ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN DONNA EDMONDSON LAYMATE PLUS THE YEAR'S POWER FORWARD KEVIN MCHALE ELFIN HEARTTHROB MICHAEL J. FOX BADDEST COMIC WHOOPI GOLDBERG HOTTEST TOPIC CONDOM ETIQUETTE



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

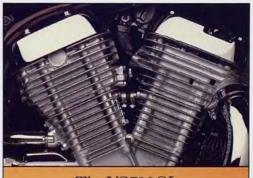
cream of the cruisers. The Suzuki Intruder 700. Low slung. Chrome on chrome. V-Twin power. Slim, teardrop tank. But when it came to customizing their new ride, they were identically opposite.

Van took the traditional pullback bars, Vic

opted for the low profile drag bars.



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.



The VS700GL

When it came down to wheels, Vic chose the evegrabbing 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 eve. 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 "whoknows-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



1-800-255-2550



Save up to 157.90 on your introductory movies or music videos when you join the RCA Video Club. Yours for only \$1.00 each plus shipping and handling when you agree to buy as few as two more videocassettes in your video category during the next two years at regular Club prices ...usually \$16.95-\$29.95 for music videos, \$29.95-\$79.95 for movies.

As a member, you'll receive the Club's illustrated magazine every four weeks (13 times a year). Each issue will describe the featured video in your video category, plus many alternates. If you want the featured video you need do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you want other videocassettes, or none, just return the card always provided, by the date specified. You'll always have at least 10 days to decide, but if you don't you may return your featured video at our expense for full credit.

50% off savings bonus! Effective with your very first regular-priced selection, you can order an equivalently priced video at 1/2 price for every one you buy.

Free 10-day, no-risk trial. If not satisfied with your introductory videocassettes, just return them at the end of ten days with no further obligation!

RCA Video Club (5550 E. 30th Street Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194

TITLE	NUMBER	TITLE	NUMBER	TITLE	NUMBER
RUTHLESS PEOPLE	111106	ALIENS	111160	THE KARATE KIO II	11100
WHITNEY HOUSTON #1 HITS	110672	LIONEL RICHIE: ALL HIGHT LONG	110001	PHIL COLLINS: NO JACKET REQUIRED	11078
OARLING	110840	MACONNA LIVE: THE VIRGIN TOUR	110622	DELTA FORCE (CHUCK NORRIS)	11073
THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL	110998	GHOSTBUSTERS	110048	CRITTERS	11087
DAVID LEE ROTH (VHS ONLY)	111052	A FORCE OF ONE (CHUCK HORRIS)	110530	SHEILA E. LIVE (W/PRINCE)	11073
THE MONKEES, VOL. 1	110796	JOHN LENNON; LIVE IN MYC	110394	MURPHY'S ROMANCE	11079
CROSSROAOS	110870	WHITE NIGHTS	110670	BOM-YOA	11035
STEVIE NICKS: I CAN'T WAIT	110804	DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS	111095	INVAOERS FROM MARS	11105
JANE FONDA'S LOW IMPACT AEROBICS	111101	FROM HERE TO ETERNITY	111080	SILVERADO	11039
RICHARD PRYOR LIVE ON SUNSET STRIP	110144	DENESIS LIVE: THE MAMA TOUR	110782	TINA TURNER: PRIVATE DANCER LIVE	11002
MAXIMUM OVERORIVE	111129	HALLOWEEN	110452	STANO BY ME	11106
VAN HALEN: LIVE WITHOUT A NET		TOSCANINI: THE MAESTRO	110843	STING: BRING ON THE HIGHT	11109
(VHS ONLY)	111046	PAT BENATAR IN CONCERT	110407	PRUDHOMME'S LOUISIANA COOKING	11088
THE AWFUL TRUTH	110779	SON OF FLUBBER	111100	LABYRINTH	11103
FRIGHT NIGHT	110436	THE CARE BEARS MOVIE II	110834	HOROWITZ IN LONDON	11009
U2—LIVE AT RED ROCKS	110866	DIRE STRAITS LIVE: ALCHEMY	110445	MAME OF THE ROSE	11114
ABOUT LAST NIGHT	111049	A HIGHTMARE ON ELM ST2	110646	ROLLING STONES LIVE:	
ULTIMATE TENNIS	110480	TERRIFIC SEX: THE OR. RUTH VIOEO	110624	LET'S SPENO THE NIGHT TOGETHER	11049
THE BEATLES LIVE: READY, STEADY, GO	110026	THE SEVENTH SEAL (SUBTITLEO)	110494	MAX HEADROOM	11109
KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN	110625	ALABAMA: OREATEST HITS	110802	KIDSONGS: A DAY AT MacDONALO'S FARM	11061
SPLASH	111093	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS (SPECIAL EO.)	110039	UP IN ARMS (DANNY KAYE)	11114
THE 3 STOOGES, VOL. 8	110649	LOST HORIZON	111063	A CHORUS LINE—THE MOVIE	11049

FOR FASTEST SERVICE CALL TOLL-FREE! 1-800-428-1928

In Indiana phone collect 1-317-542-6307

MAIL TO: RCA Video Club	• P.O. Box 91506 • Indianapolis, IN 46291
	o Club and send me the selections indicated here for just \$1.00 ree to buy just 2 more selections in my video category at
My Introductory video cholcss are (please indicate by number): Send my videos on (check ane only):	regular Club prices during the next two years, after which I may cancel my membership, or continue and keep getting 1/2 off savings. (Shipping/handling added to each shipment.)
UNS BETA	⑤ □ Mc
	Miss Mrs. First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)
Please check payment method desired: Bill me.	AddressApt
☐ Charge my intreductory videos and future purchases to: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Cluh	CityStateZip
/	Telephone (Area Code)
Your card number Exp. da	ate Limited to new members, continental USA only; one membership per family. RCA Video Club reserves the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added. WFU23
Cardholder's signature	WYOZS VA

WINNER!

Top-rated radar detector beats Passport.
Costs \$115 less!

"It produced the earliest warning in our [road] tests."

TRIPLE SUPERHETEROOYNE XK
POWER
HWY

CITY

SNOOPER D-4000
Low

Road & Track, September, 1986

Only 11/4" tall, 31/4" wide, and 41/2" long. Fits in your pocket. Travels where you travel.

Shown actual size.

No doubt who won.

Road & Track magazine recently tested eight popular radar detectors. SNOOPER D-4000 won big. In actual road tests where it counts. Around the corner and over the hill radar ambushes. What about current best-seller Passport?

"... second only to the SNOOPER

D-4000." Sorry guys.
Fact: The SNOOPER D-4000 beats Passport on performance. Fact: It costs \$115 less! No doubt who won.

"The SNOOPER D-4000 produced the earliest warning in our around-the-corner and over-the-hill tests."

Road & Track, September 1986

Sold on new high performance cars.

The SNOOPER D-4000 is made in Garland, Texas by Microwave Systems, Inc. — the inventor of solid-state radar detection for cars. The first to use superheterodyne





circuitry. The pioneer in remote devices. Maybe that's why SNOOPER came in first. Innovation and experience!

Until now, the SNOOPER D-4000 has been sold mainly through new car dealers. So you could wait and buy one with your next Porsche, BMW or Corvette. Or you can pick up the phone now and have one in your hands tomorrow. The SNOOPER D-4000 is NOT sold in catalogs, parts stores or discount chains.

Only \$180! If you can afford one of theirs...

... why not buy TWO of ours? ONE Passport costs \$295. For another \$65, you can have TWO of ours. Protect other drivers in your family against radar surveillance, too. SNOOPER D-4000 is the top-performer, and at \$180, it's the runaway winner for top value.

All the features you want.

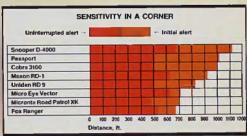
The SNOOPER D-4000 is a triple superhet advanced radar detection device. Sniffs

out both X- and K-bands radar, alerts you with a loud audible signal and simultaneous warning light.

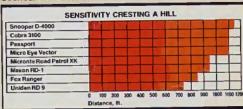
Filters out false alarms, and "dirty" signals from other radar detectors.
Comes with visor clip and dashtop mount. Plugs into car cigarette lighter.
On/off and highway/city switches. Simple. No complicated dials or bar graphs to slow your reaction time.

Order today.

Order yours at no risk. Call toll-free to order. Drive with your SNOOPER D-4000 for 30 days. If not satisfied, return it and we'll refund your purchase and your shipping costs. Comes with one-year factory warranty. And, remember, it's the winner. The most for less. You can't go wrong!



SOURCE: ROAD & TRACK



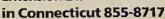
SNOPPER D-4600

SNOOPER DIRECT 47 RICHARDS AVENUE NORWALK, CONN. 06857 \$180 (plus \$5 S&H) (Conn. res. add \$13.88 tax) Want it tomorrow? We'll ship Federal Express overnight, just \$10 extra.



TOLL-FREE 1-800-243-5160







(Phone M-F 8:30-10, Sat. 9-5 EST) By mail send to address at left. Orders processed immediately.

PLAYBILL

HOW DO YOU FEEL about having lots of money? We're not talking a measly 50 or 60 grand a year here, but filthy rich. Impossible? Aha! It's your attitude toward making money that determines whether or not you can do it-or, at least, that's the uplifting word from the "success" salesmen on late-night cable television. Jerry Stahl, whose article Financial Evangelists profiles these fiduciary fakirs, now has a closetful of tips to make him rich, if not famous: "The key is perfectly parted Anso-nylon hair and a swell-fitting polyester suit. I've laid in a dozen of them in various shades of green, and I'm being fitted for a success toupee even as we speak." While we're on the subject of unabashed hucksterism, it's nowhere more blatant than on the TV shopathons Bill Zehme watched while researching his Home Shopping. Reports a bleary-eyed Zehme, "I've since begun to price cubic zirconia everywhere I go. But the question is, What is cubic zirconia and why does America want to buy it?" Both Stahl's and Zehme's very funny reports, as well as a look at the new "videologs"catalogs on VCR-can be found in Prime Time for Sellevision.

TV's success wizards are big on real estate, but we'd rather buy a condo from Playmate of the Year Donna Edmondson (photographed by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley), who, in addition to being beautiful, also sells property. And speaking of personal property, we've heard that some people are calling condoms "condos" to make them more acceptable in polite conversation. Whether or not that's true, condoms are big business these days, and, as Robert Coram tells us in Rubbers from Ronnie, the U.S. has become the prophylactic vending machine of the world. In Condom Etiquette, Contributing Editor Asa Baber offers advice on such sensitive topics as who should, ah, install one.

Contributing Editor David Rensin is on another type of roll, having the kind of season as an interviewer that, if he were a baseball player, would make him a shoo-in for the All-Star squad. For this issue, he turned in both our Playboy Interview with Whoopi Goldberg and our 20 Questions with Michael J. Fox. When Rensin mentioned to Goldberg that he'd spent a whole weekend with Shirley MacLaine for MacLaine's September 1984 Playboy Interview, she grinned mischievously and said, "If I hadn't just gotten married, I'd spend the whole weekend with you, too." (But could Whoopi teach Rensin how to move crystals with his mind?) As for his encounter with Fox, Rensin says, "He seemed like a regular guy. The morning we talked, he let his new kitten climb all over me while he had a breakfast of V8 juice. He reminded me of Alex P. Keaton [Fox's character on TV's popular Family Ties] with a hangover."

Philosophically speaking, it isn't possible to think short without thinking long, so it makes sense that in contrast to the diminutive Fox, we also feature a very tall person. Boston Globe sports reporter Bob Ryan went out to discover how 6'10" Celtics star Kevin McHale, with a vertical leap not much higher than Fox's, manages to be such a dominating court presence. His article, Better than Bird! (illustrated by Herb Davidson), reveals that it's McHale's levity, not his levitation, that makes the difference. Not nearly as tall but considerably more pneumatic is former Dallas and Three's Company star Jenilee Harrison.

To round out the issue, there's Gerald Gardner's wry Iranscam Follies; The Egret, a chilling story by Michael Bishop (illustrated by Kinuko Y. Craft); Robert Silverberg's new science-fiction thriller, The Pardoner's Tale (illustrated by Wilson McLean); and Passport Smarts, by Richard and Joyce Wolkomir, the best guide to vacation travel you'll ever read. When you take your trip, don't forget to pack your swim trunks-preferably ones such as those Curtis Degler photographed for Currents. If you're lucky, you'll meet someone who looks like Miss June, Sandy Greenberg, a.k.a. Maxine Legroom, photographed here by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. That's the long, the short and the wellrounded of this issue. Do we satisfy or what?











FEGLEY





BISHOP







RENSIN







MC LEAN

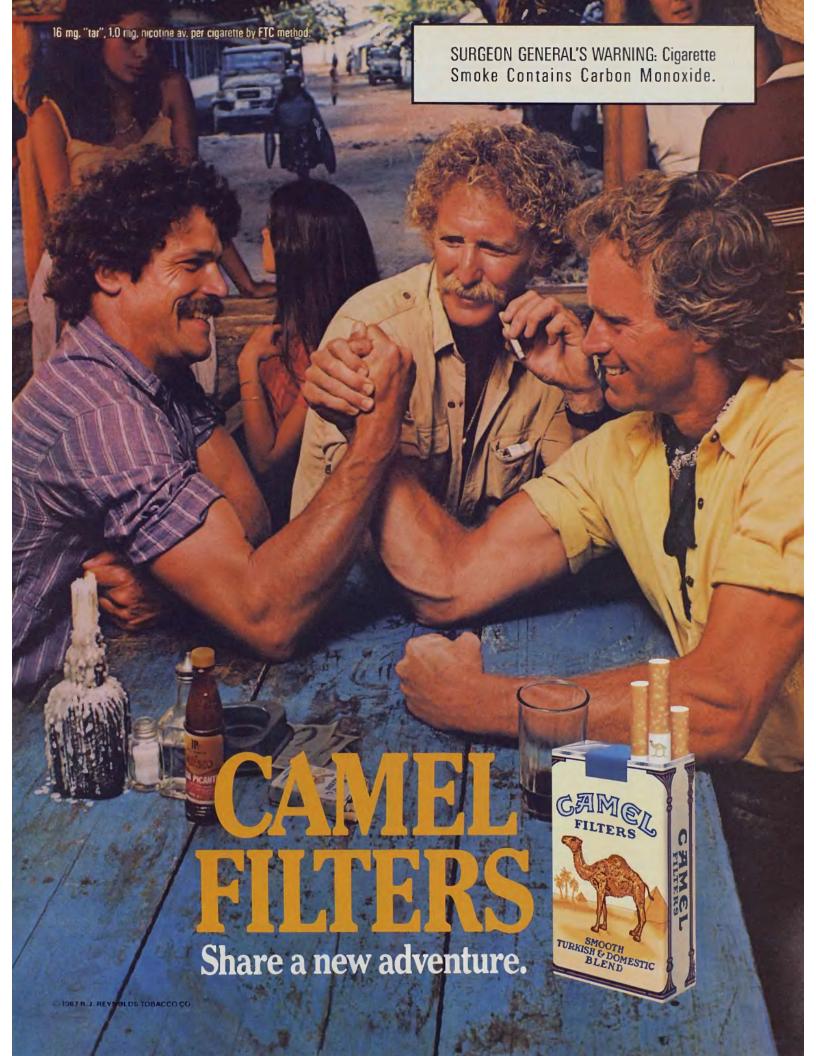
WOLKOMIR, WOLKOMIR





DEGLER

WAYDA



PLAYBOY

vol. 34, no. 6-june 1987

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY	9
DEAR PLAYBOY	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	15
SPORTS DAN JENKINS	29
MEN ASA BABER	31
WOMEN	32
AGAINST THE WIND	33
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	35
DEAR PLAYMATES	39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	41
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WHOOPI GOLDBERG—candid conversation	51
THE PARDONER'S TALE—fiction	60
CURRENTS—fashion	64
THE EGRET—fiction	70
JENILEE—pictorial	74
PRIME TIME FOR SELLEVISION	82
HOME SHOPPING—article	83
FINANCIAL EVANGELISTS—articleJERRY STAHL	83
RAISING THE TUBE STAKES WILLIAM MARSANO	85
THE IRANSCAM FOLLIES—humor	88
THE REAL THING—playboy's playmate of the month	90
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	102
PASSPORT SMARTS—travel	104
RUBBERS FROM RONNIE—article	110
CONDOM ETIQUETTE	112
BETTER THAN BIRD!—personalityBOB RYAN	114
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial	116
20 QUESTIONS: MICHAEL J. FOX	
FAST FORWARD	
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER	163
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	167



Top Playmate

P. 116



Pardaner's Tale

P. 60



Sandy/Maxine

P. 90



Ronnie's Rubbers

P 110

COVER STORY

It's Playmate of the Year time again, and who better to grace our cover than the lady herself, Donna Edmandson? Courtiers to our 1987 queen were Cantributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, stylist Lee Ann Perry, make-up artist Yolanda and hair specialist Jahn Victar. Donna's jewelry is by Zoé Coste and her sweater is by Rhyner Designs. The cover was produced by Associate Photography Editor Michael Ann Sullivan. The Rabbit is bra-zen, yes?



GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.. CHICAGO, ILLINDIS 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 EDITORALLY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1967 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY AND RESPONSES. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODE ON WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEPPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMISICITION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL BEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPH BY: © JOHN S. ABBOTT. P. BS; DON AZUMA, P. 167; DAYE BATTRUFF. P. 105.
PAUL CHINN, P. 84, 85; STEVE CONNAY, P. 3, 104, 107 (2), 106, 167, 172; KIP CORNEY, P. 3; RICHERP, F. 105.
PAUL CHINN, P. 84, 85; STEVE CONNAY, P. 3, 104, 107 (2), 106, 167, 172; KIP CORNEY, P. 3; RICHERP, F. 105.
PAUL CHINN, P. 84, 85; STEVE CONNAY, P. 3, 104, 107 (2), 106, 167, 172; KIP CORNEY, P. 3; RICHERP, F. 105.
PAUL CHINN, P. 84, 85; STEVE CONNAY, P. 3, 104, 107 (2), 106, 167, 172; KIP CORNEY, P. 3; STEVE AND PREVIAC, P. 39; 120 (3); SEMINO FRIEDMAN, P. 3; SAVENGE GOLDMAN, P. 3; SAVENGE GOLDMAN,





YOUR FIRST \$70,000 IS TAX FREE

WITH THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

FREE TRAVEL

FREE FOOD • FREE HOUSING MUCH MUCH MORE

FREE MEDICAL

Our Clients are hiring NOW: PETRO-CHEMICAL • ENGINEERING ACCOUNTING • MATERIAL • MD's • ODS • RN'S • EDP • CONSTRUCTION EX-MILITARY ● HVAC ● FINANCE ● HOSPITAL TECHS AND ADMIN ● ELECTRICAL MANY, MANY OTHERS

Call now or send resume to:

OPEN SUNDAY THROUGH FRIDAY



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

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**

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; BRUCE KLUGER, BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN associate editors; 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 EDI-TORS: ASA BABER, E. JEAN CARROLL, LAURENCE GON-ZALES, 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). SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER, GARY WITZENBURG

ART

KERIG POPE managing director; CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS senior directors; BRUCE HANSEN, THEO KOU-VATSOS associate directors; KAREN GAEBE, KAREN GUTOWSKY, JOSEPH PACZEK assistant directors; BILL BENWAY, 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, RICH-ARD 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 AQUILLA chicago manager; FRANK COLONNO, ROB-ERT 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

When you've arrived. Proton.



Proton's AV27 audio-video system.



VT-290 27" Stereo Monitor/Receiver.

Your audio-video system should be a reflection of your lifestyle. That's why you'll want the ultimate in picture, sound and design.

Introducing Proton's new AV27 remote-controlled audio-video system.

It starts with our stunning new 27" flat screen stereo monitor/receiver.

Never before have you seen a picture so real. With rich, deep blacks.

Sparkling whites. Colors so pure.

Dimension so incredible. It's everything you'd expect from the company that earned Video Magazine's prestigious Product of the Year award, monitor/receiver category.

For unparalleled sound, add Proton's 300 Series remote-controlled audio components with exclusive Dynamic Power on Demand.™ Plus our new matching floor-standing speakers that sound as extraordinary as they look.

The Proton AV27 audio-video system. Once you own it, you'll know you've arrived.

The ultimate audio/video guide is yours free for the asking.

Proton's Ultimate System Guide for Audio/Videophiles tells you everything about the innovative technology and design that go into creating the renowned Proton line.

For your copy, which includes a list of the Proton retailers near you, call (800) 772-0172. In California, (800) 428-1006.

PROTON CLEARLY THE BEST

737 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220

PARADISE · FROZEN

Introducing TropicFreezeR.

Now you can taste the thrills of paradise, right out of your own freezer. When you sip fabulously chilling, new TropicFreezeR.

The delicious, ready-to-drink frozen cocktails, complete with rum or tequila.

Enjoy delightful daiquiris. And shivery margaritas. With all the fun and taste of the Islands!



TropicFreezeR Frozen Cocktails.

Available in four-paks.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



PLAYBOY MANSION WEST GETS TICKETED

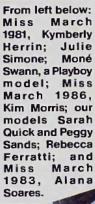
For the first time ever, Hef has opened Playboy Mansion West to a feature-film company. Eddie Murphy stars again as Axel Foley in Paramount's Beverly Hills Cop II, due out any minute, and in the scenes at the Mansion gets tossed out of a charity fundraiser. When asked why he made the decision to let the film crew in, Hefner said, "I anticipate it will probably be the best and most popular picture of the year." And what would a party at the Mansion be without a bevy of Playmates, Playboy models and other seriously attractive women? Not much fun, which is why, as you can see, everyone concerned is dressed to thrill.

Two stars in one orbit (above): Hef and Eddie Murphy. Below, from left, Brigitte Nielsen, Kelly Sangher, Paul Guilfoyle and Murphy. At bottom, Miss June 1986, Rebecca Ferratti, Dena Tenkay, Julie Simone and Peggy Sands surround happy co-star Judge Reinhold. Dena and Peggy are Playboy models.

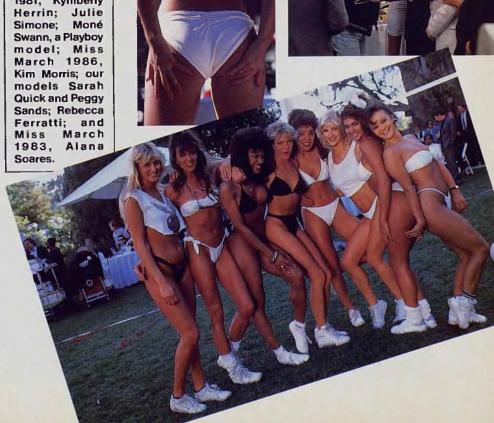


Above, Dena Tenkay, take one; at left, moviemaking Mansion style; below, Eddie meets Hef for the first time on film. Below left: a bonus bottom shot.









THE LONGINES STYLE

LONGINES 1000

Superb Jewelry Quartz Accuracy Swiss, of course!

His: \$595. Hers: \$575.

LONGINES Gold Medal®

Very Swiss. Very Supple. Very Sensuous.

Hers: \$575. His: \$595.

Thin and water-resistant*

A Longines is luxury on the wrist. Elegant jewelry which delivers hair-line quartz accuracy with the exclusive Longines movement. Black or gilt dial.

> "Water-resistant to 100 feet. All prices manufacturer's suggested retail prices.



DEAR PLAYBOY

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

WEEP NOT FOR VANNA

The following letter was sent to Playboy Enterprises President Christie Hefner, but we thought that it, and Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer's reply, deserved a wider audience in light of the controversy surrounding the topic of discussion.

I recently heard that your May issue was going to feature photos of Vanna White. I also heard her say that the photos had been taken when she needed money to eat, because she couldn't find work.

I've been buying PLAYBOY for about 14 years, and I've always thought it was the only men's magazine with class. Now I feel that your magazine has just dropped to the level of the others.

I realize Vanna is a new sex symbol in America. But to feed on someone's past misfortunes is something a cheap magazine or Hollywood paper would do.

Most of the time, these old photos were taken by a photographer you wouldn't even consider hiring. If you can't show your own quality photos, why show them at all?

If Vanna or any other sex symbol posed for you, I would say, "Hooray for PLAYBOY." But to take cheap shots of someone who has worked hard to make it big is another story.

From this day on, I'm not buying any more PLAYBOY magazines. If I can't buy a classy magazine, I won't buy one at all.

Christopher Garcia San Jose, California

I, too, believe that PLAYBOY is a class magazine. In fact, I've devoted a significant part of my professional life to ensuring that it is and will continue to be so. I think a few surprises await you in this Vanna White episode, and one of them is the fact that the photographs are excellent, of very high quality. Perhaps you can borrow a friend's copy of last month's issue and judge for yourself. They were taken by a photographer who is currently under contract with PLAYBOY. Secondly, I think that although you are unaware of it, you are being influenced by a propaganda campaign devised by Miss White. She was not a starving model-actress at the time

these photos were taken. She was a striving actress, to be sure, but she was living well in Los Angeles with John Gibson, who was a close friend of Hefner's.

In fact, as you may know, Miss White was a close friend of Hefner's and at one time agreed to pose for a playboy cover for the issue containing the photos. She changed her mind not because the photos were damaging to her—I sincerely believe they are not—but because she was afraid that any appearance in playboy would jeopardize some commercial arrangements she was hoping to make. Her anger has nothing to do with starving; indeed, it has to do with the question of her power to earn enormous sums of money.

I do not believe that these photographs are going to damage Vanna's earning power. After their existence became public knowledge, one of the largest diversified licensing and merchandising companies in America, Licensing Company of America, signed Vanna to a multiyear agreement. Her appearance in Playboy may initially cost her an endorsement or two because of the Victorian mentalities of one or two companies, but I predict that Vanna will make even more money because of the Playboy layout.

Thank you for sharing your thoughts with us. I appreciate your interest and the time you took to write.

DINKY-DI OKKER ROCKER

What a "beaut bonza" article Michael Thomas wrote on Oz (*The Decline and Fall of Okker Chic*, PLAYBOY, March). Especially good because of the numerous mentions of Koala Blue—so pleased to be chic! We enjoyed your story very much, and it gave us a good chuckle!

Olivia Newton-John Pat Farrar Los Angeles, California

NIGHT RELIEF

I've just watched a 60 Minutes report on Lois Lee, the founder of Children of the Night, an organization intent on easing the plight of teenaged girls and boys living on Los Angeles' streets. It was reported on 60 Minutes that for her

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.



PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JUNE 1987, VOLUME 34. NUMBER 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$56 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$38 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$24 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$24 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$24 FOR 35 ISSUES, \$38 FOR 25 ISSUES, \$25 FO

gallant efforts, Lee had suffered personal insults and also that her organization had trouble obtaining contributions. Realizing that many Americans suffer from narrowmindedness and low social responsibility, I was not surprised by that news. The information that Hugh Hefner and The Playboy Foundation were major supporters of the organization was quite pleasing but again came as no surprise. It makes sense that such a classy man and his organization would support such a noble cause. I am enclosing a contribution for you to forward to Lee, as there was no address given for her organization during the report. My compliments to Playboy and to Lee.

Capt. Steve Windom, U.S.A.F. Wiesbaden, West Germany

Thanks for the kind words about us, Steve, and on behalf of Lois Lee and Children of the Night, thank you for your contribution to that worthy cause. Any of our readers who also want to make a contribution may send it to Children of the Night, 1800 North Highland Avenue, Suite 128, Hollywood, California 90028-4520.

RICHLY RICHIE

Thank you for identifying the source of my recently acquired musical tastes: Lionel Richie (*Playboy Interview*, March). Having been weaned on Fifties rock 'n' roll, plus country music, and halfway believing that all the really good songs

had been written already, I've been driving around in my old Chevy (with an AM radio), listening to my one clear station, hearing spiritual songs that I now know come from Richie and his cowriter, God—Who I suppose is everyone's co-writer.

Occasionally, I see or hear of someone famous whom I feel I would like to meet and talk with. Glenn Plaskin's interview with Richie satisfies that need.

Ivan L. Minthorn Flagstaff, Arizona

An artist produces his works primarily to satisfy his own desire to create, though he may also benefit from them monetarily. A craftsman plies his trade primarily to benefit monetarily while attempting to produce a work of exceptional quality. A prostitute is only in it for the money, satisfying the desires of the customer with minimal regard for quality but with an intense urge to please (pleasure equals repeat business).

Some of us try to fall into the category of artist and, by necessity, work as craftsmen on the side. The interview in your March issue indicates to me that Lionel Richie is extremely proud to be a prostitute. Keep up the good work, Lionel.

John Zielinski Lansing, Illinois You don't by any chance happen to be one of the original Commodores, writing under an alias, do you, John?

TITILLATING TATTLER

After an unbelievably awful week, I picked up the March issue of PLAYBOY, read Asa Baber's Men column ("Tat for Tit") and had my first honest laugh in five days.

This particular "sweetheart/cookie/baby" thinks that Baber just may have a point about the seven types of women he'd rather not sleep with. Maybe we women have been too tough on men, too expectant and too judgmental. I feel that if a person wants satisfaction, the most important body part is the mouth, meaning "Just say what you want or expect"—sort of like "The squeaky wheel gets the grease."

Do tell Baber for me that not all women are so hard on men. Maybe he has dated too small a sample of Real American Women. No rotten apples, just a heartfelt thank-you for putting a smile on my face when I really needed one.

Susan Champagne-Gray Austin, Texas

P.S.: I am sure my husband will also want to thank Baber, as tonight will also be *his* best night of the week!

THE CRISIS IS NICEST

Having barely reached the bottom of the first column of *The Crisis Crisis* in your March *Crisisweek* feature, I had to pause to write this. Kudos to Associate

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

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

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

Philip Morris Inc. 1987

Comparisons based on king-size version of products shown and "tar" levels from Feb. 85 FTC Report or by FTC method.

Articles Editor Peter Moore, Lewis Grossberger, Paul Dickson and PLAYBOY in general for addressing a truly frightening trend in the media: the wholesale marketing of fear. This kind of journalistic irresponsibility proliferates at everyone's expense and inflicts a kind of spiritual cancer on personal and national confidence. I salute you for having the *chutzpah* to spend six pages on such a relevant and important issue that certain others might not find profitable to discuss.

Timothy A. Johnson Hollywood, California

The Crisis Crisis, by Peter Moore, reminds me again to ask rhetorically, What is the value of any of our freedoms if we do not have freedom from fear? Whether fear is real or imagined, its victims are bound and chained in emotional slavery by it. As usual, Shakespeare said it best: "Such tricks hath strong imagination, / that . . . in the night, imagining some fear, / how easy is a bush supposed a bear!"

Jim Turner Hiawatha, Kansas

MOANS FOR JONES

I've been infatuated—nay, in love—with Janet Jones ever since I saw American Anthem. So when I saw in your February issue that she was going to appear the next month (Janet Jones, PLAYBOY, March), I

hyperventilated at the thought of seeing still pictures of her.

But when I brought the issue in from the mailbox, I sat down and turned right to page 124 and thought, What's this peekaboo shit?

Yet on page 126, she is quoted as endorsing "the notion of bringing out your sexuality without going too far." I have one question for Miss Jones: What is too far? It certainly ain't this.

Douglas H. Story Burke, Virginia

Great cover shot of Janet Jones. She's one girl who surely has a Rabbit up her sleeve. David Shadowfax

New Britain, Connecticut

Janet Jones is my new favorite blonde. She is the best argument there is for cloning. I didn't think I'd ever say it, but step aside, Heather and Heather (that's Thomas and Locklear, for the comatose among you)—there's a new girl in town.

Charles T. Smith Fullerton, California

BAKER TAKES THE CAKE

Your March Playmate, Marina Baker, says, "I honestly wouldn't want to change anything—except, perhaps, my nose." May I ask, uh, what nose?

Lanny R. Middings San Ramon, California Marina Baker is a stunner! She need not be so sensitive about her weight, for she certainly is padded in all the right places. Marina has the loveliest derrière and the finest set of pins to be seen since the demise of button shoes.

> Harold O. Christensen San Francisco, California

Wow! Where did you find her? Miss March is just fabulous! I think she has every right to make Playmate of the Year, and I'm sure I'm not the only one who thinks so. Is it possible we can have another peek at her in the near future?

Phillip Caffery

Victoria, British Columbia The future is now, Phillip. And remember: Next November and December, you'll have a



chance to call in your choice for Playmate of the Year. Don't let Marina down,





TOYOTA 4524 TURBO



RIDIN' HIGH

Hi-Trac independent front suspension gives you great ground clearance and a smoother ride.

CALL OF THE WILD

Answer the call with the roar of a mighty gas-turbo 2.4 liter EFI engine that gives you 135 hp. Only Toyota puts gas-turbo power in 4x4 trucks.



THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

Where the pavement ends, Toyota 4x4 rule begins. And who but the leader in 4x4s could bring you a truck like the Turbo SR5 Xtracab Sport? Here's real cab comfort, even when you're climbing and slithering along the back of beyond. Here's gas-turbo power and a slick 5-speed transmission to give you the edge on rough terrain. So stow your gear behind the seats and look out world.

LOOKING OUT FOR YOU HAS MADE TOYOTA #1.



WHO TOYOTA

COULD ASK
FOR ANYTHING
MORE!

Get More From Life... Buckle Up!

Light bar not supplied by Toyota nor intended for occupant safety.

© 1986 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BEACHBURNS

Sushi, pyramid parties, Hula-Hoops—California has given us so much. Now that bikini weather is on the horizon, we've checked out the latest trend on famed Venice Beach. What are locals wearing with their Jimmy Z's Jams? Sideburns. Think back to Sixties-era John Lennon, with his mutton chops inching down around his jaw line, and you've got the picture. What other new trend has our intrepid reporter uncovered? Hookers on roller skates; but that's another story.

LIVING-ROOM WAR

War is hell, except when you win. A couple of years back, Oliver Stone, a Viet vet, was doing more battle to line up financial backing for his pet projectmaking the ultimate grunt's-eye-view movie about Vietnam. The folks at Vestron Video took a gamble and invested about \$1,500,000 to help get Platoon off the ground in exchange for exclusive video rights. Many rave reviews, more than \$60,000,000 in ticket sales and several Oscar accolades later, Vestron finds itself sitting on a bombshell. The home cassette of Stone's triumph should hit video stores late this summer, with best-seller status assured. So much for long shots.

THE OLIVER TREND

Speaking of Oliver Stone, it looks as though we're at the cusp of an Oliver trend. This dignified but dated name (Oliver Cromwell, Oliver Wendell Holmes) is lately everywhere you look.

Consider: Vietnam vet/screenplay writer/director Stone is the auteur of the year. Oliver Sacks, a rotund, bespectacled neurologist with three obscure books to his credit, put down his stethoscope to pen the national best seller The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat, a collection of clinical tales that has turned out to be the fastest-selling trade paperback Harper & Row has ever published. Then there's Oliver North, that boyish-looking Marine formerly of the National Security Council, who has emerged at the focal point of the

worst political scandal since Watergate, holding the potential power to bring down the President himself. Jumping on the Oliver band wagon, Hollywood may buy North's story. Superagent Irving "Swifty" Lazar claims he could get \$5,000,000 for it. Even Oliver Reed, the movie star (Oliver!), is in for a comeback. He starred in this year's Captive and has just finished filming a new movie in Africa.

And a whole new crop of Olivers is coming up. The New York State Bureau of Biostatistics reports a surge in newborns with the name: 40 new little Olivers this year, up one third from a decade ago.

SAY FA-HEE-TA

When Sonny "Fajita King" Falcon was growing up in the Rio Grande Valley, neighbors grilled skirt steak at back-yard barbecues. In the late Sixties, Falcon began selling grilled skirt steak wrapped in flour tortillas from a roadside stand in Kyle, Texas—the first fajita stand, he believes, in the world. Falcon stops short of claiming that he invented the fajita. That crumb falls to the border-town folk



who bought skirt steak (beef diaphragm muscle—yuk!) years before anyone else, because it was all they could afford.

In 1978, Falcon opened a permanent Fajita King concession in an Austin mall. A year later, Bob Conover of Texas Meat Purveyors noted a growing customer demand for skirt steak. By 1982, the Austin Hyatt Regency was serving 13,000 orders of *fajitas* a month. The hotel chain is credited with spreading the *fajita* Gospel across the nation.

While you can still scarf down a fajita taco for around a buck in Texas, a fajita plate—served with grilled onions, salsa and guacamole—goes for upwards of six bucks; in New York City, \$10 to \$15.

Now chefs all over are stuffing tortillas with everything from lobster to chicken and calling them fajitas. A tragedy, opines Falcon: "The word has been raped. It's unfair that a lot of people may never taste a true fajita and die believing they have."

Meatman Conover is less of a purist: "We've taken a poor man's necessity and improved on it. We would have done it with beans," he adds, "but they just kept falling through the grill."

DRUMS ALONG THE POTOMAC

While the national media have been absorbed in Contragate and earlyyawn-Presidential-election coverage, the dizzying pace of D.C. life continues unabated. Our low-down on the high life: For a Kennedy Center appearance with other entertainers, singer Linda Ronstadt forbade cameras taping the event to shoot her, because she is self-conscious about a recent weight gain. . . . At an all-male gathering that included Vice-President George Bush, Republican Senator Pete Domenici of New Mexico joked that he is so charismatic when he speaks in public that women throw their panties at him. "It happened again just yesterday," said Domenici. "I just don't know what got into Senator Mikulski." Barbara Mikulski, the stocky, middle-aged freshman Democrat from Maryland, wasn't pleased when she heard of the crack, though her office began answering the phone "Panty Central." . . . Sports

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

ANIMAL STORIES

Amount spent daily in the U.S. on pet toys: \$3,600,000.

Amount spent daily on pet clothes: \$27,000.

Number of pets handled by U.S. shelters annually: 11,600,000. Amount spent annually on food and shelter for stray pets: \$75,400,000.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

Percentage of Fortune 500 executives who, given a choice of accepting a free bottle of champagne or a donation in their name to charity, chose charity: three.

CALL ME A LAWYER

Number of students seeking doctorates in U.S. law schools, 1985-1986: 118,700.

Number of practicing lawyers in the U.S.: 673,745.

Number of disbarments, suspensions and public reprimands imposed on lawyers by the state and Federal court systems in 1985: 1407.

Number of U.S. lawyers disbarred in 1985: 448.

Most frequent reasons for disbarment: general neglect, felonies, failure to communicate and commingling, conversion or misappropriation of funds.

I'LL TAKE CASH

Number of credit cards lost or stolen per year: nearly 3,700,000.

Average amount thieves spend using lost or stolen cards: \$46.22.

Percentage of credit cards lost or



FACT OF THE MONTH

Materials used to produce boxed set-773,129 pounds of vinyl and 910,000,000 feet of

initial orders (1,500,000 copies) of Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band Live/1975-85, a half-inch tape, enough to cover five football fields.

Amount spent annually by Americans at hair salons,

49; of women, 21.

stolen within 25 miles

SKIN-DEEP

can men who had hair

transplants in 1984,

4275; car-reduction

Number of Ameri-

can women who had

liposuction surgery in

1984, 51,473; nose

Percentage of men

who would like to

change their weight,

41; of women, 55. Per-

centage of overweight

men who see them-

selves as attractive,

surgery, 6072.

jobs, 53,580.

Number of Ameri-

of home: 80.

19.9 billion dollars; at barbershops, 2.9 billion dollars.

JUNK FOOD

Volume of Coca-Cola consumed per day world-wide: 2.9 billion ounces, enough to fill 539,244 bathtubs.

Number of Oreo cookies sold per day: 16,400,000, enough to cover as much wall space as 29,354 rolls of wallpaper.

QUOTE

"My greatest gift is my ability to be myself at all times, no matter what. . . . I have the ability to be perfectly vulnerable at all times."—Oprah Winfrey in Spy, December 1986.

TOMORROW'S LEADERS

Twenty percent of all college students believe it is dangerous for a woman to have sex while menstruating.

Fifty percent believe condoms come in different sizes.

Fifty percent believe that Noah's ark existed.

Madden may appear in TV commercials for Ramada Inns, but when he's in Washington, he stays at the swanky \$175-anight Grand Hotel. The Grand's hotel staff, which fetches three-dollar cigars from a local tobacco shop for Madden, was sent by Christie Brinkley to purchase Baby Wipes when the model, husband Billy Joel and baby were in the nation's capital during a concert tour.... And whoever stole radio talk-show host Larry King's Buick Riviera sure hated Ole Blue Eyes. Driving off down Pennsylvania Avenue, the thief tossed 15 of King's prized Frank Sinatra tapes out the window.

commentator and ex-football coach John

TIMEKEEPER

Most musicians consider themselves lucky just to live to be 60. Vibraharpist Lionel Hampton celebrates the 60th year of his music career during the Playboy Jazz Festival June 13 and 14. To put that into perspective, here's a list of ten acts whose combined careers total 60 years: Prince, Chrissie Hynde, Mark Knopfler, Julian Lennon, Joe Jackson, Howard Jones, Gregory Abbott, Samantha Fox, Stanley Jordan and the Beastie Boys. And may they all be around as long as Hampton. Hats off to the Hamp.

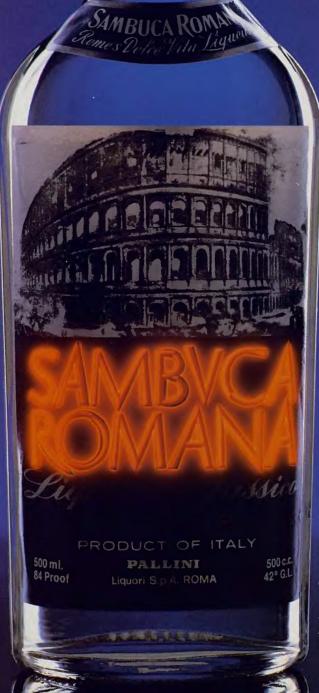
UNTOUCHABLE GUY

The Untouchables may be the hit of the summer, with a slick script by David Mamet-including a great closing lineand enough gore to satisfy the most ardent fans of director Brian DePalma. One production assistant told us the real special effects began when Robert De Niro showed up on the set in Chicago weighing an extra 20 pounds, ready to play an extended cameo as Al Capone. It's rumored that he even had a personal barber chair installed in his hotel room-just like Scarface. One courtroom scene lost a take when De Niro broke free from his mob of bodyguards and took a kick at costar Andy Garcia. The bodyguards, by the way, were the real thing-hand selected by De Niro in Brooklyn.

AND A WALK ON THE WIRED SIDE

Byteheads who previously thought that reading was just a town in Pennsylvania now have a novel. Amnesia, by PLAYBOY science-fiction writer Thomas M. Disch, is the first all-text computer adventure written by a novelist. Here, the "reader" gets to play the main character in a hellish Manhattan landscape, beginning at the mysterious Sunderland Hotel, where the protagonist, broke and naked, has also lost his identity. Attacks by assorted baddies and choice dilemmas—death by firing squad or by suicide?—keep the going spicy. With more than 4000 Manhattan locations, including 650 streets and the entire downtown subway system, in Amnesia, finding oneself becomes nearly the challenge it is in the real New York City.





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

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



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 highfidelity 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





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

of 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

in most new Blaupunkt AM/FM cassette receivers.

A thank you. And an invitation.

While we appreciate this opportunity to explain how well Blaupunkts are built, we are regretfully 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.

Safe & Sound

Short Stop Sound on Wheels

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 Blaupunkt technicians in

specially equipped vans

cover the globe to

test products.

This van

covers

the U.S.

have come to expect it. Customers like you.

And customers like Lotus. Porsche. Audi. Rolls-Rovce. 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

BLAUPUNKT

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 brings you up-to-the-minute local traffic reports in many major American cities.

