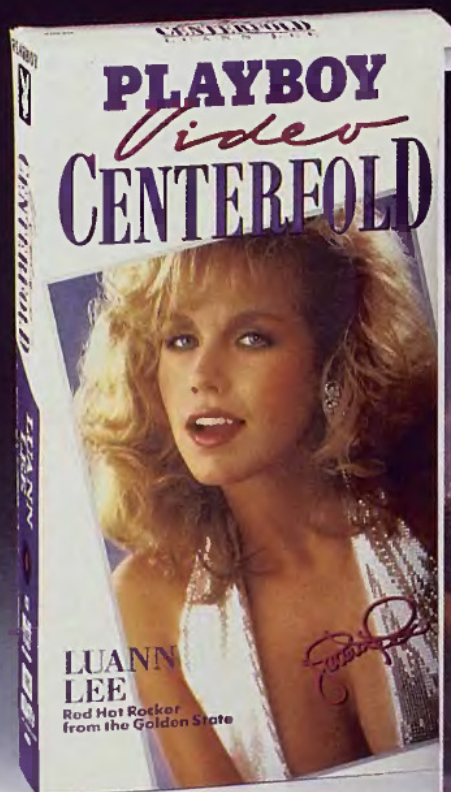
Gold explains addiction this way: "It's like that television commercial, 'Don't mess with mother nature.' There are areas of the brain that are meant to reward us for species-specific survival." In other words, when we have sex to reproduce more of our own species, when we eat to stay alive, when we drink water to keep from dying of thirst, certain areas of the brain—certain pleasure circuits, as it were—are activated. When those circuits are turned on, they make us feel so good that they guarantee that we'll eat, drink and reproduce. Before the advent of mood-altering drugs, the only way to excite those special cells was through sex, food or water. The system worked. The pleasure circuits helped preserve the species.

But "those are quiet areas of the brain," Gold warns. "They're not meant to be abused or overstimulated. In gaining access to those areas, drugs become an acquired primary drive." In *Cocaine: A Special Report* (PLAYBOY, September 1984), Contributing Editor Laurence Gonzales wrote:

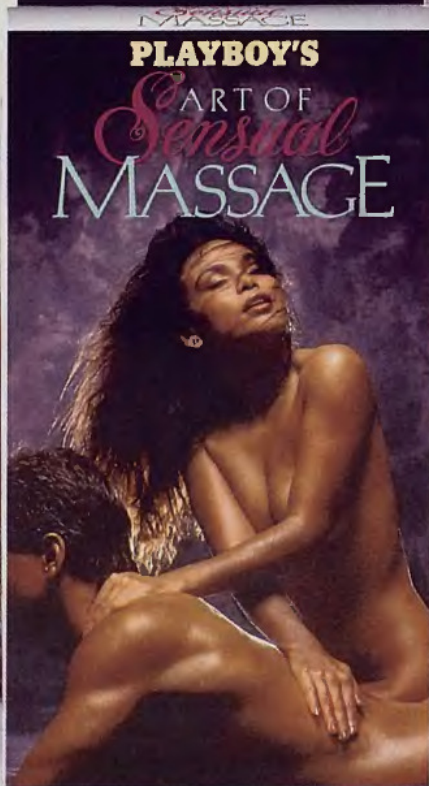
Cocaine somehow gets access to the areas of the brain (the amygdalae and the lateral hypothalamus) in which those chemical changes occur and allows you to make those changes at will. In addition, cocaine takes control of the use and manufacture within the body of essential chemical message transmitters, such as dopamine, which transmits sexual and feeding signals, and norepinephrine, which transmits signals to flee in the face of danger. When you take cocaine, it feels as if it's the most important function in life, because cocaine causes your body and brain to send those essential life-protecting and life-producing signals: the need for sex, food, water, flight. So, of course, you take more.

Stimulating those areas of the brain artificially causes terrible problems. For one thing, after being overstimulated, the pleasure circuits don't work anymore. Pleasure cannot be had. Pain is all that is left—pain and craving. The result is the

EXCITEMENT AT YOUR FINGERTIPS.



#21525B—Beta
#21525V—VHS



#21527B—Beta
#21527V—VHS



#21524B—Beta
#21524V—VHS

It's Playboy at its most sensational. Featuring three hot new videos that'll make you tingle down to your toes. For the ultimate in pleasure and relaxation, experience the "Art of Sensual Massage," a provocative video that demonstrates hands-on techniques for uncovering the body's erogenous zones. And for unmatched visual excitement there's Playboy's Video Magazine #11, featuring Playmate Pamela Saunders along with a pot-pourri of titillating entertainment. Last but not least there's Video Centerfold #4, an arousing look at luscious Luann Lee along with a "Playmate Update" of a past centerfold then and now.

Order all three exciting releases today. And get your hands on a good thing.

Just send \$19.95 for the "Art of Sensual Mas-

sage" (45 minutes), \$39.95 for Video Magazine #11 (75 minutes), and \$9.95 for Video Centerfold #4 (30 minutes).

Specify VHS or Beta format, along with individual item numbers. Include \$1.25 postage for each cassette and \$2.00 handling per total order in U.S. check or money order to Playboy Video, P.O. Box 632, Elk Grove, Ill. 60009.

Include your name, return address, and 7% sales tax if Illinois resident, or \$3.00 additional per tape if Canadian resident. Sorry, no other foreign orders. For payment by Visa, MasterCard or AMEX, include card number, expiration date and signature. Or call 1-800-228-5444 to order by phone.

Also available where video is sold.

classic clinical picture of addictive behavior: continued compulsive use of the drug despite the horrible consequences.

When the pleasure circuits in the brain no longer produce pleasure, the result is depression, anxiety, panic. The brain says, "You are dying of thirst. Get cocaine or you will die." That's why addicts steal.

Later, when the chemicals are gone from his brain, the addict can't believe he did it. He can't remember why he did it, because the memory states do not match. Remorse and anxiety set in. And not even getting high will make everything all right again. That's why addicts talk about needing to take drugs just to feel normal.

One of the most difficult jobs in treating addicts is to convince them that they cannot recover unless they avoid all mood-altering chemicals—forever. Cocaine addicts will want to be treated only for cocaine addiction: "Hey, I've never had a problem with drinking. Why hassle me about having a few beers?" Therapists hear it all the time: "How did this happen to me? I can't understand it. I never drank before." Or, even worse for the addict, "Hey, what's the problem if I smoke a joint after work? Grass isn't even addictive." That may be true, but it's not the drug, it's the person; and any mood-altering drug can reignite the inferno. Indeed, animal tests bear out that fact. No laboratory monkey, when offered a particular drug, says, "No, thanks, I use only Peruvian flake." An animal addicted to cocaine will substitute alcohol if he's deprived of his coke. Substitute heroin; he'll become a junkie. Give him the choice

of any drug and he'll choose cocaine. Cocaine appears to be most dangerous because it is most efficient in triggering the reward circuitry of the brain.

Gold says (and authorities agree), "Any treatment program that isn't based on total abstinence is risking the person's chances for success. On clinical grounds we know that. The addict who uses any mood-altering substance can recapture and almost relive latent drug memories. Then he loses higher brain control." In other words, mood-altering drugs interfere with the addict's ability to remember why he can't use drugs. That sets him up for relapse. In fact, even while abstaining, most addicts have to be reminded daily why they can't use drugs, because their worst experiences happened while they were high. Because the memory is dependent upon the state of mind, those memories are not readily accessible to the sober brain.

"Once you're an addict, you're always at risk for relapse. What that means to a scientist is that relapse is a biological imperative. This is more or less a new principle of drug addiction: There's an active drive to relapse," Gold says.

We can now understand a few of the mysteries. For example, why is the first one free? It's free because it's free of anxiety. To inebriate means to exhilarate and then to stupefy. That's why the first one's free, because the first one is the exhilarating one. Then comes the stupefaction. The first one gives direct access to the controls in the brain that operate the most fundamental circuitry of pleasure and happiness. The first time out, the addict is God,

with his hand on the throttle of ecstasy.

Why, then, doesn't everyone repeat this ecstatic process over and over again? No one knows. As Dr. David E. Smith, founder of the Haight-Ashbury Clinic in San Francisco and one of the pioneers of addiction research, said, the potential addict "responds differently the very first time he uses" a drug. Most addicts interviewed said the same thing: "I was hooked the first time I got high. I was no longer lonely, no longer self-conscious; I could be with people; I was not afraid." Normal people don't react to chemicals that way when they first take them. That's why normal people can take them or leave them.

What, then, are the new scientific secrets of treatment? If, say, cocaine depletes dopamine, a chemical messenger in the brain, then is there some nonaddictive, benign drug that we can use to replace dopamine? "There was an approved treatment for low-dopamine diseases called bromocriptine," Gold says. "We tried that in cocaine withdrawal and it worked. So we give that during the first ten days of abstinence and then stop." Similarly, the drug clonidine is used for heroin addiction.

"We don't have anything after that," Gold says. "But the power of the viable peer group, family treatment and involvement are usually sufficient to keep the person from relapse."

The what? The "viable peer group"? What happened to all those nice, hard-edged, scientific answers?

Gold explained, "Once you do fool with mother nature, there is an acquired drive for readdiction. That's the reason people have to remain in treatment their whole lives. The well ex-addict is the person who believes that going to meetings is his or her insurance policy."

Going to meetings?

THE HERITAGE OF SYNANON

"You're going to be knocked over by the love," the monsignor shouted as his helicopter rose out over the Hudson River. The Empire State Building, the World Trade Center and all Manhattan fell away as the thundering rotors shattered the cold sunlight and ripped up the waters below. In the front seat was Monsignor William O'Brien, founder of Daytop Village, one of the oldest drug-treatment programs in the United States. We immediately liked the monsignor; he knew how to have a good time without drugs.

The monsignor was a large, well-dressed man in snap-brim cap and horn-rimmed glasses. He had a good sense of the showman. He wore a suit with no collar or tie. (He called his clerical garb "my monkey suit.") His demeanor seemed to suggest that in the land of God, the man of God is at home no matter where he goes. Especially in a helicopter.

He'd been a parish priest in the heart of New York during the Fifties, and he'd



BRIAN
RUARK

"No, thanks. If my condition becomes irreversible, I do not wish to be kept alive through heroic measures."

An open-and-shut case for great music.

Don't let its unassuming dimensions fool you. True, the new Sony Discman® D-10 is the smallest and lightest CD player you can find. But surprisingly, it comes packed

The right choice at home.



with features you'd expect to find only in full-sized models. In fact, with 21-track selection programmability, 4 repeat modes and optional remote control, the D-10 performs splendidly as the centerpiece of your home stereo system.