And it's a standard feature

New York City

Boston Auto Radio Bronx Midtown Auto Radio Bruckner Auto Radio Creative Car Stereo Fordham Auto Radio G.L.M. Sound Gus Radio Laran Electronics Liberty Glass

Meadowbrook Sound Northern Auto Radio Phil's Auto Radio Stereo City

Long Island Audio Breakthrough

Audio Design Bobby O Auto World Cap's Audio Car Tunes Classic Auto Sound Constant Audio Custom Auto Systems Dart Audio Video Norlee Performance Auto Radio

Rogers Stereo

Sandros Electronics Showtime Stereo Westchester/Rockland/ Upstate

Auto Concepts Auto Sound Specialist Auto Sound Systems Jo-Dis Sound Center Albany

Lechmere Model Electronics Northern Auto Sound

Stereo Depot Westchester Stereo **New Jersey** A&D Auto Sound Auto Audio Auto Sound Specialist Car-Fi Auto Sound Classic Audio Cruisin' Music Druckers Fidelity Car Stereo Full Stop Hi Tech Audio Monmouth Stereo Motoring Images Par Troy Sound Professional Audio Consultants Radiomaster S&W Stereo Specialists Samm Sound Short Stop Sound City Stereo City Tri-County Audio Udo's Automotive Vortex Audio While You Wait Highway Audio Connecticut Alv Kahns Car Stereo Consultants

Creative Installations

Westchester Stereo

World Car Stereo

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.





MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ANOTHER BOLD STEP in the post-Rambo phase of national soul searching about Vietnam, The Hanoi Hilton (Cannon) is dynamic drama, a kind of angst-laden epilog to Platoon. Applauding Oliver Stone's definitive battle epic was easy for antiwar activists and liberals, who may feel stiffly challenged by writer-director Lionel Chetwynd's poignant homage to U.S. prisoners of war. The movie borrows its title from the infamous Hoa Lo prison, where many were entombed for nearly a decade. Perceiving themselves as forgotten men, shaken by news from Stateside about rising protests against an endless, unwinnable war, they were tortured, broken in body and spirit. Many confessed to their "crimes." How some died and some survived with a saving scrap of dignity is Chetwynd's story, distilled from interviews with more than 100 former POWs.

The captives' ordeal is rendered in blood and tears within a prison compound, where cinematographer Mark (The Fly) Irwin devises an unnerving essay on claustrophobia. In his key role as a sensitive Navy pilot who endures a nineyear stretch at Hoa Lo, Michael Moriarty is brilliant at portraying stubborn courage corroded by fear. Other actors pushing the envelope for honors are Jeffrey Jones, Stephen Davies, David Soul-and, especially, newcomer David Anthony Smith, in a knockout debut as the first GI to break under pressure. Call it a technical snag that the men appear surprisingly able-bodied after years of abuse on a starvation diet; their moving performances nevertheless express progressive decay and despair. Episodic by necessity, the movie lobs over-the-shoulder pot shots at some targets likely to stir debate: a vile British journalist who sees Red as right; a malevolent Cuban inquisitor (Michael Russo); a visiting American film star (Gloria Carlin) with her naïve entourage of apologists in an episode that will not amuse Jane Fonda. Chetwynd claims that all such scenes are backed by POW testimony. Whatever one's opinion of its politics, Hanoi Hilton is inarguably an important picture. ¥¥¥1/2

As a film maker, Susan Seidelman is more foxily feminine than feminist, and she sends another fresh and saucy sympathy note to modern women in Making Mr. Right (Orion). After Desperately Seeking Susan, a hard act to follow, what could be righter than a bright, high-key Eighties comedy about people desperately seeking relationships? Seidelman's new heroine is a Miami public-relations dynamo (Ann Magnuson, born to recycle Shirley MacLaine parts) who's hired to promote a robotic man named Ulysses. The robot



Moriarty's miserable Hanoi Hilton digs.

A poignant homage to POWs; desperately seeking Mr. Right.

has been created in his own image by an uptight scientist (both roles played with deadpan zest by John Malkovich). Turns out the replica is phallically fully equipped and most companionable. Mr. Right wastes very little time spoofing s-f but does suggest that connecting sexually and emotionally is no simple matter nowadays.

A movie called Lily Tomlin (Broomfield Churchill) is already in theaters nationwide despite efforts by Tomlin's lawyers to obtain a court injunction barring its release. We can skip the legal arguments. What you get here, distributed independently by film makers Joan Churchill and Nicholas Broomfield, is a patchy, shot-onthe-run record of Lily en route to Broadway with her spectacularly successful one-woman show The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe. Whether or not the lady herself likes it, Lily Tomlin on film is revealing, riotous and sure to generate "enhanced interest in seeing the show in its entirety." That's a direct quote from the California judge who said no to Tomlin's lawsuit while giving the last laugh to millions of deprived citizens who never saw Search on stage. ***

Danny DeVito and Richard Dreyfuss clearly relish their roles in *Tin Men* (Touchstone) as a couple of rival aluminumsiding salesmen hawking their wares around Baltimore circa 1963. Happily, the performers' enjoyment becomes conta-

gious under the skillful guidance of writerdirector Barry Levinson, a Baltimore native back on home ground, where he made Diner, a 1982 sleeper about misspent youth. Levinson's subjects now are an older generation of cronies and con men who meet regularly to trade tips in what appears to be the same diner. Jackie Gavle and John Mahoney shine as fasttalking side-kicks to DeVito and Dreyfuss, whose blood feud starts with a fender bender and winds up with Dreyfuss' vengefully seducing DeVito's dissatisfied wife (Barbara Hershey). From then on, destiny locks them into a gloriously cockeyed triangle. Tin Men meanders and occasionally strains credulity, but any lapses are smoothed over by the easy, affectionate tone of a shrewd film maker working from firsthand observation. Levinson woos you into liking these guys. ***

There is only superficial kinship between Italian director Marco Bellocchio's Devil in the Flesh (Orion Classics) and the landmark 1947 French film starring Gérard Philipe. Both concern a schoolboy's passionate affair with an older woman, and the French original stirred controversy because the woman was a soldier's wife in wartime. Bellocchio's new, updated, X-rated version is more likely to be remarked upon and remembered for an oral-sex episode-specifically a tender, loving but unmistakably explicit scene of fellatio practiced by the heroine (Maruschka Detmers) on her teenaged inamorato (Federico Pitzalis). Detmers has an early-Jane Fonda look, along with an air of uncomplicated sensuality that would excite interest on any occasion. Otherwise, Devil in the Flesh seems curiously pallid and pointless despite the director's assured professional touch. Here, the callow 18-year-old Andrea appears only marginally younger than his mistress, Giulia, portrayed in contemporary terms as a winsome single sexpot who's engaged to marry a penitent terrorist on trial for his crimes. Andrea's worst problem is that his schoolwork suffers. While arguments for and against fun with Giulia soon grow wearisome, the time spent playing hooky with Maruschka ought to keep everyone wide-awake. **

Is there sex after death? Does the socalled Great Beyond have angels flying around? Is it just a city like New York, L.A. or Chicago? So go the questions answered one way or another in *Heaven* (Island), a provocative and diverting documentary directed by Diane Keaton (yes, that Diane Keaton). Having a celebrity presence behind the camera probably gives *Heaven* a hand as well as a handle to save it from sudden death and swift banishment to its natural home on public television. The concept is based on interviews in a trendy, otherworldly setting with plain folk, amateur psychics, straights, gays, wild eccentrics or anyone with an opinion about an afterlife. Film editor Paul Barnes at least matches Keaton's contribution by bringing Heaven into focus against a pastiche of vintage newsreels, animation and clips from fondly remembered old movies. Bits of it bristle with off-the-wall humor worthy of Woody Allen, and that's high praise.

Wild excess is the constant factor in the collected works of Ken Russell, a director who's almost never dull but may occasionally travel too fast for audiences sitting down cold sober. Still, those with high tolcrance for his headlong style should find Gothic (Vestron) one hell of a trip. It doesn't often make sense, yet the movie richly earns its title as a hallucinatory supernatural tale, set in a gloomy Swiss villa on a long, stormy night back in 1816. Gothic freely re-creates that famous gathering where Mary Godwin-mistress and wife-to-be of the poet Shelley-conjured up the dark, demonic forces she would one day bring to light in a novel called Frankenstein. In an auspicious majormovie debut as Mary, Natasha Richardson (daughter of Vanessa Redgrave and director Tony Richardson) projects the sort of graceful hysteria appropriate to a Gothic heroine. Letting out all stops among the bizarre company she keeps are Julian Sands as Shelley, Gabriel Byrne as Lord Byron, Myriam Cyr as Byron's brazen mistress, Claire, and Timothy Spall as the weird Dr. Polidori, who seems devoted to Byron, body and soul. High on opium or heated imaginations, insomniacs all, with their creative juices at the boiling point, they streak from séances to sex games to fearsome fantasies about death. Stephen Volk's screenplay is wordy, but words fade against the crashing sights and sounds of a cinematic Walpurgisnacht that proves again that there's as much method as madness in Russellmania. ***

Write off the ratings battle over Angel Heart (Tri-Star) as a tempest in a fleshpot. Alan Parker's eerie occult suspense drama was initially Xed (later cut ten seconds for an R) largely because of a blood-spattered bed scene between Mickey Rourke and petite Lisa Bonet of TV fame, who seldom does anything so untidy on The Cosby Show. Like much of Angel Heart, that gory tumble in the sack may be mere fantasy. Bonet plays a mambo priestess, Rourke a shambling private eye on the trail of a missing man. As the mysterious stranger who hires him, Robert De Niro plays a character I cannot describe without blowing the lid off Parker's plot (which he adapted from a novel by William Hjortsberg that was serialized in PLAYBOY in 1978). The movie is stunning, though, handsomely shot at eccentric angles to



Gothic's Richardson, Sands.

Russellmania strikes again in *Gothic*; a steamy new *Devil*.

give hoary old tricks a new look. Rourke's performance beats anything he has done since Body Heat, but I wish someone had told him that 30 years ago, a shrewd snoop trying to pass himself off as a Government inspector would be unlikely to sport a fashionable two-day growth of beard. That's Eighties chic and no way to treat a mid-Fifties melodrama. ***

Coming-of-age movies about prepubescents on the threshold of life are apt to be a pain, but My Life as a Dog (Skouras) scores as a delightful exception to the rule. Made in Sweden, director Lasse Hallstrom's droll and heart-warming tragicomedy was cited by Swedish critics as the best film of 1985. The same group named 12-year-old Anton Glanzelius best actor for his portrayal of a city-bred boy named Ingemar, an all-but-irresistible imp who is sent to live with his uncle in a rustic village, leaving his dying mother and his beloved dog behind. While death threatens, life beckons to Ingemar in myriad forms: An ailing old man enlists him to read aloud from a ladies'-lingerie catalog; a voluptuous blonde from the nearby glassworks asks him to chaperone while she models nude for a local sculptor. At a time when all of Sweden is cheering for Ingemar Johansson as the next world heavyweight champion, the boy also meets a nubile neighbor girl who's an expert boxer but is worried that her budding breasts may become a problem in the ring. Unabashedly sentimental, My Life as a Dog is nevertheless sophisticated enough to evoke tears, laughter and bittersweet nostalgia while summing up just how it feels to be very, very young. ***

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Angel Heart (See review) Rourke and De Niro getting into voodoo. The Assault (Reviewed 5/87) A Dutch boy's memories of Nazi terror. ****/2 Beyond Therapy (4/87) Psychiatry gags couched by Altman & Co. Black Widow (5/87) In this glossy web, Russell vs. Winger. 88 Devil in the Flesh (See review) Giving head while going classic. 88 84 Charing Cross Road (5/87) Bookworms in love, sort of. Gothic (See review) Lost weekend with Byron, Shelley and Russell. The Hanoi Hilton (See review) Rooms Heat (Listed only) Lukewarm thriller with Burt Reynolds in Vegas. Heaven (See review) Who's that down here asking what's up there? Why, it's Diane Keaton. Hollywood Shuffle (5/87) On being gifted and black in Tinseltown. **888** Hoosiers (11/86) Hoop yarn about small-town underdogs, winningly led by Hackman and Hopper. Kangaroo (Listed only) A D. H. Lawrence trip with Judy Davis. ¥¥1/2 Lethal Weapon (Listed only) Lacking ammo, Gibson, Glover still score. ** Lily Tomlin (See review) Getting her show on the road, reluctantly. *** Making Mr. Right (See review) Frisky fun with a working-model man. My Life as a Dog (See review) From Sweden, warm coming-of-age comedy with bark as well as bite. A Nightmare on Elm Street 3 (Listed only) So twice was not enough? More XX1/2 ghoulish fun with Freddy. Personal Services (4/87) Bawds of London, courtesy of Terry Jones. XXX Platoon (1/87) Oliver Stone's harrowing images of boys at war. XXXI/S Prick Up Your Ears (5/87) The grim life and death of gay Joe Orton. *** Radio Days (4/87) Woody Allen's ode to lost innocence. Tune in. Raising Arizona (5/87) Madcap amorality from the Coen boys. XXX1/2 Some Kind of Wonderful (Listed only) For the wet behind the ears. The Stepfather (3/87) Edge-of-your-seat XXX stuff with a baaad dad. Street Smart (5/87) Some rather nasty doings in New York. ¥¥1/2 Tin Men (See review) A pair of sales sharpies testing their mettle. *** Waiting for the Moon (5/87) Somewhat as they were, here come Alice B. Toklas and Gertrude Stein.

YYYY Don't miss YYY Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

Rock'n'Roll On CD

TIME-LIFE MUSIC presents the greatest collection of rock 'n' roll ever. And the digital sound is brighter and clearer than any rock 'n' roll you've ever heard! The Rock 'n' Roll Era features all the original stars and their original hit recordings.

1957 Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On/Jerry Lee Lewis • Little Darlin'/ The Diamonds • Wake Up Little Susie/The Everly Brothers • Peggy Sue/Buddy Holly • At the Hop/Dan-ny and the Juniors • I'm Walkin'/ Fats Domino • Keep A Knockin'/Lit-tle Richard • School Day/Chuck Berry • Come Go with Me/The Dell-Vikings • Searchin'/The Coasters Vikings • Searchin/The Coaste
Party Doll/Buddy Knox • Great
Balls of FirelJerry Lee Lewis •
Jim Dandy/LaVern Baker
• Suzie-Q/Dale Hawkins •
Happy, Happy Birthday
Baby/The Tune Westers •
Chart Fat Faterial Terri Short Fat Fannie/Larry Williams • Mr. Lee/The Bobbettes • Could This Be Magic/The Dubs . Young Blood/The Coasters • Over the Mountain, Across the Sea/Johnnie and Joe • C.C. Rider/Chuck Willis • Little Bitty Pretty One/Thurston Harris

1962 Duke of Earl/Gene Chandler • Palisades Park/ Freddy Cannon • The Loco-Motion/ Little Eva • Soldier Boy/The Shirelles The Wanderer/Dion . Twistin' the Night Away/Sam Cooke • Up on the Roof/The Drifters . Twist and Shout The Isley Brothers • plus 14 more!

1958 Yakety Yak/The Coasters • Sweet Little Sixteen/Chuck Berry • Good Golly, Miss Molly/Little Richard • Chantilly Lace/Big Bopper • To Know Him, Is to Love Him/The Teddy Bears . Do You Wanna Dancel Bobby Freeman • plus 16 more!

Chuck Berry

Elvis Presley: 1954-1961 Heartbreak Hotel • Hound Dog • Don't Be Cruel • Hard Headed Woman • All Shook Up • Are You Lonesome Tonight? • Jailhouse Rock • Love Me Tender • plus 14 more!

1964 Where Did Our Love Go/The Supremes • California Sun/The Rivieras • Under the Boardwalk/ The Drifers • It Hurts to Be in Lovel Gene Pitney • The Little Old Lady (from Pasadena)/Jan and Dean • You Don't Own Me/Lesley Gore • Oh. Pretty Woman/Roy Orbison • My Guy/Mary Wells • C'mon and Swim/ Bobby Freeman • plus 13 more!

Each album features:

- One laser-scanned compact disc, or one double-length chromium dioxide cassette, or two long-playing records on 100% virgin vinyl
- Only the original recordings by the original artists
- All songs digitally remastered ■Informative liner notes and discography

Clear Digital Sound on CDs. Cassettes and LPs



Get ready for a revolution in sound. The Rock 'n' Roll Era comes on compact discs. Each laser-scanned CD brings your hits to life with utterly flawless reproduction.

Or, order one double-length chrome cassette or two long-

playing records.

Whichever format you choose, each album has been digitally remastered for state-of-the-art audio brilliance, and each comes with informative liner notes, and

a discography.

Each album in The Rock 'n' Roll Era is devoted to a single year, from 1954 to 1964, plus albums spotlighting The Beach Boys, Elvis Presley, The Everly Brothers and The Supremes. The Rock 'n' Roll Era brings you more No. 1 and Top 10 hits than any collection ever offered.

Rock with the hits of 1957!

1957. your introductory album, makes it all come alive again-Jerry Lee Lewis, The Coasters. The Everly Brothers, Fats Domino, Buddy Holly, Chuck

Berry and more!

When you purchase 1957, other albums will follow, one about every other month-same free trial and same low price. Keep only the albums you want. There is no minimum number to buy and you may cancel at any time simply by notifying us.

Mail the coupon today! For faster service, use your credit card and call toll-free 1-800-445-TIME, 10 am to

11 pm EST.

-----Mail to: TIME-LIFE MUSIC, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, MUSIC Chicago, IL 60611

YES! Please send 1957 to begin my subscription to The Rock 'n' Roll Era. 1 understand each album (one double-length cassette, or two LP records or one compact disc) comes for a free 10-day audition; no minimum purchase is required; and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you. When I pay for 1957, I will receive additional albums shipped one every other month. If I decide not to buy 1957, I agree to return the album within 10 days and I will be under no further obligation. I prefer to receive

☐ One Double-length Cassette (\$14.95*) Branch MYA4L2
☐ Two LP Records (\$14.95*) Branch MXA4L3
☐ One Compact Disc (\$16.95*) Branch M9A4L1

Name	Please print
Address	
City	StateZip

For customer service, call toll-free 1-800-621-7026. (In Illinols: 1-800-572-8255.)

MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

MARION WILLIAMS is as talented as any living singer this side of Aretha Franklin. She's less well known only because she sings Gospel music and records infrequently. I've Come So Far, her first album in five years and the lead release on Gospel expert Anthony Heilbut's new SpiritFeel label, is as fine an example of traditional black church singing as anyone has released in recent years. Farther On Up the Road, a hymn later converted to an R&B hit by Bobby Bland, is given houseshaking treatment; I've Come So Far is a magnificent example of Williams' blues phrasing and depth of emotion; and Mansion Builder makes something valuable of contemporary Gospel, a genre I'd heretofore considered irredeemable.

Gospel music is as much a part of the foundation of rock and R&B as blues or country, but it's been ignored. Mostly, that's because its religious themes get in the way of secular critics, but listeners steeped in vernacular idioms also stumble over the fact that its greatest exponents have often been women, such as Williams and Mahalia Jackson, who sing with extremely formal diction and phrasing. The result is an American music scene that rewards the soulless likes of Amy Grant but remains ignorant of such crucial Gospel forefathers as R. H. Harris. Harris is best known as the man whom Sam Cooke replaced in the Soul Stirrers, but, in fact, he was a great stylist in his own right, as revealed by the eight Harrisled Soul Stirrers tracks from the Thirties and Forties on SpiritFeel's other debut release, Father and Sons. Marion Williams was a crucial inspiration for Little Richard, it's true, but the Harris-era Soul Stirrers (like the Five Blind Boys of Mississippi and The Sensational Nightingales, the other groups represented on Father and Sons) were the obvious antecedents of doo-wop and such wailing R&B greats as Clyde McPhatter and Cooke. Both albums are indispensable for anyone wondering where today's music came from and, given Williams' exorcising of pop Gospel's banalities, maybe even where it could be heading.

NELSON GEORGE

Before Prince transformed Sheila Escovedo into Sheila E., she was a fiery percussionist who'd played funk, jazz and fusion music with passion. Under his guidance, she became a sexy product of the Minneapolis sound. Certainly, she was better than Vanity or Apollonia, but her versatility remained untapped. On Sheilo E. (Paisley Park/Warner), Sheila E. successfully stretches out, in large part because she had more creative control



Marion Williams: God's best?

Hot Gospel, Beatlemania II and new Brit rock.

than on her first two Prince-sponsored efforts. On such songs as Wednesday Like a River, Soul Salsa and Love on a Blue Train, the arrangements are clever and Sheila E.'s aggressive vocal attack well suited to the mostly up-tempo material.

Caravan of Love, a song written and originally recorded by Isley-Jasper-Isley, hit number one in the United Kingdom when it was covered by The Housemartins last winter, which suggests the good taste of that English quartet and the songwriting strength of Ernie Isley, Chris Jasper and Marvin Isley. These three, who throughout the Seventies injected new vitality into The Isley Brothers, have emerged on their own as able, engaging tunesmiths. Their unnecessary rewrite of Caravan as Brother to Brother notwithstanding, Different Drummer (CBS) is stuffed with satiny mid-tempo tunes.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Andy Partridge and Colin Moulding have shared a passion for arty poperaft since forming their first band in 1973—a band that surfaced as XTC in punk 1977 and retired to the studio as soon as seemed decent. Often their structures and polyrhythms have been too fussy, but **Skylarking** (Geffen) is what arty solitude is for. With Todd Rundgren adding his jeweler's touch to some very melodic songs, the album soars like a bird or good Shelley, especially when it celebrates young love—most enticingly on a song called *Grass*,

about something good to do there, though at least half a dozen others come close.

In the tradition of England's depressed industrial north, The Housemartins are more soulful still, and they've made a splash in their nation's troubled waters with their cardigans and baggy pants. These unpretentious lads are so perky, you think they're about to break into a cereal commercial; but, in fact, they have a different product in mind: socialist revolution, with equal credit to Marx and Jesus. And if you give the at first annoyingly cheerful music on London 0 Hull 4 (Elektra) a chance to rouse you, you, too, will be humming, "Don't shoot someone tomorrow/That you can shoot today."

CHARLES M. YOUNG

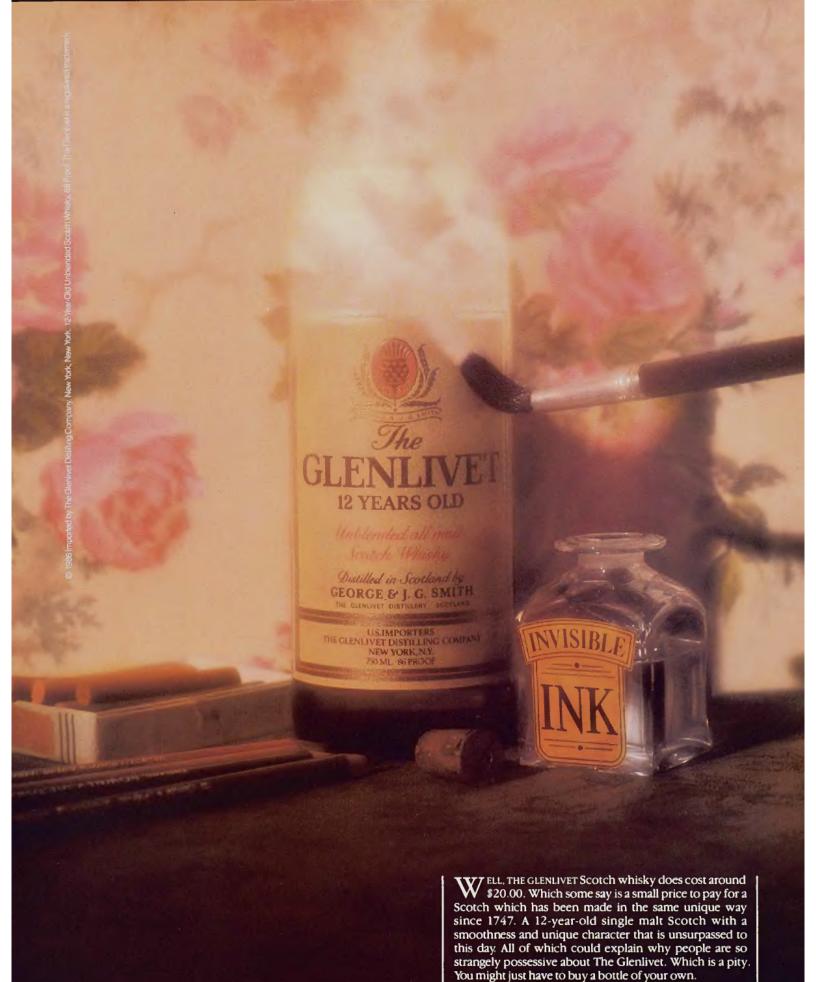
As one who recently stuffed \$2000 worth of word processor into the closet and dusted off his manual typewriter, I have a deep suspicion of technology. Nonetheless, I bought a component CD player when Capitol started its yearlong CD reissue of its Beatles catalog. Have I been suckered into another pointless subsidy of the microchip industry or is the sound quality worth it? Playing the same cut on album and CD and switching between them, I conclude that there is a big difference. Everything is brighter and

GUEST SHOT



ANYONE WHO knows anything about baseball knows Keith Hernandez of the New York Mets. He played a key role in the Mets' 1986 world-series victory and has won the Gold Glove Award nine years in a row. Understandably, he's known as the premier fielding first baseman. We asked him if the Beastie Boys got to first base with their first effort, "Licensed to Ill."

"The main thing I enjoyed about this is that the Beastie Boys sound like they were having incredible fun doing it. The single (You Gotta) Fight for Your Right (to Party)! makes me want to pick up a glove and play—I'd like it if they played this album at the ball park. I'm prejudiced, though—I've seen the Beastie Boys perform, and some of them wear Mets caps."



THE GLENLIVET. JUST SLIGHTLY OUT OF REACH.

FAST TRACKS

R	C	K M	E :	T E	R
	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
The Dave Edmunds Band Live I Hear Yau Rackin'	5	5	5	5	8
Lou Gramm Ready or Nat	2	5	3	6	6
Bruce Hornsby & the Range The Way It Is	4	7	8	7	6
Psychedelic Furs Midnight to Midnight	5	4	6	4	4
Patty Smyth Never Enough	6	4	6	5	6

REEING AND ROCKING: Look for Ted Nugent to make his feature-film debut in State Park. Nugent plays himself and sings Love Is Like a Chain Saw, which he describes as "a moving love song for these times."... Screenwriter Joe Eszterhous, who wrote Jagged Edge, is writing a sequel to Nashville.... Timo's hit song Private Dancer, written by Mork Knopfler, is being developed as a movie by the producers of Flashdance, Peter Guber and Jon Peters.... Billy Joel and Bette Midler are providing the voices for an animated Disney film of Oliver Twist.... Dione Keoton plans to direct a music video for Belindo Corlisle.

NEWSBREAKS: The Boss has recorded a song with Little Steven for Van Zandt's album Freedom-No Compromise. . . . Check out Bebe Buell and her band, The Gargoyles', tune Jacuzzi Jungle. . . . Remember the great party band that played for the toga party in Animal House? Otis Day and the Knights are making an album, produced by George Clinton, due out any day now. . . . Robert Cray will play on Mick Jagger's second solo effort. . . . The Temptations will return to the studio with Dennis Edwards in tow. Edwards will continue to solo, too. . . . Crystal Gayle will open a crystal-and-porcelain-gift shop in Nashville this month. . . , Crosby, Stills and Nash are recording together again. . . . Debbie Horry and Belinda Carlisle are hosting a Cinemax special, The Legendary Ladies, including Lesley Gore, Martha Reeves, Ronnie Spector, Mary Wells and Dorlene Love. It will air this summer, . . . Director John Hughes has a distribution deal with MCA for his own record company, Hughes Music. The first release will be the sound track to his latest movie, Some Kind of Wonderful, but the label will also look for non-sound-track artists. . . . Rick

Nelson's twin sons have completed an album and are scouting a label. . . Willie Nelson is planning Farm Aid III for September in Lincoln, Nebraska. Willie says he hopes there won't be a need for Farm Aid IV. . . . Phil Ramone is producing the next Paul McCartney effort, and word has it that you'll be able to hear The Beatles' influence on the new stuff Paul's writing. . . . Aretha, James Brown, Wilson Pickett, Robert Palmer, Billy Vera and Joe Cocker taped a Cinemax TV special at a club in Detroit. Aretha and the Godfather duet on It's a Man's Man's World and Do Right Woman, Do Right Man . . . Diana Ross is working on a special for ABC.... What's in the works for the Beach Boys' 25th anniversary? A TV special, a retail clothing line, songs on movie sound tracks, about 200 concerts and Annette and Frankie Avalon's Back to the Beach, with mood music provided by the Beach Boys. . . . The thing we like best about Comeo's success story is not just the fact that the band has a crossover hit with Word Up but that it is the only U.S. R & B group we can think of that went to England to get hot and then came home. . . . Guitar legend Duone Eddy has an album coming out. . . . Huey Lewis has reportedly turned down big bucks from Coca-Cola for a commercial. . . . The San Francisco Health Department has high school students competing to see who can come up with the best rap about AIDS. The winner gets cash and a chance to perform on TV. Here are a few lines composed on the day the contest was announced: "People catching AIDS all over the nation / For a cure, there is no explanation/Wear a condom when you get an erection. . . . / So you won't get any infection." Not bad.

-BARBARA NELLIS

clearer on CD, and the bass and treble controls on my amplifier have about four times as much power as analogue has. It is a particular revelation to hear everything going on in the Beatles' rhythm section—Ringo was one terrific drummer, and McCartney was only passable on bass. The elimination of tape hiss and surface noise alone is worth it for soothing the nerves. When I want to replace a wornout favorite album in the future, I'm definitely upgrading to CD. Next year, I may even try indoor plumbing.

Anyway, Capitol has reissued With the Beotles, Please Please Me, Beotles for Sale and A Hard Day's Night in their English versions, meaning you get more songs, but the singles She Loves You and I Want to Hold Your Hand aren't included. Capitol has wisely gone back to mono where it was recorded in mono, because all that "electronically reprocessed" stereo (the aural equivalent of processed cheese) is bogus technology at its worst.

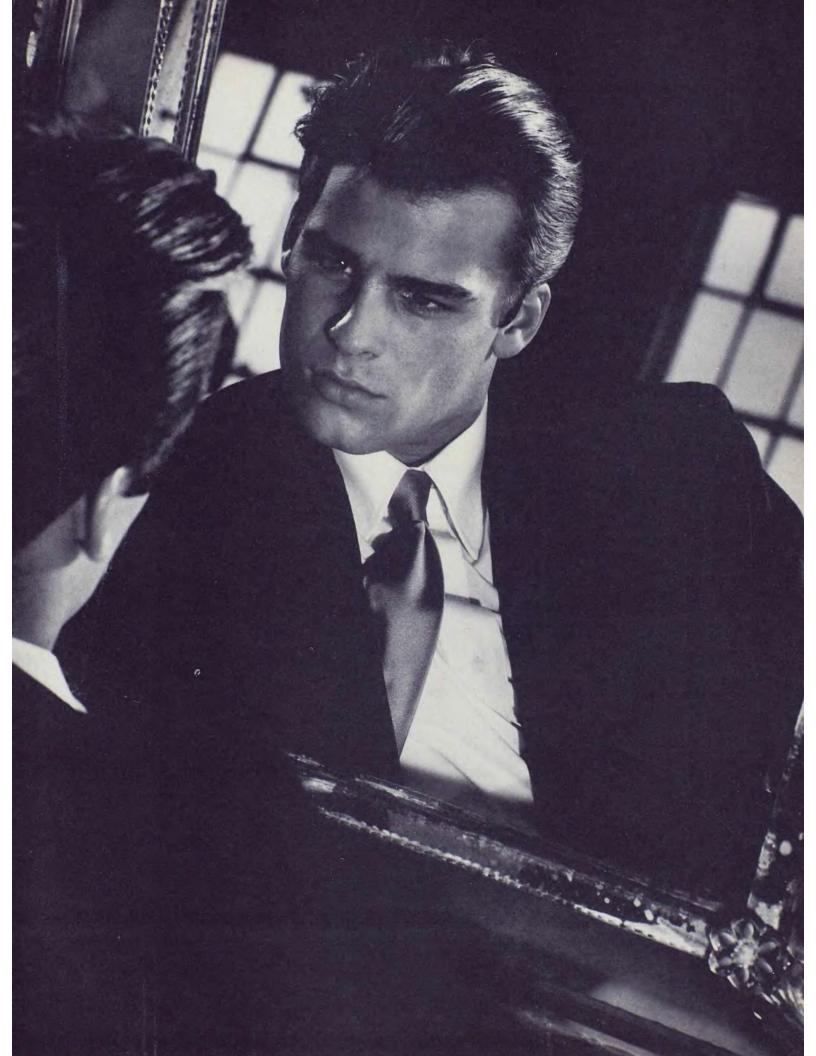
The niftiest thing is that you can hear genius unfold as the Beatles discover what works for them and what doesn't. What does work (85 percent of the material) is so exhilarating and melodious that you don't care if they aren't guitar virtuosos. What doesn't work is equally revelatory. I vote for A Taste of Honey and Baby It's You as the all-time Beatles stinkers.

VIC GARBARINI

Calling Pete Townshend self-indulgent is like calling Gorbachev a Communist. Still, Gorbachev is pretty innovative for a Commie, and Townshend has a lot of self to indulge. But Another Scoop (Atco), his second double album of demos and outtakes, should be of interest only to musicologists and rabid Who fanatics. The early Who demos, such as The Kids Are Alright and Pinball Wizard, are of historical value but really only show how much he needed The Who to transform them into the explosive statements they later became. Pete Townshend's Deep End Live! (Atco), the album version of the long-form video Pete Townshend's Deep End: The Brixton, England, Concert, is a far more satisfying overview of Townshend's work to date. Limiting himself to acoustic guitar and vocals, he turns in fresh, spirited performances on an assortment of Who favorites, cover tunes and selections from his three solo albums. Backed by an inspired band of veteran session men, Townshend proves that he no longer needs the security blanket of The Who. He sings with the mature grace and unaffected purity of a man who's suffered and survived, breathing new life into such classics as Behind Blue Eyes and Stop Hurting People. Unfortunately, some of the best material in the video isn't on the album. The consumer should note that the animated performances and congenial warmth of the video add a vital dimension to the music.







COMEDY

By STEPHEN RANDALL

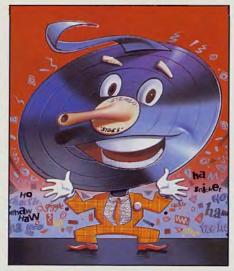
WELCOME TO the year of the castration complex. You may not have noticed it in yourself, or even in your friends, but judging from many of this year's comedy albums, men have little else on their minds other than an overwhelming concern about their equipment and the supposed threats posed to it by—gasp!—the dreaded female enemy.

Take Sam Kinison's first album, Louder than Hell (Warner). Kinison, of course, is this year's hottest comic, and no one gets bigger laughs from an audience. And many of those laughs come from his paranoia about his apparatus. "The best thing about marriage is that these are connected," he screams (Kinison is almost always screaming). "They don't come off. If they did, your wife would take them as soon as you got married." His act is populated with emasculating bitches (compared with marriage, he yells, "Hell would be like Club Med"), and Kinison is venomous-maybe too venomous-about women. "I'm trying to talk as many men as I can into not fucking women in the ass," he announces. "Come on, guys, there's other ways to hurt them." It makes you wonder if the poor guy has any sex life at all.

Much of his material is even edgier, making him perhaps the most tasteless comedian who currently has a major recording contract. It's as if someone, right after the space-shuttle disaster, had released an album of Challenger jokes. Kinison is one of life's guiltier pleasures, if he's a pleasure at all, and it will be interesting to see if his appeal is enduring or simply the result of shock value.

On A Night at the Met (Columbia), Robin Williams is also worried about, in his words, "Mr. Phallus," or "a snail wearing a helmet. . . . We have no control-over this tiny beast," he complains. "It should be a separate creature. You should be able to take him off and-boom!-put him on the ground." While Kinison hammers away at the same material, Williams shows amazing range and depth. His act is largely autobiographical, and he's very funny describing his own battles with alcohol and drugs. He refers to himself as a reformed alcoholic: "I'm the same asshole, I just have fewer dents in my car.' Talking about the desire for cocaine, he says, "Yeah, anything that makes you paranoid and impotent, give me more of it."

Much of his humor stems from his manic energy and vocal contortions, but his material is first-rate, whether he's joking about politics (and dismissing Ronald Reagan as "Disney's last wish") or describing the birth of his son and his new role as a dad. So much of his album revolves around family humor, in fact,



Cutup cuts.

Comics show their stuff— on record.

that Williams sometimes seems like a younger, hipper version of that *doyen* of domesticity, Bill Cosby.

Those of You with or Without Children. You'll Understand (Geffen) is Cosby's 22nd album (and a 1987 Grammy winner, Cosby's ninth), so he brings a certain polish to the proceedings. It's typical Cosby, tracing the annoyances of raising unruly kids back through the Bible to God's problems with Adam and Eve-"If God had trouble, what makes you think you're going to walk through this whole thing unscathed?" But his stories are so long and meandering, it seems as if there are barely more than three punch lines on the entire album. When a comedian reaches Cosby's cynosure status, audiences are tempted to laugh before the first joke is fired and, as a result, Cosby gets more genuine laughs during his build-ups than most comics get with actual jokes.

Another album veteran, however, does not quite live up to expectations. George Carlin's latest outing, *Ployin' with Your Head* (Eardrum), is his unlucky 13th album and, predictably, he gets carried away in exploiting life's banalities. He's concerned about how many ways we have to say hello and goodbye (aren't we all?), and he manages to tap into Kinison's phallic theme, stating that his favorite way to say hello is "How's your hammer hanging?" On a similar note, he's disturbed by people who bid you farewell by saying, "Have a good one." "Hey, I already have

a good one," Carlin likes to respond. "Now I'm looking for a *longer* one."

Father Guido Sarducci's Breakfast in Heaven (Warner) is wry and cerebral, but it's also a little bit dull. There are, to be sure, occasional bright moments: "If sex is only for procreation, then it seems that eating should only be for nutrition." Father Sarducci (in real life, writer-comedian Don Novello) also worries about how much time we waste singing Happy Birthday and offers a shortened version guaranteed to add six or seven minutes to anyone's life.

While Sarducci is clearly funnier during his three-minute Saturday Night Live stints, the opposite is true of Howie Mandel. On talk shows, he wears glittery Spandex, talks like a hyper idiot and is often seen with an inflated rubber glove on his head. (How does St. Elsewhere get him to act like the normal Dr. Fiscus? Valium, probably.) But on Fits Like a Glove (Warner), Mandel is a refreshing surprise. In fact, he may be the best comedian at interacting with an audience since the days when Don Rickles was still Don Rickles. Mandel starts by asking a member of the audience his name or occupation, and he manages to build on that until he's involved a dozen or so audience members in a hilarious ad-lib routine based on their lives. When one man answers that he sells seafood, Mandel asks, "Just like door to door? Say, 'Hi, I'm Ed. I got crabs'?" When another man claims that he does nothing for a living, Mandel wonders, "How do you know when you're finished?" Along the way, he digresses into a more traditional but still funny routine-"I hate performing on the road usually," he whines, "'cause the cars drive by and they splash over you"-but his real charm is the way he works an audience, how quickly he ad-libs and how he manages to weave everything together into a very funny show.

On You're in America Now, Speak Spanish (Columbia), newcomer Paul Rodriguez claims, "I'm the only Mexican that has yet to win the California Lottery," adding, "I'm not here to make you laugh, I'm here to create racial tension." That's promising more than he delivers, though his riffs on the Vietnamese and Hispanics are funny in a traditional sort of way. And since a trend is a trend, Rodriguez doesn't want to be left out of the crotch-humor movement. "God probably asked black guys, 'What do you guys want? Jobs or cocks?' I'm glad He didn't ask me, 'cause I would have been dragging it down the street." The Japanese, he claims, are not so blessed. "It's a law of nature, man," reports Rodriguez. "You got a small penis, you'll build radios."

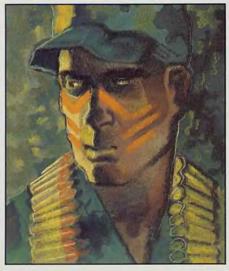
Or, perhaps, make comedy albums.

BOOKS

PHILIP CAPUTO'S novel Indian Country (Bantam) is about a Vietnam veteran who, years after the fact, cannot come home from the war. Christian Starkmann lives in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. He drinks too much, picks fights and often ignores June, the good woman who wants to help him. As he finds himself tortured by increasingly realistic flashbacks ("some part of him had been in another dimension where terms such as past and present had no meaning"), his mental condition deteriorates. Writing with depth and authority, Caputo shows the complexity of post-traumatic-stress disorder in small gestures as well as large ones: "He tossed a bottle of salad dressing like a hand grenade." A lot of veterans will nod in immediate understanding. Indian Country does a fine job of describing the terrors of P.T.S.D. and the healing that can overcome it.

"Wall Street was uniformly remorseless toward a company that failed to provide an acceptable return on investment-a return that was measured not even annually but quarterly." So writes John Taylor in Storming the Magic Kingdom (Knopf), a chilling and dramatic history of the attempted take-over of the Walt Disney Company in 1984. You'll meet Saul Steinberg ("I have a special fondness for children," Steinberg replied somewhat disingenuously when asked why Disney was his target). You'll watch Ivan Boesky circle the opportunities and eventually stay out, and you'll see Stanley Gold pony up \$12,000,000 in stock-margin calls in three days-and then go after more shares on margin shortly thereafter. And you'll see the struggle for power within the corporation once greenmail had been paid and the take-over prevented. Donald Duck was 50 in 1984, and the studio that birthed him learned a very Eighties lesson: Even Donald isn't safe on Wall Street.

P. J. O'Rourke is a Republican with a big drink in his hand. His collection of essays, Republican Party Reptile (Atlantic Monthly), proves that a churchgoing, conservative N.R.A. member can still be a lot of fun at parties. The subjects range from the intellectual (whether it's nobler to read the New York Review of Books or watch prime-time TV) to the automotive (Ferraris and pickup trucks) to the transactional (dinner-table conversation) to the political (the election of Aquino and hostages in Beirut). We get flashes of O'Rourke in various magazinesincluding PLAYBOY—but the cumulative impact of this collection forces you to acknowledge that you're in the presence of a very gifted writer who is reporting from territory he himself has created. Like



Indian Country: You can't go home again.

Vietnam vet survives in America; all you ever wanted to know about baseball.

Hunter Thompson before him, though at the opposite end of the political spectrum, O'Rourke is an apologist for our times.

The lushness and sensuousness of ancient Persia are exactly what Chloe Fowler expects to encounter when she travels to Shiraz, Iran, in the summer of 1978 to dabble in the study of ancient pottery. Minus her quarrelsome husband and children, she's prime for some steamy Persian Nights (Knopf)—the apt title of Diane Johnson's novel. But Chloe is in for a surprise as Shiraz is caught up in the impending revolution. She is quickly embroiled in the suspicions (is her friend SAVAK, is her lover CIA?), the mystery (whose body was found in the cave?) and the intrigue (who has rifled her room?) of a country in turmoil. Johnson's rich writing captures the beauty of Iran, with its strange juxtaposition of ancient and modern, as well as the inevitable cultural clashes and paranoid reactions that engulf both Americans and Iranians in a time of tension.

"The obvious, the esoteric, the unscientific but considered opinions of baseball playerdom"—that's *Players' Choice* (Facts on File). Authors Eugene and Roger McCaffrey polled 645 baseball players—young and old, dead-ball era to dome era—for their opinions on everything from the best curve ball (Sandy Koufax's) to the best sportscaster (Vin Scully) to one of the 100 greatest players of all time (Robin

Yount). As fireside reading, their 203 lists can be dizzying, but the McCaffreys have provided the ultimate resource for settling bar bets and bleacher head-butts. When you get sick of armchair analysis of our national game by chubby pundits who've never swung a bat, turn to *Players' Choice*.

No Deals, Mr. Bond (Putnam's), sixth in the series of post-Ian Fleming novels by John Gardner, is a karate chop of a thriller that begins with a flashback: Commander James Bond aboard a submarine, rescuing several young double agents from the clutches of the K.G.B. Five years later, someone is killing the same double agents and cutting their tongues out. Arrrrgh. Bond has two weeks to catch and dispose of the culprit or culprits-no questions asked. While Gardner's latest Bond isn't exactly gilt-edged, it is formularized jolly good fun, complete with car chases, torture chambers and a Q-packed bag of assassination goodies. Even a junk Bond is better than no Bond at all.

Dave Finnigan—a.k.a. Professor Confidence—takes humankind one step closer to the threshold of enlightenment with *The Complete Juggler* (Vintage/Random House), which uses a minimum of words and an abundance of clear illustrations to teach even the klutziest fumbler all the right moves. Comes complete with three nylon scarves for practice. Don't miss it!

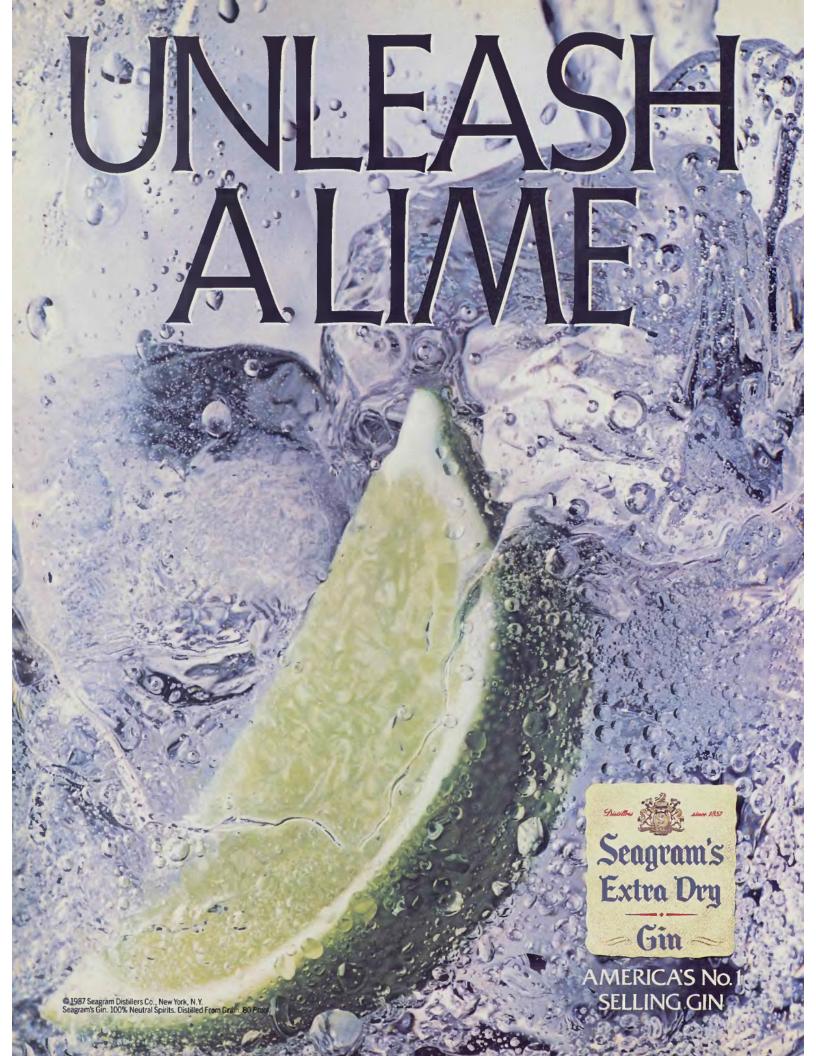
BOOK BAG

Cheap/Smart Travel (Evans), by Theodore Fischer: Fischer's passion for traveling on the cheap has created a Bible for the pauper jet set. The guide is a font of trade secrets from a travel writer who could make even Baby Doc rethink his itinerary.

The Modern Guide to Sexual Etiquette for Proper Gentlemen and Ladies (Turnbull & Willoughby), by Tom Carey: How to Fuck Without Fucking Up would have made a dandy title but probably would have kept the author off the talk shows. A paperback guide to bedroom manners and related matters, done with wit and wisdom.

Flipping for It (St. Martin's), by Daniel Asa Rose: PLAYBOY contributor Rose's first novel is about divorce from the man's viewpoint, done with humor and pathos. Eat your heart out, Nora Ephron!

Man's Work (Algonquin), by John Connelly: Connelly writes about the guy caught in that ozone layer of youth—college-educated but not college grad; underemployed and one giant step from knowing what it is he wants from life. Connelly's beat is his alone.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

It's been said that no sport is really worth while unless it has a literature. I've always thought the person who said this first was probably thinking about whale fishing and *Moby Dick* rather than football, baseball, boxing, horse racing and golf, which are the sports that have the most literature. Personally, I think every sport is worth while to one group or another. It's just that certain sports have a more obscure literature than others.

Take bowling. Is it bowling's fault that so few people have ever read A Farewell to Akron, by Bubba Hemingway?

I went to the door of the diner.

"Stay out of here, asshole," one of the bimbos said.

"Fuck you, Denna," I said.

"Fuck you, Frederick."

"I'm gonna get some eggs," I said, "and I don't give a fuck what you or Catherine think about it."

The sorry bitches left me alone while I had my eggs, but it wasn't any good. It was like saying goodbye to Cleveland. After a while, I went out and rolled up my pack of cigarettes in the sleeve of my T-shirt and walked back to my truck in the rain.

Take surfing. Is it surfing's fault that so few people have ever read *The Naked and* the Drugs, by Skip Mailer?

Nobody could sleep. When morning came, the speed would wear off and the first wave of honeys would recover from their abortions and charge the beach at Laguna. All over town, all through the dealers, there was the knowledge that in a few more hours some of the dudes would be fucked up again.

Last summer, an American won the Tour de France for the first time in history, but did anybody care? No. Why? Because so darn few people had ever read Herman Walter's classic, *The Winds of Cycling*.

Byron Henry pedaled his bike through a gusty gray rainstorm and reached the top of the hill, where Natalie was waiting for him.

"Briny, let's go to France," she said eagerly.

"We just left France," said Byron, gasping for breath.

"That was France? Gee, it sure went by fast. OK, let's go to Poland," she chirped.



BOOKMAKING

Byron wondered if Natalie would ever get tired of pedaling across Europe, especially during a war, when the roads were so bad. If they kept on darting around like this, he felt they were bound to wind up in some kind of trouble.

"Natalie, that's the German border!" he yelled. "We'd better turn around."

"Oh, Briny, you're such a worrywart," she said, speeding down the hill toward the village.

Byron tried to keep up with her as she pedaled hard through the village, tossing her hair and winking at all of the Gestapo agents sitting at the sidewalk cafés.

While it may seem that tennis is still bereft of literature, it is only because Maggie Meacham's *Gone with Wimbledon* has yet to be discovered.

Scarlett O'Hair was not beautiful, but women seldom realized it when caught by her charm, as the Tarleton sisters were.

Scarlett made a pretty picture as she stood at center court, and the Tarleton sisters stared at her palegreen eyes, seeing in them a turbulent, willful lust for life. Dared they approach her after the match to suggest a three-way?

Consider the plight of skiing. Sadly, it

gets attention only every four years, during the winter Olympics. But what if, by now, everyone had read *Of Human Bunk Beds*, by Billy Maugham?

The day broke gray and dull. The clouds hung heavily, and there was a rawness in the air that suggested snow. A woman came into the lodge and saw them all sleeping on top of each other. She went over to the pile.

"Wake up, Philip," she said. "It's time for you and these other burns to pay your bill or get the fuck out!"

Gymnastics is in the same category as skiing. It is only during a summer Olympics that it catches anyone's attention, but this would not be so today if Irene Dinesen's fabulous *Out of Amarillo* had caught on the way it should have.

I had a farm in Amarillo, at the foot of a Denny's and a Taco Bell. You want to talk about somebody doing flip-flops and cart wheels? You should have seen me the day I left that chickenshit place for good.

It's hard to guess how much stock-car racing would benefit from a wider public acceptance of *A Tale of Two Throttles*, by Red Dickens, but it certainly couldn't hurt.

It was the best of cars; it was the worst of cars. It was the age of fuel consumption; it was the age of tire changes. It was the spring of pricks; it was the winter of cocksuckers. We were all going direct to Darlington, or we were all going direct to Daytona. Either way, we had lots of pussy.

Only those who follow wrestling as closely as I do can know how much it would have meant if *The Great Patsy*, by Scotty Fitz, had become a best seller.

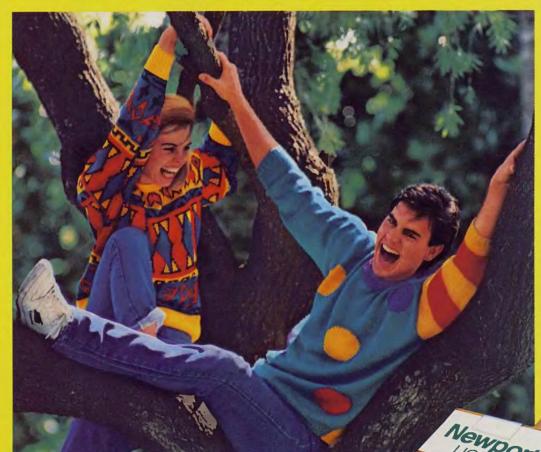
In my younger days and more vulnerable years, I wore a gold cape with sequins, and my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

"Whenever you feel like wearing that cape," he told me, "just remember that there are plumbers and construction workers in this world who don't have a sense of humor."

But I believed in the gold cape, so I beat on, heads against the mat, borne back ceaselessly into the ring.

© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1987

Newport Lights



Alive with pleasure!

Newport pleasure comes to low-tar menthols

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

Kings: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

By ASA BABER

h, yes, June. The bridal month. Hearts and flowers. White veils. Wedding music. Who could have known June would be the month The Greek panicked? He got married last June, and he's been on the phone to me ever since.

"Nothing's changed," he always says when I answer. The Greek does not bother with introductions.

"Greek, how are you doing?" I laugh.

"Terrible. Nothing's changed. Life after marriage is exactly the same as life before marriage. Maybe a little worse."

"Yeah," I say, "marriage doesn't change a whole lot. People expect too much from it.'

"I thought I'd have a mystical experience at the altar. Nothing happened.

"Nope," I say. "Usually doesn't."
"I asked my wife if anything happened for her. 'Why should it?' she said. 'I don't know,' I said. 'I thought maybe we'd see a light or a vision of the future or the dove of peace floating down on a cloud.'

"Greek, you've got to stop waiting for a religious experience. Marriage isn't like that. It's a social contract between two people. Period.'

"But nothing's changed," he laments. "I'm still in debt. My father hasn't sold the restaurant. He thinks I'll take it over when he dies. The investment club makes money some months, but we're underperforming the Dow. My job sucks. My mar-

riage hasn't changed a thing."

The Greek is in his late 20s. He was in a short-story-writing class I taught. He's about six feet tall, maybe ten pounds overweight, very conscious of his receding hairline. He is a very fine writer, a truly hot-shot writer who will one day publish a very funny novel about life as a contemporary Greek-American. When he told me that he had finally decided to marry the woman he had been dating for years, I congratulated him. I'd read his fiction and assessed his maturity and assumed he understood that marriage was not nirvana. I assumed wrong. The Greek lives in a state of perpetual disorientation. He had counted on his marriage to save him, to clear up his life and end his trials.

"They don't need us, you know, Ace."

"Women?" I ask.

"Yep. They don't need us."

"I think that's a little extreme."

"My wife can repair our car. You know what she bought herself for Christmas? Tools. Tools and a machine to tune the engine with."



JUST MARRIED

"Well, that's good, Greek. You're giving her space. Thirty years ago, she wouldn't have dared do that. Now she's got the freedom to express herself."

Express herself? She's taking over. There's nothing left for me. I already gave her the checkbook. She's a lawyer. She does the taxes. She knows more about the law than I do. I get the feeling she carries blank divorce papers around with her. You know, one mistake by me andwham!-it's out of the briefcase and onto the kitchen table: 'Sign here.'"

"You're getting paranoid, man."

"Yeah? Well, think about it. They don't need us. What's my role now? She's making more money than I am. She travels more. She cooks better. My father likes her souvlaki more than he likes mine. I'm telling you, nothing's changed and it's getting worse."

"Surely, you've got some territory of your own, haven't you?"

"Yes. Yes, I do."

"Well, now, see? It's not so bad."

"I have The Wall Street Journal."

"That's a start."

"I won't let her see it."

"Before you've read it, you mean?"

"No. I won't let her see it. Ever. I shred it after I read it."

"You shred The Wall Street Journal?"

"Yes. It's my territory, remember? She keeps asking me questions about the

investment club I'm in. Me and four other guys. From before the marriage, From before we even started dating. I swear to God, if I let her read The Wall Street Journal, if I answer her questions about stocks and bonds and commodities, if I ever let her come to a club meeting, I'll be history. She'll take the club over. So I stonewall her. Mum's the word. 'What's a priceearnings ratio? How do you use a bar chart? What's a stock option?' My lips are sealed. I won't teach her a thing.

"That's a little extreme, isn't it?"

"I'm telling you, Ace, we're surrounded. Women can do it all. It's going to be a maleless society one day soon. We're useless appendages. When they fill up the sperm banks, watch out, man.'

"You are paranoid."

"That doesn't mean I'm wrong!" he yells. He is usually soft-spoken, but by this time he is yelling. "You know what we men are becoming? Appendixes. Yeah, that's right: the penis as the appendix. A useless organ."

"Greek, you're going overboard."

"This whole culture is going overboard," he says. "Where my family came from, men had a significant role. Even when they came to America, my father was instrumental in their success. He worked like a dog in the restaurant business, he built up a clientele, he made the decisions. Sometimes, when he looks at me, he's looking at a Martian. He just stares like I'm another form of life. We never talk about it. But he can see that I'm a lost sheep. When I asked one of his buddies who's a private investigator to keep track of my wife, my father just shook his head and poured an ouzo."

"Detective work? You think your wife is cheating on you?"

"I know she is."

"Who's the guy?"

"Guy? Who cares about that? The other day, she went into Merrill Lynch and opened up her own trading account. Listen, with her luck, she'll have twice the equity in stocks that I have within the year. No way I could handle that.'

"Hey, it's easy. Just buy low and sell

high," I say.

"Thanks, Ace. Great advice. Have a nice month."

"Happy June," I say. "Happy anniver-

The Greek hangs up on me. But that's OK. I expected it. He never could take a joke.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Il that you suspect about women's friendships is true. We talk about dick size.

We talk about the size of dicks we used to know, the ones that got away and the ones that will never be ours. It's our favorite subject.

Occasionally, other topics surface. We talk penile dimensions, then we talk about death and hair. Recently, a new friend and I got close when she gave a detailed account of an ex-boyfriend's oral-sex methods ("Some of them just get down there and sort of chomp away; not him"). We then went on to where to get a lamp fixed, the problems of peeing in the middle of the night and the difficulty with Venetian blinds. Basic stuff.

Are men so different? Some say yes; some say no.

"Women have best friends; men don't particularly," said George.

"I have a best friend," countered Nick. "Robin. He lives in England."

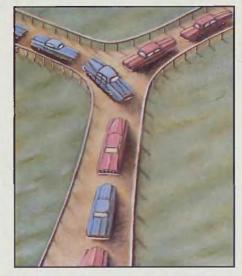
"A best friend in England doesn't even begin to count, lame-brain," I said. It was Sunday; the three of us were parading down Seventh Avenue South, looking for love or coffee. "Best friends have to be phoned every day. Twice a day. When a best friend answers the phone, you never say hello. You just say, 'Well, I think becoming a redhead might help' or 'That son of a bitch showed up an hour late' or 'I'm going to kill myself, right this minute."

"Not true," said Nick. "I love Robin like a brother. We talk twice a year. Here's the difference between men's and women's friendships: Ninety-nine percent of men are activity oriented. They do things together. They talk about doing things together. Maybe they're both chess nuts or cabinetmakers."

"What I like to call Red Sox friendships," said George. "Men can spend hours talking pitching stats or Civil War theories or, if they're boring, stock-market fluctuations. Let's go into this coffee shop, sit near the window and look literary. Maybe some cute broads will walk by."

No cute broads walked by. The boys drank their espresso and talked feelings, relationships, hair in an effort to prove to me that they were sensitive guys.

Guys, I have never met a sensitive guy. I mean really, no-kidding-around sensitive. Guys are just too straightforward.



GIRL TALK

They call a spade a spade and think it really is a spade. They never seem to grasp the concept of nuance, of detail. Guys are always looking at the big picture. Women make meat and potatoes of minutiae. Here's a sample conversation between two best friends:

LAURA: His new girlfriend's name is Kelli. With an I. She dots the I with a

BEVERLY: Oh, my God, not a circle! We know what that means. Didn't he learn anything from you? How can he be so unevolved?

LAURA: I had a fit. "Muriel," I screamed, "or even Phyllis I could understand! But a bimbo? Named Kelli? Take me now, Lord!" I saw this note from her; she wrote, "Love ya." Y-A. Kelli with a goddamned I. He tried to tell me her parents named her that.

BEVERLY: No way. She did it herself. She probably changed it from Caroline. She wears leg warmers. Blue eye shadow.

LAURA: Then the son of a bitch said. "Better a circle over the I than under the eyes." I stopped my harangue to congratulate him on a good line. Then I hit him.

BEVERLY: So what you're saying here is, you're not over him yet.

The above is an important exchange of information, rife with undercurrent, riddled with poignancy.

"I don't get it at all," said George. "What's in a name?"

"I once dated a stewardess named Kelly," said Nick.

"Exactly," I said. "Drink your coffee. Stop ogling that girl with the knockers. She wants a man with a Porsche and a condo. She'll eat you for breakfast.'

"Women," said George. "Either you're inseparable or you hate each other. That woman with the knockers looks very nice."

The woman with the knockers was a monster. A professional girl, a female who hates other females. Normal girls can spot a professional girl at 50 paces. We hate them; we'll never be friends with them; they're the ones who give all girls a bad name. Professional girls want to scratch every other girl's eyes out, in case the other girl was thinking of going near the man with the yacht.

"So what you're saying is, friendships are more important than relationships," said Nick.

"Friendships usually last longer than relationships," I said. "They may not be more primal, but they're more necessary. We girls need a lot of mutual support. Somebody has to come over with the Kleenex and bonbons when a lousy bastard with an inflated ego says that he's really sorry, but he needs his space and, anyway, he's met this dynamite stewardess named Kelly. Friendships are the families of the Eighties."

"Except when you have huge fights," said George, "like you did with Brenda."

"I couldn't trust Brenda anymore," I said. "She was turning passive aggressive on me. I didn't believe her reality."

"Huh?" they said.

"That's a big part of friendshipreality checks. I'll say, 'Am I crazy, or is my boss trying to undermine my position with the comptroller?' And a friend will ask pertinent questions-what was the boss wearing this morning? Does the boss have trouble at home or ulcers? She'll get the information and pass judgment, and I'll be able to trust her. Reality checks are

"But when it comes to fixing your VCR, you ask me," said George. À

That's what men are for!

AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

I 've been writing on a word processor for about six months now, and it's all right. Makes me feel kind of modern, kind of like, "Kill the pigeons, Edith; we're going to be using this telephone thing from now on." It's a racy little machine, and if it makes me feel like I think too slowly, what the hell. I've always believed that, so there's no change there. And it hasn't changed my writing style, either. A lot of people told me it would make my sentences longer. It hasn't.

But then, I don't know how to make it do its real tricks, either. Right now, it's a Thoroughbred that I take out and lead around the paddock, going, "Nice horsy . . . easy now . . . oh, God, don't do that." Talking to it is a little silly, but I think you have to get machines on your side; and, anyway, I'm the kind of guy who talks to pliers when I'm forced to use them.

Actually, though, word processors were invented for people like me. I've never been that good on a typewriter, probably because whatever synapses connect brain to fingers are a little frayed in my case. So the only way I'm ever going to turn out a clean copy of anything is on a machine that lets you go back and fix things easily. Even so, I can't produce a perfect version of anything, but I can come a lot closer, thanks to the techies who came up with software such as what I'm working with right now.

I actually went to school with a guy who wrote an early word-processing program. He wasn't a nerd, either. His name was Frank and he was a first-class athlete, he had a thing for Elvis and he was a good writer, though he didn't write much more than he was forced to in the required English courses. He was a math major, and he chain-smoked Camels, bought them by the carton.

Frank used to proofread my writing before I turned it in. He was good at it, too; there was something about his mind that could look at things one digit, one letter at a time. He always made me sit in the room while he went over the stuff, and every now and then he'd get this pissy little tone and say something like, "Oh, please; how do you spell physical?" Then I'd spell it my own particular way and he'd laugh and look at me as if I were a child who'd just pointed to his foot when you'd asked him where his elbow was. In fact, Frank seemed to take some rotten pleasure in the whole exercise, and every once in a while, he'd make me get the dic-



TECHNOROOKIE

tionary down and he'd watch while I rooted through the Ns looking for a word that began with a P.

Frank got into computers as soon as he graduated. He took a job with one of the aerospace/defense companies. Around the same time, I hired on with a houseand-garden magazine at about half the salary that he was making. Then, while I wrote stories about bricks in your patio, Frank started work on a classified project. This was around 1966, and I was deeply into my role as a snot-nosed, draftdeferred, liberal-arts, antiwar brat, so I ragged him pretty good about his top-secret job. I kept saying things like, "This creative stuff doesn't pay squat. I'm going to have to get into death and destruction like you, Frank." Makes me cringe to think about it now; because ten years later, Frank told me he'd been manning a computer that took signals from recon satellites flying every night over North Vietnam.

Around 1968, Frank started a company of his own, which is when he began tinkering around with a word-processing program. I've always imagined that it took him about 10,000 Camels, but he eventually came up with something good enough that one of the computer behemoths bought his little shop and moved him off to Dallas, which is where we pretty much lost touch.

I think of him these days when I'm

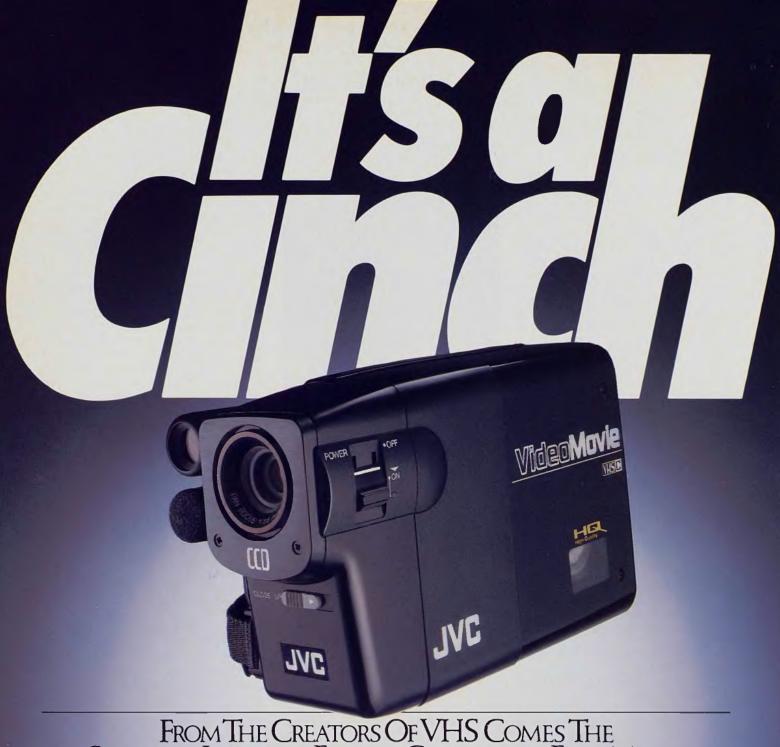
using this machine, especially when I'm running the program that proofreads. This particular piece of software is a lot gentler at pointing out mistakes than Frank was, but it does seem to have something of his sense of humor. And not long ago, it made me laugh a couple of times.

The proofing program is essentially a word list. You fire it up and it prowls over your sentences until it finds a word that's not on its list—either because it's a typo or a misspelling or because it simply doesn't have that word—then it displays what it calls the suspect word along with its guess of what you might have been shooting for. Then it displays a suggested correction.

I ran it through a story I'd written about rock-climbers. At one point, I'd referred to the "silkiness" of one climber's style. The program hadn't seen that word before, so it said, SILKINESS? Then it offered a possible correction: SILICON? And I thought, Oh, yeah; if it's smooth, it has to be silicon—you machine-chauvinist bastard. Then, when it came to a climb named Cocksucker's Concerto, it said, COCKSUCKER? DO YOU MEAN CORKSCREW? No, but close, I thought, if you want to think of a corkscrew as a sort of a corksucker.

In any case, Frank, the whole thing's brilliant. This old dog appreciates a new trick now and then, no matter what they say. I do get a little nostalgic for all that yestertech now and then. You know the stuff I mean: those old clunkers that you don't have to plug in, the ones that give you a print-out on a piece of paper exactly as you hit the keys. And when you make a mistake, you just go back and strike the right character over the wrong one and let the reader choose between them. It's messy, sure, but there's a weird human charm to it that's just right for things like personal letters. I mean, if my friends got a perfectly typed letter in the mail, they wouldn't know it was from me, because a certain carelessness is as much a part of my signature as my signature.

Then, of course, there's the simplest of all writing tools, and when you think about it, it's something of a miracle itself: costs 15 cents, fits right in your pocket, each one holds 15,000 or 20,000 words, you can use it with one hand, you don't have to sit up at a desk, and when you make a mistake, you just take a little piece of rubber and scrub it off the paper. And you can even chew on it while you sit around and think things up.



FROM THE CREATORS OF VHS COMES THE SMALLEST, LIGHTEST, EASIEST CAMCORDER EVER MADE.

If your family doesn't know the fun of shooting video movies, our amazing GR-C9 will change all that. It's a cinch to use. It weighs only

1.65 pounds, and the miracle of JVC

technology lets you just point and shoot.
And it's a cinch to play back what
you shoot because it's VHS, the most widely used system in the world. A carrier tray is even provided for playback. And it's a cinch to own because



IT'S AS EASY AS JVC.

JVC made this HQ (High Quality) camcorder cost less than you'd expect.



See all this remarkable technology at your nearby JVC dealer.

And enjoy all the excitement of making video movies. In a cinch.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

This may sound a bit odd to you, but my girlfriend and I have a balloon fetish. We love making love on them. It started when we were messing around in the bedroom after a birthday party. When her back was turned, I decided to sit on a balloon to see her reaction when it popped. Well, it didn't, and when she saw what I was doing, she came over to help me by sitting on top of me while I was on it. When it still hadn't popped after a couple of tries, I had an idea. It was one of the most pleasurable times we've had, and we've been using balloons ever since. The thing we like about them is that we can use them in just about any position we desire-the elevation is fantastic, they create an added bounce and feel soooo nice and soft when we're sitting on them. They do have a tendency to pop every now and then, but that's really fun, too! We blow up a couple of extras just in case that happens. Does this sound strange to you, or do you know of anyone else who does this? It is a wonderful feeling and has inflated (no pun intended) our sex life considerably.-D. C., Avon, Colorado.

Who are we to blow into your balloon? This does sound strange. It also sounds like fun.

My business frequently finds me driving in other countries, and I've been considering taking my trusty radar detector along to avoid attracting the attention of local gendarmes. Are U.S. detectors effective against foreign traffic radar? And if so, are they legal to use?—P. J., Evanston, Illinois

Here's the scoop. First, Canada: The good news is that U.S. detectors work fine above the border. Canadian cops use the same X-band and K-band radar frequencies as American cops do. The bad news? Detectors are illegal in about half the provinces. Watch out in Ontario and Quebec, where enforcement against them is especially strict, but feel free to use your unit in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. If you find yourself packing for Australia, be sure to pack your detector, mate, because it's both legal and effective in the land down under. Radar-toting enforcers in both Israel and South Africa use American-made equipment and, therefore, our frequencies, but we can't guarantee the legality of detectors in either. Don't bother taking one to Japan, because frequencies are different, enforcement is strict and there's little opportunity to speed in Japanese traffic jams, anyway. Ditto for Europe: Virtually all western European police operate on radar frequencies different from our own, and detectors are illegal in most countries there. We have heard of people's modifying U.S. detectors for use in France, for example, but we've also heard that such units lose a lot of sensitivity in the modification process. Not to



worry, though. European drivers tend to ignore posted speed limits, anyway, and most of their cops (unlike ours) don't seem to mind very much. Keep it safe and reasonable and you should have no problem.

Recently, while I was shopping for a VCR with a young relative, she confided that she enjoyed masturbating-excuse me, pleasuring herself-to X-rated videos when boyfriends were unavailable. I was stunned. She giggled that she and her friends even swapped sex videos. After I stopped blushing, I stammered that research showed that women were not aroused by male nudity and explicit erotica-and were universally repelled by such materials. She laughed in disbelief and argued that "squeamish little mommies" and "male double standards" programed young girls to deny their own physical interest in sex. She also wished that "the bullshit conservative media and prissy women's magazines would stop telling women what makes us juice in our panties." After that remark, I decided to make no further comments, since we were in public. This vocal and otherwise feminine young lady (a college senior) turned my male understanding of female sexuality completely upside down. Isn't she abnormal? And aren't her spurious arguments just an attempt to rationalize her abnormal sexuality?-W. B., Lexington, Kentucky.

Lighten up, It's your sexuality that needs an attitude adjustment. While studies and surveys may show that some women disdain pornography, there's a significant percentage of the female population that finds sexual aids (from X-rated videos to sex toys) stimulating or just plain fun. It sounds to us as though your relative falls into that category, and there's nothing abnormal about it.

over the country, but I hate staying in those huge, impersonal businessmen's hotels—you know, the kind with revolving restaurants on top and thousands of conventioners wearing name tags. Can you suggest some smaller, more sophisticated hotels in major cities?—R. S., Seattle, Washington.

First, you need some ground rules. We always avoid any hotel with a glass elevator or a waterfall in the lobby. Ditto for hotels with clothes hangers that won't come off the rack. More specifically, we recently stayed at Denver's Oxford Alexis (303-628-5400), a wonderful renovated Victorian- and jazz-era spot with just 82 rooms and a great bar. When friends come to visit here in Chicago, we recommend The Whitehall (312-944-6300), which feels like a small, elegant club. In San Francisco, don't miss Campton Place (415-781-5555), if for no other reason than the best hotel breakfasts in America, In New York, try Morgans (212-686-0300), an ultratrendy hotel with no name on the door and minimalist colors on the floor-and every other square inch. In Los Angeles, our vote goes to the elegant L'Ermitage (213-278-3344), with its superb service, though the newly renovated Bel-Air (213-472-1211) is hard to pass up. Dallas boasts the Mansion on Turtle Creek (214-559-2100), which is under the same management as the Bel-Air and also features a very fine restaurant.

I've bought some condoms for my lover to use. I know this sounds silly, but how do you use them? I've just switched from using an I.U.D. and, quite frankly, I've never had a lover use condoms. Can you go over the basics for a beginner?—Miss P. I., Detroit, Michigan.

Don't be afraid to ask. Most people put their pants on one leg at a time but may not know how best to put on a condom. A recent issue of Population Reports offered these guidelines:

"Use a condom every time you have intercourse

"Always put the condom on the penis before intercourse begins.

"Put the condom on when the penis is

"Do not pull the condom tightly against the tip of the penis. Leave a small empty space—about one or two centimeters—at the end of the condom to hold semen. Some condoms have a nipple tip that will hold semen.

"Unroll the condom all the way to the bottom of the penis.

"If the condom breaks during intercourse, withdraw the penis immediately and put on a new condom.

"After ejaculation, withdraw the penis while it is still erect. Hold on to the rim of the condom as you withdraw so that the condom does not slip off.

"Use a new condom each time you have intercourse. Throw used condoms away.

"If a lubricant is desired, use water-based lubricants such as contraceptive jelly. Lubricants made with petroleum jelly may damage condoms. Do not use saliva, because it may contain virus.

"Store condoms in a cool, dry place if possible.

"Condoms that are sticky or brittle or otherwise damaged should not be used."

THE VENUS-BUTTERFLY-CONTEST RESULTS

Last fall, the producers of the hit TV show "L.A. Law" introduced a new term into the sexual vocabulary of America. A character referred to an erotic technique known as the Venus butterfly but failed to describe it in detail. The technique, alas, was a figment of the scriptwriter's imagination. In March, "The Playboy Advisor" asked readers to come up with a suitable act, henceforth to be known as the Venus butterfly. Here are some of their suggestions:

Evidently, the producers of L.A. Law have confused the Venus butterfly with the Trapped Butterfly. A description of the Trapped Butterfly appears in William Morell's book Daimyō's Revenge, on page 138-

"You will now learn about the Trapped Butterfly," he informed her. "I cup my hands on you, so. Here—where you are most sensitive. I lower my face to my hands—so. My tongue becomes a butterfly trapped inside my hands. The way we did as children, in a pleasant garden. Close your eyes, Diana-chan, and feel the butterfly trying to fly free, its fragile wings fluttering against your flesh..."

Clenching her jaw to keep from crying out aloud and thus alarming any late-working servants, Diana arched her back off the bed. When she could no longer stand it, she pulled him forward, over her, receiving him in a single thrust. Then the storm broke on the horsehair mattress.

-R. T., Sunnyvale, California.

would like to reveal the secret of the Venus butterfly. As it happens, this quite legitimate and satisfying technique has been misappropriated by L.A. Law in a sordid attempt to erect ratings. Public curiosity abounds, and it is now time to pass along the knowledge—pro bono, so to speak. Here goes: The female partner assumes a prone position, with her legs partly spread and her derrière just a bit elevated. Her skillful male partner then enters her vagina from behind. Simultaneously, he places the forefingers of each

hand (for maximum effect, both are required) at either side of the lady's clitoris. This biwinged approach resembles a butterfly, hence the nomenclature. His hands help support her thighs, and as he thrusts into the vagina, he gently applies friction to each side of the clitoris, massaging in rhythm with his other movements. The gentle tugging lends additional pressure to the vaginal introitus, generating sensory overload. Guaranteed. I would be happy to receive confirmatory reports from the Playboy Test Bedrooms.—Miss J. T., Northfield, New Jersey.



am happy to inform you that I am the inventor of the Venus butterfly, though how L.A. Law found out about it, I haven't the foggiest idea. Enclosed please find drawings of the maneuver, for maneuver it is—not an insect implement nor a biological part. The thumbs, side by side, support the chin, since, as I'm sure you've found, the neck gets tired while you're performing lengthy cunnilingus. The forefingers are used to spread the labia; the joined middle fingers are inserted into the vagina and the ring fingers are interlocked.

Well, folks, there you have it. I do claim royalties every time the Venus butterfly is used. Let's see . . . what's your circulation?—E. C. C., Jr., Dover, New Hampshire.

Back in the early Seventies, I had gotten Dear Johned by my high school sweetheart when I had just a few weeks left in Vietnam. Despondent and depressed, I found myself in a massage parlor being worked over by a very lovely Oriental lady. Noticing how unhappy I was, in broken English, she inquired as to what was wrong. After I had explained the situation to her, she said that if I came back the

next day with ten dollars, she would teach me how to make love to a woman so well that whomever I picked up would never leave me. Not only did I go back the next day, I went back the next ten. It was the best \$100 I've ever invested. On the third day, I learned about the Venus butterfly. It really exists and is as follows: While the lady lies on her back, you place her right leg over your shoulder, allowing your face easy access to her pubic mound. With tender, gentle movements, spread her pussy lips apart with your left hand, exposing the clit and forming the shape of a butterfly. While flicking and gently darting your tongue on and around the clit, sometimes sucking gently upon it, slowly and gently open and close the lips upon the clit with your left index finger and thumb, much like a butterfly flapping its wings. Develop a rhythm, as this will also massage the clit. At the same time, for added pleasure, move the thumb of your right hand in and out of the vagina. This also gives your partner something to bear down upon as she orgasms .- N. E. K., Scranton, Pennsylvania.

For years, I have been practicing this technique with great success, though it is the late, great blues legend Muddy Waters who should be given credit for inventing it. I learned of it by reading an interview with him published years ago. However, he did not give it a name. From this moment on, I will call it the Venus butterfly. Take your penis (hard or soft) in hand and, starting at the south end of the vagina, gently rub the head into the groove of the vagina, lightly sliding it upward to the clitoris. Now reverse the process and slide slowly back down. Repeat. After a few gentle repetitions, the labia should begin to unfold, with the cleft moistening. If it wasn't hard when you began, the penis should begin to harden. Now you have prepared yourself and your partner for the Venus butterfly. Gently work the shaft lengthwise into the fold of the vagina. This is when you achieve the likeness of a butterfly, with the shaft of the penis as its head and abdomen and the labia as its wings. Let your imagination be your guide. One obvious benefit is that even the smallest penis will adequately stimulate the largest vagina and the smallest vagina will comfortably accommodate the largest of penises.-W. G., Kansas City, Missouri.

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.



Why Passport is the most expensive* radar detector in the world

What sets Passport above other detectors is the technical reach of our engineers, and their insistence on excellence at every design step. Road & Track called us "the industry leader in detector technology." Here's why:

Double-ridge waveguide: It was always taken as gospel that miniaturizing a detector would hurt performance. Passport proved this wrong. The miniaturized horn antenna feeds into a double-ridge waveguide. Dual compound chokes are required, and the notch filters are press fit to exact depth. The design process was incredibly complex. But the payoff is indisputable. Passport's performance is uncompromised by its discreet size.

Rashid rejection: In another engineering first, our detectors have been made immune to K-band signals transmitted by the





Rashid VRSS collision warning system. Other detectors pro-

duce false alarms in the presence of Rashid. Our AFR™ (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuitry isolates and neutralizes Rashid signals, yet leaves the radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

X-K differentiation: Passport has separate warning tones to distinguish X-band from K-band. The difference is important. Traffic radar is just one of many transmitters assigned to X-band by the FCC. Motion detectors, burglar alarms and microwave door openers also share this frequency. When you hear the X-band warning, you respond accordingly.

But just two transmitters operate on K-band — radar and Rashid. K-band radar's short effective range requires immediate response. Since our AFR circuitry rejects Rashid, Passport's K-band warning is positively radar, and you always know how to respond. Variable-rate warning: On radar contact, Passport's bar graph of eight Hewlett-Packard LEDs indicates radar strength, and you



will hear the audible warning — pulsing slowly at first, quicker

as you approach, then constant as you near effective radar range. Our engineers have preprogrammed the warning system to tell you everything you need to know about radar. Passport asks no further programming of you, unlike many lesser detectors.

SMD circuitry: Passport's miniaturization was made complete by the use of SMD's (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but long considered too exotic for radar detectors. SMD circuit boards also provide ruggedness unobtainable with conventional technology.

Compact dimensions: Passport was designed to be the most discreet detector ever—only 0.75" H x 2.75" W x 4.50" L. On guard, it never draws attention to itself.

Die-cast aluminum housing: The antenna is integrated into Passport's die-cast SAE 308 aluminum housing. This way no amount of abuse can ever shake the antenna

Call Toll Free 800-543-1608

PASSPORT

loose, and Passport's precision electronics are protected by a rugged metal vault for durability under extreme conditions.

Nextel finish: The alloy housing is finished in charcoal Nextel—a light-absorbing coating—to eliminate all possibility of reflection and glare.

Twin speakers: A fully adjustable volume control allows you to set the loudness of the audible warning from twin speakers. The warning tone is 1024 Hz, identical to that used for Morse code, for maximum clarity yet minimum annoyance.

All accessories included: Passport comes complete with everything needed for installation in any car, including coiled cord,



straight cord, windshield mount bracket, visor mount bracket, hook-

and-loop fastener, lighter adapter, direct-wire power adapter, and comprehensive owners manual. A leather travel case is also included.

Satisfaction guaranteed: We engineered Passport, we build it, and we sell direct to you. We take full responsibility for your satisfaction. If you're not completely satisfied within 30 days, return Passport. We'll refund all your money, including postage.

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.

Passport's price reflects the exacting standards of our engineers... and of our customers.

\$295 (OH res. add \$16.23 tax) Slightly higher in Canada

Cincinnati Microwave Department 30767 One Microwave Plaza Cincinnati, Ohio 45249-9502

^{*}Based on actual selling price of dash-mount detectors.



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What would you do if your lover suggested a ménage a trois, a threesome?

t would depend on how much I cared for my man. Do I feel like being agreeable? It would depend on the moment. Do I

feel like making him happy by accommodating this whim? If the answers were yes, I probably would do it. It would depend on all the circumstances. As a rule, I never say absolutely no. If you tend



to do that, the day will come when you find yourself doing that very thing. Generally, I want to say that I don't automatically rule anything out.

land Ficarier

CAROL FIGATIER DECEMBER 1985

A bsolutely not. That's not making love. I can't just hop into the sack with somebody. I have to care about him. I couldn't

watch my boyfriend make love to another woman. would have a long-term effect. It would flash through my head at other times: Did he enjoy it? More than being with me? Just seeing it



would be hard. I couldn't handle it. And there's no way I could have some strange man make love to me. I'm not interested in just having sex. I'm interested in making love, so I'm definitely not going to be having any threesome.

Rebekka Dimstrong

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG SEPTEMBER 1986 he wouldn't suggest it. But if he did for any reason, I'd want to know who he had in mind and why he wanted to do it. I think I'd be shocked and curious. It

doesn't sound interesting or fun to me. But I'd want know all about what made him suggest it. Did he feel that something was missing between us? Did he feel he was holding me back from other



relationships? Did he see it as a positive experience in our relationship, or was something seriously wrong between us? I'd want to know what the situation was, but I don't see it as a possibility in my life.

her Lutler
CHER BUT

CHER BUTLER AUGUST 1985

think it's a major fantasy for a lot of people. My problem with it would be the aftereffects. It might be a terrific turn-on at the time, but how would I feel toward

the stranger—or the other person—afterward? To share the special intimacy between my lover and myself with an outsider would be difficult. It wouldn't matter which sex the third person was. My



lover would be jealous of another guy; I'd be jealous of another woman. Really, the idea sounds more exciting than the confusion it would cause. And I think it would create a problem in the relationship in the future, no matter how good the fantasy

SHERBY ARMETE

SHERRY ARNETT JANUARY 1986 don't think there is anything wrong with a threesome as long as all three people are comfortable with it. I, personally, couldn't do it. I'm kind of old fashioned and I

have a jealous nature. It would be hard for me to share someone. I really loved, and if I love someone, I don't need or desire anyone else. If a lover of mine suggested a third person, I'd take



it to mean he thought something was missing from our relationship. I'd try to figure out what it was and what we could do about it. I'd try to solve the problem without adding another sex partner.

Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR DECEMBER 1986

I'd say no and then I'd reconsider our relationship. I'm pretty straight when it comes to sex: I like sex with my guy, and that's it. I've never been into girls, toys, threesomes, inflatable love dolls or any-

thing weird. Just me and him and good old-fashioned American sex. That's the way I feel the most comfortable. I don't do drugs. I don't drink. I don't smoke. I don't have weird sex. I like it this way. I



have a lot of fun in my life. I like sex with my guy, and what goes on between us is our business and not for any third party.

Lynne Questix

LYNNE AUSTIN JULY 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.

¥



What did you do to deserve Beefeater?



The best of times deserve the best of taste.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

REPRESSION AND SEXUAL ABUSE

the reverend wildmon should do his homework more carefully—for the truth about abuse lies close to home



The FBI reports that one out of every four 12-year-old girls in America will be sexually assaulted in her lifetime.

-DONALD WILDMON, "NFD Journal"

The Reverend Wildmon cites the above statistic and points to pornography as the cause.

Let's take a look at the facts.

Wildmon obtained his statistics from a three-year-old FBI report. The FBI took its figures from an eight-year-old study by David Finkelhor, the associate director of the Family Violence Research Program at the University of New Hampshire. His research is often quoted and is well respected. In 1979, he studied 796 college students and found that 19 percent of the women and nine percent of the men had had some kind of sexual victimization before the age of 20. Far from citing pornography as the cause of the sexual abuse of children, he cited repressive home environments and found that many of the abusers of children were members of the family-not the porncrazed strangers that fundamentalists are so fond of imagining.