But when you're as portable as a Discman, it's tough to stay put for long. Which is why it comes with a

rechargeable battery for up to 4½ hours of digital music on the go. There are even optional accessories that can make Discman an integral part of your car stereo system.

Whether you choose the D-10 or any new Sony Discman, one thing is certain. You get the most advanced CD player technology available today. For at Sony, we not only created the world of Compact Disc, we keep making it bigger and better. Even when we make it smaller.



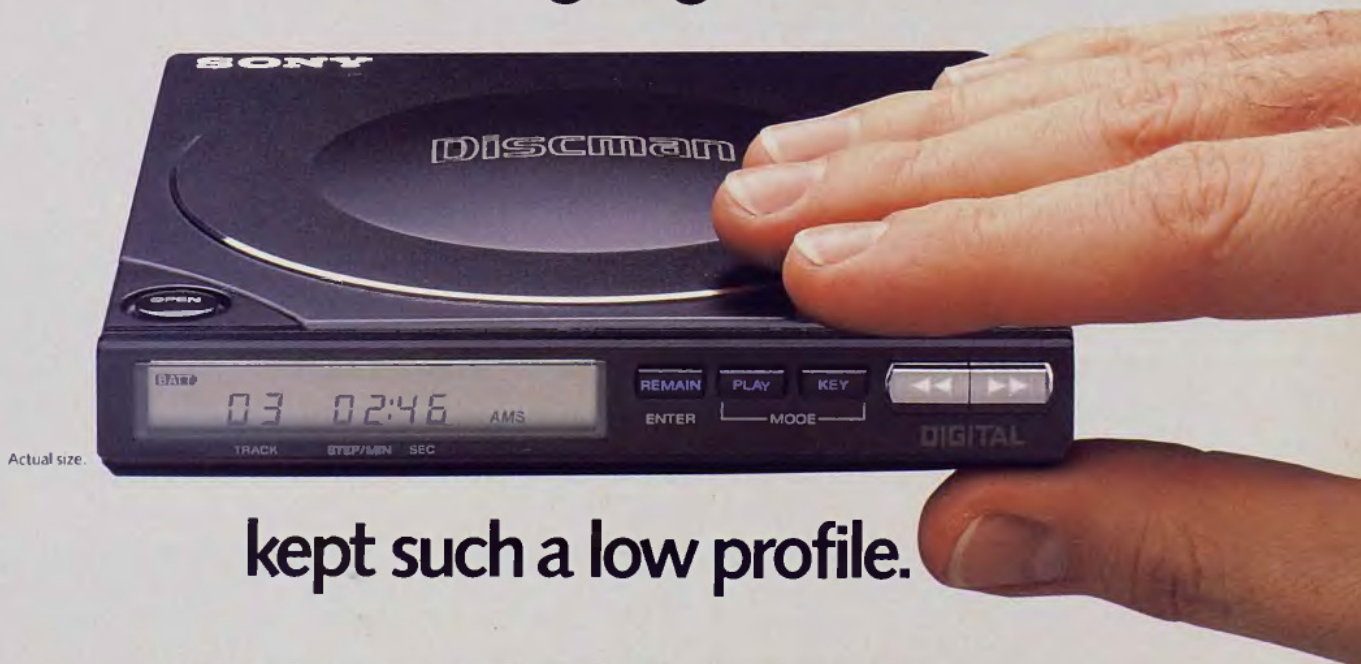
Right at home in your car.

Discman SONY®

THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™



Never has a compact disc player with so much going for it



kept such a low profile.

handled a lot of tough customers during his 24 years of building Daytop Village up from a house on Staten Island to an international therapeutic community with drug-rehabilitation centers all over the United States (including Alaska) and Canada, as well as in Italy, Spain, Thailand, Ireland, Brazil, Malaysia, Israel, Sweden, Germany and the Philippines. In fact, outside of Alcoholics Anonymous, the monsignor's was the largest drug-treatment empire on earth. His New York operation alone had a \$15,000,000 budget.

As we thundered away over the red-and-green bowl of Giants Stadium, the monsignor whipped out some heavy leather picture albums full of color blow-ups showing himself with the Big Guy—Pope John Paul II. "Two weeks after he was shot," the monsignor said, "he was visiting Daytop in Italy."

As we circled Daytop's Catskill Mountain retreat, dozens of people came out of the red, barnlike buildings to stand in the snow and wave. The monsignor sat up in his Plexiglas bubble, waving and smiling. We looked at the photo albums. There was the Pope in *his* Plexiglas bubble, waving and smiling.

The chopper descended into the leafless trees where a circle had been cleared in the snow, and when we hopped out and approached the crowd, a tumultuous applause broke out amid much hugging and cheer. We were knocked over by the love.

We sat in a bright dining room overlooking pine forest and hills. On one wall were some of the traditional A.A. slogans (ONE DAY AT A TIME, YOU HAVE TO GIVE IT AWAY TO KEEP IT). At the front of the room, two large tables had been set with white linen. The monsignor and a few other special people (a Federal prosecutor, for example) were seated there, while 190 drug addicts sat at bare tables and watched them eat pastries and drink coffee, attended by waiters. There was a long, dizzying silence as those scores of addicts sat straight up in their hard chairs, watching them eat. Every one of them seemed positively riveted, as if he'd never seen grown men eat before. Or perhaps they were just hungry. Then, without explanation, they all filed silently out of the room, leaving us with our coffee and cakes in the big empty dining hall. No one attempted to explain what the demonstration meant.

"We don't teach the disease concept of addiction," the monsignor said.

Indeed, he and his followers believe that taking drugs is a symptom of family problems. "We are a family-repair station," he is fond of saying.

The course of treatment at Daytop takes two years and involves breaking down the ego, a technique used by Synanon leader Charles E. Dederich in the Fifties and also by the Moonies. It's called "love bombing," and many psychologists now recog-

nize it as the method developed by the North Koreans for use on captured prisoners of war. It inspired the novel *The Manchurian Candidate*. The Koreans didn't realize that the effects they were after could be achieved without torture and violence. (In fact, physical violence is forbidden at Daytop.) All that's necessary is to remove the subject from his normal environment for a while (usually a few days is sufficient) and bombard him with stimulation and suggestion. The stimulation can be affectionate or cruel (or both); it hardly matters, as long as it is constant. The effect is the same: The suggestion gradually turns to belief. It is a kind of brainwashing, and many religious groups use it in one form or another.

New "prospects" coming to Daytop are systematically besieged by recovering addicts, who call them names, humiliate them and make them admit, "I'm a baby, I'm an addict." To get help from Daytop, one must beg for it. There is a chair called the Prospect Chair, and every new applicant must sit there for an indeterminate length of time, contemplating his commitment to treatment and recovery. The prospect is made to stand up on the chair and beg for help.

Once the prospect's will has been broken, the community showers him with hugs and encouragement and puts him to work cleaning the toilets and the kitchen.



DASH AND TOSS YOUR PREGO® SAUCE.



A few drops of Tabasco® sauce add a little flavor. A lot of drops add a lot of life. So your condiments, entrees and side dishes will have a zest you just can't get from salt or black pepper.

IT'S FOR MORE THAN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS FOR.

© 1987. TABASCO is a registered trademark of McIlhenny Company, Avery Island, Louisiana 70513.

If you smoke *please try Carlton.*

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.

Rule infractions are dealt with by ostracism. A resident might be in the chair for a day and a half (with time out for sleep) because of an attitude problem. That may sound harsh, but for an addict, an attitude problem can lead to relapse, and relapse is often fatal. People who shoot junk into their arms sometimes need to sit quietly for 36 hours or so. In any event, no one has ever died from treatment at Daytop and no one is held hostage.

But there's a long waiting list to get into Daytop, and it costs only \$35 a day, so the citizens at Daytop Village aren't interested in losers. (By comparison, a survey of private hospitals in the New York area showed the average price for treatment to be about \$490 a day.)

The monsignor's methods are controversial; but, in fact, any responsible medical authority will agree that without some form of brainwashing, the disease will follow its fatal course. Indeed, in the Thirties, Carl Jung attempted to treat alcoholics—with no success. (Many psychiatrists have tried over the years, but patients who seek psychiatric help for addictive problems are wasting their money.) Jung gave one patient this prognosis: "You have the mind of a chronic alcoholic. I have never seen one single case recover where that state of mind existed to the extent that it does in you." The patient would, quite simply, drink himself to death unless he was locked up. The

only hope Jung held out was this: "Here and there, once in a while, alcoholics have had what are called vital spiritual experiences. . . . They appear to be in the nature of huge emotional displacements and rearrangements. Ideas, emotions and attitudes which were once the guiding forces of the lives of these men are suddenly cast to one side, and a new set of conceptions and motives begins to dominate them."

Oddly enough, that is precisely what both Fair Oaks and Daytop seek to trigger: huge emotional displacements. Gold and the monsignor may laugh at each other's beliefs, but they strive for the same end. It doesn't matter what they theorize about their methods. Every treatment program must accomplish a spiritual transformation if the addict is to recover.

THE NATIONAL TRAGEDY BUSINESS

Gold understands that the method of treating addiction at Fair Oaks and places like it is not the only answer. "It's like each substance-abuse program is a special vehicle and they teach you how to drive it. But every vehicle isn't appropriate for every person. You have to be able to learn how to drive that vehicle or you have to go find another one." In other words, those who seek relief from addictive disease may have to try several programs before they find one that works for them. "It may be that that program really did work for other people. But it's not like in the rest

of medicine, where prospectively, in advance, we can tell with a good degree of likelihood what it is you're going to respond to." Another element in the problem is that it costs money to try out each new scheme, and most insurance policies pay for only the first one. Most working people are left to play a roulette game, hoping they hit on a legitimate treatment program the first time and that it happens also to be the one that works for them.

Addiction may be one disease, no matter what the chemical, but not all addicts are created equal, and the rigors of science have not yet found a language for dealing with the variety of addictive experience. An addict may take any number of paths. Some researchers believe that most never get counted, because they solve their own problems. They find that they are in trouble and simply quit. They join a self-help group and maintain recovery in that way. Or they make a pact with their wives or their employers to quit and the pact alone keeps them straight.

Typically, the addict who fails in those methods and who then seeks treatment will begin a process of migration from program to program until something takes—until that mysterious spiritual transformation takes place. It is not uncommon to find people who have completed a recognized, legitimate course of treatment ten or even 20 times. Most people start with "the best" treatment

uniden

Perfection.

Uncompromised dedication
to what you believe in.



Ask Jack what it takes to perfect your game. He'll tell you: Competitiveness. Experience. Commitment. Professionalism. And, above all, Uncompromised Dedication. It's this philosophy that brings Jack Nicklaus and Uniden together.