Finkelhor has discovered that the very type of home environment that people such as Wildmon promote—that is, sexually restricted and repressive, with extremely traditional sex roles—encourages sexual abuse and children's receptivity to it.

Finkelhor recently published *Child Sexual Abuse*, *New Theory and Research*, an analysis of the 1979 figures that focuses on some of the factors that contribute to child sexual abuse. Here are a few of his findings:

The background factors most strongly associated with sexual victimization involved characteristics of the child's parents. For example, having a stepfather, one of the strongest risk factors, more than doubled a girl's vulnerability. Virtually half the girls with stepfathers were victimized by someone (not necessarily their stepfather). Moreover, this risk factor remained the strongest correlate of victimization, even when all other variables were statistically controlled.

Finkelhor believes that the way men are socialized contributes to abuse. Men are taught that touch and affection are sexual. In contrast, women are raised to be affectionate without being sexual. But women do play a role in victimization:

Educational inferiority in a wife did, indeed, prove to be an important correlate of a daughter's sexual victimization. The most dangerous parental combination for a daughter is not when her mother and father are both poorly educated but when her father is well educated and her mother is not. If a poorly educated mother is married to a well-educated father (a situation indicating that she is on the short end of a power relationship), her daughter is significantly more vulnerable than if both parents have little education (44 percent vs. 30 percent victimized). Here is concrete testimony of how inequality between the sexes may be dangerous to the health and well-being of children.

A mother's importance may also lie in the specifically sexual messages that she transmits to her daughter. Victimized girls were much more likely to have mothers who were punitive about sexual matters. These mothers warned, scolded and punished their daughters for asking sex questions, for masturbating and for looking at sexual pictures much more often than usual. A girl with a sexually punitive mother was 75 percent more vulnerable to sexual victimization than the "typical" girl in the sample. It was the second most powerful predictor of victimization, after having a stepfather, and was still highly significant when all other variables were controlled.

This indication makes clear that

sexually repressive practices backfire, although we can only speculate about why. It's possible that girls most bombarded with sexual prohibitions and punishments have the hardest time developing realistic standards about what constitutes danger. Blanket taboos often incite rebelliousness, and such girls may discard all the warnings they receive from their mothers about sex, including ones about sexual victimization. Moreover, if mothers have repressed all the healthier ways of satisfying sexual curiosity, these daughters may be more vulnerable to an adult or authority figure who appears to give them permission and opportunity to explore sex, albeit in the process of being exploited.

Whatever the precise mechanism, it is clear from this finding that it is not sexually lax but sexually severe families that foster a high risk for sexual exploitation.

Finkelhor dispenses with fundamentalist moralizers:

At certain times in the past, moralists did express concern that children were being sexually abused as a result, in their view, of the liberalization of sexual values. Since they used the issue of child molesting as a way of campaigning against other kinds of progressive reforms that most social-welfare professionals supported (e.g., sex education, humane treatment of sex offenders, end to censorship), the professionals tended to discount these alarms. Moreover, in many respects the moralists were mistaken about the problem, since they portrayed the greatest danger to children as coming from strangers and depraved individuals outside the family, not from within the family, where, as recently documented, the more serious threat

Truth is one victim of sexual repression; our children are the other. Wildmon's war on porn, with its easy accusations and easier villains, is part of the problem—not the solution.

E E

NAVY BLUES TWO

This is in response to Name withheld, U.S. Navy (The Playboy Forum, February). He complains that sailors are forcibly tested for drugs. Hey, swabbie, wake up and smell the coffee. Nobody drafted you into the Navy. You voluntarily swore to uphold the Constitution and obey the lawful commands of your superiors. You also voluntarily gave up nearly all your freedoms and most of your rights for the term of your enlistment. So now, if your superior orders you to start World War Three or to piss in a bottle, you'd better do it or you'll end up in the brig. It's about time you realize that your ass (and your urine) belongs to Uncle Sam. I chose not to join the military for those reasons. You made your choice, too. Now quit bellyaching and live with your decision.

> Jon K. Evans Los Angeles, California

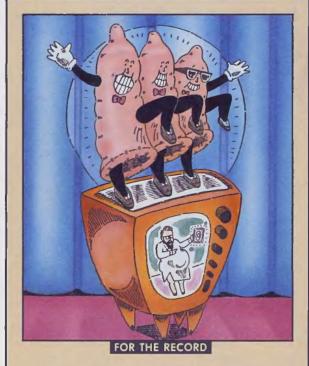
TELL ME WHY

Why is it that the people who are interested in having the schools conduct drug education are the ones who are against sex education? They feel that teaching kids about drugs will turn them away from drugs but teaching

them about sex will turn them toward SCX.

R. Gordon Omaha, Nebraska

Yes, we, too, have noticed this contradiction. And we figure that it's all a matter of attitude. Drug-education courses use the word no an awful lot-"Just say no" is their major theme. Sex-education classes, however, are "Just the facts, ma'am." There are no values imparted. And failure to teach values makes the religious Right crazy-for no values, in their minds, means the wrong values. President Reagan has said that he will support a Federal campaign to educate Americans about AIDS if it teaches children to avoid sex. In other words, "Just say no." If this comes about, we think that you'll see fundamentalists advocating sex-education classes for everyone.



Television networks will not broadcast advertisements for contraceptives until "men have babies, a woman runs a network or the president of a network gets AIDS." -LINDA ELLERBEE, host and writer for ABC-TV's Our World

The major networks are finally changing their policy regarding condom advertising. We'd like to know which one of you guys got pregnant.

NEIGHBORLY NOTIONS

I'm a Canadian, and I've been following with growing concern all the trouble you've been having with Ed Meese and company. Although the majority of your citizens are against Meese, it is frightening that the public doesn't stand up and speak out. It will take many years and much pain to reverse the damage being done to your Constitution.

I am concerned for your countryand for my own, for it seems that whatever happens in the States quickly works its way up to Canada. Ronald Reagan preaches against pornography and then Prime Minister Mulronev preaches against it. There's a definite

> Patrick Robinson Kerrobert, Saskatchewan

I thought you'd be interested in the following case. Canadian customs officials stopped a video cassette, G-String, from crossing their border. The video tape was addressed to a Canadian resident, Conrad Coleman. Coleman hired a lawyer to appeal the customs decision and asked to watch G-String in order to defend himself against the obscenity charges. The customs officials were in a bind. After all, the purpose of confiscating the tape was to protect Coleman from seeing it. Naturally, they refused his request. Coleman went to court, pursuing his right to see the tape-and won. "To exclude the appellant himself from viewing the cassette," ruled the judge, "does not satisfy the fundamental right of the appellant to be informed of the subject matter on which the decision being appealed from was based."

This would merely be funny if it were a single instance of lunacy-unfortunately, it is not.

> F. Burns Ottawa, Ontario

TEXTBOOK TURMOIL

John Dentinger's "Fundamentalist Fairy Tales" (The Playboy Forum, February), on the Tennessee school-

textbook controversy, is fine as far as it goes. The trouble is, it does not go far enough.

Dentinger is justifiably indignant about the ideology of this group of ultrareligious parents. The fact that their convictions lead them to grotesque conclusions is pathetic and tragic.

But he misses the point. As the judge in the case observed, these people have a right to their views, however bizarre, as long as they are peacefully expressed. Under a system of "universal" tax-supported education, however, control inevitably is exercised by government. Decisions (right or wrong) are applied to all, and textbooks are certain to cause conflicts. Ditto for school prayer, sex education and a host of other fiercely debated and unresolv-(continued on page 46) able issues.

FORUM

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SPERM IN THE FAST LANE

BOSTON—When it comes to sperm, it's not the quantity but the quality that counts. Fertility researchers at the University of Massachusetts have decided that quality refers to the speed at which the sperm travel. If sufficient velocity—at



least 20 microns per second—is present, pregnancy can result even when the sperm count is low. The velocity of sperm can be increased by a relatively simple procedure that involves mechanically agitating the little fellows. Then a woman can be artificially inseminated with them at the appropriate time in her cycle. According to one researcher, the success rate is 35 percent and no abnormalities in such pregnancies have been noted.

AIDS AND THE CHURCH

Partly because of priests' celibacy vows and partly because of its teachings on homosexuality, the Roman Catholic Church is finding it difficult to admit that there is a small but growing AIDS problem within the Catholic clergy. Reports of priests and nonordained brothers diagnosed with AIDS have been coming in from cities such as Boston, where at least four of them died of the disease in the past five years, and from Chicago, where three brothers and a parish priest died of AIDS in 1986. A Houston physician reports that he has almost a dozen priests in treatment for AIDS, and New York counselors report three such deaths in recent years. Church leaders consider the problem

minuscule for a clergy numbering more than 57,000 but admit that they have no coherent policy on the subject.

HEAVEN CAN WALL

ATLANTA—A U.S. District Court has held that the ban on prayers in public schools extends to invocations at sporting events. The judge found that pregame prayers were a form of a "religious activity" in violation of constitutional guarantees of separation of church and state. The ruling resulted from a lawsuit filed against a Georgia high school that held invocations before its home football games.

TESTING FOR TRAUMA

BALTIMORE—A safe and simple dye test developed at the University of Maryland Hospital is now used to confirm the sexual abuse of small girls. Researchers say that painting toluidine blue dye on the vaginal tissue within 48 hours of the abuse enables previously unnoticeable lacerations to be detected. As many as 80 percent of victims show no visible signs of physical trauma; therefore, the dye will aid in uncovering a significant number of sexual-abuse cases. The dye is expected to find legal acceptance as evidence in such cases.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

A survey by Great Expectations, the country's largest video-dating service, confirms what women's magazines and other polling groups are finding-that fear of sexually transmitted diseases is putting the kibosh on casual sex. Asked what sex with a new partner meant to them, slightly more than half of the 1005 respondents said fear and concern, mostly over the possibility of catching a venereal disease, particularly AIDS or herpes. The company's president says that celibacy until marriage seems to be more widespread and that dating couples are checking each other out more carefully before they hop into the sack.

PLANNED PREGNANCY

Preliminary findings by researchers at the Universities of Washington and Michigan indicate that the drinking habits of fathers may affect their offspring's health. In a major study of paternal drinking and infant birth weight, the Seattle group found, to its surprise, that infants whose fathers drank regularly or heavily during the month before conception weighed an average of 6.5 ounces less than the other infants—regardless of whether the mother drank or smoked. (The baby-lite offspring were still within normal-birth-weight range.)

AMAZING GRACE

SARASOTA, FLORIDA—Easily beating out the Rambo doll as the bad-taste toy of the decade is the Grace doll, which delivers an anti-abortion message when you squeeze its little bod. The message goes, "God knew me even before I was born. . . . I used to be a little person inside my mommy's tummy. . . . My mommy thinks I'm very special. She's so happy she had me." The Praise Unlimited Toy Company of Sarasota reports that more than 20,000, at \$40 to \$50 apiece, were sold in its first four months, mostly at Tupperware-type toy parties. The doll also sings "Jesus Loves All the Little Children" and comes with a "Let Me Live" cassette by Pat Boone, Grace's official spokesman.

Meanwhile, the Right-to-Lifers' favorite horror film has predictably spawned a sequel, a son of "Silent Scream" titled "Eclipse of Reason," by the same producer, Dr. Bernard Nathanson. This film



features fiber-optic pictures from both inside and outside the womb as an 18-week fetus is aborted by a D and E (dilation and evacuation) and comes complete with instant replays.

FORUM

THE CIVIL WAR

The Civil War, or so we learned in high school, was fought over the issue of slavery. Our teacher, Miss Velma Johnson, whose understanding of American history was based entirely on the same textbooks we were reading, also told us as a fact that the Civil War ended in 1865. But lately it has dawned on me that Miss Johnson was wrong on both counts.

It now seems clear that the Civil War wasn't so much fought over the issue of slavery as it was fought over a fundamental difference in the way Southerners and Northerners view the natural order of things. Furthermore, the conflict has never ended—it has merely moved from the cannon fields to the courts, thereby becoming more civil but no less a war.

The map shown here is a current object lesson in the never-ending schism between the Union states and the Confederacy. Reprinted from *The New York Times*, in which it appeared last July, the day after the Supreme Court upheld Georgia's right to enforce sodomy laws, it shows which states still have laws against oral sex, anal sex and mutual masturbation.

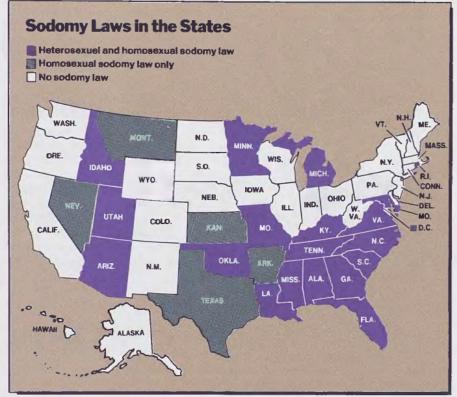
You'll notice that of the 23 states highlighted, 16 are clustered contiguously in the southern part of the country. These states stand out, of course, because after the sexual revolution of the Sixties and Seventies, most states repealed or revised outdated laws against "abominable and detestable crimes against nature." If the sexual revolution could be compared to a vacuum cleaner sweeping up age-old dust from the carpet of the American libidinal consciousness, the South had the deep, ground-in dirt that defied removal.

Since it seems an unlikely coincidence that 11 of those 16 Southern states formed the Confederacy and that all but Oklahoma and Kansas permitted slavery until 1865, we might well wonder if there isn't some relationship between Southern attitudes toward race relations and Southern attitudes toward sexual relations. Or, at least, we might wonder if there isn't some underlying world view that imbues the Southern character with

a deep strain of intolerance for many of the human freedoms that Northerners accept as self-evident.

Developmental neuropsychologist James W. Prescott may have answered the

a father's job to discipline them; and it is perfectly reasonable to punish violently adolescents (particularly daughters) who indulge in promiscuity. It is tempting to attribute the Southerner's resistance to



© 1986 THE NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION.

question for us by reducing the many differences between Northern and Southern attitudes to one common factor—the way the two societies raise their children.

Prescott did a cross-cultural analysis of 400 preindustrial societies and found that those that deprived their infants of physical affection and were harshly punitive of premarital sex were prone to "slavery, frequent killing, torturing and mutilation of enemies, a devotion to the inferiority of women" and the worship of an aggressive god (or gods).

The typical Southern approach to child rearing is built on three pillars: Punishment is better than lenience ("Spare the rod, spoil the child"); it's a mother's place to raise the children and the pleasures of the body (whether in infancy or adulthood) solely to his religious attitudes—which tend toward Biblical fundamentalism. As Prescott points out, "Violence against sexuality and the use of sexuality for violence, particularly against women, has very deep roots in Biblical tradition." However, the history of religion in early America argues against simply equating religion with repression.

In fact, the great wave of evangelism that swept from New England down through the South in the early 18th Century and was called the Great Awakening by historians actually had a liberating effect on conservative traditions. The great preachers of that time,

FORUM

men such as Gilbert Tennent, Samuel Davies and, most notably, the English Bible thumper George Whitefield, were voices of relative progressivism. They argued against blind acceptance of religious tradition and for direct spiritual experience; against strict obedience to church doctrine and for listening to one's individual conscience. Perhaps most important, they promoted the idea of a "democratic popular spirit," which fueled the first stirrings of abolitionism.

If religion, even evangelical religion, isn't the primary cause of the Southern states' sexually repressive atmosphere (though most Southerners would probably tell you that they base their views on God's proclamations about such matters), what is?

It makes more sense to assume that the social traits that we identify with the Southern mentality, including religious orientation, have their roots in something that precedes the adoption of attitudes and philosophies: a primal substratum of Southern experience that remains a part of Southern culture despite the coming and going of slavery, segregation, old South, new South and the sexual revolution.

If this is so, it would also explain why seven states *outside* the South also have antisodomy laws, for many of those states are very different from the Southern ones, both culturally and economically.

So, then, what is the commonality between the Southern states and the Western ones with repressive sex laws? Well, for one thing, many of the early settlers in those states, with the exceptions of Idaho and Utah, were from the South, but that merely moves the problem back one step. The answer can be found, though indirectly, in Prescott's prescription for changing a violence- and repression-prone society into a nonviolent one: "The denial of female sexuality must give way to an acceptance and respect for it, and men must share with women the responsibility for giving affection and care to infants and children. As the father assumes a more equal role with the mother in child rearing and becomes more affectionate [emphasis added] toward his children, certain changes must follow in our socioeconomic system."

James Baldwin once remarked that "to define oneself as a white American man, and even more particularly a Southern white American man, must be an unbearable burden," and in this sense, he was right. For if there is one thing that binds Southern men and many Western men, it is their concept of

manhood as a state both infinitely superior and far preferable to womanhood. For such men, the roles of men and women must be clearly defined and rigidly adhered to, lest the man's masculinity be insulted. And this view of superiority includes superiority not only to women but to all who don't fit the entire description white, American, adult and male. Nonwhites, foreigners and children are, therefore, decidedly inferior.

The definition of a real man and how he behaves is a very serious business for Southern and many Western men. And one of the things that real men don't do is share child rearing with women. According to this view of manhood, men don't nurture, they discipline—and not only children but also women and adult nonwhites. Most Southern men were raised by fathers who took this approach and, in turn, have adopted the same attitudes toward their own wives and children.

Here we get to the root of the problem, which, simply put, is that Northerners have always seemed to be in favor of things that are directly threatening to the Southern male's definition of his masculinity, both in the larger society and in his family. First, it was freeing the slaves. Next, it was giving blacks the vote and allowing them accommodation in the same public places white people frequented. Now it's the idea (encouraged, no doubt, by the fact that Northern women have always been more outspoken and socially active than Southern ones) that women and men are equal and should therefore share certain rights as well as family duties. And to top it off, you have namby-pamby psychologists like James Prescott who want to coddle and sissify children instead of whacking some sense into them.

Viewed from this perspective, the

entirety of social progress in America has been a continuous and relentless attack on the Southern man's position in his social and familial hierarchy.

It's easy to understand how the front on which the Old American Man fights has now shifted to a campaign against homosexuality, sexual permissiveness and the sexual corruption of children. Homosexuals are obviously a clear threat to the Southern concept of a real man, and the sexual liberation of women and the movement to educate children about sex are both serious challenges to the Southern male's absolute control and domination of his women and children.

Considering this, it's not surprising that the Old American Man has resorted to religion to defend his insecurity. The days are long gone when men could declare, "I am the lord and master of my women, my children and my slaves, because I say so." So the Old American Man naturally turns to God—a higher authority and an unimpeachable one, at that—and argues, "God doesn't approve of faggots, loose women or sassy children. I'm only trying to save the nation from eternal damnation. Reject my views and you reject God's views."

What it boils down to is that there are 23 states in which a majority of men are very much afraid that America is trying to remove their balls, and the men in the Southern states have felt that way for a long time. That, at the heart, is what the Southern emphasis on states' rights has always been about. States' rights was an issue in the Civil War, and it has now become an issue with the antisodomy laws. But it's the same old issue, really: who gets to determine who has freedom and who doesn't. And, according to the Old American Man, nobody should have freedom-particularly sexual freedom-unless he says it's OK.

-WALTER L. LOWE, JR.

NO MISSOURI COMPROMISE

The sodomy low is alive and well in Missouri, where the state supreme court held that a mon who touched another's trausers in the genital area—an act construed as homosexual—must be tried for sexual misconduct. The fact that the touchee was an undercover cop had led to the toucher's arrest, but a trial court had dismissed the charges probably an grounds that the offense was no big deal.

The state's high court thought differently. In moking its decision, it relied on the 1986 U.S. Supreme Court decision in Bowers vs. Herdwick, which upheld the

outhority of each state to use the law to promote morality. The Missouri court said that the Herdwick ruling established that "there is no fundamental right under the U.S. Constitution to engage in private, consensual homosexual activity" and that "nowhere does the Constitution state that the promotion of morality is an impermissible state objective." With the U.S. Supreme Court so clearly putting state legislatures in charge of public and private morals, on American Civil Liberties Union spokesperson expressed pessimism about the possibility of ony sex-law reform in the near future.

MAGIC BULLET

The antibodies are magic bullets that find their targets by themselves.

-PAUL EHRLICH, NOBEL LAUREATE

Sometimes, one gets the sneaking suspicion that not everyone is rooting for the researchers in their fight against AIDS. The belief that the disease is God's punishment for those who have led promiscuous lives is simply too strong. This response to tragic illness led me to investigate the response to science's first great challenge by and triumph over a sexually transmitted disease—syphilis.

Syphilis and AIDS have this in common: They are sexually transmitted and their cure involves solving not only a biological problem but also an attitu-

dinal one.

It is generally thought that syphilis entered Europe with Columbus' return from the New World-and the medical establishment was woefully outmatched by the disease. Although it was known that diseases could be transmitted by sexual contact, it was not until the 19th Century that physicians became aware of the impact of syphilis on spouses (generally, wives) and, hence, on family life. The thought that irresponsible, lustful men could visit this sickness upon their wives (and their children, if they became infected at childbirth) provided the impetus not only to cure the disease but also-and more important, at least as far as some people were concernedto change the sexual code. The battle over whether syphilis was more dangerous medically or morally was on.

There was a resistance among doctors treating syphilis, as there is currently among those treating AIDS, to informing anyone other than the patient that he had the illness. There

was the risk of embarrassment for the families and of ostracism for the carrier. There was also the risk that the carrier would not change his sexual patterns and would pass along the disease. The question was raised: Should the physician be loyal to patient or to his society?

These questions were never answered, for in 1909, Paul Ehrlich, a German Nobel laureate, succeeded in chemically adapting arsenic to destroy

the syphilis spirochete.

Some people didn't take kindly to this interference with God's punishment for sin. In commenting on the results of this new medical discovery, one conservative newspaper sarcastically noted, "No more danger! Down with the family! Long live prostitution—the likes of which have not been seen since the fall of Rome!" Luckily, this was a minority opinion. The world press in general greeted the taming of the scourge enthusiastically: "A real miracle! Astounding results! Unbelievable cure! A great blessing!"

The enduring appreciation of Ehrlich's achievement can be gauged by the success of the Warner Bros. production *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet.* It was released in 1940 and was the highest-grossing film ever for two straight weeks after its release. It was the favorite of Edward G. Robinson,

who played Ehrlich.

The way our society is dealing with AIDS is much the same as it dealt with syphilis. Let's hope that it doesn't take more than 400 years to find a cure for AIDS.

Frank Heynick, Ph.D.

Department of Philosophy and Social

Sciences

Eindhoven University of Technology Eindhoven, the Netherlands



FEEDBACK (continued)

The real question is whether or not education should be in the hands of the state in the first place. In my view, it should not be. For government to be in charge of the schools is a notion more appropriate to a totalitarian system.

If all schools were operated privately, a variety of competing institutions would arise to serve a diversity of views. Most of these bitter conflicts would cease to exist. Only then would education be truly pluralistic and, in fact, far more public than it is today.

Dentinger just grazes the real issue when he notes toward the end of his piece, "Children should not be forced into classrooms." Indeed, they should not. But he might have considered the implications of this insight—and the alternative.

Don Hauptman New York, New York

You're missing something. You have the option of sending your child to the private school of your choice. As for the rest of us, we like having the option of public education.

ANXIOUS ADVERTISING

There is a justified concern about AIDS and every indication that condoms may decrease the spread of the virus. But the advertisement that hammers us over the head with "I enjoy sex, but I'm not ready to die for it" sells the anxiety, not the condom. Madison Avenue can create a concern where none existed (do you have dishpan hands?); and where a natural concern exists, it can distort it beyond all recognition. The Lifestyle condom-ad campaign overlooks the basic nature of teenage sexuality: Most kids would die for sex. And teenagers think they are immortal, that death won't happen to them. Scaring the pants off them just means there's one less layer of clothing to get out of the way.

If companies really want to put condoms into kids' hands, they should market them with little British flags on the sides called Reeboks.

L. Mitchell

Springfield, Illinois

It is ironic, and reassuring, that the man who came up with the "I'm not ready to die for it" line dropped the account when the president of the condom company was reported as saying that AIDS was "a condom marketer's dream." The condom wars continue.

FOREIGN AIDS

I thought you'd be interested in the Swiss approach to AIDS. A Geneva newspaper included a special section on the disease and, as part of its effort to educate the consumer, enclosed a condom. How's that for getting your money's worth.

R. Sheridan New York, New York

In an attempt to curb the spread of AIDS in Great Britain, all gay men should either be shot or be sent to the gas chamber. That's the view of one Conservative in England. This widely publicized outburst came at a time of AIDS phobia among Brits, caused largely by a current government information campaign. Almost 700 people in the U.K. have contracted the disease; more than half are now dead. Almost all the sufferers have been homosexual men living in or near London. Other susceptible groups have been Scotch heroin addicts and hemophiliacs.

Right-wing groups have urged chastity as the only acceptable response to the threat, though both Anglican and Catholic Church leaders have sanctioned the government's advice to the public to wear condoms. Government decisions to issue free needles to addicts and to send explicit warning leaflets to every home in Britain have been condemned. The British National Viewers' and Listeners' Association, which reviews television shows for possible smut, fears the government advice to stick to one partner will be undermined by the "promiscuous lifestyles" so often depicted on the telly. It has been suggested that Dirty Den, the bed-hopping lead character in a popular British soap will catch the disease as an example to the masses. Given the British lead, the producers of Dallas might be moved to dispose of J. R. Ewing by the same means.

In spite of all the publicity, a recent survey of 18-to-44-year-old heterosexuals revealed that 80 percent felt that they were in little or no danger of contracting the disease and therefore had no intention of altering their lifestyles.

The true prevalence of the virus in Britain is not known. Government estimates claim that there may be 100,000 carriers at large. However, of 3,000,000 units of donated blood screened for AIDS, only 68 have proved to be scropositive.

Frank Adey Wolverhampton, England

NAME-CALLING

I like to think for myself and be held accountable for my actions, unlike the fundamentalists, who blame the Devil for their wrongdoing. And I believe that people should be allowed to practice their religion—or not. Thanks to your comments on secular humanism (*The Playboy Forum*, April), I now know what to call myself.

Rick Thibodeau Nackawic, New Brunswick

DOUBLE STANDARD

After pulling PLAYBOY from the store shelves in a bid to appease the Meese commission, the Southland Corporation's 7-Eleven stores in British Columbia are now selling condoms. This is a pilot project aimed at curbing the spread of AIDS among young people.

While I applaud the Southland decision

to sell condoms, I still find it amazing that a company so concerned with the welfare of the public continues to refuse to sell PLAYBOY, a magazine that has always advocated safe and responsible sex.

I hope that Southland recognizes this contradictory position and rectifies it. Until then, I will continue to refuse to shop at 7-Eleven stores.

Alan Webster Surrey, British Columbia

FIGHT IRE WITH IRE

A small group of people is trying to remove PLAYBOY from the shelves of local retailers. I am strongly opposed to this, but I'm not sure how to fight it. Can you help?

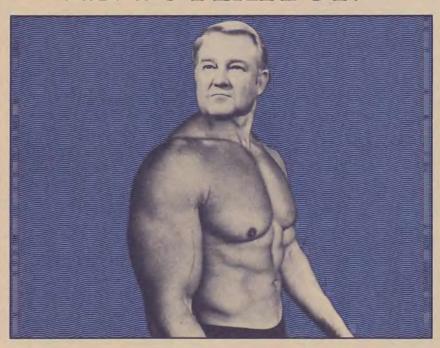
Dan Moyer
Loveland, Colorado
The people in Loveland who are trying to

ban adult magazines from retail stores are affiliated with the Reverend Donald Wildmon's group, National Federation for Decency. Their usual tactic is to boycott stores that sell products that they find to be offensive. We can only suggest that you be as vocal as they are. Send letters to the retailers expressing your views and get your friends to do the same.

CORRUPTIVE COKE

I recently spent some time in Colombia. When people—teachers, taxi drivers, dock workers, doctors—found out that I was from the United States, they told me that we North Americans were destroying their country. Our demand for cocaine has upset their economy, corrupted their authorities, divided their society and endangered their lives. It soon became

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?



Attorney General Edwin Meese III
tells group of law clerks he has
read PLAYBOY and does not think it is
obscene.
—NEWS ITEM

when an anonymous aphorist observed, "Loyalty is a poor substitute for intelligence," he must have had Ed Meese in mind. So it embarrasses us to learn that the U.S. Attorney General admits to reading PLAYBOY—and not just in the line of duty as national smut

buster. What's the most recent book he's read? Not the report of his own porno commission, said he, but he released it anyway. His favorite group? The Supremes, no doubt, featuring Carmen Miranda. Favorite beverage? The Fifth, as interpreted with inverted logic: "If a person is innocent of a crime, then he is not a suspect." Turnons: the Right and the righteous. Turnoffs: civil rights. Favorite songs: Give Me That Old-Time Religion and Jailhouse Rock.

clear to me that they were telling the truth. Great wealth and power go to those engaged in the drug trade, fear and frustration to the decent law-abiding majority of Colombians.

Unfortunately, the pseudo sophisticates among us consider that it's hip to do cocaine. Big shots do it, so the little people follow. Were the trendsetters to stuff beans in their ears, the followers would do likewise, especially if the beans were banned. The avant-garde would discover all kinds of orifices in which to implant legumes, and a great debate would take place over

the relative merits of the great green lima and the royal red kidney. Ordinary tokers would do the Boston baked. All of which makes as much sense, and is as necessary to our well-being, as rolling a \$100 bill into a neat tube and sniffing an irritant up our nostrils.

I don't give a damn if users sniff cocaine until their noses fall off; but when their self-indulgence corrupts their fellow man, then it's time to start acting like responsible members of the world community.

I don't expect you to publish this, but you should. There comes a time when even your staunchest supporters—and I am certainly one—must conclude that the philosophy of "Do it if it feels good and doesn't hurt anyone" is fine only if we give heed to the second part of this belief. Now people *are* hurting—and badly. It's up to us to do something about it.

Ed Rist

Dundee, Florida

We couldn't agree with you more. We have already published articles this year about drugs and drug abuse ("Cocaine," February, and "Drugs: Where We Stand," May). Cocaine hurts the user, his friends and family and even, as you point out, entire countries.

SICK HUMOR

First the fundamentalists went after sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. Now it's the daily comics. We present the following letter as we received it. Funny?

The war for our children's minds continues! Over the past year several fine organizations have banned together to educate parents around America of the evils of rock music, drugs and saturday-morning television. While these organizations have done a fine job of educating and enlightening the masses it has become obvious they have overlooked one of the most potentially dangerous media outlets that influences our children's minds—the daily comic strips. Because of this Concerned Parents Monitoring Comics (CPMC) has been formed.

Once the bastion of safe family humor, many people today have failed to notice the controversial and illicit activities that take place in the daily comic strips. Syndicated strips around the nation serve to promote antisocial behavior, lack of respect for authority and, in some cases, the occult and drugs. While much of this content is thinly disguised as satire we as parents must seriously wonder whether or not young minds are capable of comprehending

satire, what effects such strips might have on their behavioral development and just what kind of influence certain cartoonists are trying to have on our children.

The CPMC has been monitoring a variety of nationally and regionally syndicated strips over the past nine months. A board composed of child psychiatrists, clergy and educators has concluded the following to be the most potentially hazardous strips. We urge parents to use discretion when allowing young people to read the following:

1. The Far Side A sick demented humor motivates this strip that often centers around acts of cannibalism and cruelty to animals.

2. *Doonesbury* Complete lack of respect for authority. A blatant play by ultraleft idealists to influence the minds of our children.

3. Voodoo Banana A warped strip that promotes the occult, cannibalism and liberal morals.

4. Bloom County Although the characters are often cute animals, their message is often a potentially dangerous one.

5. Hägar the Horrible Promotes poor manners. Also presents bad role models for young men and women.

6. Frank and Ernest No set moral standards. Leaves children confused about right and wrong.

7. *Life in Hell* The title alone should tell most parents what kind of "comic" to expect.

8. The Born Loser Portrays an afterwork martini mentality that most of us had hoped died in the 50's.

9. *Dennis the Menace* Some may consider this a classic, but it's an obvious attempt to subvert authority figures.

10. The Amazing Spiderman Blatant violence runs rampant.

Instead, we suggest parents direct their children toward the following, which have proven to be the most positive strips for young readers.

1. Peanuts

2. The Family Circus

3. Garfield

4. The Muppets

5. Gummi Bears

6. Ernie Pook's Comeek

7. Marvin

Please help support our cause by passing along this information to your readers or viewers. For more information on this study or our organization, contact Reverend Brion Kirk at 209-432-2080.

by Berke Breathed

BLOOM COUNTY









Copyright 1986. Reprinted with permission of The Washington Post Writers Group





PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WHOOPI GOLDBERG

a candid conversation with the outspoken actress and comedian about laughter, abortion, racism, drugs, oral sex, the homeless—and how she got that name

It's a safe bet that anyone even <u>near</u> a TV set, movie theater or magazine during the past three years has on more than one occasion seen a black female face, topped by a dread-locked coif, staring back with a streetwise grin and wondered, Who or what is a Whoopi Goldberg?

Good question, and one that until now has been only partially answered. Unless you had caught her critically acclaimed one-woman Broadway show in 1984, had seen it as an HBO special or had bought her album, you might have thought that Whoopi appeared overnight. And although she gave interviews, she was stingy with biographical details—including her real name and age. Personal history was most often relegated to a few terse sentences. The past didn't matter.

In fact, although her experimental-theater credentials were first-rate, Whoopi was mostly the secret darling of the aesthetic cutting edge—until Steven Spielberg tapped her to play Celie, the central character of "The Color Purple." That bit of inspired casting earned her an Academy Award nomination for best actress—and ensured that when Milton Berle told his Whoopi Goldberg joke ("A black woman with a Jewish name. She doesn't do windows, because she's got a headache"), only the media-deprived wouldn't know whom he was talking about.

Today, Whoopi is having a love affair with the public. Her second and third films ("Jumpin' Jack Flash" and "Burglar") have been released; she was a very visible prime mover in last year's "Comic Relief" benefit for the American homeless; she presented the top award at this year's Grammys; she's done a TV special with Carol Burnett and another with the Pointer Sisters; and she narrated the Disney film "Captain Eo." Currently, she's filming "Fatal Beauty," co-starring Sam Elliott, in Los Angeles.

Has success changed Whoopi Goldberg? Well, sort of. True, she still lives in Berkeley, near the University of California—with no plans to relocate. And her 12-year-old daughter, Alexandria, treats her just the way she always has. But Whoopi—a veteran "overnight" sensation—has also had to come to grips with the velocity of her ascension. She is, after all, a long way from her childhood years in a housing project in the Chelsea area of Manhattan.

Her parents split up soon after she was born, leaving her mother, a practical nurse and, later, a Head Start teacher, to care for Whoopi and her older brother. Whoopi's youthful passions were Halloween and watching movies on television. When she was eight years old, she joined an afterschool drama group at the Hudson Guild, a local settlement house, and acted in local children's theater productions.

She also spent a lot of time on the street, suffering the insecurities of the less-than-popular teen—in part because she occasionally had white boyfriends. Eventually, she got into drugs and dropped out of school—and continued to act. But at 18, she married her drug counselor and got pregnant—in that order. A few months later, the marriage was over and, in 1974, with baby in tow, Whoopi moved to San Diego. There, a series of odd jobs and welfare kept her plugging away at acting—improvisation with groups such as Spontaneous Combustion and stage work with the San Diego Repertory Company.

When an acting partner canceled on a Berkeley gig, Whoopi debuted as a solo artist. Soon, she relocated to Berkeley, found a livein boyfriend and continued her work, most notably with the Blake Street Hawkeyes. She also began developing her one-woman outing, "The Spook Show."

The show traveled to Europe, then settled in for a run at New York's Manhattan Dance Theater Workshop, where producer-director Mike Nichols caught Whoopi's act, reportedly cried and offered to put it on Broadway. The rest is more or less history.

We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to meet with Whoopi as she finished up



"Actors have no color. That is the art form. I'm not colorless—I'm black. It's not something I consciously think about. It just is. It's like having a dick. You don't think about having a dick. You just have one."



"This is a motherfucker of a business. People say, 'You're in magazines, you're making movies and you're complaining!' I'm not. I'm freaked because I'm in the middle of it and I can't tell what I'm doing."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

"I was born a hippie and will be till I die. When I say hippie, I mean humanist. Environmentalist. Someone who wants world peace. Zen politics. Sunshine, rainbows, God. But that was not cool in my neighborhood." "Burglar" and, at this crucial career juncture, put her life into perspective. Said Rensin afterward:

"Although Whoopi was wrapping her third film in two years, packing for a six-week honeymoon and fighting the flu that wouldn't go away, she agreed to squeeze in as much time with me as possible before she left for Europe.

"We met first in the Burbank Studios commissary, then moved to her trailer, parked by the sound stage on which 'Burglar' was being filmed. Like most dressing rooms near wrap time, hers was a collection of clutter. Among the items: a case of brown and blue glass eyes fashioned into key rings; a 'Comic Relief' poster; assorted Negro art (including idealized blacks selling Coca-Cola); and an ample supply of M&M's. Whoopi sat on the floor, near the door, chain-smoking. It was the perfect spot from which to field the nearly constant interruptions.

"Later that week, we resumed our conversations at the Hollywood Hills house Whoopi and David Claessen, her new husband, share with her manager when she's in Los Angeles. It, too, was filled with memorabilia: 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' watches, neon sculptures, old movie posters, a Groucho Marx doll, etc. But without other intrusions (except for her Elvislipped dog, Rutger), we managed to get a lot more done, talking over cranberry juice and Vantages in the dining room.

"Between sessions, I couldn't escape the feeling that things were going too well, that perhaps I was being too easy on Whoopi. But upon reviewing the transcripts, I saw it wasn't true. She'd fielded some painful questions with tough answers. Still, when read, her answers seemed more aggressive—even angry—than I recalled. Then it dawned on me. I had been taken in by her face.

"Whoopi describes her face as 'Silly Putty. Round, with lots of cheeks, huge teeth and big black eyes.' Add a wide mouth framed by generously sensuous lips and a broad nose, and it sounds like something only a mother could love. Yet it is a crucial part of the package that makes her fans numerous and fervently loyal.

"Some might credit other things: according to American Film, for instance, her uncanny ability to 'synthesize elements of stand-up comedy, improvisation, tragedy and cautionary tale... into six widely different characters." Or her pinpoint sociocultural insights or, simply, her creative use of foul language. They wouldn't be wrong, but the face is the key, revealing basic emotional truths in a larger-than-life manner. It's impossible to ignore, and the connection is immediate. Whoopi slips under your guard with that goofy, sincere grin and seduces you while you think you're still making up your mind.

"Throughout the interview, she was open and outspoken, wheeling in and out of various characterizations, and all with a casual self-assurance. In fact, her belief in her talent was consistently apparent. Behind the wellknown dramatis personae, there is a woman who knows her stuff—and has no qualms about saying so, especially when she feels that her spontaneity and creativity have been restricted or slighted. Furthermore, Whoopi was very aware of being, at this point in her young film career, deep in the heart of the heart of the Hollywood star-making machine. She knew that called for extra concentration on the work at hand, but she couldn't resist slipping into an analysis of the process and the price of fame as we spoke.

"Ultimately, though, Whoopi sensed that our talk was also an opportunity to voice her concerns about social issues, as well as finally set the record straight about her name, age and background. Unclouding her shadowy past seemed a perfect way to begin."

PLAYBOY: Let's clear up a few basics—such as your name and how old you really are. You've said your age is anywhere from 30 to 36. What's the truth?

GOLDBERG: I'm only 31. My birthday is November 13, 1955. [Shows her driver's license] I lied about my age for a long time, because nobody would hire me to

"A woman said, 'I would have called you Whoopi, because when you're unhappy you make a sound like a whoopee cushion."

act. Everyone said I was too young. So, when I was 20, I put six years on my life. I also said I'd studied with Lee Strasberg. I'd already done a lot of acting. But, for some reason, people don't give you credit for learning anything in a short amount of time. I grew up in New York and knew stuff that people growing up other places just didn't.

PLAYBOY: Your real name was finally reported as Caryn Johnson, but why the big mystery? Why did you choose Whoopi Goldberg in the first place?

GOLDBERG: The name was a fluke. A joke. It started when I was doing A Christmas Carol in San Diego. We'd sit backstage and talk about names we'd never give our children, like Pork Pie or Independence. Of course, now people are walking around with those names. A woman said to me, "If I was your mother, I would have called you Whoopi, because when you're unhappy you make a sound like a whoopee cushion. It sounds like a fart.' was like "Ha-ha-ha-ha-Whoopi!" So people actually started calling me Whoopi Cushion. After about a year, my mother said, "You won't be taken seriously if you call yourself Whoopi Cushion. So try this combination: Whoopi Goldberg."

PLAYBOY: That simple? It wasn't an encounter with a burning bush, as you've claimed? Just your mother's idea?

GOLDBERG: Yes. She suggested Goldberg.

She just thought it flowed better. Mothers, you know, they sit and think about shit like this. But you tell people the truth and they go, "Oh, come on. It's not interesting enough." So that's why I made up the burning-bush story. All I know is that when I tried it, the name worked. People said, "What a great name! What a great fucking name!" Except critics. In a review, one said, "Whoopi Goldberg was fantastic as Mother Courage, but that name is ridiculous." I wrote him a letter and said that a rose by any other name would still be an actor.

PLAYBOY: So why the secrecy?

GOLDBERG: That was only when I was on Broadway. With the influx of magazines and television, I was thinking of my kid. I had a whole life, and I did not want people invading my home, asking questions that I was not prepared to answer at the time. I just wanted a little privacy for myself, for my kid. Couldn't even go to the P.T.A. anymore. When my real name came out in the press, it pissed me off.

PLAYBOY: How did it slip out?

GOLDBERG: I did an interview with People magazine at my house, because I don't like to travel. The reporter figured it out at my home. I asked the magazine not to mention where I lived and to leave my name out. They said OK but didn't put it in writing. Next thing I knew, there it was. Now, every time I'm in People, they make it a point to write my real name. Now all the magazines do. Every fucking magazine. [Sighs] It's funny, because I want to tell people stuff. I want to be able to explain myself a little bit, but not if people are going to turn around and fuck me up. PLAYBOY: Don't you think that after all the build-up in the press, a certain amount of tearing down is inevitable?

GOLDBERG: It pisses me off that people wait for you to fuck up, for something to happen to you. I like having different-color eyes, so I sometimes wear blue contact lenses. Then I get criticized for wanting to be white. It's play stuff. But it's turned into "Oh, you don't want to be black." I don't want to deal with this crap. PLAYBOY: The press helped make you a star, though.

GOLDBERG: No.
PLAYBOY: Why not?

GOLDBERG: Because I was doing my stage show before any press came out. HBO helped make me a star. Television. The Color Purple. People came to see me on Broadway because Mike Nichols was involved. They came to see if he had fucked up. Mike Nichols gets the same treatment as just about everybody else. [Laughs] Word of mouth is what made me famous. And then the press wanted to talk to me.

PLAYBOY: You sound angry.

GOLDBERG: No, I'm just annoyed.
PLAYBOY: Will the situation improve?
GOLDBERG: No. I think that it's only going

to get a little bit worse.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect better treatment?

The one and only now offers you



the one-of-a-kind 10 disc changer



and the only carousel 5 disc changer.

Sony's two new DiscJockey CD changers give you twice as much to choose from.

There are no two ways about it. Only Sony offers the incredible sound of compact disc with the convenience of either a five or ten disc changer.

Consider the CDP-C10. It lets you sit back and listen for over ten hours. And since it's the only changer with a magazine compatible with



the Sony Car DiscJockey, you can get even greater mileage from your CD

Speaking of high performance, the CDP-C10 offers advanced programming, shuffle play and direct disc and track



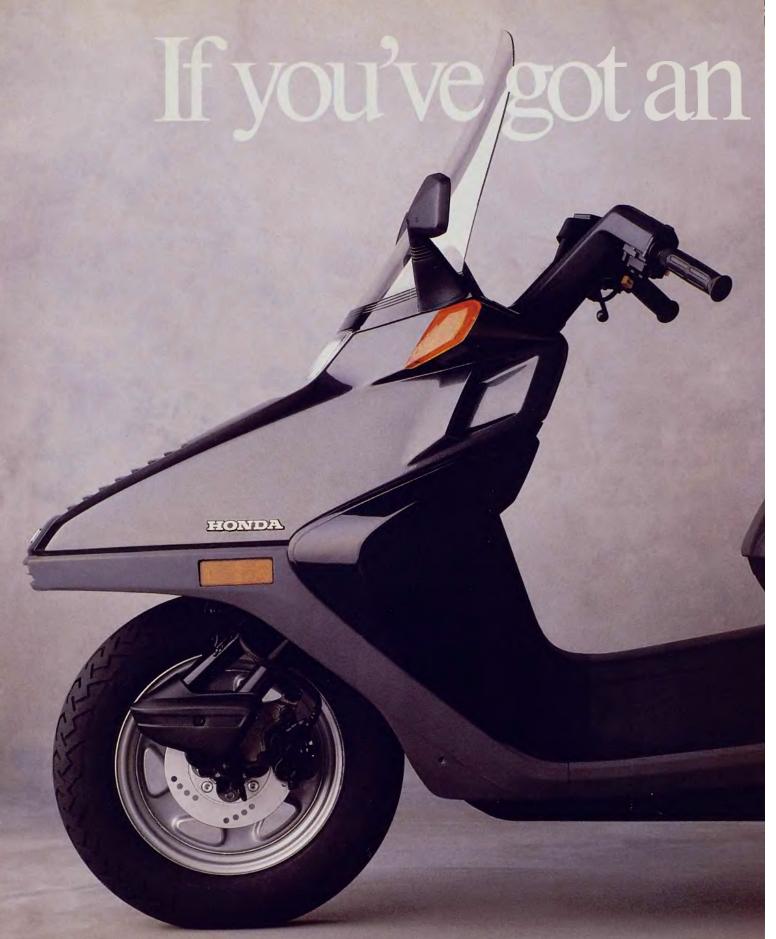
selection. Then there's the affordable CDP-C5F. Its unique carousel design gives you over five hours of music, with 32-track programming, four repeat modes and the fastest access time of any changer anywhere.

Both changers feature remote control and renowned Sony technology like the Unilinear Converter/digital filter and aspheric lens laser optics for superior CD player performance.

So remember, only Sony offers a choice of changers that play for five or ten hours. But you'll hear how good they sound in seconds.

Disclockey."

THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO:



The Honda Helix.™ Push-button starting. Automatic transmission. Advanced digital instrumentation. When ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET, EYE PROTECTION AND APPROPRIATE

itch, scratch it.



you've waited long enough, call 1-800-447-4700 for the dealer nearest you. IFONIDA scores

CLOTHING. Helix is a Honda trademark. @ 1987 American Honda

GOLDBERG: I don't know what I was expecting. I didn't expect to become big. There was no time to think, no time to pack. I was in the delivery room instantly! But I think I've fared pretty well. I read movie-star biographies. Sid Caesar's autobiography prepared me for one big aspect of being popular that I hadn't anticipated. He wrote that the biggest down, the biggest crevice most people fall into is "Am I going to wake up and not be good at this anymore?" That's what scared Sid. Marilyn Monroe. John Belushi. Errol Flynn. Am I going to wake up suddenly and not be able to do this anymore? I don't have that fear.

PLAYBOY: Never?

GOLDBERG: No. Because acting is all I ever knew I wanted to do. I know I can do it. I know I'm good at it. This movie stuff could all fall apart tomorrow. That's OK. I have the four-letter word to fall back on.

PLAYBOY: What word?

GOLDBERG: T-O-U-R. That is the saving grace. I have my theater work to fall back on. There are theaters I can work in in San Francisco, in San Diego. As soon as people see what you're doing, what the press says doesn't matter. It's all in the box office. That's obvious to me, because there wasn't a lot of great press on my show in New York.

PLAYBOY: Could you be happy just touring after this dose of movie stardom?

GOLDBERG: I'm gone! I'm going back next year! Listen. I go on the road by myself, take the old man if he wants to go. And I work. And once I get on the stage, it doesn't matter what's happened before. It's like heaven, man. It's like fucking heaven. I come when I work. I fucking come when I work. That's what matters, not being some star. Stars don't get to do anything. Stars only are. They're a state of mind. I'm not a star. I'm a working character actor.

PLAYBOY: In three years, you've gone from near anonymity to being a household word. When did you get the first clue that you'd arrived?

GOLDBERG: I'm not sure that I have, because arriving to me means longevity. But it's funny. The first inkling that something was happening came from Mad magazine. My kid gave it to me. She said, "Oh, look, Ma! You!" It was like, "Heeeeeyyyyy!" They did a parody of Beverly Hills Cop, and in one of the panels, you see a hotel lobby. Eddie Murphy is in the background, and in the foreground is a picture of me labeled VALLEY GIRL, which is based on one of my characters. It was a big deal to me.

PLAYBOY: Even Eddie Murphy, who was famous for keeping his poise when he became famous, supposedly has had difficulties handling the rush of success. How do you think you're going to manage?

GOLDBERG: Sometimes it's tough to keep my ego in check, but I blame it on the people around me, because, suddenly, I can't do any wrong. They tell me shit that's not true. And if enough people tell you that your shit doesn't stink, you start thinking that maybe it doesn't. Sometimes it's hard for me to get my head through the fucking door. Meanwhile, I'm actually thinking that all this star stuff is a goof, because I'm really just a kid from the projects. But no one wants to hear it. People think I'm bragging. But, shit, I see Jack Nicholson and I'm a puddle on the ground. It's hard to think of myself in those terms. This is all new for me.

But I know this ego stuff will kill you. It's very isolating. Suddenly, the way you wipe your ass is news, big fucking news! People try to take your picture in the bathroom. No kidding. Once, I'd posed for some photographers and then went to the toilet. I heard someone come in while I was in the stall. Now, I have this thing, because I saw a movie once where there was a killer in the bathroom and a guy went into the stall and the killer dropped down and strangled him. So whenever I go in, I look through the little slit to see who's there. It was this woman with a camera, waiting just outside the stall for me to come out. I said to her, "Don't do this. It's not good and it will really fuck you up. Really fuck you up!" She left.

PLAYBOY: What other kinds of problems do you encounter?

GOLDBERG: People, friends, suddenly treat you differently. They don't even wait for you to change and *become* an asshole. They just assume you're going to be one and treat you accordingly. This is very painful when all you're trying to do is figure out that you're still OK.

PLAYBOY: When actors talk about how tough it is, most people's response is, "We should all have it so tough." What do you think?

GOLDBERG: I think this is a motherfucker of a business. I work 16 hours a day. I sit around. Then I have to come every time someone says, "Action." I do 80, 90 performances a day when I'm working on a movie. But people don't understand that movie people are still human beings. They say, "Your name is in magazines, you're making movies and you're complaining!" I'm not. I'm freaked because I'm in the middle of it and I can't tell what I'm doing. But I'm also lucky to have friends who can still say, "Look, bitch! Don't get cute." My kid's like that. She says that if she has to make her bed, so do I.

PLAYBOY: You gained national attention as Celie in *The Color Purple*. You also received an Oscar nomination for best actress in 1986 but didn't win. Should you have?

GOLDBERG: No. I knew immediately it wasn't mine. In fact, I was probably lucky not to win. If I had, there'd be nowhere for me to go. People would have wondered if I was just a flash in the pan. Now they'll wait for me to get better.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you go to the Oscar party afterward? Pissed off?

GOLDBERG: No. People assumed that. I was ready to go party. Are you crazy? I had Michael J. Fox with me, and we were going to boogie all night. Instead, while I was presenting the editing award, I got very sick. I have ovarian cysts, and one burst while I was standing there. On tape, you can see me lean on the podium. I was in pain! Poor Michael ended up taking me to the hospital.

PLAYBOY: To get the part of Celie, didn't you do a sort of command performance of your stage show for director Steven Spielberg?

GOLDBERG: My management initially said, "You don't have to go audition for him." I said, "Are you crazy?" One of the great things about Steven is that when he hears about something new, he wants to see it in case he can work with it. That's why new directors get such a shot with him. Apparently, enough people had said to him, "Man, we're hearing about this girl."

PLAYBOY: The Color Purple created a lot of controversy. There were complaints by the NAACP about the depiction of black men, criticism that the film skirted the lesbian relationship of Celie and Shug Avery, the fuss over Spielberg's failure to get an Oscar nomination, the film's getting stiffed at the awards. In retrospect, was Spielberg the right director for the job?

GOLDBERG: Fuck, yes. Nobody else—black, white, male, female—could have made it the way it was. His name attached to the film got people to see it. Who better? Because of him, it got out to Butt-Tussle, Idaho; to Supreme, Georgia, a town of 28 people with one movichouse, where it played for months.

PLAYBOY: What about the charge that black men were portrayed one-sidedly in the film?

GOLDBERG: No one said anything about how black men were portrayed when the book was published. Again, the key word here is Spielberg. If a black director had made the film, the NAACP wouldn't have said shit. The branch here complains there's no work for black actors. So Spielberg goes mostly with *unknown* black actors and the NAACP says black men are depicted in a bad light, the movie's fucked up and you shouldn't go see it.

But before that, the movie *Purple Rain* came out, with a lot of black men in it. They throw women into trash cans and scheme and lie and nigger around, as it were. Great concert footage. I'm a big fan of Prince's music. But that movie is the most disgusting throwback I've ever seen. These guys are abusing women. Is that image different from what they think Mister is doing? Is Morris Day any different from Harpo? Nobody said a word.

By the way, after the Oscars, the same branch of the NAACP bitched because *The Color Purple* didn't win anything. That says there's some bullshit floating around here.

PLAYBOY: What difficulties have *you* encountered, being black in Hollywood?

GOLDBERG: I don't think of things in terms of color. Hollywood does. When I grew up, it was never an issue. My mother would say, "Look, you're black. You woke up black this morning, you'll go to bed black tonight. But it doesn't make any difference. It doesn't mean that you will be better or worse at school. It doesn't mean that you will get or not get jobs," which was kind of-in this field-not exactly true. But I didn't know that until very recently. People kept saying, "You know, there aren't a lot of black movies." And I didn't get what they meant. In New York, actors are not black and white. They're actors. You have Diana Sands and Alan Alda doing The Owl and the Pussycat. But you come here and people say, "You're good but, shit, we can't have an interracial couple." Is there a law that says you can't? "Well, no. It's just that our audience wouldn't be ready for it."

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to get used to that attitude?

GOLDBERG: I didn't get used to it at all. I just kind of ignore it, and I tell other people to do the same. I'm always asked what advice I have for black actors. Simple: Don't think about being black. It's not like you can *pretend* to be a white person. **PLAYBOY:** Well, of course.

GOLDBERG: Not "of course." It's the same thing as my being told I want to be white because I wear blue contact lenses. Does anybody tell Cher she wants to be whatever because she wears blue or green contact lenses? Does anyone say to Tina Turner, "Damn, Tina! You wanna be white because you don't have nappy hair! How come you wearing those wigs?" It doesn't have anything to do with being black or white. There are plenty of black people who have green eyes. I don't have them. But if I want 'em, I can get 'em!

PLAYBOY: True. But the issue remains. Isn't a strong identification with one's roots, in this case black, a way to circumvent ever being criticized for trying to act white?

GOLDBERG: Well, how do white people act? How do black people act? How do you know on the phone who's what? When you listen to my Surfer Chick, you can't tell that I'm a black woman doing a white woman. You can't, you know. I don't deal with people and their color, because it means I can't work. As soon as I put a limit of being a black and a woman on myself, that narrows down the field of work to nothing. To nothing. Actors have no color. That is the art form. Actors are supposed to be able to do anything. Be anyone.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in promoting black pride, black ideals?

GOLDBERG: I believe in promoting pride. Just people's pride.

PLAYBOY: Some might say your "colorlessness" was simply a way of side-stepping confrontations.

GOLDBERG: With whom? I'm not colorless. You can see that I'm black. It's not something I consciously think about. It just is.

It's like having a dick. You don't think about having a dick. You just have one.

PLAYBOY: If being black is not an issue with you, is being a woman?

GOLDBERG: No. I don't think of life in terms of being a woman, either.

PLAYBOY: Would you call yourself a feminist?

GOLDBERG: No. Look, I'll tell you what I'm into. I like the idea of being able to talk to people about certain issues that affect men and women. For example, abortion. Otherwise, I'd have to think about life as a woman, then as a black person, then as a black woman, then what happens if I add Catholic-it's endless! I'm trying in my own way to maintain a humanistic view of everything. It sounds peachy-cute to a lot of people, but I don't give a fuck. I don't want to represent this or speak for that. That only leads to people fighting, and then someone says you're not fighting hard enough for women with behinds that sag closer to their knees. And what about the men with no toes?

PLAYBOY: What were your attitudes while you were growing up?

GOLDBERG: I grew up in a place where people said, "Do whatever you can do and do it well, because it's going to be tough, you know? Not because you're a woman, not because you're black, but because it's a motherfucker out there." I didn't know about women's rights or men's rights. As far as I knew, I had all the rights that I needed. Then, suddenly, in the Sixties, we had middle-class women who decided that P.T.A. wasn't enough, that being a cuff link on their husband's arm was not enough. So they called themselves women's liberators. But they weren't liberating people in my neighborhood, because the mothers were always working mothers. Single parents often raised their children. PLAYBOY: In 1965, you were ten years old-a little young to be so aware of social change. Was it your mother who was aware of what was going on around her? GOLDBERG: No, no. Awareness had nothing to do with it. Everybody's parents worked. Some people had two parents and some people didn't. I was aware of what the women's movement was asking for. These women were burning bras and saying, "We want to be able to do this and that." But that had nothing to do with the people in my neighborhood. The issues that were raised then were issues that my mother had already fought for. She worked as a practical nurse at French Hospital in New York. Female practical nurses made what male practical nurses made. Equality was never a question. In my neighborhood, it's about your kids' being hungry,

PLAYBOY: How does that attitude work for you in Hollywood? Haven't you ever been offended *as a woman* by, say, a malechauvinist producer or executive?

you know?

GOLDBERG: As a person, yes. Never as a woman. Of course, I don't like people having nasty attitudes toward me for no rea-

son. People have told me I wasn't pretty enough to do certain films. But then, because they can't get the *really* pretty people, they have to switch and pay an ugly woman's price. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Let's turn it around. Has being a woman made it *easier* for you?

GOLDBERG: I've never fucked my way anywhere, if that's what you mean. Could never do that. [Pauses] I don't think so. The only time I think about being a woman here is when I see how women treat one another. Basically, people don't fuck with me, because I don't intimidate anyone overtly, like by being glamorous. I'm sure that if someone has to spend two hours on her make-up and then she looks at me and knows I spend five seconds just wiping myself off, it may be a bit intimidating. [Laughs] In the same way, I look at some women and think, Goddamn, if I could just look like that for five minutes, I would be happy. I'd love to look like Shari Belafonte Harper-gorgeous and a nice person. If you're lucky, you get both. I have days like that.

PLAYBOY: Is it tough to relate to these pretty fashion plates?

GOLDBERG: We don't have much in common. I can't talk about nail color, because I bite my nails. I can't talk about the best hairdos, facials or shopping. I have watched a lot of women play woman games, especially if I'm at a function with my husband. A woman will say hello to me and "Hiiiiii" to my husband. The first one is kind of a "Watch this" to me; the second is an "I can make your dick hard" to him. I could whisper in her ear, "Bitch, if you come near him, I'll chop your fingers off," but I don't have to. I'm too secure to think he's going to go out onto the veranda and fuck some stunningly gorgeous woman. In fact, I'm rather pleased that women notice him.

PLAYBOY: Women's jealousy—sounds like a subject you might discuss with your friend Oprah Winfrey.

GOLDBERG: Yes. She and I and Rae Dawn Chong got very tight with one another on the set of *The Color Purple*. We'd sit and gab in the fucking Holiday Inn. We went to see Patti LaBelle in concert. Also Springsteen. I took Oprah to buy cowboy boots. We talk about everything. Girl talk about guys, mostly. You know: "Whoopi, what's the craziest thing that's ever happened to you?" And I said, "My Rolodex." So Oprah and I went through my Rolodex together and she was going, "Ooh, girl! Oh, shit! I want this number!" Now we just call each other ho. That's for whore. "Hey, ho!"

PLAYBOY: On your next picture, *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, the problems apparently happened *during* filming, not afterward. What stands out about that experience?

GOLDBERG: Making that movie was awful. It was a fucking terrible experience that made me an ugly person—and I didn't like that. The fact that the film has done well is no consolation. None. The producers

wanted me to be the female answer to Eddie Murphy. But I'm not the black female answer to anybody. At the outset, they said, "We want something original. You put it together with the writers." They went through a lot of fucking writers. But very little of what you see on the screen was on paper. It's me,

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the script originally done—

GOLDBERG: For Shelley Long. It's a mistake to try to rewrite things for me. Only I can take the material that's already there and have some fun with it. They'd said I could-which is why I said yes to the script. Eventually, I sat in a room with an executive who said, "Well, I know we promised you all this, but, frankly, we've got you. You have signed on the dotted line. You have to make this movie and you're going to do it this way." I got the "artistic-control" handshake in the beginning, but I've learned never to assume anything again. From now on, every minute detail will be spelled out in my contract so that I know where I stand at all times. It was quite an education-like graduate school. This film deva-fuckingstated me! I'm not even positive that the producers wanted to make this movie work. [Pauses] It's a piece of shit that flew for some reason. It flies because I'm cute in it. It doesn't have any redeeming quality, and it's not a great performance.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, it was a box-office success. Does its director, Penny Marshall, deserve the credit?

GOLDBERG: No. Donald Duck could have directed that film and the producers would have gotten what they got. Penny Marshall should have been the actress in the movie. We clashed, because I had been on the movie for a while before they brought her in and had been going in a specific direction. The producers had given me some leeway to play with things and she had her own very definite idea of how it was going to go. There were times when she'd be standing behind the camera giving me nuances as I was working, as the camera was rolling, showing me what she wanted to see.

PLAYBOY: That's directing, isn't it?

GOLDBERG: It's annoying. [Sighs] But the further I get away from it, the easier it is for me to calm down and see that it wasn't meant as an insult. A month ago, I would have said it was because Penny was a rotten, terrible, horrible person. And she's not. She would never have been my choice for a director, but this was her first time out and there's a lot of stuff she didn't know. And a lot of faith she didn't have in me, OK?

For me, this is not a good way to work, because I've been spoiled rotten. I got spoiled by Mike Nichols, who said, "You know how to do this. What are you going to do here?" And Spielberg, who said, "OK, great. How would this go?"

The only thing I know how to do is act and do characters. It's one of the reasons

for all this hoopla about me. If you don't allow me to show you what I've developed for the character you've given me, then you're fucking yourself. You can get someone else.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't that very self-confidence led some to call you a prima donna?

GOLDBERG: That's fine. Of course.

PLAYBOY: Have you heard it yourself? **GOLDBERG:** People don't tell me shit to my face. But, like I told you, people are waiting for me to fuck up—and now I have. But that's OK. *Jumpin' Jack Flash* made money because I'm in it.

PLAYBOY: Your most recent film, *Burglar*, wasn't written for you, either.

GOLDBERG: No. It was written for Bruce Willis. I was supposed to play his side-kick. When Bruce didn't sign, the studio canned the project. I called a week after they'd shut it down and said, "I can do this." And they said, "Of course!"

PLAYBOY: The role in *Burglar* was written for a man, and one of your main characters, Fontaine, is a man. Do you like playing male roles?

GOLDBERG: My attitude is that I can play anything. I meet with resistance, but people forget that playing different genders is nothing new. Actors did it in Shakespearean times. Or look at Linda Hunt [in *The Year of Living Dangerously*]. No one knew for a long time that she was a woman. I'd like to play Bob Marley. I'm not saying actors should be *allowed* to play anything, but they *should* be *able* to play anything. That is the art form.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say it's a mistake to write or rewrite scripts to suit you?

GOLDBERG: Because I do too many things. You have to give me a character and let me build from there. For someone to attempt to write for me means he or she knows what I'm capable of—and it's too soon to know that. I prefer to have things written for Meryl Streep or Shelley Long or Diana Ross or Rohert De Niro. And let me play. PLAYBOY: Aren't you also saying that roles written for you would be limited to black women?

GOLDBERG: Yes. But also, people think they have to write comedy for me—and *I'm not a comedienne*. I do not do stand-up. They try to write what they *think* I do.

PLAYBOY: How has this philosophy been received in the corridors of Hollywood? It's certainly not playing by the rules.

GOLDBERG: I get strange looks. And I don't know the rules. They don't apply to me. **PLAYBOY:** Interesting attitude.

GOLDBERG: It is. But so far, so good. Rules of limitation on what I can do don't apply, because if they did, then I wouldn't be an actor. I'd be a piece of meat. I'm not interested in that. I'm a good actor, and actors can play anything.

PLAYBOY: Did you act as a child?

GOLDBERG: I started when I was eight. I lived near the Hudson Guild in Manhattan. They had a children's group. It's a settlement house. You went there after school to do whatever you were interested

in—until your parents got off work and came for you. For me, it was like being in a candy store and being able to have any piece of candy I wanted. I knew right away that I liked it.

PLAYBOY: Did you do characters early?

GOLDBERG: No. I just wanted to do what I saw on television. I wanted to be a Dead End Kid. I wanted to be Carole Lombard. I watched The Million Dollar Movie. I didn't even know these movies were old or that they were all in black and white. I figured they were in color-only to discover I was wrong when I got a color TV. But ultimately, the absence of color made it easier to fantasize along with the movies. Like Psycho. All the color you see is nonexistent. But it was perfect for me, because I love to live in my head. I love to pretend. Watching The King of Comedy was scary for me, because I sat at home and had conversations with Johnny Carson.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, you had lots of time alone, since your mom raised you by herself. What happened to your father?

GOLDBERG: They separated soon after I was born. One thing about my family: It's pretty closemouthed. My mother doesn't talk about this or her age or her parents or her relationship with my father. She's like the Mystery Woman.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met your dad? Spent time with him?

GOLDBERG: Yeah. He and Mom never divorced. I never found out why—and to learn about it now would probably only piss me off. I grew up in an apartment with my mom and older brother, Clyde, but we were like three separate islands. I love them very much, but it was distant.

PLAYBOY: Unhappy?

GOLDBERG: No. My mom was distant but generous. My brother is six years older. He was out playing softball and didn't want to hear from his little sister. There was not a whole lot of John Boy stuff going on. But, hey, we always had enough to eat. We could always get a hug. There was some affection. There just wasn't a whole lot of talk about family. Or a whole lot of communication. [Pauses] I should balance this boohoo tale out, because there were lots of great times. Mom is a wonderful lady, just very dry. We've grown closer in the past four years.

PLAYBOY: Has having your own child affected your perspective?

GOLDBERG: Yeah. I couldn't know how tough it is raising kids until I had mine. One day I called my mom up and said, "Shit. I'm sorry for being such an asshole." For my mother to have done what she did—she was a nurse and then a Head Start teacher—is phenomenal. We never wanted for anything. We were always clean and Christmas was always fun. [Pauses] I'm realizing now as we're talking that maybe what I thought was her distance was simply her taking needed space for her time and private thoughts.

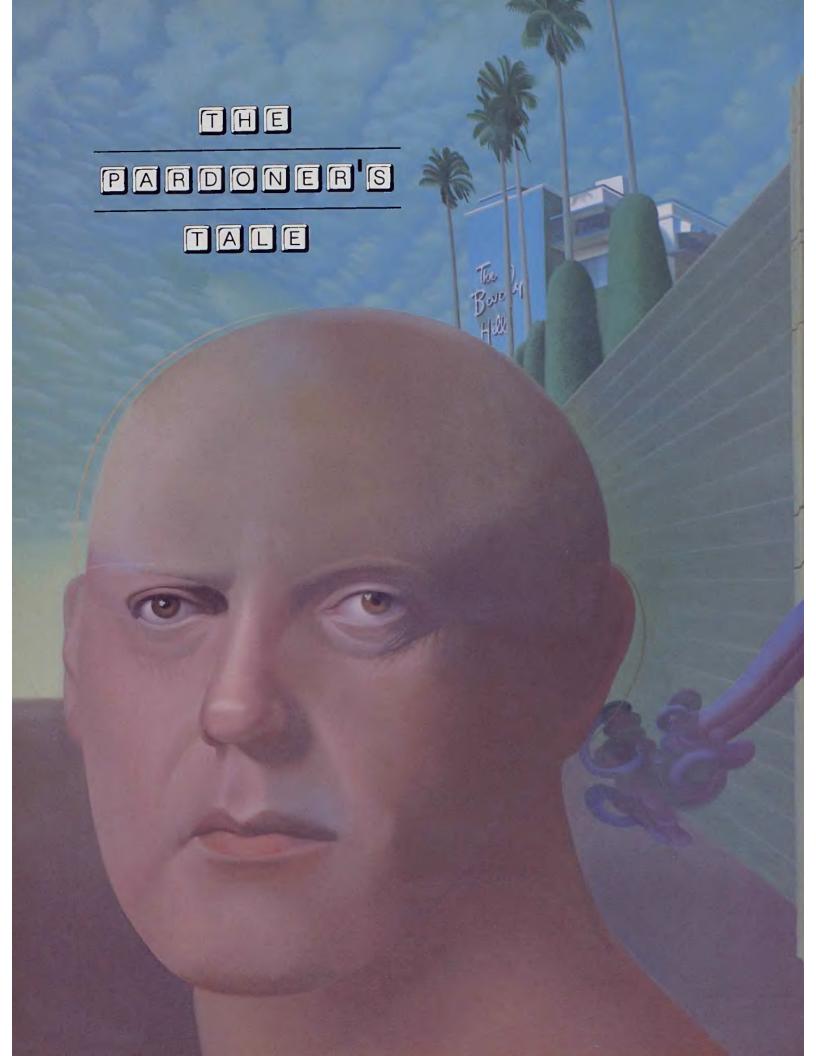
PLAYBOY: You've apparently resisted or (continued on page 154)



Good Smoke. Great Price.

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





fiction By ROBERT SILVERBERG

what i sell is freedom, hope, a new life. there's one risk sometimes i don't deliver



EY SIXTEEN, Housing Omicron Kappa, aleph sub-one," I said to the software on duty at the Alhambra gate of the Los

Software isn't generally suspicious. This wasn't even very smart software. It was working off some great biochips—I could feel them jigging and pulsing as the electron stream flowed through them—but the software itself was just a kludge. Typical gatekeeper stuff.

I stood waiting as the picoseconds went ticking away by the millions.

"Name, please," the gatekeeper said

"John Doe. Beta Pi Upsilon, ten-four-three-two-four-X."

The gate opened. I walked into Los Angeles.

As easy as Beta Pi.

The wall that encircles L.A. is 100, 150 feet thick. Its gates are more like tunnels. When you consider that the wall runs completely around the L.A. basin, from the San Gabriel Valley to the San Fernando Valley and then over the mountains and down the coast and back the far side past Long Beach, and that it's at least 60 feet high and all that distance deep, you can begin to appreciate the mass of it. Think of the phenomenal expenditure of human energy that went into building it—muscle and sweat, sweat and muscle. I think about that a lot.

I suppose the walls around our cities were put there mostly as symbols. They

highlight the distinction between city and countryside, between citizen and uncitizen, between control and chaos, just as city walls did 5000 years ago. But mainly they serve to remind us that we are all slaves nowadays. You can't ignore the walls. You can't pretend they aren't there. We made you build us, is what they say, and don't you ever forget that. All the same, Chicago doesn't have a wall 60 feet high and 150 feet thick. Houston doesn't. Phoenix doesn't. They make do with less. But L.A. is the main city. I suppose the Los Angeles Wall is a statement: I am the Big Cheese, I am the Ham What Am.

The walls aren't there because the Entities are afraid of attack. They know how invulnerable they are. We know it, too. They just want to decorate their capital with something a little special. What the hell; it isn't their sweat that goes into building the walls. It's ours. Not mine personally, of course. But ours.

I saw a few Entities walking around just inside the wall, preoccupied, as usual, with God knows what and paying no attention to the humans in the vicinity. These were low-caste ones, the kind with the luminous orange spots along their sides. I gave them plenty of room. They have a way sometimes of picking a human up with those long elastic tongues, like a frog snapping up a fly, and letting him dangle in mid-air while they study him with those saucer-sized vellow eyes. I don't care for that. You don't get hurt, but it isn't agreeable to be dangled in mid-air by something that looks like a 15-foot-high purple squid standing on the tips of its tentacles. Happened to me once in St. Louis, long ago, and I'm in no hurry to have it happen again.

The first thing I did when I was inside L.A. was find a car. On Valley Boulevard about two blocks in from the wall I saw a '31 Toshiba El Dorado that looked good to me, and I matched frequencies with its lock and slipped inside and took about 90 seconds to reprogram its drive control to my personal metabolic cues. The previous owner must have been fat as a hippo and probably diabetic: Her glycogen index was absurd and her phosphines were wild.

Not a bad car—a little slow in the shift, but what can you expect, considering the last time any cars were manufactured on this planet was the year 2034?

"Pershing Square," I told it.

It had nice capacity, maybe 60 megabytes. It turned south right away and found the old freeway and drove off toward downtown. I figured I'd set up shop in the middle of things, work two or three pardons to keep my edge sharp, get myself a hotel room, a meal, maybe hire some companionship. And then think about the next move. It was winter, a nice time to be in L.A. That golden sun, those warm breezes coming down the canyons.

I hadn't been out on the Coast in years.

Working Florida mainly, Texas, sometimes Arizona. I hate the cold. I hadn't been in L.A. since '36. A long time to stay away, but maybe I'd been staying away deliberately. I wasn't sure. That last L.A. trip had left bad-tasting memories. There had been a woman who wanted a pardon and I sold her a stiff. You have to stiff the customers now and then or else you start looking too good, which can be dangerous; but she was young and pretty and full of hope, and I could have stiffed the next one instead of her, only I didn't. Sometimes I've felt bad, thinking back over that. Maybe that's what had kept me away from L.A. all this time.

A couple of miles east of the big downtown interchange, traffic began backing up. Maybe an accident ahead, maybe a roadblock. I told the Toshiba to get off the freeway.

Slipping through roadblocks is scary and calls for a lot of hard work. I knew that I probably could fool any kind of software at a roadblock and certainly any human cop, but why bother if you don't have to?

I asked the car where I was.

The screen lit up. ALAMEDA NEAR BANNING, it said. A long walk to Pershing Square. I had the car drop me at Spring Street. "Pick me up at eighteen-thirty hours," I told it. "Corner of—umm—Sixth and Hill." It went away to park itself and I headed for the square to peddle some pardons.

It isn't hard for a good pardoner to find buyers. You can see it in their eyes: the tightly controlled anger, the smoldering resentment. And something else, something intangible, a certain sense of having a shred or two of inner integrity left that tells you right away, Here's somebody willing to risk a lot to regain some measure of freedom. I was in business within 15 minutes.

The first one was an aging-surfer sort, barrel chest and that sun-bleached look. The Entities haven't allowed surfing for ten, 15 years-they've got their plankton seines just offshore from Santa Barbara to San Diego, gulping in the marine nutrients they have to have, and any beach boy who tried to take a whack at the waves out there would be chewed right up. But this guy must have been one hell of a performer in his day. The way he moved through the park, making little balancing moves as if he needed to compensate for the irregularities of the earth's rotation, you could see how he would have been in the water. Sat down next to me, began working on his lunch. Thick forearms, gnarled hands. A wall laborer. Muscles knotting in his cheeks: the anger forever simmering just below boil.

I got him talking after a while. A surfer, yes. Lost in the faraway and gone. He began sighing to me about legendary beaches where the waves were tubes and they came pumping end to end. "Trestle Beach," he murmured. "That's north of San Onofre. You used to sneak through Camp Pendleton. Sometimes the Marines would open fire, just warning shots. Or Hollister Ranch, up by Santa Barbara." His blue eyes got misty. "Huntington Beach. Oxnard. I got everywhere, man." He flexed his huge fingers. "Now these fucking Entity hodads own the shore. Can you believe it? They own it. And I'm pulling wall, my second time around, seven days a week next ten years."

"Ten?" I said. "That's a shitty deal."

"You know anyone who doesn't have a shitty deal?"

"Some," I said. "They buy out."

"Yeah."

"It can be done."

A careful look. You never know who might be a borgmann. Those stinking collaborators are everywhere.

"Can it?"

"All it takes is money," I said.

"And a pardoner."

"That's right."

"One you can trust."

I shrugged. "You've got to go on faith, man."

"Yeah," he said. Then, after a while: "I heard of a guy, he bought a three-year pardon and wall passage thrown in. Went up north, caught a krill trawler, wound up in Australia, on the Reef. Nobody's ever going to find him there. He's out of the system. Right out of the fucking system. What do you think that cost?"

"About twenty grand," I said.

"Hey, that's a sharp guess!"

"No guess."

"Oh?" Another careful look. "You don't sound local."

"I'm not. Just visiting."

"That's still the price? Twenty grand?"

"I can't do anything about supplying krill trawlers. You'd be on your own once you were outside the wall."

"Twenty grand just to get through the wall?"

"And a seven-year labor exemption."

"I pulled ten," he said.

"I can't get you ten. It's not in the configuration, you follow? But seven would work. You could get so far, in seven, that they'd lose you. You could goddamn swim to Australia. Come in low, below Sydney, no seines there."

"You know a hell of a lot."

"My business to know," I said. "You want me to run an asset check on you?"

"I'm worth seventeen five. Fifteen hundred real, the rest collat. What can I get for seventeen five?"

"Just what I said. Through the wall and seven years' exemption."

"A bargain rate, hey?"

"I take what I can get," I said. "Give me your wrist. And don't worry. This part (continued on page 143)

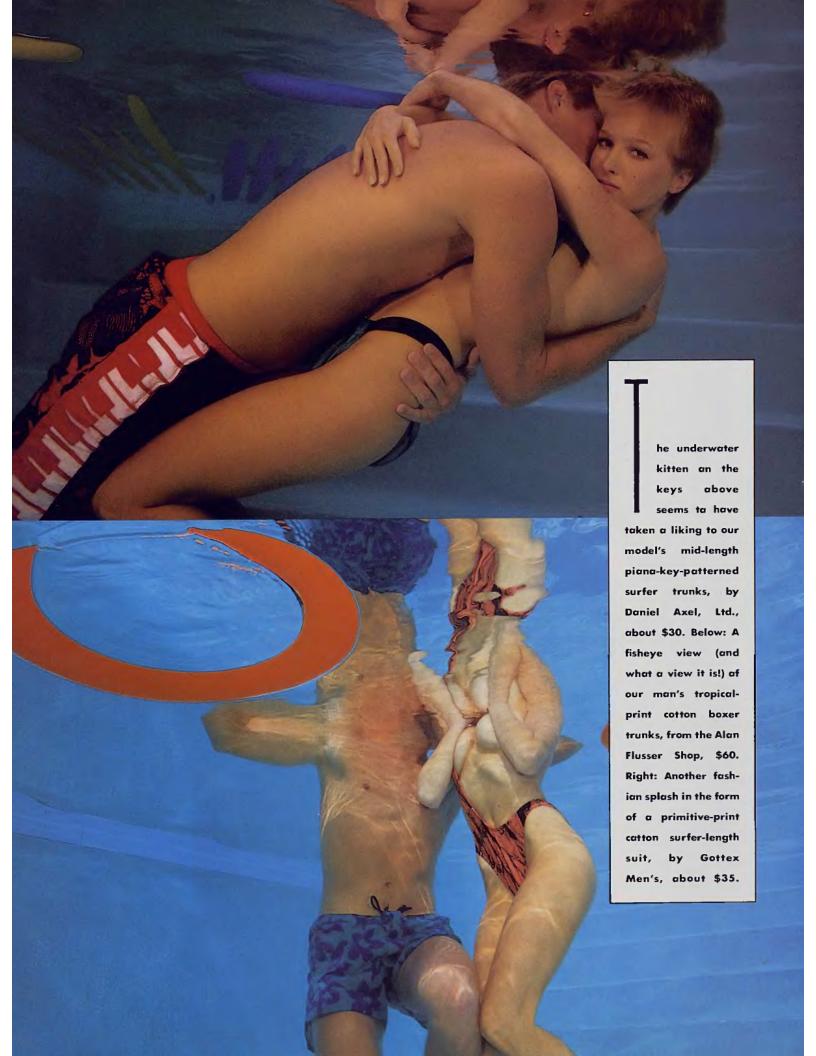


"That? Oh, that's just a little idea I had for a snack food!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CURTIS DEGLER / PHOTOPIA IMAGES WOMEN'S SWIMWEAR BY DIVA OF ISRAEL AND JIMMY'Z, LOS ANGELES











HEERET

a long time ago, mcgruder made a bad mistake. no way he would do that again

fiction By Michael Bishop

as usual, the telephone rang at dinnertime. From their places around the table, Polly and the kids gave McGruder pleading looks that meant "Please don't answer it—for once, just let the damned thing ring."

As usual, McGruder ignored their silent pleas and picked up the phone.

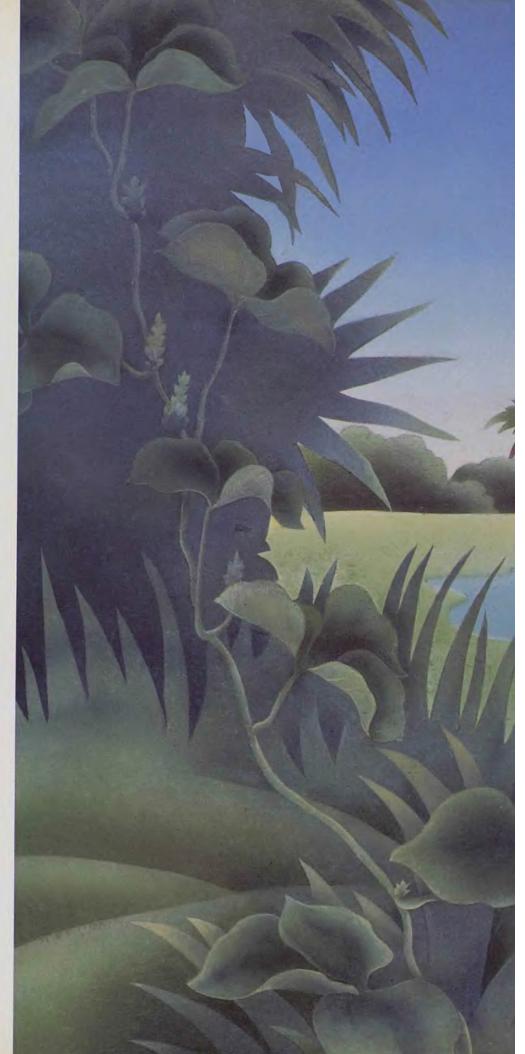
"Did I catch you at dinner?" Harry Profitt's reedy voice wanted to know. "Too bad. But at least you got somebody to make it for you, don't you, Stork? Me, I eat out of tin cans or fry up cheap fixings for myself. And you know whose lousy goddamn fault that is, don't you? Don't you, Stork-O?"

"You're never going to let me forget, Harry."

"Damned straight I'm not. Why should I? You ruined my life, you bastard. You've got a wife and kids. You're a big-shot ranger out at the state preserve. You wear a uniform and swagger around. Me, I got nobody. I got no position. The birds fly over—sometimes I can't half tell them from tatters of smoke or cloud. And it all goes back to you, doesn't it, Mason? Forgive me—I mean, Stork the Dork."

McGruder took it. He took it every time One-Eyed Harry Profitt called. Still guiltridden after 30 years, he could find no easy way to lay the specter of his culpability.

As a tall, skinny 13-year-old, Mason "Stork" McGruder had shot the fateful BB. It had been a bitter-cold December day and the boys had all worn thermal





parkas or heavy coats. The idea had been to score war-game points by making their BBs go kerthunk! in the folds of their enemies' winter clothes. Harry had lost one eye, and an infection had settled in the other, heaping even more guilt on the young McGruder.

So, 30 years later, he answered the phone every time it rang and resignedly took Harry's abuse. Tonight, after enduring a good five minutes of it, he said, "Harry, it's time you shut up about all that and did something with the days

you've got left."

"Like what?" Harry railed. "A job? I can't see worth a mole's butt. And I get dizzy spells. They grab me when I'm not expecting them. If it wasn't for my Social Security, I couldn't keep body and soul together." McGruder knew that this was true. Harry spent some of his money on birdseed—watching birds was just about his only healthy recreation—but a hell of a lot more of it on cheap bitter beer in long-necked amber bottles.

But at last, Harry was tiring. "Damn you to very hell, Stork!" he concluded, as he usually did, and slammed his handset down with such force that the tiny bones in McGruder's inner ear began to vibrate. Polly looked across the dinner table at him with reproach in her eyes.

•

One morning, slurping a mug of lukewarm instant coffee on the top step of his tumble-down back stairs, Harry Profitt thought he saw something moving in the weeds at the far edge of his yard. He had to squint, one-eyed, to bring this living object into focus, but the focus he got made it hard to see much except a cushion-sized white torso floating above two spindly black legs. A serpentine neck, also white, coiled up from the torso, and atop the neck was a narrow head with a feathery crest pointing one way and a daggerlike beak the other.

"A snowy egret," Harry muttered.
"What's it doing in my back yard?"

Usually, like herons and ibises, the egrets just flew over-long-legged tatters of soiled silk on the china-blue sky, winging inland to their rookeries. Never, in Harry's experience, had any of these birds dropped down to scout the weedy terrain of his two-bit barony. Now, though, the realization that one of the graceful egrets had landed on it truly fretted him. About 50 yards away, after all, lived a pair of tigerish toms who, when it came to birding, took no prisoners. They were too thin and impatient to toy with their victims. Already this summer, Profitt had seen them butcher a mockingbird, three brown thrashers, four robins and a couple of blue jays. Pecan trees full of squawking relatives couldn't keep those toms at bay, and Profitt himself was too achy and slow to scare the bloodthirsty critters off.

"Egret, they'll catch you," he said,

squinting at the small, long-legged bird stepping daintily through the weeds. "If you're hurt, you're doomed."

He set down his mug and went to see what he could do.

Shuffling to keep from pitching headlong into the ratty bushes marking his yard's far boundary, Profitt stalked the egret. (It was definitely an egret.) The bird, prissily high-stepping, eluded him, but without panicking or trying to fly. It couldn't fly, the man decided; something had happened to one of its wings. So their pointless do-si-do continued, the longlegged bird moving to escape Profitt as the half-blind man reached out lurchingly to hug nothing but egretless air.

"To hell with this!" Profitt shouted. He straightened, turned his back on the bird and limped back to the house. Once inside, he thought, Only a real son of a bitch would leave an egret out there to fend for itself with those damned toms

around.

Finally, it came to him to telephone Stork McGruder and ask him how best to handle a downed bird of this sort. Even if it meant calling the joker for some other reason than to remind him of how McGruder'd ruined his life, he'd do it to save the egret.

Profitt dialed the number of the ranger station at the preserve and asked for McGruder. A woman on the other end told him that the ranger hadn't reported today, that he'd come down with a virus. Great. Profitt could inconvenience buddy boy Stork and do something for the downed egret at the same time.

Profitt dialed again. Polly McGruder answered. She told him angrily that Mason could not come listen to his abuse.

"I'm so sorry to hear that," Profitt said. "But this is urgent enough to get poor Mason up. Tell him who's calling."

"Good day!" Polly McGruder said, and Profitt knew that she was getting ready to hang up with one of his own receiver slams—when McGruder himself intervened to take the phone from her.

"What is it this morning?" the ranger asked, and he did sound weak.