As technology and manufacturing capabilities evolve, so does Uniden, dedicated to the perfection of its existing products while planning aggressive strategies to enter emerging markets—like cellular telephone and digital satellite communications. Over the past twenty years Uniden has perfected its game, mastering every aspect of radio communications, like CB radios, cordless phones, scanners, radar detectors, marine and commercial 2-way radios. In 1987, we look forward to another winning decade.

The Choice of Professional
Golfer Jack Nicklaus.
Winner of 20 major championships.
© 1987 Uniden Corporation of America



uniden®
A New Generation of Communications

program insurance money can buy and move toward more and more restrictive treatment environments until they are locked up if nothing else works. Daytop is one of the most restrictive treatment environments, requiring, as it does, prolonged residence in a community removed from the rest of society. You can't remove drugs from society, but you can remove society from drugs.

A young, fresh-looking Ivy League student at Daytop said he'd been in a coma for 30 hours after an extended spree of smoking cocaine. Black curls fell around his high cheekbones. He wore a sports coat and T-shirt in the current mode, and a shy smile flickered across his face as he recalled his visits to various hospitals. He'd been in and out of treatment many times. When asked what type of impoverished background he had come from to wind up in a nonprofit program such as Daytop's, he said, "My grandfather is a Nobel Peace Prize winner, and my father is a wealthy businessman in New York." No amount of family money could buy what he needed. He knew that he needed to be brainwashed good and proper, or he was going to die.

"They didn't do anything for our spiritual growth," said another Daytopper who'd been to a for-profit private treatment center. "There weren't any group-therapy sessions. We just basically got detoxed and were cut loose."

A fireman at Daytop said his union health-insurance plan paid \$28,000 for his 30-day stay at Regent Hospital in New York. (By comparison, a year at Daytop costs about \$13,000.) Regent is one of several drug-treatment facilities owned by a Los Angeles giant called National Medical Enterprises, Inc., which also owns Fair Oaks. Unquestionably, Regent has a legitimate treatment program, but it still didn't work for that fireman.

Another man told of spending \$7000 in a private clinic in Pennsylvania for 28 days. Hazelden in Minnesota is one of the oldest and most respected addiction-treatment centers in this country. It costs about \$4000 for 28 days.

Monsignor O'Brien and his disciples sneer at the scientists—the Mark Golds of the world—and the new breed of country-club rehabilitation centers that have sprung up in response to the so-called drug crisis in America. O'Brien calls their methods "ping-pong therapy," meaning that they think they can cure addicts by giving them pleasant surroundings and a ping-pong table to play on. He thinks it is cynical and wrong for private companies to lead people with life-threatening problems to believe that they can be cured in 28 days. "Those programs are 28 days long because that's what the insurance companies will pay for," he says.

Drug-treatment centers can, indeed, seem cynical when analyzed in business

terms. The Comprehensive Care Corporation of Irvine, California, has CareUnits at hospitals all over the nation. Chairman and president B. Lee Karns made a telling statement in his company's 1986 annual report. He cited "six positive indicators about our future, which should enable us to perform well. . . ." One of them was that "the indisputable fact remains that the use and abuse of alcohol and drugs in this country continue at epidemic proportions. Chemical abuse constitutes a national tragedy, which is becoming worse, not a problem that is being solved." Now, clearly chairman Karns doesn't think that a national tragedy is a good thing. But his role as chairman forces him to admit that it is a "positive indicator" for his company. In other words, the private, for-profit drug-treatment centers reap their benefits in direct proportion to the depth of this national tragedy. Furthermore, according to Karns, the problem is getting worse, and that's going to boost sales. CompCare had revenues of \$192,936,000 in 1986.

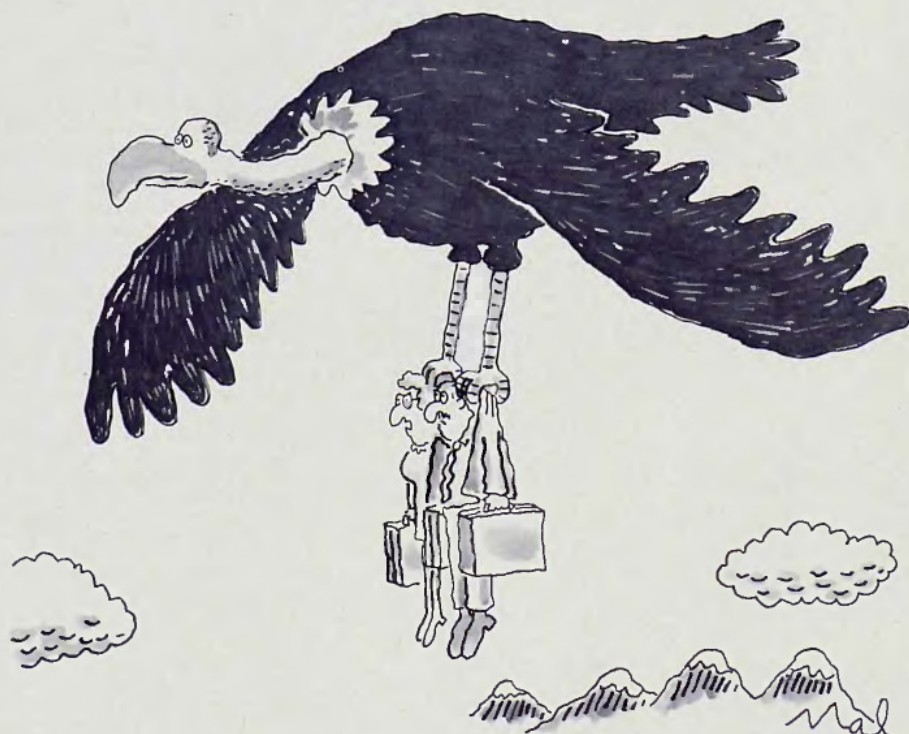
A few years ago, rising medical costs and an economic recession resulted in more and more empty beds in hospitals. People weren't having enough elective surgery. So someone suggested this: Why not find another condition that insurance companies cover and devote those empty beds to that condition and fill them? Comprehensive Care Corporation came up with the idea of the CareUnit to do just that: "McTreatment," as some therapists

call it, an instant drug facility in any local hospital that has empty beds to fill.

It turned out that treating addiction was better than performing surgery. The patient didn't need a doctor; he decided on his own whether or not to buy the service. One surgeon can perform only so many unnecessary hysterectomies, but a couple of therapists can handle hundreds of addicts. A potential patient simply needs to be convinced that he has a problem. And that means advertising. Then create an attractive environment, make treatment seem like fun and, above all, keep it simple.

It sounds pretty terrible, doesn't it? Are the private, for-profit drug-treatment centers helping people or are they simply taking advantage of a national tragedy?

Michael Darcy, head of the Gateway Foundation in Chicago and a man highly qualified to treat addictive disease, says, "I'm all in favor of them. They are a tremendous help. The TV ads are something we could never afford, and they've made it possible for people out there to diagnose themselves. That would not have been possible a few years ago. Secondly, the private clinics are getting people into A.A. who wouldn't otherwise get there." A.A., especially in the past few years, has become a self-help haven for substance abusers of all stripes (some under the affiliated groups of C.A. [Cocaine Anonymous] and N.A. [Narcotics Anonymous]). Without the 28-day programs, Darcy says, either those people would have to spend



"Wally, when you said we were flying economy, I thought. . . ."

YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!



Our Catalogs
Feature Sensuous
Lingerie, Corsets,

Wigs, Stiletto Heeled Shoes, Cosmetics,
Stockings & Bras in Various Materials.
Sizes Petite To Super Large & Tall. (All
Mail Sent Discreetly—Our Name Does
Not Appear On Return Address.) To
Order Send \$6 For Our New Exciting
Uni-sex Boutique Subscription. Send
\$25.95 For Full Color Lingerie, Hosiery
& Corsets Catalog. Sizes Petite To
Super Large. Send Cash, Check Or M.O.
To:

Michael Salem Enterprises, Inc.
Dept. PB-587
P.O. Box 1781
FDR Station
New York, New York 10150

Phone For Credit Card Orders, Retail
Purchases. Or Information, Call: 212
986-1777 or 212 371-6877. Above
Catalogs Are Deductible From 1st Mdse.
Order—N.Y. Res. Add Appl. Sales Tax.

TODAY'S BEST CONDOMS ARE AVAILABLE BY MAIL!



Today's most pleasurable condoms are not available in
stores... but you can get them from Adam & Eve —
by mail!

We have the newest imported condoms from Japan —
WRINKLE ZERO and "SKINLESS SKINS" — the thinnest
condoms in the world. Specially textured condoms like
TEXTURE PLUS for greater sexual pleasure; slimmer-
shaped condoms, like SLIMS and HUGGER, 5% smaller
in diameter for a snugger fit. These are just a few of our
top condom brands. Our Shop-By-Mail Catalog has many
more, including the ever-popular TROJAN, ultra-sensitive
FOUREX and many other brands — more than you can
find in any store!

Which condom is best for you? Our exclusive Sampler
packages let you try an assortment of many different
brands at special savings! Try our \$9 Sampler (38 assorted
condoms), or our SUPER 100 Sampler — 100 assorted
condoms in a single package.

Your order will be delivered right to your door, discreetly
packaged to protect your privacy. Why not order today?
If you are not completely satisfied with your purchase,
your money will be cheerfully refunded — no questions
asked.

Send check or money-order to:

Adam & Eve

P.O. Box 900, Dept. PB-21
Carrboro, NC 27510

- ☐ #C4 \$6 Sampler\$6.00
☐ #CC4 \$9 Sampler\$9.00
☐ #CB Super 100 Sampler\$19.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FIREWORKS

Firecrackers, Bottle Rockets,
Roman Candles, Fountains, etc.
THE LARGEST VARIETY IN THE U.S.A.

FREE

with every purchase
of fireworks

1-800-835-5236
NATIONWIDE
305-920-6770
IN FLORIDA

NEPTUNE
FIREWORKS CO. INC.
P.O. BOX 398 DEPT. B85
DANIA, FLORIDA 33004
Void where prohibited.

INDIANATONES™

AUTHENTIC HAT

Get one of these
fantastic hats
while they last!
100% Wool Felt.
Made in the USA
by the famous
Stetson® Company.

Sizes S(6 3/4-7 1/2), M(7 1/2-7 3/4), L(7 3/4-7 7/8), XL(7 7/8-8 1/4). Send
\$24 to the address below. VISA and MASTERCARD
customers call toll-free 800-334-5474. Money-back
guarantee.