Profitt, pretty clearly to the ranger's surprise, told Stork about the snowy egret in his yard. He asked McGruder's advice. He wondered if someone couldn't come out to his house and get the poor bird before those damned marauding cats did.

"You've got to do it," McGruder said, warming to a problem that for once had nothing to do with a 30-year grudge. "Listen, Harry, you've got to go out there and fetch in the egret."

"Damn it, I've tried. I'm better than half blind, as you damn well know, and that sucker, hurt like he is, dances away from me every time I try to grab him."

"You got any meat in the house?"

"No filet mignon, Stork. No tidbits of tenderized beef."

"Some hamburger? A can of sardines, maybe?"

"Well, I've got some raw bacon that's just about gone bad on me. That the sort of thing you're looking for?"

"It'll do, Harry, it'll do. Take a strip of it and sort of duck-walk out there, holding it in your finger tips. Your egret's probably hungry. Somebody's shot it or something, and it's been tiptoeing around your back yard looking for victuals. If you go out there and feed it, you'll be able to grab it while it's lifting up its head to swallow your little peace offering."

"What do I do once the bird's in

hand?"

"Carry it inside, Harry. You've got to get it out of the yard. Snowy egrets're valuable birds, and they're legally protected, but those cats over your way don't know that and probably wouldn't care even if they did. I'll call the preserve and tell 'em to send somebody over to take custody of the egret."

Profitt cradled the handset with mocking gentleness, found a strip of nearly rancid bacon in his refrigerator and went down the back steps, squinting out into his lot for some sign of the egret. Ah, there it was. With the greasy bacon extended as bait, Profitt hunkered and began duckwalking awkwardly toward the bird. The hungry egret scented the bacon and began stepping gingerly toward the strange one-eyed man approaching it.

.

McGruder, exhausted, slumped to the couch beside the telephone stand. He was grimacing; but in his grimace, his wife thought, was something disturbingly akin to a smile.

"What is it?" she asked him. "You feel-

ing sick again?"

"Much better, Polly. Much better. I might as well be hung for a hit man as a horse thief, hadn't I?"

"I don't understand."

"He'll never stop calling."

"He would if you wouldn't listen to him. Mason."

"I have to listen to him. I put out the crackpot's eye. I deserve to hear what he tells me. Some of it, anyway."

"That's foolishness, Mason."

"Well, from now on, it'll be easier to take--a whole hell of a lot easier to take."

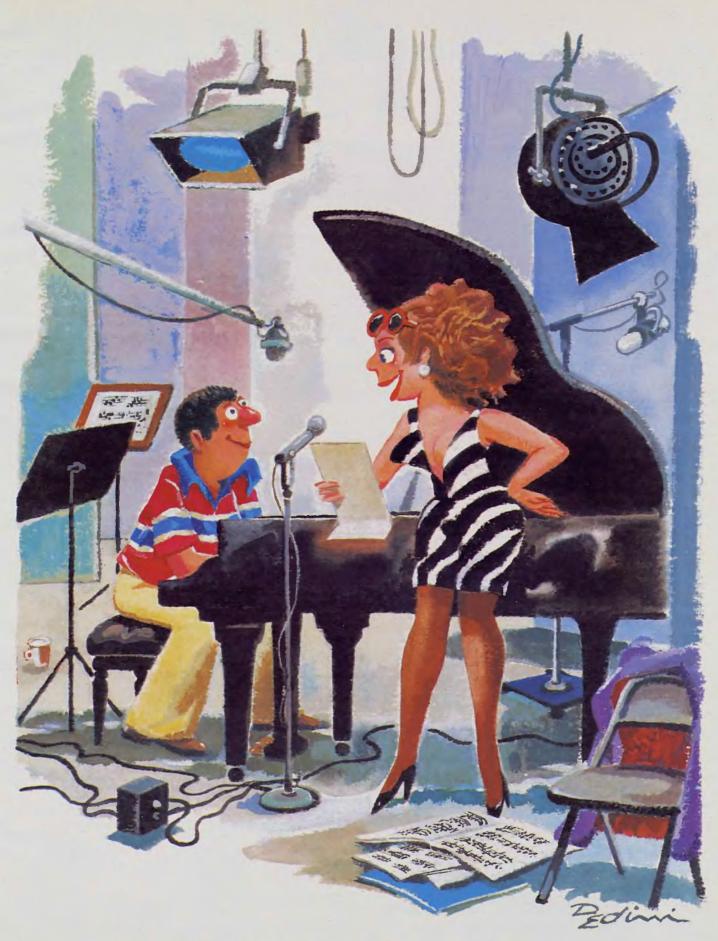
"What're you talking about?"

"It's instinct, Polly. It's biologically dictated egret behavior from years and years back."

"Do you still have a fever? You're not making sense."

"They go for the eyes; that's all I'm saying. They take their daggerlike beaks and go straight for the glistening eye."

It took about an hour for the phone to begin ringing again, but when it did, McGruder insisted on answering it himself.



"I think it's cute! Just what a condom jingle should be!"

FNILEE

a high-flying valley girl makes it big in hollywood

er first boyfriend, a Valley hunk with a weakness for beauty-pageant contestants, dumped her for Miss Northridge. "I sulked for two months," says Jenilee Harrison. "Then I decided he was going to regret it." Today, somewhere, he does. Jenilee, determined to outshine Miss Northridge, became a beauty queen herself, winning titles that ranged from Miss San Fernando Valley to Miss Young America. Beauty-pageant laurels led to TV commercials and a stint with the Embraceable Ewes (now more prosaically known as the L.A. Rams cheerleaders). Next came several seasons as "clumsy Cindy" on the



hit sitcom *Three's Company*—Jenilee replaced Suzanne Somers after Somers' bitter contract dispute with the show's producers. Next came a role as a hooker with a golden heart in the James Garner vehicle *Tank*. Next came South Fork. Jenilee's performance on *Dallas* as the smart, tough oil girl Jamie Ewing Barnes made her something of a star. Now comes Jenilee Harrison, 27, formerly Miss Young America, formerly the most embraceable Ewe of all, formerly clumsy Cindy and tough Jamie. Currently successful, sensational, happy—and all on her own terms. When Jenilee sets her mind to something, something definitely *happens*.







American icons: On "Dallas," Jenilee played Jamie Ewing Barnes, a feisty gal with a handsome brother (Dack Rambo) and a conniving cousin named J.R. On a 1978 Kellogg's Corn Flakes box, she stood for other traditional values.







ust how sexy is Jenilee? "Very, very! Cindy on Three's Company was sweet and funny," she says, reflecting on her wholesome image. "Jamie Ewing was kind of a tomboy. I hope people thought Jamie was pretty, but she wasn't particularly feminine. Jenilee Harrison is an extremely sexual person. I feel sexy eating lunch! Sex is a crucial part of life and a crucial part of me, too."

Sexy is as sexy does—while reigning as the University of Southern California's oh:so-whole-some Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, Jenilee flaunted it for football fans as one of the Rams' cheerleaders.



er work address is Hollywood, but she lives in quiet Long Beach. "I don't do the Hollywood scene," she says. "Jenilee at home is sweats and no make-up—not too glamorous. Don't get me wrong, though. I'm no hermit. I hit the beach in my string bikini. I like to flaunt it as much as anyone. That's why I did PLAYBOY. I'm proud of it. I don't think you can get much sexier than PLAYBOY."

Jenilee runs, bikes, windsurfs and (the best exercise of all) baby-sits for three nieces, "Kyla, Shantelle and Amanda—they're beautiful," she says. All three would love to grow up as fit as their aunt.







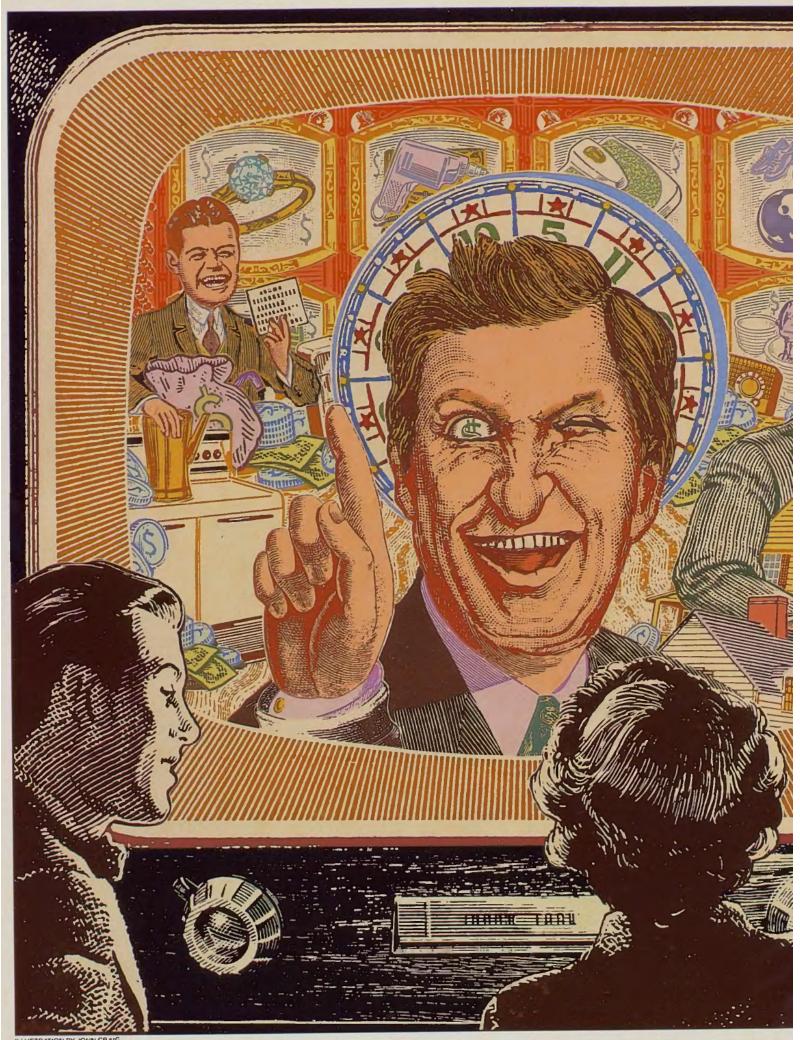




he's beautiful. She's sensuous. She's perhaps the most famous baby sitter on the West Coast. And she's her own boss. "I call my own shots," Jenilee says. "I work hard, and I'm not intimidated by anyone. I think I've done damn well, but I still have a dream. It's not to win an Academy Award but just, someday, to have everyone say, 'That Jenilee Harrison, she's a hell of an actress.'"

"Three's Company" gave Jenilee the chance to join a hit show with a popular veteran cast that included familiar faces Richard Kline, Don Knotts, Priscilla Barnes, John Ritter and Joyce DeWitt.







The zirconia diamond's iust \$39.95. The knife set's 59.95. It's the big shill. It's . . . SHOPPING

By Bill Zehme RALPH KRAMDEN, a bus driver from Brooklyn, was the father of TV home shopping. He called it Better Living Through Television and hatched a portentous scheme from which an unstoppable movement has followed. For \$200, he had acquired 2000 Handy Housewife Helpers, gizmos that could core apples, open cans, pop corks, cut glass, remove corns, scale fish and double as screwdrivers. Certain that he could liquidate them at one dollar apiece, he blustered his way onto live television as the selfproclaimed Chef of the Future and, abetted by a sewer-worker friend, attempted to demonstrate—zip, zip, zip—the item's miraculous versatility. Viewers were (continued overleaf)

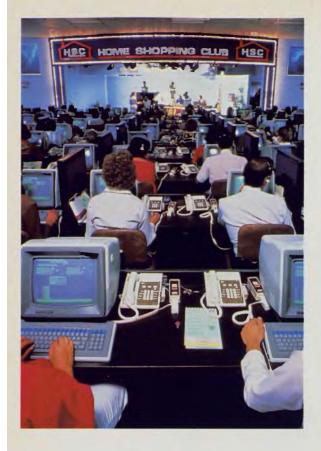
PRIME TIME FOR JELLEVISION 1

Get the low-down on nodown. Find success and

By Jerry Stahl I DON'T KNOW about you, but when I dream about success, I dream about . . . Art Fleming.

Yeah! Ages before B-lounge hair-and-teethers like Pat Sajak and John Davidson started taking over game shows, Art carved a niche for himself in America's heart at the helm of Jeopardy!, charming contestants and audience alike with the swarthy verve salvation. he brought to even the blandest transactions ("It's 'Presidents' Tune in Birthmarks' for ten dollars!").

This stint of network stardom might have satisfied any other FINANCIAL game-show host. But Art's not just any host. In fact, he's not on **EVANGELISTS** any game show, either. No. Right now, (continued overleaf)



Buying Blitz:
24 hours a
day, H.S.C.
workers
convert phone
calls to sales.

home shopping

entreated to place orders immediately. "The phone number to call in New York is BEnsonhurst 5-6832!" urged the sewer worker. "Hurry, hurry. Don't get shut out!" Presumably, after the Chef of the Future had hacked his fingers to fleshy nubs, sales were spotty at best. Still, there was an admirable sort of earnest innocence in the presentation.

Better Living Through Television has, in the 32 years since, lost its innocence. It is flat-out cathode-ray commerce: omnivorous, omnipresent consumerism staged with the urgency of a disease-of-the-week telethon, dressed in pseudo-Vegas schmaltz and pitched with dulcet-d.j. hubba. We're talking 24-hour programing devoted exclusively (continued on page 134)

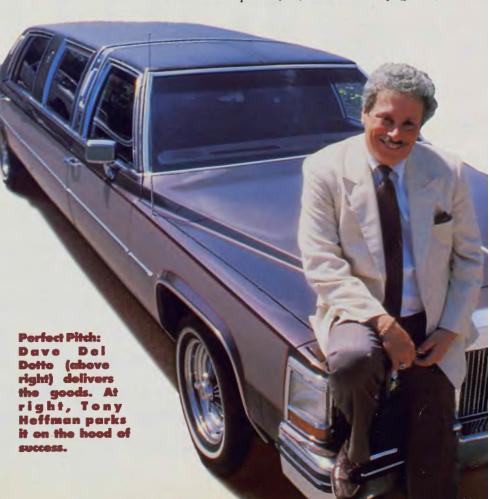
weirdly enough, four A.M. Sunday morning on the USA Network (home of so many great bait-'n'-tackle shows), Art's briefing unseen legions of baffled, channel-hopping insomniacs on *The Keys to Success*, a show designed to teach those who tune in how

to be happy, how to be successful, how to be—look, Ma!—just like him.

Listen: "In the next 30 minutes," says Fleming, looking beefier than he



did in his game-show days but twice as dapper in his Big Bill suit, with matching Windsor and hanky puffed out of the breast pocket, (continued on page 86)



Raising THE TUBE STAKES

Pity the purists. They punched *Top Gun* into the VCR and couched back to watch the world's best-trained combat pilots fly the world's best interceptor aircraft. Then, out of the blue, as it were, came a commercial for Diet Pepsi. Tsk. Those caught off guard just hadn't been watching their market-place radar. Paramount and Pepsi had ballyhooed the cassette of *Top Gun*, 1986's box-office champ, in ads and promotions on an unprecedented scale—about \$8,000,000 worth of publicity.

The jump in tube stakes should surprise no one. Where viewers go, advertisers follow—and cable and VCRs have plundered a hefty audience from network television. Creeping sponsorship began with the video version of *Eat to Win*, by Robert Haas, the sports nutritionist who taught Martina Navratilova how to have opponents for breakfast. To defray costs, the producers, Karl-Lorimar Home Video, pulled off a tie-in scheme with the Red Lobster restaurant chain whereby Red Lobster coughed up some bucks because Haas, on tape, recommended what Red Lobster serves: seafood.

Since then, other how-to tapes have slipped in not-so-sly endorsements to help foot costs and bump profits. When racing champion Jackie Stewart made a video on safe driving, Ford cheerfully provided the cars. Sexpot golfer Jan Stephenson's *How to Golf* tape features clubs and balls from Dunlop. The video of *The Mr. Boston Official Video Bartender's Guide* not only tells tyros how to mix civilized drinks but shows how it's done by professionals at noted saloons from Boston to Hawaii.

But plugs were just the warm-up. Indeed, the logical next step is already here: taped catalogs, or "videologs," that sell via VCR. Who, after all, wants a dull two-dimensional lingerie mailer when you can actually watch Dress to Thrill (\$9.90), a 17-minute tape of silk bustiers and lacy G strings sold by Fashion Video of Garland, Texas? Sizes, prices and other details accompany every garment displayed; just dial the 24-hour toll-free number. Or sample the more blatantly erotic Mellow Mail lingerie videolog, which aims at prurience rather than purchases (thus the price: \$22.95). It stars four knockouts posing in scanties while a director yells instructions and encouragement ("Ver-ee pow-fool pose, ver-ee sex-ee!"). At the end of the tape, each outfit-Tigress Ecstasy, Jungle Teddy-is reprised with a 24-hour phone number.

Nonintimate items are available from outfits such as Brooklyn's Videologue, with its broad product range of health/fitness items, toys, gifts and electronics. Videologue's Marty Alter says demonstrability is critical in selecting products. "We have an alarm clock that wakes you by stamping its feet—you can't show that in print. People see a rowing machine and think all you can do with it is row. The video shows the other exercises you can do."

Tapes are even selling houses. Schlott Realtors of New Jersey has a *Special Properties* video of houses listed at \$750,000 and up (way up—to \$2,500,000). "The video costs \$14.95," says V.P. Bob Natiello, "to discourage decorators scrounging ideas and voyeurs of the rich but not famous."

If he wants a vacation instead of a house, there's Fodor's Travel Guides on tape (\$29.95 each, sponsored by VISA). Or consider Air France's loaner cassettes, which cover its tour packages in detail. "We take you right into the hotel rooms," says advertising manager John Bowling, "even into the bathrooms. Some of our tours are budget packages, and Americans tend to be squeamish about less expensive hotels."

There's even a video magazine on video tape: OverView, published by ex-Monkee Michael Nesmith, which has been tested in five cities and could go national this summer. It's a monthly 90-minute tapezine (vidzine? magvid?) on movies and music videos that includes commercials for CBS/Fox videos, Dentyne and the secretary's pal, Liquid Paper (invented, as it

happens, by Nesmith's mom).

What it all means is that sponsors get cheap ads and distributors get higher sales and lower costs. What do viewers get? A break. So far, most sponsorship is subtle, with few blatant pitches-and the ads or plugs bring down prices. Sponsored aerobics videos and how-to tapes, for instance, are cheaper to buy, and movie prices could fall, too. Currently, only Paramount Home Video prices major movies to sell (\$29.95) rather than rent, and Diet Pepsi's ad cut Top Gun's price by three dollars, to \$26.95. Commercials could force other distributors to abandon the \$80-\$100 range. Savingsconscious VCR owners may even begin to demand commercials, especially if they're as easy to swallow as the 60-second spot in Top Gun, about a hot-shot jet jock who packs Diet Pepsi on every flight.

Figure it this way: A one-minute commercial worth three dollars means savings at the rate of \$180 an hour. A lot of VCR owners may say,

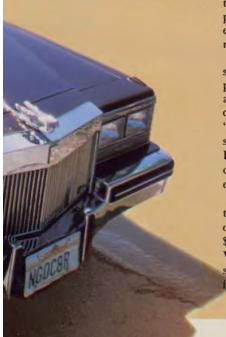
"I'll buy that."

Sheer salesmanship: On tape, what you see is what you'll get.



vers become sell-tale gold mines

By William Marsano



"we'll investigate whether true opportunity still exists in this country today. Our documentary cameras have visited experts, authors, entrepreneurs and millionaires from all walks of life, and the overwhelming consensus is that anyone can be personally successful . . . now! During this half hour, we'll present specific how-to facts, plans and information that you can begin using for your own personal success!"

Finally! My own personal success! After decades of doing nothing but entertaining, coughing up the same old soggy dramas and sitcoms, my Motorola's going to take me by the hand and lead me up the Ladder of Financial Happiness and Personal Fulfillment. And not a moment too soon!

Tapping a heretofore ignored branch of the viewing public—People Who Stay Up Late and Need Money—hosts like Art and his ilk are clogging the cable box with a whole new breed of programing: TV that's good for you. TV you need! TV that wants to help you get rich in real estate! Go for your dreams! Develop a miracle memory, snag the low-down on no-down and, if there's still time, join lottery busters and make millions at Government auctions!

If you're still driving a Pinto after all this, you may as well just wrap your lips around the muzzle and fire.

But not yet. There's help. Lots of help. Just when the wholesome thrill of the Reverend Ernest Angley and friends screaming "Heal!" in strangers' faces begins to pall and the narcotic drone of the shopping shows has made long-term viewing all but unendurable, the flood of Financial Evangelists—and the human-potential spin-offs evolving from them—has sprung up to fill the void, to help keep high-production grotesqueries on the air for those whose lives are empty without them.

It's TV for the truly jaded. Hefty blocks of cut-rate TV time purchased by successful guys and gals who could just as easily be lolling on the Riviera or snapping up Rembrandts as peddling through-the-mail success cassettes. They just do it because they want us to be as happy and fulfilled as they are. That's why they buy up time on the USA, Lifetime, Nashville, Tempo networks, any of the many also-rans in the cable field, or scoop up off hours on smaller local stations to spread the Gospel of E-Z money to those less fortunate.

Imagine! They don't want people who have money. They want people who want it. Not just folks who need to know a few things about foreclosures, either, but those of us who are emotionally blocked, who could be successes and would be, darn it, were it not for that worm of doubt, that psychic grub in the ego, that keeps us from reaching our full potential. And if they have to run the same show twice a week every week for 52 weeks to reach us, then,

by God, they'll do it.

That's how much they want to help!

Look at Art Fleming. He wants to help by introducing Mary Kay Ash, a waxen, browless little woman, with all the charm of a recently embalmed Rona Barrett. That's exactly how she *should* look, for, as Art reminds us, she made her millions in make-up. "Mary Kay Ash started out," says our guide, "selling sponges and scrub brushes in people's homes, and today has sales in excess of \$300,000,000."

The point, of course, is that if he really wanted to, the eager viewer could buy his way from spongedom to Shangri-la. All it takes—give or take the cost of shipping—is \$149, which gets the lucky go-getter six hours of cassettes, a "home-study" course on Investment Property with No Money Down, a pamphlet on Writing Buyer's Offers, a collection of real-estate legal forms and, just 'cause the folks in charge are feelin' Seven-Up, a free copy of More Money in Your Pocket, by the bona fide pro who's actually shelling out for this evening's extravaganza: Carleton Sheets, self-made millionaire.

First comes a handful of stirring tributes to rags-to-richers such as Wally Amos, of Famous Amos cookie fame, and Hawaiian Tropic honcho Ron Rice, a former \$4000-a-year high school chemistry teacher turned millionaire tan-in-a-bottle king. And then we cut to Carleton, who's really the star of the show.

It's true. Art just can't say enough about Mr. Sheets, seen lounging on the prow of a docked yacht as though his deck chair had been lowered by a chopper. A lanky old boy from Delray Beach, Florida, Sheets boasts the absolute *ne plus ultra* of TV money-management credentials. As Brother Art narrates: "He began investing in real estate shortly after he was fired from a dead-end sales job."

Since then, Carleton's gone on to do more than "\$19,000,000" worth of real estate. The implication is that Mary Kay and Amos got where they are by mailing in \$149, but that's not important. It's the dead-end stuff we want to hear about. That's the adjective with our name on it—why else would we be up at four A.M., gawking at this jim-jim when we should be knee-deep in R.E.M. sleep and dreaming of Ginnie Maes?

No, it's the humble roots that hit home—and Art knows it. Humble roots are the ticket in video Successville. That's why Carleton marches Ken Chlopecki in front of the audience at his on-air seminar. Ken, you Midwesterners may recall, was the fellow who met what's come to be known as the *Chicago Sun-Times* Challenge. In a full-page ad, Carleton claimed he could train anybody to snap up a rental property with no money down—in one day! And Ken, a humble Chi-town machine-shop inspector, is the everyman Carleton took under his fiscal wing.

What a saga! Ken got his slice of the pie—a town house in suburban Bolingbrook, Illinois. And he's such an honest example of Regular Guy-hood, the kind of blue-collar towhead likely to snap a towel in a Miller Lite ad, you want it to be true. You want Ken to discover a second income, to be happy. Otherwise—who knows?—his marriage may go sour; 20 years from now, he may look just like Karl Malden or, worse yet, George Shultz.

On Keys, happily, Ken talks about how wonderfully the Sheets system worked for him. Only later do we learn, thanks to those meddling skeptics from the media, that Mr. Machine Shop admits that he still hasn't rented the place—not exactly a good omen, cash flow—wise—and has tried ten times since to scoop up other

property, with nary a nibble.

But who's quibbling? It's not that anybody thinks that these TV academies share their faculties with the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce. What's really important is that these fiscal wizards pump out some riveting TV. Indeed. For connoisseurs of the edgy, can't-believewhat-you're-seeing middle-of-the-night weirdness, the two or three dozen selfhelp extravaganzas now running—and rerunning—in the furthest reaches of your weekly listings may help some devotees recall that peak moment when they first spotted Peter Popoff, SCTV or Mister Rogers' Neighborhood on mushrooms.

Now, that's quality television.

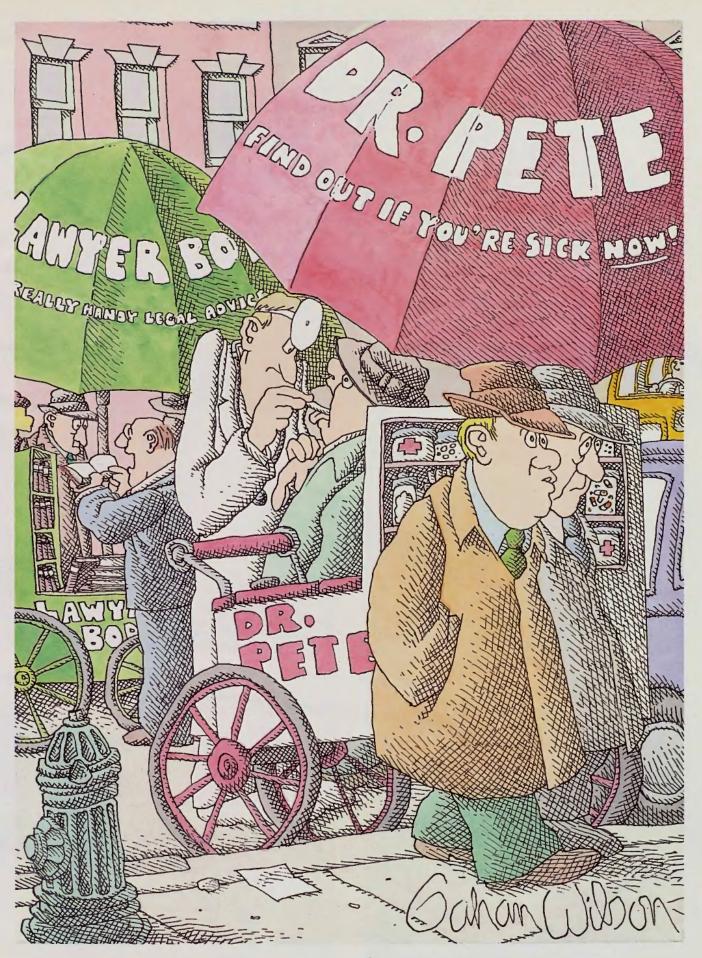
"After birth, death is inevitable. Everything else is negotiable!"

That's the stirring, true-blue American motto of Tony Hoffman, whose Everybody's Money Matters launched a new epoch in monetary talk shows. Mr. T., who got his start as a lecturer for get-rich-quick pioneer Al Lowry (Tony has even published his own classic in the genre, How to Negotiate Successfully in Real Estate), hatched the supremely well-timed idea of hosting a show where other masters of Finance from Scratch could hop on board and hock their wares.

As Lyndon Parker, recently recruited president of National Superstar Inc., Hoffman's parent organization, artfully explains, "After the early days, Tony was the first real innovator. He realized there were lots of people in the world who did something, who had things to talk about, whether it was real estate, raising your I.Q."—always a big concern among latenight cable fans—"expanding your memory or whatever. He got 'em packaged and got 'em on the air on his own show."

The E.M.M. set, your basic K mart Goes Conversational, features a desk shaped like a flying V. On the right hunkers Tony, whose silvery spit curls, glossy canines and sloping shoulders somehow lend him the éclat of a happy mole.

(continued on page 126)

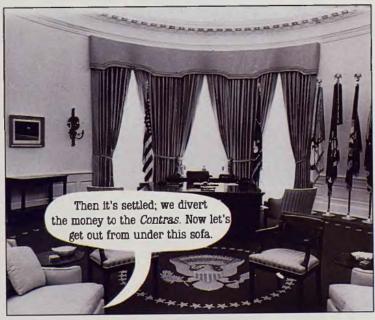


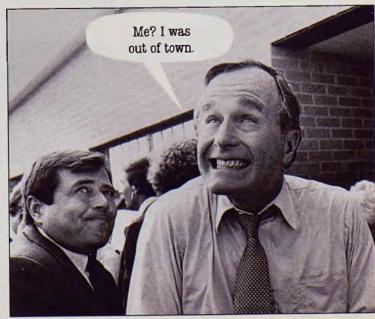
"I suppose it was bound to come to this."

THE IRANSCAM FOLLIES

an illustrated history by gerald gardner

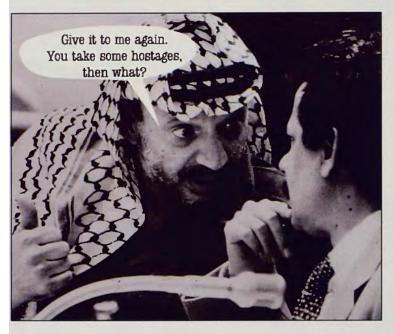




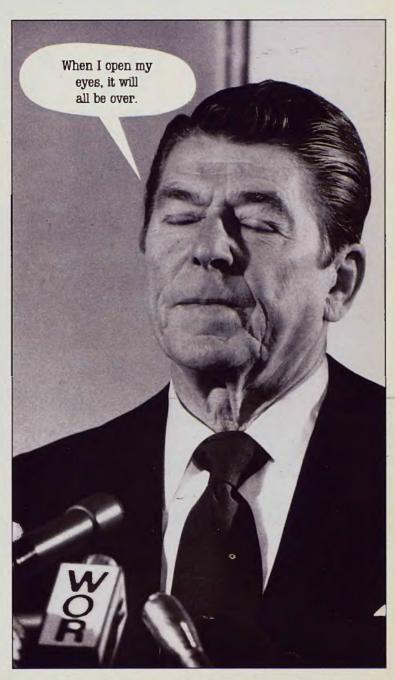














THE REAL meet sandy greenberg, REAL

the woman behind the legend of maxine legroom

THING



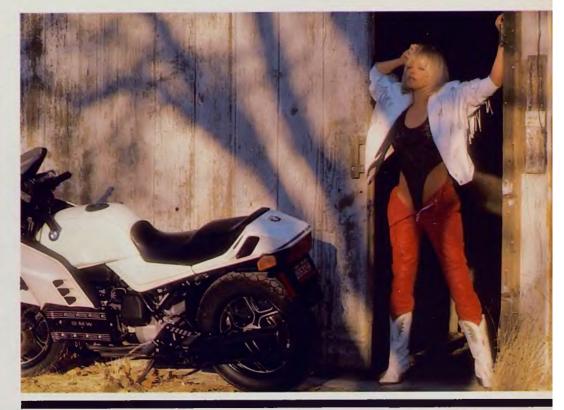
"I like expressive, meaningful body movement. My life is filled with flamboyant and impulsive motion. Is there anything as much fun as motorcycles? As sex? I'm excited by life."







ORRY, guys, we lied to you. Last January, when PLAYBOY published a pictorial on Maxine Legroom, our Playmate of the Minute, we allowed that she was a computer-generated image, a fantasy mate for the very popular Max Headroom. The pictures had an unreal quality; we were willing to believe that no one on earth possessed such a perfect body-until Sandy Greenberg sat down in our office and announced that she was, in fact, Maxine Legroom. She had just returned from the West Coast, where she had filmed a Maxine Legroom rock video and comedy spots for The Playboy Channel. Before our very eyes, she transformed herself into a slightly spacy child of the future, lecturing on condoms. "Have you ever wondered why they are called condoms? Sounds like something you buy when you can't afford a house. And why are they called rubbers? You aren't going out into the slush. I prefer to call them love gloves." Sandy is animated and very funnyand as gorgeous in real life as Maxine is in fantasy. She described a day in the life of her alter ego. "They spent eight hours putting on make-up. I wore white contacts over each entire eye, blue contacts over those. It was like looking through a light bulb. I had on an outfit that looked like something Bamm Bamm on The Flintstones would wear. Halfway through the shooting, I asked the camera crew to turn on some music. I just started to dance, they filmed it and then asked me to dance again. They took clips and made a video where Maxine gives advice. Her answer to every problem is 'Dance!' " What does the real-life lady do for fun? "I ride. I have five BMW motorcycles in the garage: a white R65LS, an orange 650, an old 6/2, a 1000 boxer with a full fairing, a K100 with an EML sidecar. I just got back from 12 days and 3600 miles through Canada by way of Door County, past





"What do I like about motorcycles? You don't have to wait in line to have fun. You just grab a map full of blue highway and ride. You can be into the bike; you can look at scenery; you can listen to your head. I need to be with me."



Niagara Falls and back to St. Louis. Last summer, I toured the Northwest, from Lake Tahoe to Grants Pass, Oregon. It's the perfect way to travel. There's none of the verbal stuff—no arguing, no back-seat driving, none of the stuff that gets in the way of a good time." Motorcycles, apart from being a passion, have been a good career move for Sandy. "I had this R65LS, called Freddie. There was one other like it in St. Louis, in a shop window. One day it was gone, and I asked the owner what had happened. He said a photographer was using it in a shooting. He was looking for a girl to hang off the bike. I auditioned, and the rest is visual history. I do a lot of body modeling. My portfolio is filled with weird little shots of ankles, wrists, hands. Half of the fun of this shooting is that I get to see what





I look like." As you can observe, she looks very good. When she's not working on a shoot, you can find her doing supercircuits at the local health club or running in the park. The difference between a computer-generated fantasy and real flesh may be sweat and hard work. Or passion. Vive la différence!

"This is a change of pace for me.
PLAYBOY is using my whole body. In St.
Louis, they just use parts for lingerie,
glove or jewelry ads. Nine times out of
ten, if you see a navel in a St. Louis
paper, it's mine." See what you missed?





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Soudra Elizabeth Greenberg
BUST: 35 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: 7-22-58 BIRTHPLACE: Spokane, Washington

AMBITIONS: To have Financial independence.

TURN-ONS: DANCING, big cities, warm beaches,

back rubs.

TURN-OFFS: Anything loud in the morning, dirty

telephones.

FAVORITE BOOKS: KING RAT, PARACHUTES & Kisses, Atlas

Shrugged.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: GENESIS, MANDAHAN Transfer.

FAVORITE PLACE: Groesbeck, Texas, where my grandmother

lives.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: David Letterman, The Jetson's.

DESCRIBE YOURSELF: I'm flamboyant. I like a life of

energy, motion, excitement, change. Boredom

Never Knocks on my door.



With Bob, my calico macaw.



me and my Kid Sister.



On, for the life of a model.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A huge, Rambolike fellow walked into a tavern and took a seat at the middle of the bar. After downing a whiskey in one gulp, he glared at the six men to his right and said, "You're all nogood motherfuckers. Anyone have a problem with that?"

When no one said a word, the brawny fellow ordered another whiskey, downed it in one gulp, turned to the six men on his left and said, "You're all cocksuckers. Anyone have a problem

Everybody on the left stared silently into his drink. Suddenly, a man on the right stood up and started walking toward the big guy. "Hey, asshole!" the thug bellowed. "You got a problem with what I said?"

"No problem at all," came the reply. "I'm just sitting at the wrong end of the bar.

We've heard of a high-priced callgirl who entertains all her clients on a water bed. They call her the hydrocourtesan.



An elderly couple were flying to their Caribbean hideaway on a chartered plane when a terrible storm forced them to land on an uninhabited island. When several days passed without rescue, the stranded couple and their pilot sank into a despondent silence. Finally, the woman asked her husband if he had made his usual pledge to the United Jewish Appeal.

"We're running out of food and water and you ask that?" her husband barked. "If you must know, I not only pledged a half million but I've

already paid half of it.

"You owe the U.J.A. a quarter million?" the woman exclaimed euphorically. "Don't worry, Harry, they'll find us! They'll find us!"

The warden explained to the condemned man that he could have anything he wanted for his last meal. "Would you like lobster? Filet mignon or beef Wellington? Maybe some caviar or shrimp cocktail?"

"Nah, I'll just have a bowl of mushrooms,"

the prisoner said.

'Anything you want," the warden replied, shrugging. "But why mushrooms?"

"Always been afraid to eat 'em."

Father Reilly," the mother superior reported, "I thought you should know that there's a case of syphilis in the convent."
"Oh, good," the priest replied. "I was really

getting tired of the Chablis.

A young man and his girlfriend were walking along Main Street when she spotted a beautiful diamond ring in a jewelry-store window. "Wow, I'd sure love to have that!" she gushed.
"No problem," he said, throwing a brick

through the glass and grabbing the ring.

A few blocks later, the woman admired a fulllength sable coat. "What I'd give to own that," she said, sighing.
"No problem," he said, throwing a brick

through the window and grabbing the coat.

Finally, turning for home, they passed a car dealership. "Boy, I'd do anything for one of those Rolls-Royces," she said.

"Jeez, baby," he moaned, "you think I'm made of bricks?"



Members of a fox-hunting club had been requested to take only male hounds to a chase. One long-standing member, however, owned only females and, out of courtesy, was permitted to take one.

The pack of hounds was released and disappeared so quickly from view that the pursuing riders stopped to ask a farmer if he had seen

them.

"Yup," he said. "I seen 'em."

"Did you see where they went?"
"Nope," he said. "But it was the first time I ever seen a fox runnin' fifth."

Two tribesmen, depressed over recent laws forbidding the practice of cannibalism, were strolling though the jungle when they came upon an abandoned archaeological dig. One noticed a stack of PLAYBOYS left behind by the departed scientists and began stuffing pages into his mouth.

"What are you doing?" his astonished friend

asked.

"Try it," he urged, handing over the gatefold. "This dehydrated stuff is pretty good."

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.



"Before I can sell you this particular suit, you'll have to fill out an environmental-impact statement."

By RICHARD and JOYCE WOLKOMIR

AVE YOU been longing for dappled sunlight shimmering through island palms? For jagged white peaks soaring against an alpine blue sky? For smart boulevard cafés where people watching is an art? Ah, the restless spirit! But be warned: The word travel has a sobering etymology. It derives from the Middle English travailen, meaning to toil. Worse, it is rooted in the Latin tripalium, an instrument for inflicting pain. Travel can be travail when a rental car shudders and dies in some sun-steamed jungle outback or when that "deluxe" suite aboard a Nile cruise ship turns out to be a closet next to the paddle wheel. But then there's that siren song once more, singing of sunshine and warm blue seas, of heady aromas in ancient bazaars, of sophisticated babble in smart European nighteries—and off you go again. Here, then, are tips for travelers

who heed that call to adventure and romance, compiled from interviews with travel agents, tour companies, State Department officers and veteran globe-trotters. "Strong and content I travel the open road," said Walt Whitman. We couldn't have

said it better.

from packing tips to the ultimate in secluded isles, here's playboy's guide to savvy traveling





HOW TO PACK FOR AN OVERSEAS TRIP

acking for a trip overseas is much like packing for a domestic journey, except that you should include all the amenities unavailable in Thimbu or Papeete: sewing kit, tiny flashlight, plastic rain slicker foldable to handkerchief size, extra shoelaces, extra eyeglasses, safety pins, granola bars for quickie meals, plastic trash bags for dirty clothes and a plastic hanger or two (metal ones can leave rust marks) for drying bathroom-washed clothes. Cold-water detergent and a rubber sink stopper also come in handy; many hotel drains don't have built-in stoppers.

Don't forget a converter kit if you tote an electric razor. (Make it a small one.) And if you expect to take home many purchases, pack a featherweight duffel bag folded to the size of a paperback book. A Swiss army knife is a wonderful tool for all sorts of tasks, from peeling

fruit to repairing luggage-but don't pack it in your carry-on bag, because in some countries it may be confiscated.

In Third World countries where amenities are iffy, toilet paper, a collapsible cup, shampoo and a towel are necessitiesas is a travel alarm, since wake-up calls may be unreliable.

Take clothes you can layer on or peel off. Travel experts at Banana Republic, the clothing emporium, will provide you with climate data for any country, along with political conditions Grand Tour: Not for those who trovel light is this goatskin-covered steamer trunk, custom-made in Italy, from T. Anthony, New York, \$1400.

and packing tips, in a toll-free call to 1-800-325-7270 from eight A.M. to five P.M. Pacific time, Monday through Friday. Soft-sided bags stretch to accommodate cramming. Obviously posh bags attract thieves. Linings should be stitched, not glued. Zippers should run smoothly. Handles should be reinforced where they attach to the luggage. And match your luggage size to the length of your tripunderpacking means wrinkled clothes. Heavier items should go at the bottom, fragile ones at the center; roll items such as pajamas and sweaters to save space. Travel light: Excess baggage charges can vary capriciously by country. And remember this adage: Take fewer clothes than you think you need but more money.

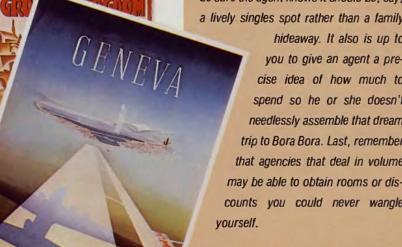
WHAT A GOOD TRAVEL **AGENT CAN—AND CAN'T-DO FOR YOU**

t a travel agency, standard services are free. The agent earns commissions from carriers and hotels, not from you. When you're agent shopping, check for membership in the American Society of Travel Agents (A.S.T.A.)—members must meet professional standards. Certified Travel Counselors (C.T.C.s) have passed a twoyear course in travel management, plus at least five years' experience. Beyond that, choosing an agent is like choosing a doctor: Word of mouth helps. Some agents specialize in specific areas, such as the Caribbean. Others concentrate on cruises, business travel or ski trips.

Deregulation has produced a welter of air fares. A good travel agent can search that maze for the cheapest rate. Many agents now issue boarding passes and seat assignments. With airlines rampantly overbooking, passengers with preassigned seats are least likely to get bumped.

What a travel agent can't do is read your mind. If you're considering a resort, be sure the agent knows it should be, say, a lively singles spot rather than a family

> hideaway. It also is up to you to give an agent a precise idea of how much to spend so he or she doesn't needlessly assemble that dream trip to Bora Bora. Last, remember that agencies that deal in volume may be able to obtain rooms or discounts you could never wangle



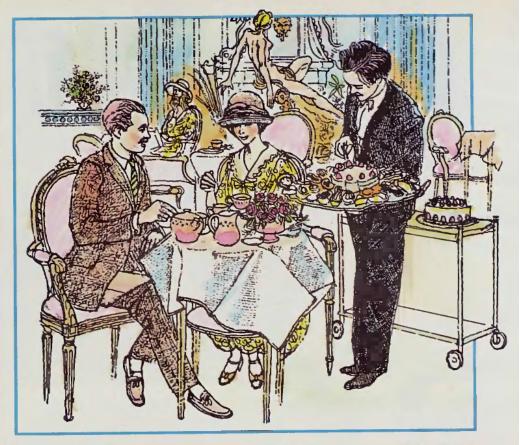
WHAT TO DO IF YOU FLY EAST AND YOUR LUGGAGE FLIES WEST

here you stand in Budapest or Bangkok, despondently watching the empty baggage carrousel. What do you do now? The sure cure, of course, is prevention: Take only carry-on bags. If that's impossible, make sure your carry-on contains all necessary toiletries, a change of clothes, prescription medicines, extra eyeglasses and your passport.

If your luggage arrives damaged or never arrives, report it to the airline before you leave the airport. Make sure the agent fills out a written form and gives you a copy. If three days go by without your luggage's materializing, use the claim form to itemize your lost belongings. Keep photocopies of the claim forms. If you can't get forms, send a letter to the airline, itemizing your losses.

Be prepared: Airlines may require you to produce receipts or other proof that you own the items you claimed in the lost bags. Airlines will pay only the depreciated value of lost possessions, not store prices. Most will not cover electronic gear, jewelry, fragile valuables, cameras or cash. And almost all airlines will compensate you for emergency purchases that must be made while you wait—so be sure to ask about that.

On domestic flights, airlines are liable up to \$1250. On international flights, the maximum liability is \$9.07 per pound per bag. You can buy extra coverage at the ticket counter at about one dollar for every \$100 of added coverage.



EIGHT CLEVER LITTLE TRICKS TO SOOTHE THE TRAVEL-WEARY



ravel is stimulating, but sometimes you sag in your hotel room, frazzled from turning dollars into dinars and fighting crowds in cathe-

drals. Here are eight ways to unjangle your nerves.

1. Take earplugs. You don't want to hear unmufflered Milanese motorcycles roaring down *la strada* below or the next room's TV blasting out a sitcom in Serbo-Croatian.

2. Pack a 100-watt light bulb if you're traveling in the United States, or get a tiny battery-powered lamp that clips to a book. Reading in bed is a great relaxer, but many hotel lamps have annoyingly dim light bulbs.

3. Pack your clothes prehung on lightweight plastic hangers. On arrival, you can hang them in the closet without wrestling with the hotel's antitheft undetachable hangers, of which there will be too few, anyway. You'll have cleverly avoided a minor irritant.

4. Take tea. It's an old British custom, an hour or so off in the afternoon for tea, scones and sweets. Or Turkish coffee, minibagels and smoked salmon or pâté on a croissant—whatever you like. Rest your legs and your mind. Quiet, palm-filled lounges in old hotels are excellent spots.

5. When making hotel reservations or checking in, politely ask for a special Two for Tea: The picture above is from The London Ritz Book of Afternoon Tea, by Helen Simpson (Arbor House), a little volume dedicated to "the art and pleasures of taking tea."

room—maybe one on the hotel's quiet side or with a view, or a corner room with no noisy neighbors. You will only gain esteem in the eyes of the hotel clerk or concierge. And you just may have a more pleasant stay.

6. Develop airport savvy. Getting lost in an air terminal while racing to find your connecting flight is a familiar nightmare. The cure is *The Sophisticated Traveler's Pocket Guide to Airport Facilities and Ground Services 1987*, available from Market Dynamics Consultants, Inc., P.O. Box 130, Wilton, Connecticut 06897, for \$16.95, postpaid. The guide gives you airport maps, local transit times and costs and each airport's available services. It even gives you the walking time between the terminals at each airport.

7. Take a portable coffee brewer. Travel specialty stores, such as The Savvy Traveller at 50 East Washington, Chicago, stock a range of coffee and tea brewers designed to fit into a suitcase. A new Norelco model is cylindrical, with two cups attached. It boils water rather than just heating it—a plus in underdeveloped countries where the water is questionable.

8. Feet need a pickup after a day on the streets. Try Isotoner slippers. Lightweight and easy to pack, they improve the circulation in your feet. And if you have low arches, try Arch Doctor, a dumbbell-like roller to revive your pedal extremities.

WHAT THE AMERICAN CONSULATE CAN—AND CAN'T—DO FOR YOU

any travelers are confused about the role of U.S. consulates in other countries, which sometimes leads to unproductive grumpiness, raised voices and threats to call Senators. It is the mission of U.S. consuls to promote U.S. business interests overseas, not to serve as tour agents, banks or nannies for itinerant compatriots. On the other hand, there are services you can legally expect from a U.S. consulate. They include:

1. Legal aid. If you are arrested, ask permission to notify the U.S. consulate. If the police say no, keep asking, politely and persistently. Consuls cannot pay your legal fees, but a consular officer will visit you, explain the local laws, help you find an attorney and do what he can to ensure that you are treated no worse than others. The officer will also help you get in touch with people back home.

2. Help with money problems. If you go broke because of theft, a lost wallet or miscalculation, the consul can tell you how to arrange to have associates back home send you more money. If you have lost traveler's checks, he or she can tell you how to notify the issuer.

 Help if you become injured or ill.
 Consuls will help you find an appropriate doctor and report your illness to family or friends back home.

4. Replacement of lost passports.

Report a lost passport immediately to the nearest U.S. consulate for a temporary replacement.

5. Registration. If you are planning a long stay or are traveling in eastern Europe, register with the consulate. It will facilitate help if you do have difficulties. If you have to travel in a country with no U.S. officials, register in an adjacent country, if possible, leaving your itinerary.

According to the Department of State, the U.S. consulate *cannot* do the following: find you work, get you residence or driver's permits, serve as interpreters, search for missing luggage, settle disputes with hotel managers and generally make you comfy.

If you get into serious legal problems in another country—and drugs are a good way to wind up in the local pokey—the might of the United States of America in the person of the local consul will *not* come Ramboing down upon the jail to liberate you in a blare of rhetoric.

On foreign soil, you are subject to foreign laws, which can be harsh. Drug possession in most countries these days, for example, will get you two to ten years in a prison that may lack such amenities as a bed, a toilet, a sink and the right not to be tortured. In some countries, such as Malaysia, the penalty for drug possession can be death. That's a real bummer.

HOW TO PROFIT FROM EXCHANGE RATES

eciding whether to

buy foreign currency before you leave the U.S. or after you arrive abroad is like betting in a poker game. If the dollar falls against foreign currencies, exchanging before you go locks in the higher rates—by the time you arrive, they will have dropped. But if the dollar goes up, you lose. Major newspa-

you lose. Major newspapers, such as *The New York Times*, regularly publish currency-exchange rates. However, most bankers and travel agents agree that, generally, you get the best deal by exchanging your money at a bank at your destination.

Take about \$100 in the local currency (available at many U.S. banks) for arrival expenses. But he sure to



find out how much of it you are allowed to take into your destination country. Take most of your money in traveler's checks. Many veteran travelers take some of those checks in foreign denominations for easier cashing.

Major credit cards can be used abroad—and card companies usually give good exchange rates. But economically ailing countries often have two exchange rates—the government rate and the street rate, which is better. In those countries, you can save by paying with cash or checks, since card transactions are figured at the less favorable government rate. However, streetmarket exchange is often illegal.



SIX EXOTIC ISLANDS NOBODY KNOWS

he ultimate peregrination, said Robert Browning, is to "some unsuspected isle in far-off seas." Here are half a dozen such getaways. On any of them—guaranteed!—you can get far, far away from it all.

 Lamu: Go fast. This Arab island off Kenya is just being discovered by travel sophisticates. Its atmosphere is undistilled

Arabian Nights.

2. Djerba: Tunisia's island of Djerba may be the place Homer called The Land of the Lotus Eaters. Few Americans know this Mediterranean Tahiti, but Europe's lotus eaters have enjoyed its sun, sand, palms and blue waters for decades.



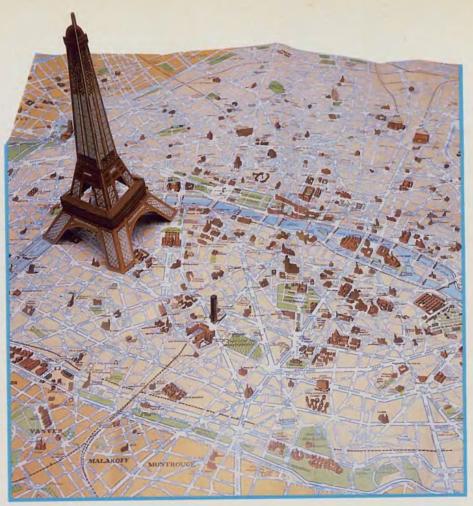
Palmy Paradise: If it's a faraway island that you're seeking, then consider Penang, off Malaysia's narthwest coast. Beautiful beaches and colonial mansians abound and, far fans of Indiana Jones, there's even a snake temple.

3. Scilly Isles: At the English Channel's mouth, 28 miles southwest of Lands End, lie the Isles of Scilly, more than 100 of them. Warmed by the Gulf Stream, the sunny Scillies seem a hemisphere away from England's drizzle and cold.

4. Penang: To see preskyscraper Southeast Asia, visit Penang—"Pearl of the Orient"—an hour's flight north of Singapore, off Malaysia's northwest coast. Exotic temples, stately colonial mansions and gorgeous beaches await you.

5. Rangiroa: To really get away from it all, take the Air Polynesie island-hopper plane from Papeete to Rangiroa. Disembark on a perfect coral atoll, with a 42-mile-long lagoon and all the sugar-white beaches and coconut palms an escapist could want.

6. Islas de la Bahia: To see the Caribbean of 50 years ago, visit the Bay Islands, 40 miles off Honduras. Accommodations are mostly thatched cottages. Fish, windsurf or laze the days away.



THE ART OF NOT GETTING LOST



tart orienting yourself at home, checking maps and guidebooks for key sights, local prices, the transportation system and customs.

Call tourism offices; talk with travel agents and acquaintances who have been to the city. When you arrive, study a detailed map. Ask your hotel's porter or concierge to mark on the map sites you plan to visit. Ask how to get there and for tips on cabs, buses and subways. Note landmarks.

Take a reconnaissance walk to get familiar with the city's feel and your hotel's neighborhood. In a non-Englishspeaking country, jot down the hotel's name and address. To fully reconnoiter the city, even snobby loners should sign up at the hotel for a guided tour. You'll find some sights to skip and some to which you'll return, and you'll get a feel for the city's layout. Charming local guides who hang around the hotel's entrance may be colorful, but you usually can get more reliable info at a better price from a sanctioned tour. Try to walk as much as possible. Look for restaurants (they tend to charge much less for meals, especially breakfast, than hotel dining rooms). Learn when banks, stores and restaurants are closed. Foreign holidays and working hours differ; and if you don't schedule accordingly, during the Annual Remembrance of Our Glorious Heroes of the Massacre of 1024 A.D., you could go hungry or broke. Cafés make excellent spots to pause and replot.

Master the local currency before you do anything that puts your fortune on the line, such as hailing a cab. Learn at least a few key phrases in the foreign tongue. For example, knowing how to count from one to ten will give you a hint of what a merchant with whom you're haggling is charging. (Guidebooks, the hotel porter or tour guides can tell you if haggling is customary.) Carry a pad and pen so merchants can write down their price if you don't understand what they're saying. To lighten your load, rip out a guidebook's pertinent pages to carry with you.

Find out how the local telephone works, or if it does. Make a list of addresses and telephone numbers of any local contacts you have, the police, hospitals, consulate and numbers to call if you lose traveler's checks or credit cards.

Last, walk easy and take your time. If you have to tear through a city, you probably haven't allowed enough time for your visit. It's better to see a few important attractions and soak up local color than to master every lane and landmark, then go away whipped.

PIE IN THE SKY



ather than brave the vagaries of airplane feeding schedules and menus, airline passengers have taken to carrying their own gastronomic good-

ies on board. Gourmet take-out stores, specialty food shops, catering establishments and upbeat restaurants are excellent sources of airborne nibbles. The following is a sampling of take-along fare from cities throughout the U.S.A.

Boston: The Great Food Store is a new carry-out venture by Monces Meddeb, whose L'Espalier is one of Boston's top restaurants. The store is making its mark, too, with moist, crusty fried chicken, homemade *caponata*, venison *pâté* with cranberries and a stunning tangerine chocolate cake (617-536-6543).

New York: On the way to the airport, Manhattan epicures shop at the Casual Quilted Giraffe, scion of the fabled Quilted Giraffe, for such delicacies as beggar's purses (little bundles of fresh Beluga caviar), confit of duck, red-onion-and-cashew salad and lemon-pepper cake (212-593-1221). The Ideal Cheese Shop

recommends semifirm types such as aged gouda or double gloucester. It will gladly chop your purchase into bite-sized pieces to facilitate handling (212-688-7579). Balducci's offers airborne gourmets a mind-boggling assortment—from antipasto to dolci (212-673-2600).

Chicago: Mitchell Cobey Cuisine, which is right down the street from our offices, features 13 prepared take-out combinations. Number five, for example, is smoked turkey and blueberry chutney on a *croissant* with salad and dessert. Adventurous eaters may also pick caviar in crepe bundles, *phyllo* cylinders stuffed with Westphalian ham and mushrooms, *pâtés* and terrines, plus about two dozen wickedly delicious desserts (312-944-3411).

Beverly Hills: The southern California source of food packs for planes, picnics and the Hollywood Bowl is Jurgensen's (213-274-8611). Choosing from its vast inventory of meats, cheeses and salads isn't easy. Popular choices include smoked turkey breast on sourdough, dressed with homemade pepper relish.

-EMANUEL GREENBERG

Elegant Air Fare: As aeronautical brown bagging continues to gain in papularity, mare epicure empariums, such as Chicago's Mitchell Cabey Cuisine at 100 East Walton, are offering edibles that travel well. Below: A kiwi-and-strawberry tart, a twa-pasta salad with pine nuts, red and black caviar in crepe bundles tied with scallions, and smoked turkey, lettuce and cheddar an a croissant.



SURVIVING A TEN-HOUR AIRPLANE TRIP

or several days before the flight, get a normal night's sleep—no wee-hour partying. Have your travel agent assign your seat or check in early to choose a seat you prefer. If an international flight is delayed, wait to clear Passport and Customs until the new departure time is announced, to avoid being trapped in the departure lounge. Many seasoned travelers prefer aisle seats, as they let you stretch and get up easily. Bulkhead seats offer more room, but they're often where airlines put people traveling with children. Emergency-exit seats offer extra room.

Shoes can weary your feet on long flights. Many veteran travelers take travel slippers. Flying with a head cold or allergies can cause earaches. Chicago Sun-Times columnist Dorsey Connors offers this emergency remedy: During descents, moisten two paper towels in hot water,

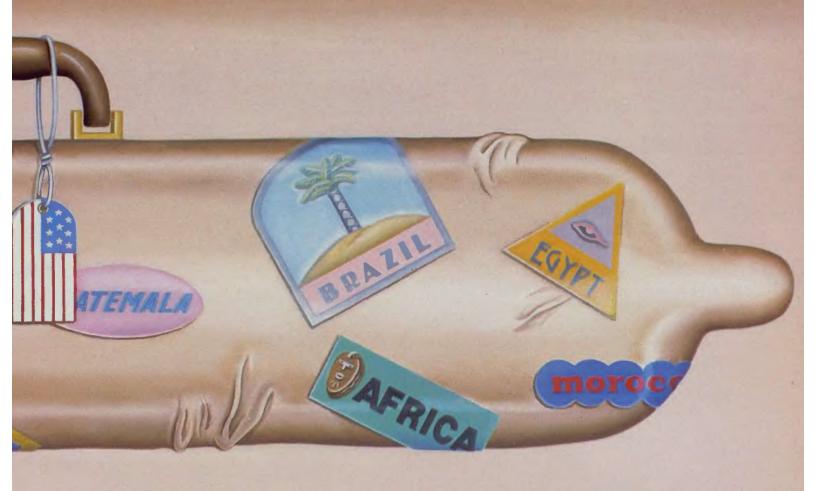
put each at the bottom of a paper cup and hold the cups over your ears.

For entertainment, a personal cassette player and a collection of your favorite tapes offer better sound than the cabin system, and the earphones are far more comfortable.

To fight off jet lag, the curse of the longdistance flier, try the comprehensive diets and regimens explained in the paperback "Overcoming Jet Lag" (Berkley Books). (It's also a good read to help you pass the time while in flight.) And when all else fails, big spender, fly first class.



RUBBERS



since 1981,
the reagan
administration
has sent
2.6 billion
condoms to
70 countries.
kind of
makes you
want to stand
up and salute

article
by
ROBERT
CORAM

I HAVE a friend in condoms.

He sells them—millions of them. He's a major operator in latex, which means that, given the AIDS scare, he's sitting on top of the most unfortunate growth market in the world. So when my friend speaks, I listen.

I remember a particularly interesting conversation we had a couple of years ago, on the cusp of condom mania, when he and I were sitting in an airport bar talking rubbers. He grinned a self-satisfied grin, then delivered a bit of inside information calculated to knock my hat into the creek: "The Reagan Administration," he said, speaking slowly and distinctly, "is spending \$24,000,000 this year to buy 568,000,000 condoms."

My friend's smile widened. "And it's giving most of them away." He shrugged. "Well, some it's selling for virtually nothing. They're going to people in 70 countries. Poor people. Black people. Brown people. Yellow people."

It was the most improbable story I had ever heard. Besides, I thought, there aren't that many rubbers in the world.

My latex buddy put on his professional voice. "Look, I was asked to bid on these products, so my name has to stay out of this. But here's what's happening. Our Government has a cafeteria approach to contraceptives. In addition to condoms, it's buying birth-control pills and I.U.D.s. It's buying sterilization kits and calling them surgical contraceptives. It's also funding family-planning programs and putting up \$17,000,000 for contraceptive research."

I was beginning to realize that my friend was serious. What's more, he was saving the best for last. I still remember how his eyes sparkled as he rubbed his hands together, leaned forward and lowered his voice.

"Our Government bought 568,000,000 condoms, but the bid has a clause allowing it to buy as many as 750,000,000. It will buy more condoms this year than anybody else in the world."

My circuits burned out at the 750,000,000 figure. Scribbling on a napkin, I determined that if a rubber is about seven inches long, my Government bought 82,860 miles' worth. Tied together, they would wrap around the world three times and enough would be left over to make a bow that, if draped over the Horn of Africa, would reach from Madagascar to Sri Lanka. Your tax dollars at work!

"What kind of rubbers are they

FROM RONNIE

buying?" My friend wrinkled his face in distaste. He never uses the word rubbers. He said:

"These are the type goods being bought: red, yellow, blue, green and plain condoms. Lubricated condoms. Straightshank condoms. Nipple-end shaped condoms. And your ultrathin condoms."

My friend didn't know any more details. So after he got on his airplane and flew away, I began trying to get to the bottom of this rubber business. I contacted people from Atlanta to Seattle and from Alabama to New Jersey. But, as with most things this wild and weird, one must journey to the nation's capital to find true enlightenment.

For those unfamiliar with Washington and the relationship between Congress and the bureaucracy, it's like the relationship between those legendary 11th Century battlers the Normans and the Saxons. Congressmen are the invaders, the Normans. They criticize bureaucrats to divert their attention; then they send as much plunder as possible back home.

Here's an example of their relationship: Not long after Senator Jeremiah Denton of Alabama went to Washington, he wrote an inquisitive letter to the Agency for International Development asking if it were true that the U.S. was sending contraceptives all over the world. AID said there was such a program and the biggest supplier was Ansell Inc., in Dothan, Alabama. Senator Denton probably figured that if his state was getting the biggest share of the money, this must be a good program.

I found only a handful of people in Washington who knew more than cursory details about the U.S. Government's buying rubbers for the world. Even the most curious did not go beyond digging into AID's central-office budget, where, in fiscal year 1985, they would have found \$22,000,000 earmarked for contraceptives. But after several dozen interviews, I discovered that AID also funds contraceptive and population programs from other sources. Contraceptive research was \$17,000,000. Two Congressional allocations outside the central-office budget amounted to \$29,000,000 for population programs. Other regional population programs came to \$53,000,000. So the total that year was \$121,000,000.

The rubber program is so low-key that not even all officials of the General Services Administration, the Government's procurement agency, know about it.

"I was here for years before I knew about this," an incredulous GSA executive told me. "One day, somebody asked me if I knew we were buying millions of condoms every year. I didn't believe it. Then he showed me the paperwork for millions of pastel condoms. (continued on page 150)

he time has come for some rules of condom etiquette.

1. Who buys?

It's a joint decision. If you're in a relationship, the two of you can truck right down to your local drugstore and pick out a pack of your own. The couple that buys together plays together.

On the other hand, responsibility starts where the rubber meets the road: You're the one who's going to wear it, so you're the one who's got to make the proper fit. Maybe you'll meet a woman like Ellen. "I buy, I supply," she says. She is pretty, blunt, athletic, in her 20s. "It's my life. I want to know what's being used, so I keep a supply in my bedroom. And I carry a couple of condoms around with me just in case I meet the love of my life. You'd be surprised how many women my age do that."

2. You're in a mad embrace. Things are progressing nicely. Who first mentions the subject? How and when do you ask?

These can be very difficult questions, particularly in the heat of battle. So forget it, right?

Wrong, spermicide breath. Condom etiquette goes like this: Either one of you can mention it; one of you must mention it. Some people are embarrassed by the subject. So what? If the two of you are so intimate that you're about to do it, surely you know each other well enough to get things straight—and protected—between you.

You're afraid she'll think you're in trouble yourself if you mention it? That depends on how you bring the subject up. Just say, "It's a new age, darlin', and we're going to play it safe, not sorry." She'll cooperate—and she'll be relieved that you had the maturity and the courage to talk straight.

She can ask, you can ask; somebody's got to do it. And quickly, before the deluge. Think of it this way: If manners really are part of a ritual we create to preserve ourselves, it is extremely polite and proper to mention your wish for a pause while you put on protection.

3. You said pause? I hate that word. Sometimes it's the pause that kills.

A valid point.

No woman can understand the relativity of time as well as we men can, for we alone know that the few seconds it takes to stop and put on a condom are sometimes the equivalent of a year and a half in Siberia. The noodle sometimes droops. It is as if the mere sight of a condom, the first whiff, the first touch were a kick in the crotch.

Don't tell me it hasn't happened to you. You're in a fine and passionate entanglement, you pull apart for a moment and—voilà!—there's nothing there. "I don't understand it," you mur-

mur. "This has never happened before." Sound familiar? OK, look, life has its risks, right? If, at this troubling moment, your sweetheart/cookie/baby starts to giggle and snort, you've learned something about her: She's a heartless, cruel ball buster.

No, a good woman will be understanding and sympathetic. "Would you...?" is all you'll have to say. She will provoke a renaissance of energy, you will stand tall again and all will be well—protected and well.

It's called teamwork. Try it. You'll like it. So will she. The two of you can even have practice sessions. Road tests. Civil alerts. You could buy a little siren and pretend that every time you set it wailing, it's her job to provide fallout protection within a time limit. Sure, there's something Pavlovian and disgusting about such a suggestion. That's what makes it so wonderful.

4. It's all right for you to come on with this humanistic bullshit about how men and women should buy and use condoms together, but what do you do when your woman becomes infatuated with condoms and insists that you wear the colored, ribbed ones with feathers and vibrating ben-wa balls at the tip?

Love her and cherish her and try not to let her out of the house. And never, ever ask her where she learned what she knows.

5. Excuse me, but who takes the thing off once it's been used?

You do.

If she takes the condom off and then runs to her freezer and puts it in a Petri dish, you might think about leaving early. Real early.

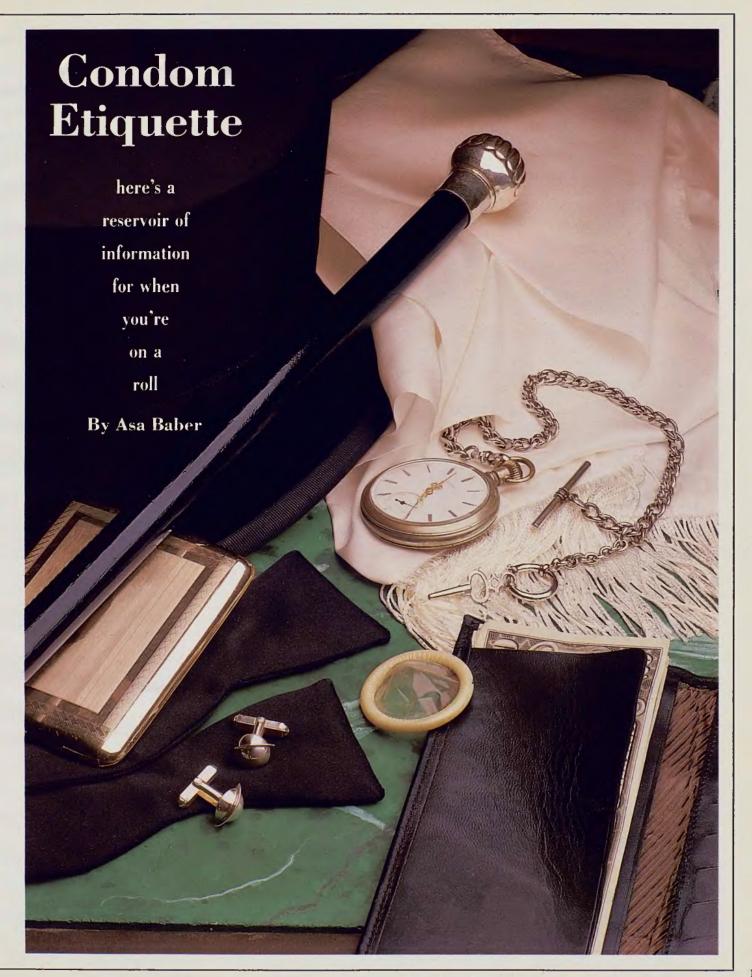
6. Who uses condoms?

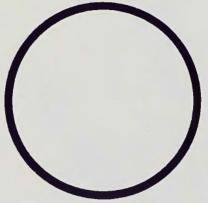
It's very fashionable to be a condom user. It is a sign of sexual sophistication. It is stupid and naïve not to use them, no matter what you've been taught. Good parents provide their children with information about them at the appropriate age. Good young adults use them when they begin their sexual experimentation.

The best argument I've ever heard for condoms came from a defrocked Catholic priest. "Condoms are what separate us from the animals," he said.

Not a bad thought. So if the condom fits, wear it. And if it doesn't fit, give your partner time to work on you. It will. Especially if you understand that it's OK to ask for help, it's OK to discuss the subject and, in using condoms, you are participating in an act of politeness and gentility: You are protecting the health of your mate, possibly your own, and you are helping prevent the birth of an unwanted child.

Now, that's good manners!





Kevin McHale, on scoring the first 11 points of a February 10, 1987, game against the Denver Nuggets: "The game plan was simple. I was supposed to score the first 112 points. But I got tired."

N THE COURT at their practice center in Brookline, Massa-

chusetts, the world-champion Boston Celtics begin their prepractice exercises. These men are professionals, the best in basketball, and they conduct themselves accordingly—bending, stretching, focusing on the business at hand. That is, all except one.

Off to the side of his 11 teammates, Kevin McHale stands with one foot up on a training device known as a Stairmaster. He bends perhaps three degrees from the waist, expending approximately the amount of energy it takes to drop a piece of paper into a wastebasket. But he's not slacking. McHale is loosening the muscles that control one of his most potent, and offensive, weapons: his mouth. So as he bends a little, he talks—a lot.

KEVIN MCHALE'S GOT MORE
ONE-LINERS THAN DANGERFIELD,
HE'S TOUGHER INSIDE THAN OLAJUWON
AND THIS SEASON (COULD IT BE?)
HE'S PLAYING . . .

BETTER THAN BIRD!

PERSONALITY By BOB RYAN

Thus begins another workday for a man who is called unstoppable, dominant and impossible to guard when he's not called flippant, brash and irreverent. For if there is anything McHale likes as much as tormenting opposing players with his inside scoring moves, it's talking. About what he's done. About what he's going to do. About what you've done (as long as it was bad or stupid). About what you can't do. About fishing and hunting in Minnesota. About TV shows. About high school rivalries. About the price of silver. About the latest book he's read.

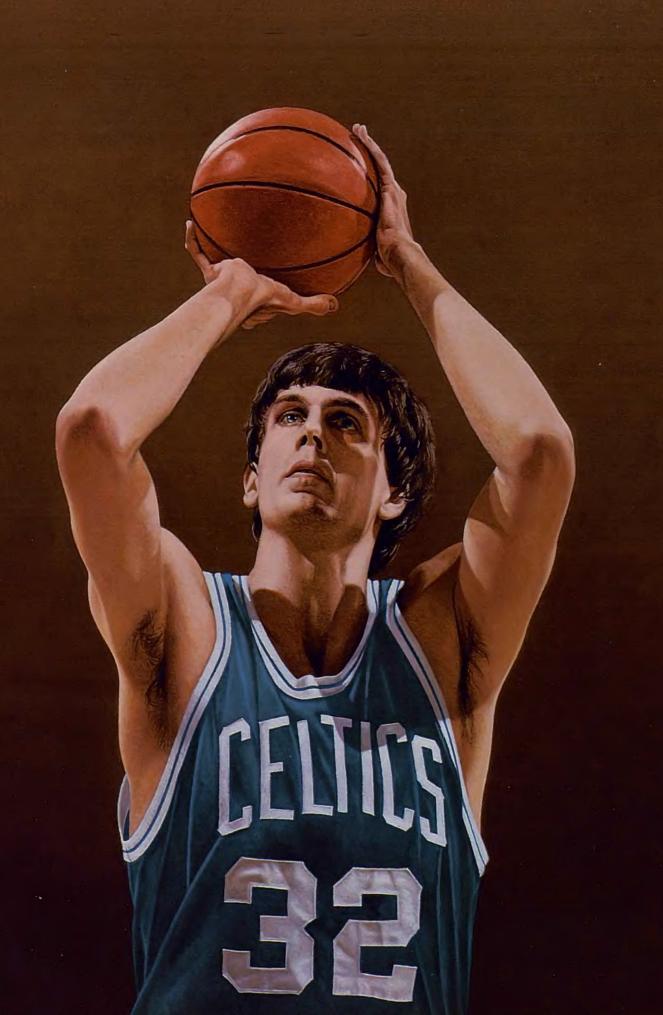
"I've always said," laughs teammate Danny Ainge, "that if Kevin had to wear a mouthpiece while he was playing, he wouldn't enjoy basketball."

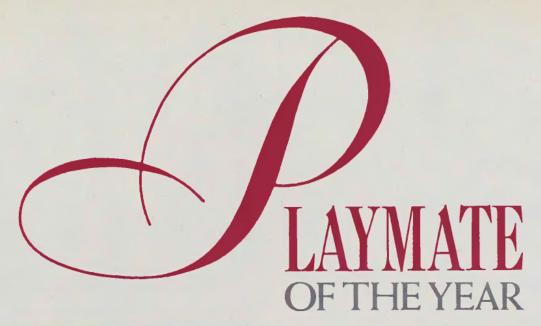
Better you should cut off his left arm than remove his tongue. A silent McHale is almost unimaginable.

"He is one of the few players I know," says Celtics center Robert Parish, "who can talk and play at the same time. It doesn't break his concentration at all."

Surprisingly, McHale backs his torrent of words with an equivalent amount of action.

In his seventh year as a professional, Kevin Edward McHale has become one of the most highly acclaimed players in basketball, (continued on page 158)







onna edmondson nabbed our top honors in true fairy-tale fashion

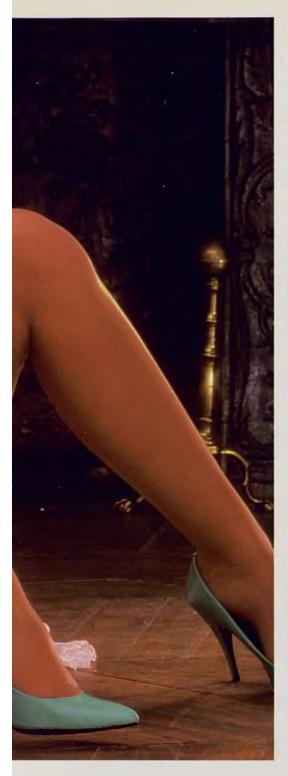
NCE UPON A TIME, a pretty lady from a smallish Southern city posed for some sexy pictures in a men's magazine. And before she knew what was happening, she found that she'd become a Very Important Person. Donna Edmondson's rise from oldfashioned country girl to Playmate of the Month to Playmate of the Year reads like-you guessed it-a fairy tale, only better. Suddenly plain transformed from beautiful to PLAYBOY beautiful, Donna has sailed on through a string of successes so magical that one gets the impression that had Cinderella had the chance, she would have bypassed the ball and thumbed a ride to North Carolina to take a few lessons. "I never imagined it would go this far," said Donna from her home in Greensboro. "I didn't think I was pretty enough to test for PLAYBOY, let alone be Playmate of the Month. Now I'm Playmate of the Year! This has really been a dream come true."





s Playmate of the Year, Donna was awarded a Corvette convertible (right) and a \$100,000 check. Ever the savvy business lady, she's investing the cash. "My earlier Playmate earnings went into mutual funds, Government securities and IRAs," she says. "The \$100,000 will go into real estate."







pparently, Donna's special blend of innocence and erotic appeal struck the hearts of American men. Thousands dialed her 900 number in the Playmate Phone-In, boosting her as Playmate of the Year. (One Virginia reader wrote nominating Donna as Playmate of the Century.) Others proposed marriage or asked advice. "I was shocked," Donna says. "I thought only people like Elvis Presley got fan mail. But suddenly, everyone was inviting me everywhere—businessmen, college guys, the Army, the Navy. One gentleman even offered me a plane ticket to Utah for a dinner date."







onna is also the first Playmate of the Year ever to star in her own "Video Centerfold."
"It's a very creative, very active video," she says. "To shoot one scene, I spent nine and a half hours on a trampoline. I'm glad my aerobics class trained me for that one." Donna admits that of all the California locations used in the video, UCLA and the surrounding Westwood area were her favorites. "They were pretty and quaint. Reminded me of home."





onna's ascent in the world of real estate makes for yet another chapter in her glass-slipper success story. She'd had her license for only five months when her November Playmate pictorial hit the stands. Quicker than you can say "Abracadabra," job offers from real-estate offices and independent brokers across the country came rolling in. "So now I'm waiting for the best one. I still plan on staying here in North Carolina, though. I want to sell people on this state as well as sell them property." And what will she use as a sales pitch? "That's easy. I'll tell 'em I'm here!"



hile Donna doesn't plan to continue modeling ("And you can take me to my grave on that!" she giggles), she does liken her PLAYBOY experience to something straight out of a fairy tale. "When I was a little girl, my favorite bedtime story was 'Peter Pan,'" she says. "Well, that's exactly how I feel right now. Like I'm up in the sky, looking down on myself. And I'm flying!"



Lithough Donna admits that she has yet to find her princely leading man-the fellow whose job it is to dash in and sweep her away in storybook style—she also confesses she's getting just a bit tired of being asked about Mr. Right. We can understand that: Every girl deserves a little privacy. "I'm sure I'll find him one day," she says, "but sometimes I feel a little disappointed that I don't have someone with whom I could share this wonderful experience. Still," she chuckles, "I'm only 21. And I'm having the time of my life." Which is, perhaps, the best way to end our fairy tale come true.



"I start people on the procrastination tape. It keeps 'em up all night long cleaning the garage.""

Leftward sits the ever-loyal Bob Braun. Bob, blessed with a resemblance to Fred MacMurray so uncanny that scads of viewers routinely call their local outlet to see if it's true that Chip's dad has hit hard times and switched to cable, has the prestige post of Tony's full-time enthuser.

It's Bob's earnest, hearty voice-over that introduces every E.M.M. installment. Against a montage of Thoroughbreds, Chris-Crafts, mile-long limos and the like, he pops the Big Questions: "Do you dream of being independently wealthy? Enjoying the good life? Traveling to exotic places? Living in a luxurious home?" Cut to a quick shot of some Sun Belt Taj Mahal mit swimming hole. "If these are things you'd like to do, you need to be part of Everybody's Money Matters."

It's a grand concept. Tony, see, boasts his own troupe of guru entrepreneursamong them, Russ Whitney, "the Rehab Man," Danielle Durant, "the Memory Lady," and Joe Land, former foreclosure stud turned subliminal-tape ace, whose stirring Program Yourself for Success stands out as Tony's most successful show to date.

where self-help TV's really going.
"Tell you what," Land told me in an hourlong jaw from his Albuquerque H.Q., "the fact that most people aren't wealthy proves the most convincing evidence they can't be. That's how some people think.

And it's Land's unique pitch that shows

That's what we're up against!"

It's a tough battle; but, doggone it, Joe tried the darned tapes himself, and they really work. Just listening to Joe on the phone, you could get a cauliflower ear from all that confidence. "I was in the closet with this subliminals thing," he confides. "But I decided I believed enough in these things, and if I believe in something, I'm unstoppable. Those fellows with the other seminars put the cart before the horse. They have all the techniques before people get the guts, the imagination, the confidence to pull themselves up to the five percent of the population who are secure financially. I was frustrated because I knew 95 percent of the people who bought my material would never do anything with it. Why? Because they could not overcome fear!"

That's Joe Land talking. Joe Land. Of course, now that he's out of real estate and into ego building, maybe he'll change his name. Maybe he'll go with Joe Confidence. Or just Joe Ego. Why not?

There's simply not enough space on the page to capture what this fellow can teach you about the human mind on TV. The image that lingers is Joe's audio-visual aid. Your Improvement Promoters are all big on audio-visual aids, especially overhead projectors, which tend to lend the seminars a cozy, high school civics feel that makes you want to pass a dirty note to the redhead next to you.

"Your subconscious mind," Joe announces, "that's your storage room. That's your data room. That's where everything you've ever heard, seen, tasted, felt, smelled, said, done is-in that room. Picture your conscious mind as the guard standing at the door of that room. Now the guard is in charge and he makes all the decisions. He does all the talking. You are not aware of what's happening in 88 percent of your mind. The only part of your mind that you are aware of is the 12 percent that's the conscious mind."

And there it is! The perfect image-just over Joe's shoulder. That stately guard, with one of those giganto furry Buckingham Palace hats. And behind him, the Big Room. Where all our desires are.

Joe, God love him, appears to be passing off the notion of the Noble Savage as his own little pensée. It's a kookie approach for a onetime four-for-a-dollar burger-stand operator from Clovis. Then again, Rousseau himself might have appreciated Joe. "When you were born," Joe declares-he's really wrestled with this!-"that whole process, the room and the guard, was squeaky clean. Nothing in there! And your parents were the first thing, the first ones in charge of putting something in there. And guess what your parents' favorite word for you was in the first ten years of your life? What would you think? No. No. Is no a negative word? Folks, no is the epitome of a negative word."

Joe's come a long way from No Money Down Land. Before, he just wanted to make us rich. Now he wants to replace Mom and Dad. A big job! "Studies reveal"-the successoids are big on "studies," and somewhere out there a busload of research seems to be going on to find out just what makes all us Regular Joes and Joanies blow it-"that the average parent, for every positive thing they say to their children, they say 25 negative things."

Joe pulls out a mini tape player and shows how he plugged himself in and listened to ten or 12 hours of subliminal input a day. The first tape-there are 12 altogether, for \$349, with optional Stop Smoking or Weight Loss cassettes thrown in for an extra \$35 each-loe recommends is

Stopping Procrastination. "This particular tape works faster than any of the other tapes," he chuckles. "I always start people on the procrastination tape. People honestly can't listen to it in the evening, because it keeps 'em up all night long cleaning the garage in the wintertime."

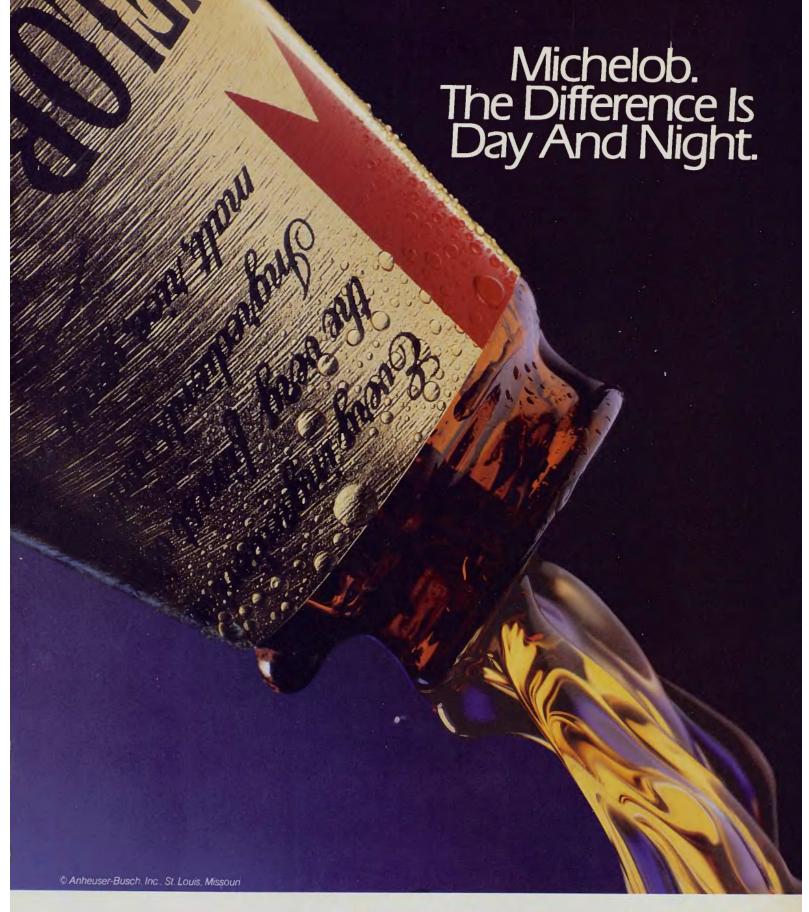
But the best part-beyond the 30day, money-back, satisfaction-guaranteed guarantee-is that for 15 measly greenbacks on top of the \$349, you can cash in on the coming subliminals boom, get in on the ground floor, mind control-wise, and become a distributor. "Every now 'n' then," sighs Joe, slightly overcome but fighting it, being a man, "a product comes along that creates such an excitement in the customers who use it that they can't help but bubble over and tell everybody they meet about what's happening to them. And that kind of product is perfect for a multilevel marketing plan. Now, don't mistake multilevel with the illegal pyramid schemes, because there's a great big difference."

And what, the waffling customer wants to know, might that great big difference be? "Multilevel's now being taught in the Harvard Business School." If that's not prima facie enough, then keep this in mind: "Both Stanford University and The Wall Street Journal say that over 50 percent of the retail products that are sold in this country by the mid-Nineties will be sold in a multilevel marketing plan. It's," says Joe, "just a plan where the customer becomes a dealer and he sells to another customer and makes that customer a dealer, and they make money from several of those downline in their organization." Now, that sounds simple enough.

Of course, we don't really know what Joe's got socked away under those wave noises. Tape number five could be telling us, "Murder Catholic girls and bake them in dumplings." It's a question of faith. But, hey, Joe looks honest. (Even though he did let out over the phone-kind of confidentially-that most people who pay the extra \$15 for distributing won't do a darn thing with it.) And besides, he's not the only Superstar willing to spill a bean or two in public. Our friend Lyndon Parker-president Parker, former IRS prosecutor and hot-shot Philadelphia lawyer-was kind enough to invite us out to Superstar Central, the earth-tone Westlake Village industrial park near Los Angeles that the financial kings call home.