(NC residents add 5% sales tax.)
Limited supply at this price!

P&S Sales Dept. PB-57A, Box 1600
Chapel Hill, NC 27515

TM & © 1984 Lucalfilm Ltd. All Rights Reserved. John B. Stetson Co. Authorized User.

How To Talk To Women!

Now On Cassette!

Do you get tongue-tied
around attractive wo-
men...worry you're not
good-looking enough?

Well, world famous
author Eric Weber, is here to
help with an amazing 90
minute cassette of his highly
acclaimed New York City
course, "HOW TO MEET
NEW WOMEN!" You will
learn:

- How to "break the ice" with women.
- How to make a woman feel warm and loving toward you.
- Why the most Beautiful Women are often the easiest to meet.
- How to get women to approach you.
- Conversation openers that don't sound corny or foolish.
- The unexpected meeting places where women always outnumber men.
- And so much more!

Thousands of men have already paid \$25 to attend Eric Weber's seminars. Now for only \$12.95, you can have the best of his teachings on cassette for use in the privacy of your own home, to build that extra bit of confidence. So order right now. Within days you'll be the kind of guy who can charm any woman he wants **without even trying.**

To order "HOW TO MEET NEW WOMEN!" send just \$12.95 plus \$2.00 shipping to:

SYMPHONY PRESS, INC.

Dept. VS-K, P.O. Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670.

MC and VISA accepted. Cardholders may also order by phone. Call toll-free anytime: 800-631-2560.

Canadians add 20%.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

While you're at it, send me Eric Weber's classic bestselling book, **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS**. I've enclosed an additional \$12.95 plus \$2.00 shipping.

decades poisoning themselves before they really "hit bottom" or else they might die before ever getting to self-help groups. In many cases, the 28-day programs catch people who are on the brink of suicide or verging on overdose. Furthermore, says Darcy, "more young people are getting into A.A. than ever before. They get their lives back earlier."

"BRINGING UP THE BOTTOM"

If it is a characteristic of the disease to deny its existence, how, then, can an addict be persuaded to seek treatment? The television ads tell wives that their husbands are drunks, tell parents their kids are dope fiends, tell everyone, "Surely, someone you love has this problem. Why don't you help him-slash-her?" Denial is one reason that the for-profit drug-treatment centers use what's known as the Minnesota Model of therapy. The Minnesota Model is the method of treatment developed by Hazelden (which is nonprofit). It has a magical ingredient that some other treatment programs lack, without which treatment for profit would be much less productive of cash flow. That ingredient is known as intervention.

The A.A. philosophy holds that an alcoholic—or a cocaine or heroin addict—has to "hit bottom" before he can enter treatment. Until he hits bottom, he's going to be more interested in getting drunk than in getting sober. (Remember, it's become a primary drive, more important than food, water and sex.) Now, hitting bottom may mean nothing more than becoming so sick of himself that the abuser can't stand it any longer. Or it may mean utter devastation. In the early days of A.A., if a problem drinker went for help too early, old-timers might have deemed him still too healthy to appreciate fully what A.A. was all about. They might have been inclined to tell him, "You're not ready. Go on out and get some more experience." Then, when he had finally lost his house, his car, his job, his wife, his reputation, his money, his dog, his health and, most important, his self-esteem—then and only then did those A.A. pioneers embrace him. (Today, A.A. accepts anyone who is chemically dependent.)

Clearly, a program such as that would not work well for profit. No, on the contrary: Get those addicts into treatment long before even they realize the need for it. From a medical standpoint, it made more sense, anyway. A doctor wouldn't diagnose cancer and tell the patient, "Well, the tumor is only the size of a pea. Come back when it's the size of a football and we'll operate." Addictive disease, like any disease, is best treated early; and research has shown that any treatment is better than no treatment, even if it doesn't result in total abstinence the first time

Catalogs with Sizzle!

We've gathered catalogs from the nation's best specialty shops and mail order firms. Bursting with new ideas for your spring shopping. Order now from the coupon at the bottom of this page.

THE 1987 UJENA CATALOG

1. Indulge yourself in the world's most sumptuous swimwear, captured in a magnificent collection of body-conscious fashions. From scintillating metallics to buttersoft suedes, from rhinestones to the best of the basics, plus hot new looks from Paris. All in rich, pure colors. Made from the finest fabrics and materials. All uniquely styled to flatter your figure. Send \$2 for our next three catalogs.



2. Discover the NEW **Frederick's of Hollywood**...for the woman who feels different—more romantic, more playful, more daring. Distinctive dresses and sportswear, sexy lingerie, exclusive bras, swimwear, shoes, menswear and accessories. Send \$3.00 for a **one year catalog subscription**—plus—receive **\$10.00 worth of gift certificates**.



JOYCE HOLDER
—JUST BIKINIS, INC.—

**BIKINI SEPARATES
TO SUIT YOU
1987 Color Catalog**

3. Joyce Holder's Just Bikinis, Exclusive designs (not available in stores). Helpful Hints on the best style for your figure. Finest Quality Lycra Spandex. Perfect Fit—We Guarantee It! TOPS: A B C D DD E. BOT-TOMS: 5 7 9 11 13 15. Color Catalog and "How To Fit Guide" \$2.00 (refundable with first order).

EAST OF EDEN



sets, garterbelts, and much more. Send only \$5 for 2 full color catalogs.

4. BECOME A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN with Feminine Fantasy Clothing Direct from Europe. We specialize in exotic fabrics, stretchy, rubbery PVC, Wet-Cire, Satins and silks made into the most unusual exciting designs ever seen. Erotic dresses, skirts, pants, discowear—sizes 6 to 28. Spikey shoes, high boots—sizes 3 to 13. Lingerie, cor-



5. FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE, Sail a tall ship to a remote Caribbean Island. Your fantasies come true 'neath moonlite sails. Live-Love-Limbo WINDJAMMER style. Six romantic days from \$625. Send for your adventure magazine FREE.



6. **SEXY
SWIMSUIT
BROCHURES
...In full color**

Sunup/Sundown®



7. 8. & 9. Linda's Love Lace New 1987 Lingerie & Swimwear Catalog. Fun wear for Women and Men. This 40-page, full-color catalog for 1987 contains all the finest in women's fashion lingerie. Obtain your copy for only \$3. Big Beautiful Woman Large size catalog available for only \$2. Shop at Home Lingerie Video—A preview of the Linda's Love Lace 1987 product line \$29.95.

Romantique Lingerie



10. A fine collection of intimate apparel to help you create those romantic moments. Feminine by day or romantic at night, our \$5.00 catalog with over 40 color pages, offers you a wide selection of romantic lingerie at affordable prices.

11. 12. & 13. Video's, Color Photographs and Slides of California's best modeling exciting lingerie, sheer stockings garter-belts, pantyhose, raised skirts, full figure poses and Now Sexy Swimwear. Custom Creative Images' Catalog with over 100 photos is \$5.00. (plus 3 future issues) OR Catalog, future issues and 4 (Jumbo 4" x 6") sample color prints is \$10.00. We also sell lingerie.

LINGERIE VIDEO—A preview of 10 beautiful models in sensuous lingerie, with excerpts from their videos & photographs. 40 mins. \$34.95.



NORTH BEACH LEATHER



14. A Full Year of Catalogs. Starting this Spring, shopping for that special jacket and pants, or gift for the woman in your life, will be as simple as opening your favorite magazine. North Beach Leather brings you each season's best leather looks, both classic and up-to-the minute. \$3.



VOYAGES

The Relationship Enhancement Magazine/Catalog

15. Celebrating our 3rd big year with a colorful new 48 page book with over 785 NEW ITEMS, specializing in adult toys, lotions, books, lingerie and other products for the sensually aware. The world's most sophisticated catalog of sensual products... plus information on how to create more joy and intimacy in your relationship. (\$18.50 in discount coupons included with first catalog.) Send \$3.50 today! This catalog is FABULOUS. YOU'LL LOVE IT!



JOIN THE FUN

16. Join over a half-million young-spirited people nationwide who enjoy the shopping convenience and extraordinary selections from the colorful, unique, sensuous and very funny Mellow Mail Catalogs. Browse among the nation's largest mail order selection of T-shirts; sexy lingerie, men's underwear, swimwear, lotions, videos, posters, super gifts and much, much more. For one year's subscription, send \$2.00.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

NEW EXCITING LINGERIE VIDEO

17. 18. Join us live on the set as we photograph some of the most beautiful women in the world modeling the Mellow Mail lingerie line. Enjoy the power of disco music setting the mood, whirling cameras, strobes flashing and gorgeous, sexy women modeling knockout lingerie. Discover for yourself the mysteries, power and sexual magnetism of photographing lingerie in this sensational precedent-breaking 30 minute video! Available in either VHS or Beta for only \$22.95 postpaid.

6. VHS \$22.95 postpaid
7. Beta \$22.95 postpaid



Send coupon to: CATALOGS U.S.A. c/o Nielsen Inquiry Service Dept. PB 587, P.O. Box 2035, Clinton, IA 52735

Check to the left of each listing the catalogs you want. Enclose check or M.O. for total, plus a \$1.00 mailing charge.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Ujena (\$2) | 11. Custom Creative Catalog (\$5) |
| 2. Frederick's (\$3) | 12. Custom Creative Catalog & Prints (\$10) |
| 3. Joyce Holder (\$2) | 13. Custom Creative Video (\$34.95) |
| 4. East of Eden (\$5) | 14. No. Beach Leather (\$3) |
| 5. Windjammer (Free) | 15. Voyages (\$3.50) |
| 6. Sunup/Sundown (Free) | 16. Mellow Mail Catalog (\$2) |
| 7. Linda's Love Lace Catalog (\$3) | 17. Mellow Mail VHS Video (\$22.95) |
| 8. Linda's Love Lace Big Beautiful Woman (\$2) | 18. Mellow Mail Beta Video (\$22.95) |
| 9. Linda's Love Lace Video (\$29.95) | |
| 10. Romantique Lingerie (\$5) | |

total cost of catalogs ordered \$

ADD \$1.00 MAILING CHARGE \$ **1.00**

Total Enclosed \$

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make check or money order payable to: CATALOGS U.S.A. PB 05/01/87



"Whenever you boys git hungry, remember, it's first come, first served!"



Hear What You've Been Missing

Introducing DPD™ from Proton

If you're running that terrific new CD player off an amplifier or receiver that's three to five years old, you're missing out on a great deal of clean, uncompromising sound. Most amps of that vintage just can't create the extra headroom that's necessary for accurate digital reproduction. Every time the music hits a peak, your amp will be gasping for breath. And you'll definitely hear about it. Unless you have a Proton 40 Series amplifier or receiver with our exclusive, patented DPD circuitry.

Reserve power in an instant

DPD stands for Dynamic Power on Demand™. Designed for the increased demands of today's digital audio discs and hi-fi video sound, it utilizes a sophisticated, dual power supply which acts as a power reserve. During musical peaks, it delivers up to four times the amplifier's rated power for an amazing six dB of headroom. And DPD handles these boosts much more smoothly.

Plus, DPD sustains that dynamic power up to 400 milliseconds. More

than enough time for you to hear all the crisp, clean transient response you've been missing. From the pluck of a cello. To the crash of a cymbal. As faithfully as if they were being performed live.

Best of all, DPD gives you all of this extra power without your having to pay the extra price for a much larger amplifier.

So if you want totally uncompromising digital sound, you can't afford to compromise with your system. That's why you need Proton with DPD. With anything else, you'll be missing out.

For the Proton Audio/Video Dealer nearest you, call (800) 772-0172 In California, (800) 428-1006

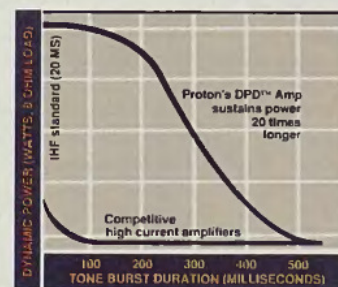
PROTON®

Clearly the best.

737 West Artesia Blvd., Compton, Calif. 90220



Proton's acclaimed 40 Series Audio Components top to bottom: D940 Stereo Receiver with DPD™, 440 Stereo Tuner, D540 Stereo Amplifier with DPD™, 740 Stereo Cassette Deck and the 830R Compact Disc Player.



★ TAX FREE SALARIES ★ WORLDWIDE JOBS

ARE AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY FOR EXPERIENCED MEN AND WOMEN

★ YOUR FIRST \$70,000 IS TAX FREE ★

WITH THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

FREE TRAVEL • FREE FOOD • FREE HOUSING • FREE MEDICAL
• • • MUCH MUCH MORE • • •

Our Clients are hiring NOW: PETRO-CHEMICAL • ENGINEERING

• ACCOUNTING • MATERIAL • MO's • ODS • RN's • EOP • CONSTRUCTION
• EX-MILITARY • HVAC • FINANCE • HOSPITAL TECHS AND ADMIN • ELECTRICAL

Call now or send resume to: **OPEN SUNDAY THROUGH FRIDAY**



Overseas

Unlimited Agency, Inc.

CALL NOW (213) 739-8080

3460 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 908S, Los Angeles, CA 90010
All Other States

OR CONTACT (208) 344-0442

290 Bobwhite Ct., Suite 240S, Boise, ID 83706
FOR the following states only: Idaho, Montana, N. Dakota,
Oregon, S. Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, Utah, All
of Canada.

OR CONTACT (813) 985-7300

7402 N. 56th St., Suite 800S, Tampa, FL 33617
FOR the following states only: Alabama, Arkansas,
Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missis-
sippi, N. Carolina, S. Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia,
Washington D.C., W. Virginia

OR CONTACT (201) 624-3700

Gateway One (at Penn Station), Suite 501S
Newark, NJ 07102
FOR the following states only: Connecticut, Delaware,
Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New
York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont.

Licensed and Bonded

ADVANCE FEE
Employment not guaranteed

Outback Style For All Weather!



**Australian
Flood Coat Drovers**

100% Rainproof
100% Guaranteed **\$125.00**
Colors: Black, Yellow, Red,
Blue, Tan

Credit Card Orders 1-800-628-6283
Australian Outback Collection
Box 987(P)
Evergreen, Colorado 80439-0987
303-670-3933

Send \$1.00 for Color Catalog
Get \$2.00 credit on first order

FAST PHOTO SERVICE

We will Develop and Print it for
\$13.99 + \$2.50 Postage & Handling
(Except Black and White)

135 Disc 110 126

We Accept:

Cash, Check, Money Order, Visa-Mastercard
Sorry No C.O.D.'s

Send to: FAST PHOTO SERVICE

P.O. Box 700

Charlotte, TX 78011

Allow 2-3 Weeks Deliver

Void Where Prohibited By Law

BE ALMOST 2" TALLER!!



SIZES: 5-11
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MEN'S
SHOES

Look just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside
is a height increasing innersole. Wide selection
available including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes
and casuals. Moneyback guarantee. Exceptionally
comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE
color catalog. "MD. RESID. CALL 301-663-5111"

TOLL-FREE 1-800-343-3810

ELEVATORS®

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB75
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21701

around. And so the idea of "bringing up the bottom" to meet the addict was developed. It is described in *Easy Does It*:

An essential part of Minnesota Model treatment is direct intervention in the [addict's] life. . . . Since denial is a central characteristic in [addiction], the Minnesota Model supports getting the practicing [addict] into treatment through constructive coercion if necessary, by using either involuntary commitment or "voluntary" admission resulting from an arranged crisis confrontation. The [addict] is a motivated person, motivated to feel better, and [drug taking] is used as a means of trying to feel better. Once the denial system is dismantled, the motivation to feel better can be used constructively in the rehabilitation process.

The most important fact about intervention is that it works. People who seek treatment voluntarily do no better than people coerced into it. As a consequence, most for-profit treatment facilities today can feel confident that using trained intervention specialists is a legitimate way to generate business while helping the addict.

A typical intervention involves getting the addict's relatives, friends, employer—anyone who has influence over him—to have, as it were, a surprise party for him coordinated by a professional counselor. Each person has a prepared list of what the addict has done lately to make life miserable. (A daughter might be enlisted, for example, to say, "Mom, I brought my new boyfriend over and you came out of the bathroom naked." Or "Dad, you missed my graduation because you couldn't get out of bed.") Each person also has an ultimatum. (A boss might be brought in to say, "Jim, if you don't get into this treatment program, you're going to be fired.")

Mark Gold calls it "organized coercion. And that's really what it comes down to, short of catastrophic intervention, such as an accident, hitting bottom, you crack up your car, you're busted going through the metal detectors. Your family may have called Customs to arrange an involuntary commitment. They'll call the local police and say, 'I'll turn in my loved one if you promise me that you'll give him the choice of treatment or prosecution.' This happens all the time. Once the addict's relationship to the drug is stronger than any other relationships, then you need some organized intervention." Timing may be of the essence. "There may be just an instant when the person is truly receptive to getting help."

Once the addict is in treatment, especially treatment before he has hit bottom, "it appears that the person is never more than 51 percent in favor of getting better," Gold says. "There really are these two

Get Fox® radar protection before radar gets you.



INTRODUCING VIXEN III™

Finally. Driving is fun again, because the new Vixen III takes the guesswork out of spotting police radar. Despite competing claims, it's a simple fact: No other radar detector combines Vixen III protection with Vixen III convenience.

Radar can't hide from Vixen III.

Low power X or K Band radar can't hide. Quarter-second bursts of instant-on radar can't hide. Moving radar, approaching from behind, is announced loud and clear. Even distant, hidden radar can't hide. You *know* when radar is on the road long before it knows you are.

The exceptional range and sensitivity of Vixen III are made possible by newly developed Fox analog microcircuitry. (No one else has it.) At the instant of radar contact, an oversize, six-part LED meter tells you if the radar is near or far. A variable pulse audible alarm also informs you of your distance from the radar source.

Vixen III cannot be fooled.

Drivers put their trust in radar detectors. So nothing is more misleading—or annoying—than false alarms caused by non-radar signals. Vixen III filters out false alarms with the newest Random Signal Reject (RSR™) technology.

When you receive an alert, it *has* to be radar. It won't be a false alarm caused by a mobile phone, an airplane overhead, or another radar detector nearby. In a year or two, every high-end detector will probably offer the advantages of RSR. But why wait? Vixen III offers them *now*.

No other radar detector is this convenient and easy to use.

To make driving even more pleasant and worry-free, Fox originated these exclusive Vixen III features...

AutoPower makes it unnecessary to turn off Vixen III, or disconnect its power cord, when leaving your vehicle. Vixen III shuts itself down when the ignition is turned off, then turns itself back on when your vehicle is started.



Vixen III. The slyest Fox of them all.

Another exclusive, *AutoMute*, keeps long radar alerts from competing with music or conversation. The audible alarm silences itself after five seconds. (You continue to monitor radar range with the LED meter.) The alarm will remain silent—until the start of your next radar encounter.

Four full-size pushbuttons, each with its own On/Off indicator, give you instant command of all Vixen III functions. Two pushbuttons control *AutoMute* and *AutoPower*. Another lets you select Highway to extend Vixen III range on the

open road. The *Lights* pushbutton shuts down all LED indicators for discreet, after-dark driving.

Vixen III is the most user-friendly detector you can own.

Backed by experience, built to last.

Vixen III is the successor to our highly rated Vixen II™—the detector that earned *Road & Track* magazine's highest rating.

Vixen III electronics are protected by a handsome, rugged case that is made of metal, not plastic. The integration of Vixen III circuitry enhances reliability as well as performance.

Over one-million Fox radar detectors have been put into service since 1975. Vixen III is the culmination of a decade's leadership in microwave technology.

In the unlikely event your Vixen III should need service or adjustment, a one-year limited warranty on all parts and service is packaged with each Vixen III.

Surely, Vixen III is the preferred cure for any driver's radar worries.

Maybe that is why simply announcing Vixen III generated over 2,000 advance orders from our customers.

A phone call puts you closer to driving peace of mind.

We can ship you a Vixen III for only \$249.95. For more information, call us toll free at 1-800-543-8000. Please ask for Department P-489.



Fox radar detectors employ dual conversion superheterodyne circuitry using gallium arsenide (GaAs) diodes and RSR™ (Random Signal Reject) anti-falsing electronics.

A SINGER'S DREAM!



REMOVES VOCALS FROM RECORDS!

Now You can sing with the world's best bands! The Thompson Vocal Eliminator can remove most or virtually all of a lead vocal from a standard stereo record and leave the background!

Write or call for a free brochure and demo record.

LT Sound, Dept. PB-5, 7980 LT Parkway
Lithonia, GA 30058 (404) 482-4724

24 HOUR PHONE DEMO LINE: (404) 482-2485

POWER-SAIL™

WORLD'S FINEST
ASCENDING PARACHUTE
100% Made in the USA!

Acapulco-Nassau-Cancun
Now...Tow behind your boat!

VISA, Mastercard, AMEX welcome.

POWER-SAIL CORP.
PO Box 856H, Flemington, NJ 08822
1-201-782-9344 EXT 58



THE STOMACH MACHINE



RE-EDUCATE FLABBY MUSCLES AT HOME!

Not just for stomach, but for all muscles.

Quality home units: \$395

DESERT SUN FITNESS GROUP

1605 E. Charleston Blvd. Las Vegas, NV 89104

call 1-800-835-2246, ext. 49.

**PIGSKIN
BACKPACK**

In the days of Lewis & Clark, expeditions required packs so rugged and tough, only leather could meet the test. Now get the same durability from this 100% supple, golden, pigskin leather backpack. Stays soft even after getting wet. It features a spacious 14"x17"x5" interior with three large gusseted outside pockets. Carry clothing, food, ammunition — all the supplies you'll need for a long day on the trail. Now only \$39.50. Money-back guarantee. VISA & MasterCard accepted. Write for **FREE Great Adventure Catalog!** NC residents add 4.5% sales tax.

**Only
\$39.50**

CALL TOLL FREE P&S Sales
1-800-334-5474

Dept. PB-57, Box 1600
Chapel Hill, NC 27515

forces within him: the drug speaking and trying to preserve itself—the parasite trying to remain in some equilibrium with the host—and the other side of the person that's getting all this support from work, from friends, from loved ones, to try to bolster itself, to make it assert itself so that treatment becomes possible."

The essential aim of Hazelden's treatment plan—the Minnesota Model—is to get the addict fully involved in A.A. or one of its sister organizations, so that when he leaves treatment, he will continue going to meetings. The same is true of Gateway, Fair Oaks, the Betty Ford Center, Comprehensive Care's CareUnits and every responsible treatment facility. In fact, one measure of a treatment program's effectiveness is how far it will go to get the addict to join A.A. after his insurance money is gone. At some hospitals, a staff member will hand the phone to the addict when his 28 days are up and say, "Call A.A. Here's the number. Good luck." Others have A.A. meetings in the hospital throughout the treatment program and insist upon follow-up meetings on hospital grounds. Some private programs won't accept anyone who can't commit himself to at least a year of treatment. Another key to good treatment is including the family. The addict cannot go it alone. Addiction is a disease that affects the entire family. Being married to an addict, being the child or the parent of an addict makes one ill. Family members must be treated, or the patient will relapse. And even with A.A., there is a 50 percent chance of relapse within 24 months.

RELAPSE

The small percentage of the people in any society who suffer from addictive disease suffer greatly. Part of the reason is relapse. The American Medical Association includes in its definition of alcoholism the fact that it is a disease "characterized by a tendency to relapse." (The same is true of addiction to any other drug.) Of those who are treated, half to two thirds relapse within two years, whatever their method of treatment. Yet few treatment facilities address that issue, either before or during treatment; and few programs provide the long-term therapy necessary to give the patient the best chance against relapse. The reason for that is simple: Treatment costs money. And most insurance policies cover only 28 days of treatment in the hospital and extremely limited follow-up and outpatient treatment.

When relapse occurs, it seems to come out of the blue, blanking out all reason, all experience, all logic. But there are warning signs. It may begin as anger or depression. It may begin as a sense of well-being, confidence, a warm glow of pride at how well everything is going. As one A.A. member said, "In my 30 years, no one

Fireworks

Get your rockets off...
Blue Angel!

Call for a **FREE** Color Catalog

US 1-800/BLU ANGEL

US 1-800/258-2643

OH 1-800/362-1034

Or send name and address to:
BLUE ANGEL FIREWORKS

P.O. Box 26, Dept. PB57
Columbiana, Ohio 44408

Void Where
Prohibited

☐ YES, send me my **FREE** 1987 Color Catalog

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

BLUE ANGEL FIREWORKS
P.O. Box 26, Dept. PB57, Columbiana, Ohio 44408

Try 10

**Protex®
Condoms**

FREE



To introduce you to finest quality Protex® brand condoms, we'll send you 10 free! Send for yours today! Protex® brand condoms are sold at drug counters everywhere...ask for them by name.

Send \$1.00 handling (cash, check or money order) to receive your sampler of 10 Protex condoms featuring **Arouse®** and an assortment of **Secure®**, **Touch®**, **Contracept Plus®** and **Man-Form Plus®** to: **National Sanitary Laboratories, Inc.** 7150 N. Ridgeway Ave., Dept. PD587 Lincolnwood, Illinois 60465 Canadian residents send to: Bathurst Sales 125, Norfinch Dr., Downsview, ONT. M3N 1W8. Be sure to print clearly your name, address and zip code for prompt shipment. Limit one offer per household. Shipped in discreet packages. Void where prohibited. ©1986 National Sanitary Laboratories, Inc.

Capture your own street legal **BIG BEAR**



Enter the **\$50,000 BIG BEAR SWEEPSTAKES!**

Win a street legal Big Bear, just like those monster trucks you've seen on TV! The Big Bear is a custom 1986 Nissan high-lift 4x4 pickup truck on monster wheels with A/C, AM/FM stereo, and deluxe cab. Worth over \$20,000 if you could buy it off the lot, the Big Bear is the **grand prize** in our super Big Bear Sweepstakes with prize valued at over \$50,000!

No purchase is necessary. . . just pick up an entry form at your local hobby store or send us the completed coupon at right, and we'll send you an entry form with all the rules and details about the Big Bear Sweepstakes. **If you purchase a Big Bear model by phone or by coupon before January 29, 1988, we'll automatically enter you in the sweepstakes.**

Prize winners will choose from wooden ship models, car kits and collectibles, radio control kits, airplanes, tools for modelers, and much, much more because prizes are gift certificates you can use for any item Model Expo sells! Prizes may be redeemed at cooperating hobby stores or directly from Model Expo.

25 First Prizes
\$300 Gift Certificate
100 Third Prizes
\$75 Gift Certificate

50 Second Prizes
\$150 Gift Certificate
750 Fourth Prizes
\$10 Gift Certificate

**Remember! Entry forms are available only
by mail or from your local hobby dealer!**

**Big Bear is just one of Model Expo's RC
champions! For a full color catalog packed with
fast-action RC cars and boats, send \$1.00 with
your coupon.**



model expo, inc. 23 Just Road, Fairfield, NJ 07007

VISIT OUR STORES

New Jersey
25 Just Road
Fairfield 07007

California
2758 W. Sepulveda Blvd.
Torrance 90505

Illinois
344 Ridge Road
Wilmette 60091

Build your own **BIG BEAR!**

Two-foot drops are nothing to this monster model. . . you can plow through mud, charge over breathtaking inclines, and pound obstacles under foot as you take on the exciting world of off-road RC racing! This 1/12 scale RC model from Tokyo Marui has semi-pneumatic tires on a 12" wheel base to guarantee traction at actual speeds of 15 mph and more. Powered by a Mabuchi "Black" RS-480 engine and 7-gear differential, Big Bear muscles through the terrain on heavy-duty rear spring suspension and independent front springs. A steel coil spring front bumper handles all those unavoidable collisions.

Yes, the Big Bear model is a tough customer, but it's easy to build in about eight hours with the super clear instructions with exploded diagrams. A \$99.95 value, you can bring home the Big Bear for only **\$69.88**

Save over \$50.00 on our Sweepstakes Intro Special! It includes the Big Bear Kit plus everything you need to get rolling: 2-channel radio control unit, rechargeable NiCad battery pack, and universal quick charger for NiCad batteries. The complete Sweepstakes Intro Package is a \$169.99 value. . . now only **\$118.88**

Use the coupon below to order your Big Bear kit and accessory package, or call anytime from the US and Canada toll free:

1-800-228-5588

(Orders only are processed at this number)



Model Expo, Inc., 23 Just Road, Fairfield, NJ 07007 Dept. PL-57

I can't wait to get rolling! Please send me the following items:

- ☐ Big Bear Kit only (#M159RC4) \$69.88 ea. ☐ Full-Color Catalog, \$1.00 ea. (Free with purchase)
☐ Sweepstakes Intro Special (Big Bear Kit PLUS radio, battery pack, and charger) (#M444) \$118.88 ea. ☐ Free Sweepstakes Entry Form only

Please add \$7.50 shipping and handling. N.J., CA, and IL residents must add appropriate sales tax.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for \$ _____

☐ Charge my credit card: ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

No purchase necessary to enter sweepstakes. Void where prohibited. Sweepstakes ends January 29, 1988. Requests for sweepstakes entry forms must be received by December 15, 1987.

If not completely satisfied, return your purchase in its original condition within 30 days for a full refund.

ever called me to ask to be prevented from taking a drink. I myself never called for help at the threshold of relapse, probably because I did not want to be stopped." From *Alcoholics Anonymous*, here's a description of relapse after a promising period of sobriety:

I felt hungry, so I stopped at a roadside place where they have a bar. I had no intention of drinking. I just thought I would get a sandwich. . . . I had eaten there many times during the months I was sober. I sat down at a table and ordered a sandwich and a glass of milk. Still no thought of drinking. I ordered another sandwich and decided to have another glass of milk. *Suddenly the thought crossed my mind that if I were to put an ounce of whiskey in my milk, it couldn't hurt me on a full stomach. I ordered a whiskey and poured it into the milk. I vaguely sensed I was not being any too smart but felt reassured as I was taking the whiskey on a full stomach.* The experiment went so well that I ordered another

whiskey and poured it into more milk. That didn't seem to bother me, so I tried another.

That adventure landed that addict in an asylum. The scientists would call what happened to him selective memory or euphoric recall, in which the addict suddenly remembers the good times he had while high. It is a cunning and baffling and cruel trick of neurochemistry. Charles Crewe of Hazelden concludes that "the tendency to relapse should receive as much attention as does initial recovery." In other words, any program that slights the importance of a deep and lifelong involvement in A.A. (or Cocaine Anonymous or Narcotics Anonymous) is not for the addict who is serious about protecting his recovery.

In the Thirties, Alcoholics Anonymous emerged from the disastrous inability of the medical and psychiatric professions to do anything about alcoholism. One historian described what early A.A. members did and how it worked:

Drinking experiences and alcoholic histories were dramatically revealed at the slightest provocation; suggestions were freely given based on one's own experiential background of alcoholism—and recovery; hope and enthusiasm were openly expressed about the good prospects that most patients had for recovery; and coffee was consumed extensively throughout the day and night. . . . This finding that, somehow, sick, disturbed people could help each other in small peer groups without the benefit of professional assistance surprised us very much. . . . We now call this therapeutic peer-group experience the "helper-therapy principle," meaning that in such groups the helper seems to get as much help as the person being helped.

The A.A. tradition of telling stories is not for the benefit of the person to whom they are told. It is for the benefit of the person telling them. Historian Ernest Kurtz wrote, "The sober alcoholic told his own story out of the conviction that such honesty was required only by and necessary only to his own sobriety. This example was evidence of the A.A. understanding that honesty was necessary to get sobriety." The happy by-product of self-therapy for the one who has already attained sobriety is that the would-be A.A. member identifies with the stories he hears. He says, "Hey, this guy was almost as pan-fried as I was. And look at him now. How did he get sober?" Once that moment of identification—of constructive envy—is achieved, the addict is on his way to recovery.

Becoming addicted is like being in a near-fatal car accident and having both legs cut off. In relative terms, it doesn't happen to many people. And it shouldn't discourage everyone else from driving. But for those unfortunate enough to be victims, there is no quick fix, only a lifetime of coping; and any advertisement that suggests otherwise is misleading people.

There is only one proven way to maintain abstinence: one day at a time for a lifetime. Drug treatment has become big business, but no one stays in business providing lifelong treatment. No one could afford it, and no insurance company would cover it. Not even the nonprofit places offer unlimited treatment. And that is why, no matter where an addict goes for his initial treatment or detoxification, he will find the same thing: All roads lead to A.A. (or C.A. or N.A.). The reason is simple. It's free and it works.

By the editors of PLAYBOY, based on reporting by Laurence Gonzales.



"Was that an unnatural act? It seemed very natural."



VANTAGE

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.
THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.



9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Comfort Company, 80-100 Proof Liqueur, Louisville, KY © 1986



*"My Plantation
consists of exactly
six tomato plants
out behind the garage.
But with a cool evening
breeze rustling through
the leaves and a couple
of O J Comforts
up here on the deck,
I know what good old
Southern Hospitality
is all about.
That's Comfort."*



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

BUCKLING UP

While a pair of colorful suspenders is a creative way to express your fashion individuality, it's a cinch that belts—and especially buckles that can be interchanged among belts—are not about to let the trouser industry down. In fact, buckles in precious metals have given new life to metalcrafters who hand-

tool intricate designs into their creations just as a sculptor might. (Often, a precious-metal buckle will be available in a lesser metal for about a quarter of the price.) Antique shops are also a happy hunting ground for monogrammed buckles. If you chance upon one that you can't live without and the initial on it isn't yours, you can always change your name.

All the buckles pictured below are sterling silver unless otherwise noted. Top, left to right: Engraved eagle buckle, by Ted Wolter, about \$100. Crossover-design buckle, by Roberto Bavido, about \$110. Center, left to right: Ribbed buckle and matching belt-tip keeper, by Jeff Deegan Designs, about \$360. Bar buckle, by Barry Kieselstein-Cord, \$810. Rounded buckle, by Jeff Deegan Designs, \$200. Bottom, left to right: Antique silver-plated deco buckle with initial, from Sentimento, about \$90. Buckle and alligator belt, by Barry Kieselstein-Cord, \$1025.

DAVE JORDANO



S U P E R S H O P P I N G

Left: Gruene Natural Skincare and Shaving System includes the following products: a daily cleansing scrub, aloe cream shave, aloe after-shave and a moisture formula, all from Gruene, Beverly Hills, California, about \$37 the set.

Right: Push the button on the top of the Privacy Pen and anything within a 50-foot radius that's plugged into the wall module shown here turns on automatically. (Keep the pen by your bed for midnight inspirations and then hit the remote to fire up your A.M. coffee.) From The Privacy Connection, Woodland Hills, California, \$29.95.

Above: Lights! Camera! Action! RCA's Character Generator is designed for the innovative and imaginative home director who wants to add titles, screen wipes and other special effects to his home-video productions. (It works with most other RCA equipment, of course.) And all for a price that's not a big Hollywood production—only \$269.95. Ready when you are, C.B.

Right: The battery-powered Tee Wizz allows a duffer to drive or putt about 50 balls without changing his stance, as the machine's automatic ball changer can easily be activated by using the club, from U.S. Diversified Sports, Laguna Niguel, California, about \$85.

Right: Push the button on the top of the Privacy Pen and anything within a 50-foot radius that's plugged into the wall module shown here turns on automatically. (Keep the pen by your bed for midnight inspirations and then hit the remote to fire up your A.M. coffee.) From The Privacy Connection, Woodland Hills, California, \$29.95.

Above: Lights! Camera! Action! RCA's Character Generator is designed for the innovative and imaginative home director who wants to add titles, screen wipes and other special effects to his home-video productions. (It works with most ten-pin Camcorders as well as with some other RCA equipment, of course.) And all for a price that's not a big Hollywood production—only \$269.95. Ready when you are, C.B.

202



Left: The Roller Radio, shaped like a bicycle, is a unique stereo AM/FM radio and cassette recorder featuring two four-inch wide-range speakers, A.C.-D.C. operation, automatic recording-level control and a built-in condenser microphone, plus more, by Magnavox, about \$80.



Left: Good help is hard to find, and there's none better than the Silent Servant, a five-foot-tall collapsible metal-and-plastic valet that stands by itself or is mounted on a wall and features two arms and a top that holds cuff links, studs, etc., from Kartell USA, Easley, South Carolina, \$135.

Right: The Formula I Watch is a tough stainless-steel-and-fiberglass Swiss quartz timepiece that's water-resistant to 660 feet and is available in five hot color combinations—red/black, yellow/gray, yellow/black, green/red and blue/black—or black, by TAG-Heuer, \$145, including the adjustable watchband shown.



Technics has more than the odds stacked in your favor, as you'll discover when you give a listen to the stacked system shown above, which consists of (bottom to top) an SU-V10X integrated stereo amplifier that puts out 120 watts per channel, \$785, an RS-T80R dual-cassette deck with quick reverse, \$600, an SL-P500 compact-disc player with 20-track instant recall, program repeat and music-scan feature, \$575, and an ST-G50 AM/FM stereo tuner that can be preset for 39 channels and offers digital tuning and automatic band-width selection, \$260. The price of the entire system is \$2200. Awright!

GRAPEVINE



This Hughes Is No Recluse

Is Canadian actress **BRENDA HUGHES** cute or what? She can be found poster-sized and in a feature film, *Land of Doom*. Go, Brenda!



© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL

Feathering Her Nest

Here's a great shot of actress **DIANE LANE** from her new movie, *The Big Town*, which opens in August. She plays a night-club stripper and co-star Matt Dillon falls in love with her. Now that we've got your attention, you'll have to wait until the movie comes out to find out if she molts.



© 1986 STEVE SCHAPIRO / GAMMA-LIAISON

Kiss and Tell

The Stones' **RON WOOD** (left) and singer/producer **BOBBY WOMACK** have a secret. But not for long. They're recording an album together and Womack has taught Woody some serious vocal soul licks. Since the Stones aren't touring, Wood plans a solo tour after the album is finished. Listen up, Mick. If Woody can wail and Keith, Charley and Bill stay busy, who are you gonna go home to?



© 1986 SIMON COWLEY / LONDON FEATURES INT'L



© 1986 ROSS MARINO

Inflation

We get a big kick out of DAVID LEE ROTH. He understands entertainment. The Eat 'Em and Smile tour is over, the album went double platinum, the videos are hot. Boys just want to have fun, too.

Blues in the News

Bluesman and guitar whiz ROBERT CRAY shows us that you don't have to be down to get down. Cray is on tour with Huey Lewis, has jammed on the Grammys, visited Johnny Carson and appears on Tina Turner's HBO special.

© 1986 PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Those Lips, Those Eyes, That Breast

No doubt you've been asking yourself, "Who could ever replace Sylvia Kristel in *Emmanuelle*?" Here's the answer: MONIQUE GABRIEL. Monique saw an ad searching for a new *Emmanuelle* and won the role over 350 other contestants. This will be the heroine's fifth adventure on film and, judging from Monique, not her last.



© 1986 UWE OHMER / SYGMA

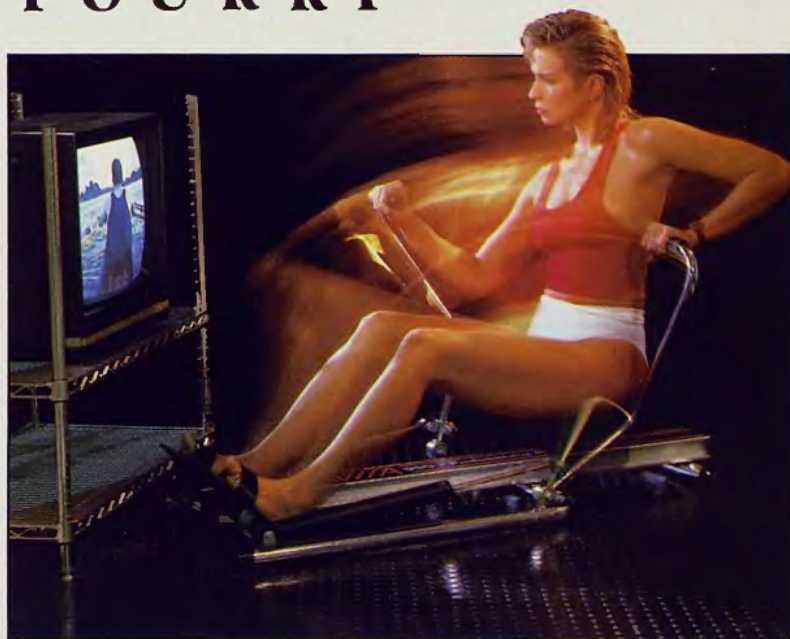
FIRST LADY OF CRIME

A *Woman of Mystery*, a new monthly newsletter devoted to annotating and providing background information on the detective novels of Agatha Christie, has just debuted; and if learning the toxicity of strychnine and how to brew a proper cup of English tea grabs you by the throat, then \$30 for a subscription will be well spent. Send it to *Wom'n*, P.O. Box 1616, Canal Street Station, New York 10013. A single issue is only \$3.



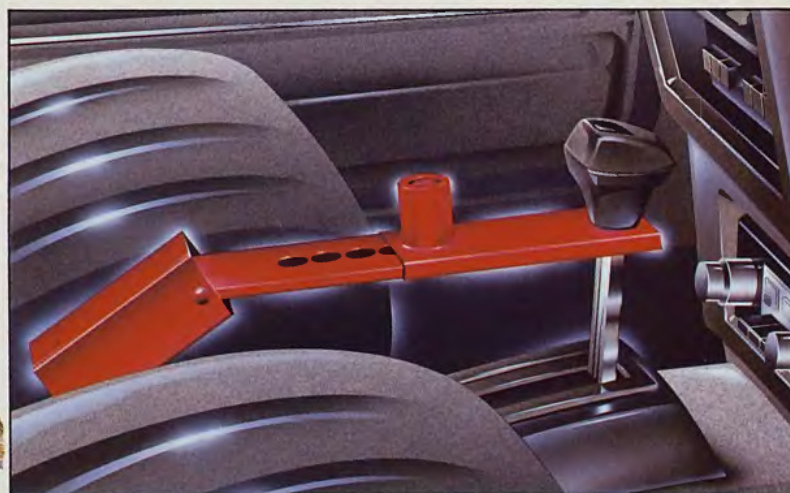
JACK NICKLAUS: EAT YOUR HEART OUT

Just when all you duffers had figured you'd cornered the golfing market on every Yupwardly mobile product, from electric ball warmers to gold-plated putters, along comes the ultimate status symbol to brag about on the 19th hole—a genuine mink head cover for your driver that Panetta's Furs, 20633 Lomita Avenue, Saratoga, California 95070, is selling for only \$49.95, post-paid. And the price includes an appraisal—in case you want to frame it.



VIDEO SCULL SESSION

Bring the river to your rowing machine with *Power 10*, a one-hour-and-15-minute VHS or Beta video tape that puts you on Boston's Charles River as a member of the U.S. Olympic rowing team, seeing and hearing the splash of oars as you stroke in rhythm to the coaxing and coaching of bronze-medal-winning coxswain Seth Bauer. The tape begins with a warm-up and general info on rowing machines from Olympic rower Stephen Kiesling; then you're out on the river, with a choice of four workouts, from easy to advanced. The price: \$43.50, sent to New Pictures, P.O. Box 68618, Indianapolis, Indiana 46268. And no cold spray!



LOCKING UP WITH CAR LOCK

We're not claiming that CarLock will keep your cherished chariot from being stolen, but it is an alternative to expensive burglar alarms that's worth considering. The unit, which fits most cars with console gearshifts (both manual and automatic) and parking brakes, locks your car in gear with the parking brake on simultaneously. Aside from combating theft and towing, it also helps prevent the radio from being removed if your gearshift is mounted close to the dashboard. And the CarLock is made of hardened steel with a shroud around the lock cylinder, which can't be easily cut or picked. (CarLock comes with two coded keys and a key-registration card.) The price: \$29.95, from BluePoint Industries, Inc., 3331 County Line Road, Chalfont, Pennsylvania 18914.

PUTTING ON THE DOG BISCUITS

Only in Palm Beach would somebody make hand-baked natural-ingredient dog biscuits (whole-wheat flour and molasses, among other veddy tasty fixings) in the shape of a 1954 Bentley. A quarter pound of this status canine treat, called Molly's P.B.D.B.'S, packaged in a plastic bag, will cost you a mere \$5, sent to Rolling in Dough, P.O. Box 2037, Palm Beach, Florida 33480. With all the discretionary income around these days, we'd say the enterprise should be a howling success.



LAUGH, UNEMPLOYED CLOWN, LAUGH

Suggestion number 17 in *The Job Interview Jokebook: 101 Ways to Turn the Tables on Insulting Interviewers* is appropriate: "While the job interviewer studies your application with a frown . . . browse through a copy of *PLAYBOY* and grunt approvingly at the pictures." This and 100 other corporate counterpunches, all for only \$6.70, sent to Zone Press, 2554 Lincoln Boulevard, Marina Del Rey, California 90291. The book may not land you a job, but you'll have the last laugh.



THE BACKSIDE OF PARADISE

Back in 1986, we featured Houston artist Adam St. John's Remember the Alamo Chair, a limited-edition sculpture on which you could also sit. Now St. John has created the Paradise Chair (also a limited edition), depicting on its back a tropical house shaded by tall palm trees. "My goal as an artist is to design pieces that open a new dimension of experience to those who use or view them," says St. John. At \$4000, from St. John at ASJ Associates, 2615 Waugh Drive, Suite 216, Houston 77006, a purchase will also open your wallet.

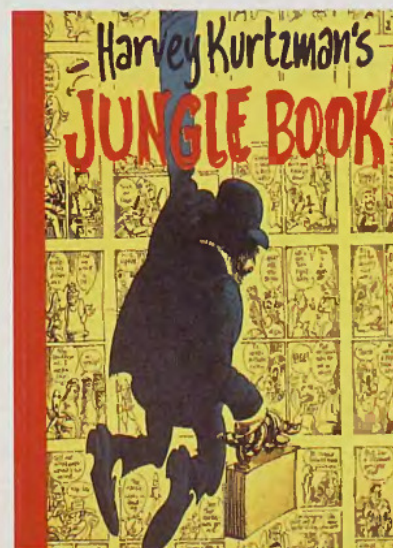


READY TEDDY

For those cold nights when you don't have a warm date, there's Hot Teddy, a 24"-tall ribless-corduroy Teddy bear that doubles as a hot-water bottle. Hot Teddy's innards are a sack that you fill and stuff back into his cuddly bod. Harmony Toy Company, 2086 Harmony Road, Bellingham, Washington 98226, offers the bear in blue or Burgundy for \$32.95, postpaid. And come the morning after, Hot Teddy can be stuffed with crushed ice, too.

IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE

Back in 1959, a little-known genius named Harvey Kurtzman published a paperback modestly titled *Harvey Kurtzman's Jungle Book*, and the rest is comic history. Kurtzman went on to become the father of *Little Annie Fanny*, and *Jungle* became a rare commodity, commanding princely sums at comic auctions. Now Kitchen Sink Press, 2 Swamp Road, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968, has reprinted the *Jungle Book* in hardcover: An edition is \$25, and a limited edition (200) signed by Kurtzman is \$35. We say, go for broke—Kurtzman's signature is worth ten bucks.



NEXT MONTH



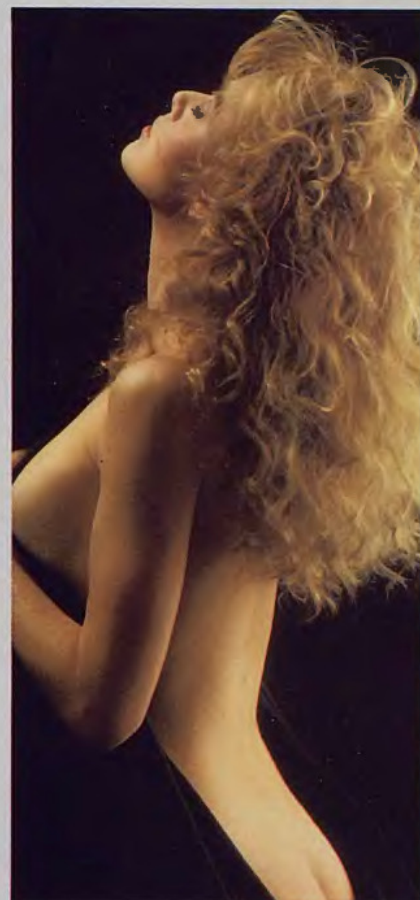
WINNER



PARDONER



EGRET



JENILEE

"THE MERCANTILE TUBE"—FORGET GOING TO THE BANK, LET ALONE THE MALL. YOU CAN LEARN TO MANAGE, AND SPEND, YOUR MONEY JUST BY WATCHING TV. **JERRY STAHL** INTRODUCES THE FINANCIAL EVANGELISTS AND **BILL ZEHME** REVIEWS HOME-SHOPPING SHOWS

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—HERE SHE COMES, THE WOMAN YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR: THE QUEEN OF THE PAST DELIGHTFUL DOZEN

"JENILEE HARRISON"—YOU LOVED HER ON *THREE'S COMPANY*, THEN ON *DALLAS*. OUR CAMERAS CAPTURE MORE THAN THE NETWORKS HAVE

"THE PARDONER'S TALE"—YES, WE KNOW, CHAUCER WROTE ONE, BUT HIS WASN'T ABOUT A COMPUTER HACKER. A 21ST-CENTURY SCIENCE-FICTION STORY BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

"THE IRANSCAM FOLLIES"—ANOTHER HELPING OF HILARIOUSLY CAPTIONED PHOTOS DISHED UP BY **GERALD GARDNER**

WHOOPI GOLDBERG CLEARS UP THE MYSTERIES SURROUNDING HER PAST, DISCUSSES DRUGS,

WELFARE MOTHERHOOD AND THE BURDENS OF BEING FEMALE AND BLACK AND EXPLAINS WHY SHE'S NO COMEDienne IN A TOUGH **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE EGRET"—PROFITT HAD A GRUDGE, WITH GOOD REASON. MCGRUDER WAS SICK OF IT. THEN THE BIRD SHOWED UP—BY **MICHAEL BISHOP**

"FASTEST FORWARD"—A PROFILE OF **KEVIN MC-HALE**, THE PLAYER SOME FANS BELIEVE IS EVEN MORE ESSENTIAL TO THE BOSTON CELTICS THAN **LARRY BIRD**—BY **BOB RYAN**

"LIGHT-YEARS"—THE TRUE STORY OF THE UFO THAT CAN'T BE DISCREDITED, COMPLETE WITH PHOTOS, FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK BY THE ACCLAIMED AUTHOR OF *VICTIM*, **GARY KINDER**

PLUS: **MICHAEL J. FOX** TELLS ALL ABOUT HIS MOVIE DATE WITH **PRINCESS DI** IN A FREE-SPIRITED **"20 QUESTIONS"**; **RICHARD** AND **JOYCE WOLKOMIR** FILL YOU IN ON ISLAND HIDEAWAYS, CANNY CURRENCY EXCHANGE AND TIPS TO SOOTHE THE TRAVEL-WEARY; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY** WINS A STARRING ROLE IN *ALIENS III*; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE



Can you find the radar in this picture? Cobra can.

By the time you see the radar source, chances are it's too late.

But if you had a Cobra Trapshooter radar detector, it would sniff it out in an instant.

Cobra Trapshooters not only find radar wherever it lurks, but also filter out false signals that other detectors simply can't.

Both the miniaturized yet incredibly sensitive Cobra Trapshooter, and the Cobra Trapshooter Pro II Remote employ the most sophisticated electronic circuitry to warn you of radar, even over hills and around the bend.

The Cobra Trapshooter, for visor or dash mount, literally fits in the palm of your hand.

The Trapshooter Pro II Remote however, is really out of sight. It hides under the dash and its remote receiver mounts invisibly behind the grill, making it virtually theft-proof.

To find the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-COBRA 22.

Oh, the radar? Take a good look.

It's just beyond the bend, behind the row of trees on the right.

Still can't see it? Better get a Cobra.

Cobra
DYNASCAN CORPORATION

Cobra
Trapshooter
RD-3110



Cobra Trapshooter
Pro II Remote
RD-5100



Marlboro

© Philip Morris Inc. 1987

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

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