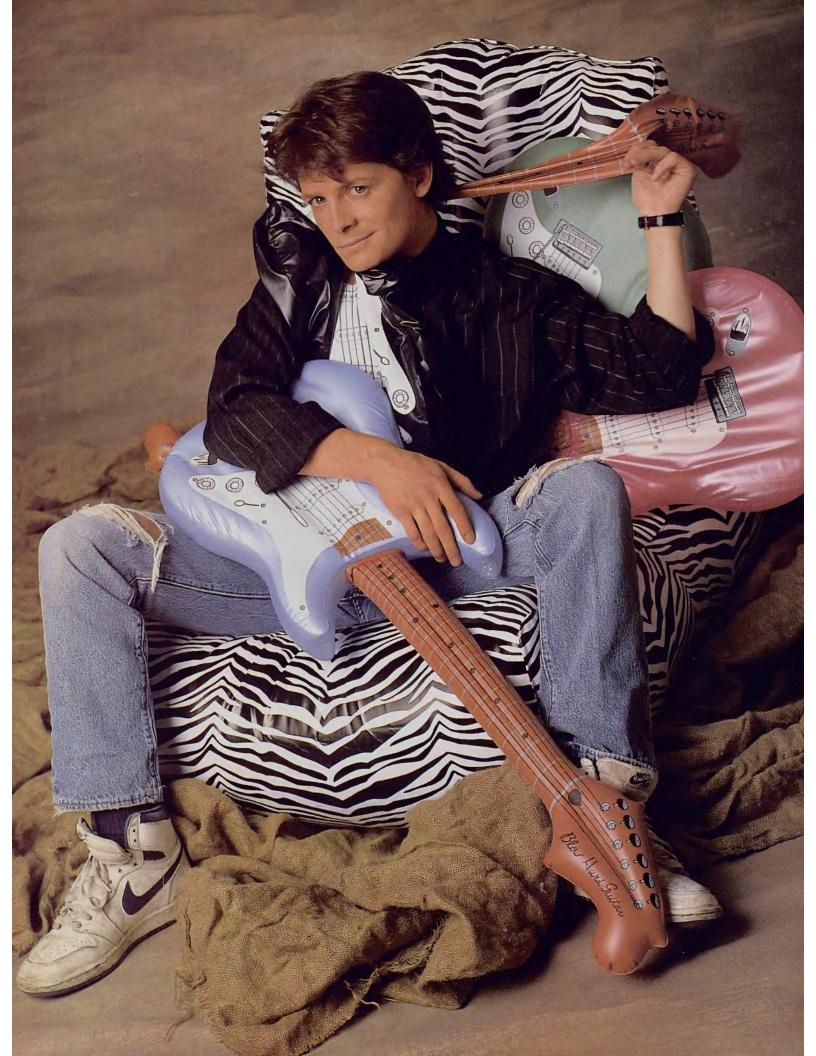
"These guys don't know how to run a business" is Lyndon's assessment of the Tony Hoffman gang. No more, no less.

A tiny, broad-shouldered fellow with the swagger of a courtroom Mickey Rooney, Lyndon plainly gets a kick out of pricking the Superstar myth. "They're entrepreneurs," he chuckles. "They know how to make it, but they don't know how to keep it. I put the company into Chapter (continued on page 138)



For exceptionally smooth taste. There is beer. And there is Michelob. The difference is day and night.





MICHAEL J. FOX

As if the high ratings of his TV show, "Family Ties," the box-office haul of his movies "Back to the Future" and "Teen Wolf" and the anticipation of his next two films-"Light of Day" and "The Secret of My Success"-didn't create enough pandemonium in the life of actor Michael J. Fox, now the 26-year-old Canadian transplant must wake up each morning to the jarring symphony of a construction team erecting a wall around his Los Angeles home. Says Fox, who has also added rooms and a new driveway, "It's a little something to keep the fans at bay. Sometimes I've come home to find them sitting in my back yard, waiting for me." We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to get a hard-hat and pick his way through the plaster and paint. Said Rensin, "At 9:30 A.M., Fox was unkempt and unshaven-and completely unpretentious about it. He drank V8 juice. It was too early for beer."

1.

PLAYBOY: John Travolta was the last TV superstar whose first starring film role was a megahit. But after he left his TV show, it was downhill at the box office. What do you have to look forward to?

FOX: Well, one's good-looking and the other's not. You figure it out. [Laughs] Somebody told me that once you have a big hit, you have four chances to better it. If you don't hit on the fourth, that's it; pack your bags. I do feel some pressure from that; maybe it's another reason that I stay with my show. It's safe, it's home and I enjoy it, and I still feel there are things to do creatively. Family Ties creator Gary David

Goldberg is generous and supportive, the biggest and he was under no obligation to let smallest actor me do anything outside the show, let reveals the alone a film. Everyone said to him, "If secrets of his he does it and it's a big hit, you've lost success: his him." Gary said, "I don't think so." He workout, his was right. way with 2. royalty and

PLAYBOY: Which role don't you see yourself as ever playing? FOX: Le Petomane. He was a flatulist. He was a big hit in Paris at the turn of the century, an amazing man. Somebody gave me a book about him and wanted me to develop it. Want to freak out Hollywood? "Michael J. Fox is Le Petomane. He laughs, he sings, he farts. Flatulist extraordinaire." I hope it was tongue in cheek.

3.

PLAYBOY: You're such a nice boy. What have you got to hide?

Fox: From the very beginning, I'd figured that if I were ever lucky enough to be in a position where anyone gave a shit about what I did, then I'd just have to be myself. I'd do what I had to do from day one and not worry about running around and hiding things. I'll never forget that the first person who ever interviewed me was some syndicated columnist. I sat down and popped a cigarette into my mouth and ordered a beer and he said, "Wait a minute, wait a minute!"

4.

PLAYBOY: You like beer. What's the most brew you've consumed in one day? Fox: Oh, when I was a kid, if I had a good base of two hot dogs and a hamburger and a bunch of potato chips, I think about 11. And then you start to get a little queasy. "But I was so much older then. I'm younger than that now."

5.

PLAYBOY: Alex P. Keaton, your character in Family Ties, has launched a million neoconservative Yuppies. Any changes you'd like to make?

FOX: We didn't so much launch Yuppies as we grabbed the wave as it was just starting to swell. I was talking with Budd Schulberg, who wrote What Makes Sammy Run?, and he said that people come up to him and say, "I love Sammy. I patterned my life after Sammy." And he was horrified, because he felt that he had created an evil character. But the preoccupation with upward mobility has made the Sammys and the Alexes into heroes now. Frankly, I have no idea why. But it's great that everyone's reacted so positively. Now I want to make Alex a little tougher. I don't want there to be any confusion when he's wrong. I want it pretty clear-if not to him, at least to other people. It's our responsibility to the viewers, especially the four- and five-year-olds who watch, because we discovered that Alex could do anything and people would forgive him for it-sort of like a Teflon TV character, a Ronald Reagan of the air. Our first reaction was to pump up his sympathetic side, so what people would see there was actually a warm person. But it wasn't enough. For instance, he's a blatant sexist, and I love to see him get stomped. We did an episode this year where he goes to work in a bank and his immediate superior is a woman. He can't believe it. He's shocked. And when he has to turn in one of his reports, it's complete with a couple of recipes and a couple of swatches of cloth. He's such a jerk, and he just gets nailed. The audience loves it. His boss just says, "Sit down. You're gonna work. You're gonna shut up. I don't want to hear from you." And there's Alex, like, terrified.

6

PLAYBOY: Does Alex have a shameful liberal secret?

FOX: Yes. He really respects the women in his life; he really needs them, and he's dependent on them. He's just a nice guy. But he has bought into an ideology that, in a lot of cases, works for him. He's probably not as conservative as he styles himself, but he builds this wall around himself—only it's made out of rice paper and it's so easy to poke your fingers through and watch everything ooze out. Alex is learning that he can control that, so I think eventually he's going to come around and be a little less outrageous.

7.

PLAYBOY: You've had Meredith Baxter-Birney and Lea Thompson and Gena Rowlands as your mom. Anybody else you'd like to audition?

rox: Maureen Stapleton would be a great mom. She's so tough. Whitney Houston could be my mom any old time, too. And I'm not making any jokes about breast feeding here, either.

8.

PLAYBOY: Got a favorite short joke?
FOX: Do you know the one about the guy
who goes into a bar and orders a drink
and takes a miniature piano out, and the
bartender says, "What's that?" The guy
takes out a tiny piano player about eight
inches high. Sits him on a little bench; he
starts to play. And the bartender says,
"Where'd you get that?" So the guy says,
"I was on a desert island and I rubbed a
lamp and the guy asked me what I wanted
and I said, 'An eight-inch penis.'"

9.

PLAYBOY: You met James Cagney. What was his parting shot?

the role he'll

never play

Fox: The last time I saw him, he was in his chair and I was shaking his hand and he squeezed my hand so hard, it was as if he were trying to say, "If I could get up, I could still kick your ass around the block, and don't you forget it."

10.

PLAYBOY: Which of your family ties taught you the facts of life? Did anything surprise you the first time?

Fox: Probably my older brother. My parents never sat down and said, "This is the way things are." We figured it all out, though. My mother probably didn't mention it because she was afraid that she would say, "We're gonna talk to you about sex," and I'd say, "Sex? Fornication? What? You know, too?" The first time, I had no expectations. I don't want to get graphic; there's a girl out there who'll read this and be embarrassed by it. I was as dumb and awkward as anyone else.

11.

PLAYBOY: Describe your morning routine. FOX: Three times a week, I wake up around seven and Pete Steinfeld, brother of "Body by" Jake Steinfeld, comes over. Pete is equally ruthless and evil. Basically, he thrashes the hell out of me before I know what hit me. I wander in to Family Ties around ten o'clock. Mondays and Wednesdays we have script reading around a table. Then I mostly just hang out and talk football and hockey with the crew and get a little rehearsing in. The two mornings that I don't go in, the first thing I do is turn on Today and gaze at Jane Pauley. After that, my favorite thing is to catch The \$25,000 Pyramid. It's the perfect game show, because dumb people don't win. There's none of this "A vowel? You bought a vowel?" Wheel of Fortune stuff. I was on it a few times. I did all right. You gotta be forceful. You gotta imagine yourself as Captain Kirk in your little chair, handstraps on. Anyway, I'll watch that. But they've put Family Ties opposite Pyramid in the morning. I don't know who's winning in the ratings, but a lot of people seem to watch Family Ties. I'm hoping I don't unwittingly cause the removal of my favorite game show.

12.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once ask for etiquette lessons before meeting the royal family at a command performance of *Back to the Future*?

Fox: I met the Prince and the Princess of Wales, and it was an amazing experience. What really blew me away was that Charles knew everything. And his wife was gorgeous. She had these pearls on. Then we went in to see the movie. Now, the things I knew were you never speak until you're spoken to, never rise until they rise. In the theater, Diana is at my immediate left. Right here. [Pats seat] I'm, like, on a date with the princess. Unbelievable. I'm thinking, Maybe I should move my hand or put my arm around her. A grope in the dark, who's gonna tell? I don't think she would. I really don't think she would. I think she would just kind of look at me knowingly and that would be it. That would be our little shared moment. But I didn't have the guts to try that out. [Laughs] Anyway, the movie starts and I have to go to the john. And I know that I can't, because I can't stand up until she stands up. And I can't speak to her until she speaks to me. So what can I do? I've got to hope that she'll say, "You don't have to go to the rest room, do you? Because if you do, you can go ahead." I mean, it was very bizarre. I ended up waiting it out. Afterward, Charles and Diana said, "That was a very lovely movie." I said [very rushed], "Thank you very much. Great. Good. Gotta go." Good thing I didn't meet the queen. I imagine it's a lot more formal with her.

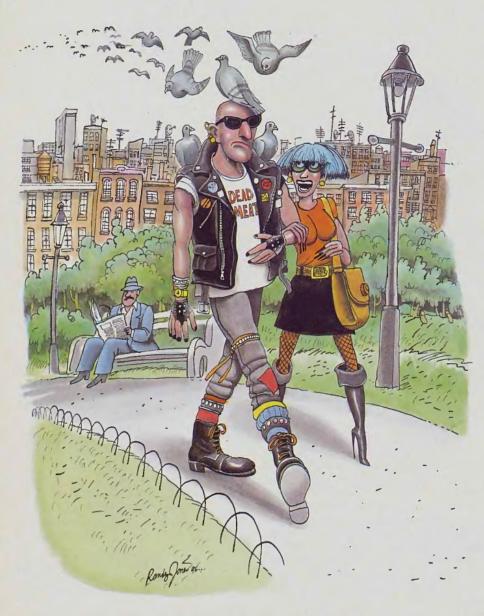
13.

PLAYBOY: Describe your strangest groupie

FOX: At the end of the first season of Family Ties, I was in Florida, doing something for a children's hospital. I was staying in this old hotel that had a balcony that ran the length of the building. I could open these French doors and share the common balcony. As I was walking around in the lobby, I heard some people giggling. I figured a couple of people knew me. I went up to my room and got into my sweats, and all of a sudden, I heard this [knocks twice on table] at my window on the balcony. I opened it, expecting a couple of 15-year-old girls whom I could tell I had to go to sleep. But it was ten accountants in town for a convention. That is something very weird.

14.

PLAYBOY: At this point, you could probably get a date with just about anyone. Who is still beyond your reach?



"You're looking very statuesque today."

FOX: Well, Princess Diana is obviously gone. And Jackie Bisset probably wouldn't have anything to do with me. Squeaky Fromme is completely out of the question. This is funny, because I was in Japan once and I went to this night club and it was full of American models. They hadn't seen that many American guysin my case, Canadian-and they knew me. There were, for some reason, Back to the Future posters in this place. And there were 15 beautiful models kicking one another out of their seats. I sat there and looked over at this guy from the film company and just winked. It was nuts; it was great; it was like Dean Martin surrounded by The Golddiggers.

15.

PLAYBOY: What kind of advice would you want from Warren Beatty?

Fox: How did you do it, Warren? Where are they? Anything you don't want, send over. I admire him a lot. I think Warren's got it figured out. And I'd like to talk with him about directing oneself. I directed a short film and was in it. I hated being in it. I just wanted to put someone in there who looked like me, because I was so fascinated at being behind the camera. Warren handles both impeccably.

16.

PLAYBOY: Ever take a girlfriend on a tour of your hockey scars?

FOX: Oh, yeah. But they're all facial, which is really a drag.

17.

PLAYBOY: Picture this. It's midnight. The house is empty. You're lying in bed—can't sleep. The radio is on. It's a call-in shrink program. You get the urge to phone. What do you talk about?

FOX: I was talking with Jane Fonda about a thing called the impostor syndrome. People attain a certain degree of success and are convinced that they faked their way into it and they don't deserve it. I've felt so fortunate and people can tell me till they're blue in the face that I deserve it, that I'm so talented, but having success and being able to have things I know a lot of people don't have and will never achieve—it is kind of weird. What price is there to pay later? When the party's over and nobody cares what Michael Fox does anymore, I'll be very much at peace. But I hope it goes on for a few more years.

18.

PLAYBOY: How will Alex Keaton's politics change in the next ten years?

FOX: I think he's a rock. It would be funny for him to convert to the Democrats, but that would demand a catastrophe of epic proportions. My image of Alex is that one day, he'll run for some sort of office. You could make up a really terrific story, for example, when the show's over about what happened to Alex. I see him getting busted for graft.

19.

PLAYBOY: What have you done for the Fox family since you've made it big?

FOX: My parents had always wanted to travel overseas, because my mother's family lives in Belfast and my father's family is from England. So the first year that I had enough to do something for them, I sent them on a tour of Ireland and England. But first I called my brothers and my sisters-hard-working, very proud people-and made it clear to them that I was in a surreal situation. I suppose I didn't really have to, because they're intelligent enough to know that they shouldn't compare themselves with or feel competitive with me. But I asked them, "Is this cool? Does anybody mind this?" And they said, "No, look, you can do it; do it! Please do it!"

20

PLAYBOY: To which Trivial Pursuit question are you the answer?

FOX: "Who was the only person Paul Simon could beat in one-on-one basketball?"

¥



he battle of the boats is over. But consider for a moment the battle of the boat shoes.

It was a battle between supple, oil impregnated leathers and leathers that crack and split; between rustproof, solid brass eyelets and painted metal ones; and between permanently bonded soles that improve traction and ordinary stitched soles that don't.

Who won this epic battle? Some of our competi-

Registered Trademarks of The Timberland Company & The Timberland Company PO Res 5050 Harmston N 14 (1884) 5050

tion paid to have their boat shoes worn in the race. Timberland didn't pay anyone. We were asked.

Timberland (**) MORE QUALITY THAN YOU MAY EVER NEED:

Available at: Open Country, American Eagle Outfitters, Abraham & Straus, Nordstrom





"Materialism has never been as blatant, shopping never as stressless and TV never as frightening."

to acquisitiveness, to offering up stuff, most of which you never dreamed existed, at sub-flea-market rates, attainable by simply dialing a toll-free number and forking over your credit-card digits. Loot will follow, via United Parcel Service, promptly, if not sooner. Meanwhile, the video wash of marked-down merchandise, luxuriantly photographed at impossible angles, keeps gushing across the screen. Materialism has never been as blatant, shopping never as stressless and television never as frightening.

If anything, TV home shopping is a bastardized form of game-show grubbiness. When Newsweek recently scrutinized the epic popularity of Wheel of Fortune, the focus landed on selective, upwardly mobile greed. That is, instead of hauling in cash prizes, winning contestants get to go shopping on the set, choosing among the Mediterranean patio furniture, the diamond-infested beetle brooches and the his-and-hers catamarans. "What could be more in sync with our hyperacquisitive ethos?" we were asked.

"Wheel of Fortune is more than a game show; it's an electronic shopping mall."

Now the jackpot is tangible, telephonically speaking, throughout couchpotatodom. Moreover, the mall never closes unless there's a power failure. Even then, diehard shoppers won't be subdued. I talked with one honey-voiced phone operator for the behemoth Home Shopping Network (HSN) in Florida who insisted, "They call us whenever their TVs aren't working just to find out what's on the screen."

Michael Winerip, writing in *The New York Times*, coined the term convenient nostop shopping and spoke with a typically delirious addict who bleated, "I wish the heck they sold food—I'd never go out." *At last, agoraphobiacs, a show of our own!*

At first glance, these programs smell of the big shill: noisy hokum that conjures Veg-o-matic-Ginsu-pocket-fish-Mr. Microphone memories. The on-camera announcers, who foster buddy-buddy viewer rapport with suspicious ease, vaguely remind me of that dogged strain

of salesperson who mysteriously appears at your side the moment you enter a store and unnervingly trails in your wake until you are driven to buy something, anything, and flee for your life. These announcers encourage us to "get in on" bargains by perkily issuing such threats as, "If you snooze, you lose around here!" and "I'd have a tough time living with myself if I let this deal slip through my fingers!" Then actual viewers call in and make live on-air testimonials such as, "This is everything a cubic zirconia could be and more!"

The effect is that of a cajoling, animated catalog whose static yammer is reminiscent of those radio-phone-in yak fests. No coincidence, really. The Home Shopping Network was, in fact, born on radio. Its founders, former Florida attorney general Roy M. Speer and partner Lowell "Bud" Paxson, latched on to the concept out of dire embarrassment. It seems that Paxson owned a Clearwater station, WWQT-AM, that was anathema to advertisers. In 1977, he and Speer-flushed with inspiration—decided to turn WWOT into a department store of the airwaves. Floridians flocked to listen. By 1982, after Clearwater went cable, the boys had invented a local 24-hour Home Shopping Channel. Two years ago, the channel became a national network that has since split off into two sister networks reaching more than 40,000,000 American homes by way of cable and UHF broadcast stations. Fiscal year 1985-1986 garnered HSN \$160,200,000 in sales; the figure for the first quarter of this year was \$103,500,000. This month, the company's Home Shopting Game Show (the unavoidable hybrid). produced in conjunction with tony MCA-TV and Hands Across America impresario Ken Kragen, will roll out into general syndication. Contestants win HSN Spendable Kash, a.k.a. credit, with which to recklessly shop till they drop.

Not surprisingly, clone operations have quickly glutted the market. According to a Broadcasting-magazine report, video home shopping is expected to do 2.25 billion dollars' worth of business this year. (HSN's Paxson foresees an eventual 75-billiondollar industry.) The clones number in the dozens, ranging from slick to seat-ofpants style, and air as both vampire-shift programing and full-run channels. TV home shopping is fast becoming a bigboys-only game. Retailing gargantuans such as Sears and JC Penney are already unveiling operations of their own. Scrappy new entrants pop up weekly. Not a few have had a gnat's life span.

The racket is an ephemeral one. I had planned to visit the headquarters of a Chicago-based late-night show called America's Marketplace; but less than a week after I phoned, it was no more. "Our capitalization fell through," a spokeswoman said, invoking a common refrain. Similarly, Crazy Eddie, with his insane prices on electronics, has come and gone. More fatalities are expected over the



"I just <u>sell</u> stocks. If you're interested in manipulating them, you'll have to talk to one of our senior officers."

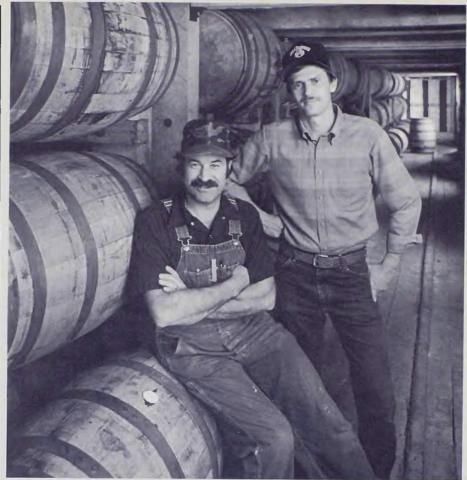
next few months. The Playboy Channel cautiously launched a holiday-season-only version that offered good-life goods but hasn't yet attempted a year-round siege.

One entrant that deserves mention is the eminently watchable ValueTelevision (VTV), a daily syndicated talk-and-shop hour. Hosted by Alex "Jeopardy!" Trebek "Petticoat Junction" and Meredith MacRae, it combines glib chat with soft sell on a fern-and-wicker Yupscale set. There are cooking segments, comedy sketches ("Alex, don't aim that Black & Decker paint sprayer at your shirt! Yikes!") and well-worn guests such as Zsa Zsa Gabor. Interestingly, VTV's executive producer is Susan Winston, the Wunderkind expatriate of Good Morning America and CBS Morning News. Although it has slightly legitimized the genre, VTV is taped in advance and loses that all-important sense of "Buy now" immediacy. The upshot: Some insiders with whom I talked think VTV may soon be vapor.

"There's nothing faddish about beating the system," Peter Barton told me, defending the staying power of TV home shopping. "There's nothing faddish about a bargain." I had flown to Minneapolis to see his Cable Value Network (CVN) in action. Barton, a wry, laconic 36-year-old golden boy, had been CVN's president since it began 24-hour broadcasting last September. The network, which appealingly peddles reputable brand-name loot, ranks second behind HSN and draws its discounting finesse from the directmarketing mammoth C.O.M.B. CVN takes no fewer than 25,000 first-timepurchase orders per week and shows no sign of losing momentum.

Barton, meanwhile, lives to beat the system. He even insisted that CVN's home-shop game show be called *Beat the System*. He brags of being "one of about six people in the country" with a civilian rating to fly Air Force jets. "Flying a B-1 is one of life's great rushes," he will say, beating the system. I asked whether his old classmates from the Harvard Business School were amazed at CVN's success. "I would call it chagrined," he replied, smiling. "Ever since the day we announced this thing, doom sayers have been running nine to one."

For sport, I tossed the gauntlet of doom at him and prepared to get the system beat out of me. I wondered, Isn't all of this kind of odious, this crass mercantilization of television? "Not mercantilization," he corrected patiently. "This is the utilization of television. Call me an opportunist. We're the best thing that's happened to the living room since the easy chair. From a cable operator's point of view, we've always had a wire going into somebody's house. And we've always thought, Shit, what else can we do with that wire? Lct's try banking. Let's try two-way data. Retailing is just the manifestation of that desire to better use that wire. It's not the beginning



If you're partial to our whiskey, drop us a line. We like getting to know our friends

AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, these gentlemen make whiskey as their fathers before them did.

There are dozens of men who work in our Hollow whose fathers have worked here too. That's good, because it means the elder hands can pass their knowledge and skills to newer generations coming along. That's the way it's been since Mr.

Motlow, how to make whiskey. A sip, we believe, and you'll be glad we still set store in

Jack Daniel taught his nephew, Lem

family tradition.

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 of the Selling Out of Television. It's the beginning of *interactivity* with viewers."

Ah, interactivity. Of course. When you talk to your television and it talks back. When there's a possibility of actually hearing your own voice crackle over coastto-coast frequency as you chat up your incredible acquisition and jocularly banter with the nice on-camera hawker. Why, without straying from your paneled den, you can become an instant national celebrity (doing an endorsement, even!) and the toast of your Kaffeeklatsch. "It's the highest form of television," Barton twittered. "It feeds on itself. Viewers get on the air, say something about the product and, ultimately, sell it for us. They're our best salespeople."

Budget Bob Circosta, the mellifluous senior flog artist of HSN, conveyed to me the profound impact of interactive television. "A young lady called me on the air just about a month ago," he said, "and she was ordering an exercise bike. Well, as we were talking, she told me that she was pregnant and in labor. Her contractions

were 12 minutes apart and her whole family was gathered around her—meaning there was no danger. So I proceeded to give her breathing exercises over the air, since I'm familiar with Lamaze. I tell you, we had a lot of fun with it! And the next day, soooo many people called in to find out whether she'd delivered a boy or a girl. In fact, it turned out to be a bouncing boy!" And, if there's a God, she named the little piker Budget Bob.

The concept boggles—it's spontaneous; it's gripping; it's real, true-life human drama played out *live* amid a veritable mother lode of fabulous bargains. First, women in labor; next, couples in bed! Patients in hospitals! Trapped baby sitters in maniac-stalked homes! Get me the police—and, say, that Pollenex air purifier isn't a bad idea, either! Interactivity breeds something even more thrilling than instant celebrityhood—call it permissible eavesdropping. Can video entertainment get more vicarious than this?

"Listen, this is more exciting than some

of the soaps," echoed Eleanor May, a retailing expert and professor at the University of Virginia's Darden Graduate School for Business. "And it's certainly more exciting than the news."

Or, to invoke the sagacious Budget Bob again, "There's nothing negative on our station—everything's good! Viewers say they watch us for 15 to 18 hours a day—not only to buy things but to listen to the phone calls from all over the country. They hear the exotic drawls, the crazy comments, the reasons for ordering. It's fascinating for them."

Home-shopping junkies can justify their passion in any number of ways. Ronald Stampfl, professor of retailing management at the University of Wisconsin, suggested a dependency theory. "You can sit and watch battery-operated gadgets, porcelain figurines and jewelry for just so long," he pointed out. "Then you're almost anesthetized. These shows do create an anesthetizing kind of selling value. You're at their mercy: I just want to watch ten more minutes and see what the next item will be. It's like an auction, and you don't necessarily have to bid."

Then there's the compliance effect, according to psychology instructor Edward Hirt of Penn State. "These salespeople seem to genuinely care about you and have your best interests in mind," he noted after glaring at CVN for a few hours. "You begin to think they're your friends and, in a sense, it's always harder to turn down a friend."

I sidled up to a few extremely friendly CVN on-air personalities in Minneapolis and asked about their previous broadcast experience. It was almost negligible; all of them, however, had selling backgrounds. Talent manager Mark Brown asserted, "Bottom line: These are sales jobs, not typical broadcast jobs. We're like pioneers."

Karen Connelly, a former hairdresser who handles the morning shift with her husband, Skip (Coffee with the Connellys), told me her pre-eminent career qualification: "I have the gift of gab."

Colleen McCarthy-Lopez, a striking strawberry blonde, said, "We are the adopted siblings, kids and grandkids of our viewers. I had a lady on the air last week who said, 'You know, honey, you remind me of *me* 30 years ago!"

The most rabid fans of the phenomenon, at this point, tend to be lonelyhearts, housewives, seniors and handicapped people. "Many times, however, true retail forms come in at the bottom of the scale," observed Stampfl, who envisions a day when Ralph Lauren will create fashion lines to be sold only on shopping channels. "You're combining our national predilection for materialism with our addiction to television and a get-yours-now kind of impulsiveness," he reasoned. "You've got amazing potential for making a dent in America's consuming habits."

As Peter Barton put it, "I have seen the future and it is now. Most lonelyhearts



"She just asked him if it was in yet."

can't buy Xerox computers, and we sell tons of 'em. There is no turning back."

Over the course of several weeks, I struggled to Live Better Through Television. My office Zenith flickered, night and day, with deals, bargains, buys, closeouts, giveaways, goldathons, fashion follies, silver steals and values aplentymost of them courtesy of Home Shopping Network Number Two. (Alas, I'm not cable-ready.) Imagine a fever dream set at K mart and we'll be on the same wave length. Horns toot incessantly, chunky girls model furs, announcers wink a lot and wear plaid on plaid, callers regularly insist that their spouses will kill them for running up credit lines and much ado is made over synthetic gem stones. David Letterman has been stumping for the abolition of TV home shopping. This is why.

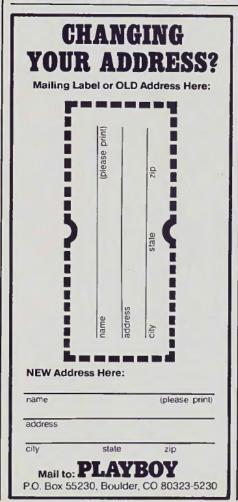
And, yet, between pitches for red-whiteand-blue feather dusters and polyethylene anniversary clocks, I began to see stuff I wouldn't mind owning. Miniature TV sets. Portable telephones. Ionizers. Cordless shavers. Electronic pocket addressbooks. HSN's prexy, Paxson, has said of his wares, "It's everything you didn't know you wanted, available quickly." As soon as the braying hustle of the audio began to sound commonplace, the idea of actually participating, of transacting, was far less, um, distasteful. I thought, Why should it be a concession to save money? To bestow upon myself sensible, drastically discounted booty? Can I afford not to pay attention to this remarkable new convenience of the 20th Century?

I waited for my opening. I grew tense. Then it appeared: an infrared-heat neckcushion massager. Regularly retailing at 40 bucks, it would be mine for \$19.75. Problem was, I had less than a minute to move on it (on HSN, you can buy what you see only while you see it). I reached for my phone, but it was already ringing. Another call. A shattered opportunity. I was now consumed with somehow making it up to myself-a teleshopper possessed, if you will. I prepared to pounce on the next irrefutably useful product.

For reasons I will never entirely understand, the Black & Decker Cordless Grass Shear caught my fancy. Maybe it was the markdown-from \$66.95 to a very tidy \$21. Maybe it was the announcer's breathless promise that this excellent instrument could trim the edge of a twoacre lot with one charge. Maybe it was the jaunty way it glimmered under the hot TV lights. It matters little now. This morning, by way of U.P.S. delivery, I became the owner of a very handsome Grass Shear. True, I reside in an apartment and have no lawn to speak of, much less shear. Nevertheless, I feel as though I did quite nicely for myself.

Perhaps only Ralph Kramden would understand.







Now, the legendary little black book has come of age At the touch of a button, the combination of names, At the fouch of a button, the combination of names, addresses, telephone numbers, memos and even dates relating to specific "to do" reminders appear on your display screen of the Calling Card's flexible 2.024 character memory. How does it work? Simply type in your information and it automatically is filled in alphabetical order. All in the size of a credit card. The Calling Card will become your most productive and convenient asset for your daily information needs. Only \$35.

Protect your Calling Card with a custom-fit, butter-soft leather case. A perfect companion, featuring a magnetized card pad.— \$10. Add \$3 per piece for postage/handling

Call Toll Free 24 hours a day, 7 days a week

1-800-346-6000

California residents add 6% sales tax

"On it goes, a saga of mangled financial strategy, squandered resources, Corporate Keystone Copdom..."

11 last year. We needed the protection. You're talking about guys who found a pot of gold. They're grossing a lot of money, but their expenses are outrageous. They simply saturated the seminar business and got out five months too late. They'd incurred expenses that had to be paid-at least a million, a million-two-so they had to take from one end of the business to cover another, and before you know it, it snowballed."

Boy, oh, boy! You could get the bends listening to this stuff. I mean, here's Lyndon, parked in the corner office above this jumbo room full of girls hunched over their desks, answering phones-a framed cover of Tony's blockbuster How to Negotiate Successfully in Real Estate mounted like a crucifix just below the ceiling behind him—and he's spouting this . . . heresy.

"They figured, Hey, we're great negotiators," he says affectionately of Tony and Bob. "They believed their own story." On it goes, a saga of mangled financial strategy, squandered resources, Corporate Keystone Copdom that, weirdly enough, has to make you like the E.M.M. team even more. Sure, they're nuts-all they can do is . . . make money!

Just like Dave Del Dotto, the ex-

Modesto dry-waller whose Go for Your Dreams is the hottest act out of Hawaii since Don Ho. Advicewise, Dave's Cash Flow System is all over town. Government loans, sheriff's auctions, 35 Ways to Buy Foreclosures with No Money Down, How to Apply for Over \$100,000 of Unsecured Credit Cards-that kind of stuff.

In fact, although he looks like a tanned and blow-dried kind of guy-a man at home in any condo-Dave's apparently quite a donnish fellow, having devoted, as he says, seven years of his life to completing the multivolume, 1400-page, 12-cassette opus he sells for the remarkably low price of \$289.

What sets Del Dotto apart, though, is more than that impressive oeuvre; it's the wondrous ur-telethon feel he's given his production. "My Impossible Dream," as a recent episode is titled, opens with a medium shot of Dave staring off over the sca wall, out at the waves crashing against the rocks. This is, presumably, Dave's dream home in Kona, Hawaii.

"I've made that dream a reality," Dave declares, indicating all this: the swollen palms, the rocks, the big chunk of Oahu just beyond the ropes that run behind his perch. Of course, we never really see

Dave's house. What he's done is sort of stick a couch out here, right on the lip of the beach. It's pretty impressive, Dave's couch-big, fluffy, overstuffed, with happy white pillows. And the way he's just plopped it out here, in the wild, lends the entire show a sort of Sam Beckett-y, Oahu Goes Existential feel. Just Dave, the waves, the couch.

"Now it's time for a great feature of our show," he says. "I just love this! I'd like to introduce, right now, the beautiful Bonet and the Kid Samson Band!"

After Bonet's number (and, no kidding, if you close your eyes, you really can pretend it's a telethon; Kid Samson and the boys are just like the greats who show up on the local feed on the Labor Day classic, long about three A.M., when Jerry's back in the greenroom with a can of 10W40, greasing his hair down for the home stretch), Dave does a sort of nutty cha-cha from his existential couch over to the stage for a Hollywood cuddle.

'Thank you, Bonet, that was beautiful! We'll be right back after this. . . .

And then-this is the charm, the magic, the triumph of motivational television-Dave in polka dots on the beach cuts to Dave in a business suit in the studio. Fantastic! Out of his cha-cha mode and back to biz. Dave is his own commercial. "I used only three ingredients to achieve my dreams and goals," he's explaining now, "and you can do it the same way I did!"

Wondrous as this is, Dave eventually weighs in with the heavy ammo. Holding up volume one of his Cash Flow System, "Creative Financing," he asks a rhetorical question: "Now what do you see, ladies and gentlemen, when you see this book? Ladies and gentlemen, I don't see books and tapes when I see these things. What I see is people. When I look at volume one, I always think about Chad."

Dave goes a tad misty-eved as he describes how Chad sat in the front row at his L.A. seminar. He listened so intently. "And, ladies and gentlemen, he purchased my Cash Flow System. And he wrote me a letter a few months later. . . .

Well, what can I say? I've watched this bit of docudrama maybe eight, nine times, and I'm still weepy. "By the way, ladies and gentlemen,"-Dave's really on here-"the reason I think about Chad buying 1400 pages of written material is"—monstro pause for effect—"Chad was blind!"

Cr-r-r-unch! Before we can live this one down, Dave cuts mercilessly to an old Cash Flow Expo. Here, he gets right in Chad's face and has him describe how he did it. And Chad's terrific. A natural. He's not one of those wobbly blind guys like Stevie Wonder. He's just this regular kid-no equilibrium problems whatsoever-with the nice Princeton, the flyaway collar, the works. Everything you'd look for in a Young Republican.

"You bought a house using 'Creative



"I'll have the sushi."

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

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's, 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Menthol Kings, 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

25 for the 20

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

Richland

LIGHTS 100's

Richland

Financing'?" asks Dave.

"Sure have," Chad bounces back. "It was a foreclosure property. I borrowed the money from an aunt of mine."

Now, there's an investment strategy. But never mind. Chad just prattles on about the 47 thou with which he reinstated the loan, the \$10,000 he returned to his aunt and—drum roll, please—the 14 grand he pocketed for himself. You'd think the kid was reading a TelePrompTer. That's how smooth he is. But—my mistake!—he's blind. He's blind, and he still has the low-down on no-down.

What we have here is the fiscal equivalent of Oral Roberts' snatching that old lady's crutches, tossing them to the crowd, laying on hands and stepping back to watch her do a jig for Jesus. After that, who could resist that toll-free 800 number when it flashed on the screen? Could you?

Big Picture-wise, it's one of the great ironies of American Entertainment-hood that the more sophisticated the exploitable technology—a cable box in every home!—the cruder the entrepreneurs who crop up to use it. There's a real penny-atoss, side-show feel to the Next Wave of Financial Evangelists, the ones who've cropped up since the first flurry of No Money Downers, that makes just tuning in the equivalent of lifting a tent flap to see the bearded lady or the Siamese twins.

Which means something. Such standard-issue real-estate slaves as, say, Ed Beckley, the Millionaire Maker, are on the ropes. Ed has apparently been plagued by returns—the bane of the Success Kit industry. You've got to sock about 20 percent of your profits into escrow, according to pros, to pay for the not-satisfied-within-30-days crowd.

Although still preaching Mr. and Mrs. Front Porch's right to Divine Prosperity, the new breed has all but eschewed real estate altogether. Face it: Real estate has gone the way of disco and est. Today, here at the Avant-Garde Branch of Successdom, not only don't you have to worry about buying and selling homes, you don't even have to live in one. You can work out of a shack. Who cares? With the Latest Trend in Success Tips, you . . . hardly . . . even . . . have to speak!

I mean, what does it take to win at lotto? To save a couple of silver dollars? To fire a Spud Gun? It takes nothing. And for the first time, loads of people with exactly that are turning to their cable stations for a course in miracles. Money miracles. They're here—under the tent—staring slack-jawed at Lottery Busters!, Get Rich with Coins, Cossman Secrets....

Even if you think you don't know E. Joseph Cossman, you do. Unlike the battery of other fiscal wizards, E. Joe has actually done something the world has heard about. He's made his mark. He's the man who invented the Ant Farm!

And that's not all! By way of filling us in on his American Institute of Suc-

cess, E. Joe invites the supplicant into the Co\$\$man Game Room. "Mr. Cossman"-that's how he's referred to most of the show, even when he talks about himself-cuts a most striking figure. Stiff-necked, Mr. C. seems spawned from the unlikely coupling of Eliot Ness and Mister Rogers. He's got the Eliot Ness crime-fighting 'do-a steel-wool sweep with a part that starts somewhere south of his left car-and, more important, the Ness demeanor, especially when he's holding his Spud Gun, as he is now, aiming the muzzle at the audience. Like Mister Rogers, Mr. Co\$\$man ends his sentences with a question. You know what I mean: "Can you say franchise?"

Right off the top, though, the Co\$\$man playhouse is great. Shelves stacked with trophies and talismans of his own high-prestige business triumphs. Fly Cake's another Co\$\$man winner—a "solid insecticide" shaped like a Dunkin' Donut that kills flies on contact. All this, plus miniature flags, mementos and photos. (Is this Cossman and the young Hemingway? Cossman and Freud? It's hard to tell from this far away, and there's so much to look at.)

And now, two minutes into the show, our man's shifting back to his Robert Stack mode. He's standing there, cocking an eye at the camera, gun in one hand, fresh-peeled Idaho in the other.

"A few months ago, somebody asked me, 'Joe, how can I find a job that will pay me \$2000 a month and in three years allow me to work up to \$100,000 a year?' My reply to that person was, 'Hire yourself. Give yourself a monthly salary of \$5000 and in three years walk away with \$1,000,000.' Now, would that sound like wishful thinking to you . . . ?

"Well, let me give you a few examples of how I did that," he declares, his words a staccato monotone with a coal-country bottom. "Some time ago, I found the tooling for this Spud Gun advertised in a trade magazine. What is a Spud Gun? It's a little toy pistol and it shoots potato pellets from an ordinary potato. Perfectly harmless, because the nibs of the potato are 98 percent water and will not harm a child. . . .

"I made a total of over \$200,000 on an investment of \$500. Just by reading a trade magazine. *Now, could you do that?*" he asks in a Mister Rogers singsong. "Sure you could!"

Could you do that? Sure! What you do, see, is leaf through magazines, weed through classifieds. That kind of thing. Mr. Co\$\$man discovered the doughnut insecticide in the classified section of his daily newspaper. Turns out a couple of guys in chemical warfare back in World War Two were assigned to put an end to the fly problem in the South Pacific. What they came up with was Fly Cake. "In three years, I sold 8,000,000 Fly Cake," he tells us. Not Fly Cakes, mind you, Fly Cake. In the singular. That's how

E. Joe C. pronounces it.

E. Joe made another fortune in Rebuff—a mailman's dog repellent, originally called Halt, that he repackaged and marketed to the tune of 300,000 at \$2.98 each. "On my word of honor, I never met the manufacturer, I never visited his factory. All I did was send him labels and he did the drop-shipping for me," he adds, nailing down that hidden appeal for all the anonymous, low-budge agoraphobiacs in the viewing audience.

"Now, could you do something like that?" It's Mister Rogers again, taking over his being. "With my direction, you certainly could."

Punching another button on the channel selector will get you Gail Howard, the Lottery Queen, who wastes no time marching her kind of people—Lottery Busters!—past the droopy, confused, it-shoulda-been-me stares of her fans in Lotto Land. Lottery Busters!, another getrich-from-your-sofa show, offers the very best in Cable Financial Pleasure.

First up is Manuel Garcete, a shy little fellow dressed in Salvation Army castoffs. His eyes glow veiny red; check out that crawl: MANUEL GARCETE . . . WHO WON THE \$13,700,000 JACKPOT IN THE NEW YORK STATE LOTTERY. HE'S ONE OF GAIL HOWARD'S LOTTERY BUSTERS. The camera guys hold on Manuel, the winning envelope plastered across his chest like an X-ray shield.

"You could be Manuel" is the implied message in that opening cameo. But before even that bit of colorfulness can sink in, here's a 6'11", 86-pound, Dumbolobed fellow saying, "I played the lottery for quite a few years without any luck—then I started to use Gail's system, and I began to win."

At first, of course, exactly what it is he won is a little foggy—but we do know for sure it wasn't a free appointment to have his ears pinned back. But, wait, this guy's telling us he won the Australian Gold Lotto. And Gail—she's relentless!—wastes no time at all before flashing the third testimonial, with Wanda and Max Harrell, a couple of crusty Canadian lottery winners.

"Stay tuned," booms the announcer, "for the most important half hour on television!" There follows a shot of Gail herself, seated on a wrap-around white sectional between Joel Nadel, publisher of the Lottery Buster newsletter and Gail's prompter, as well as a pair of young, blond and inappropriately upscale kids called the Morrises, Debra and Craig.

Gail herself, to borrow that computer chestnut, is user-friendly. TV-friendly, if you like. A hearty peroxide blonde, Gail's poured her torso into a sensible dress for the occasion. Not six inches to her right, slouched on that pearly sectional, sits Nadel. His crawl says, publisher lottery busters. Gail's, of course, says, winner of 72 lotteries in 12 months. Old Joel, a thin-lipped, wire-rimmed-glasses guy, very much in the Larry King mold, appears to



When ESCORT was introduced in 1978, its radar warning was merely astonishing. Then the improvements began:

"If you can imagine the Turbo Porsche of the radar detectors, this is it." That was Car and Driver's verdict on the first ESCORT.

The comment referred to ESCORT's astonishing performance, but it anticipated something more. Just as Porsche keeps refining its classic 911, our engineers now have nine years of technical advancements built into ESCORT.

More power under the hood

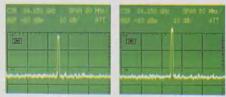
While car makers talk about horsepower, engineers measure a detector's radar-finding ability in dB. Today's ESCORT is significantly more powerful than the one that drew superlatives from Car and Driver nine years ago: 10 dB more sensitive on X band, 13 dB on K band.

Our engineers never stop researching, and when they make a breakthrough, it goes into production immediately. Consequently, ESCORT performance is always at the forefront. In its most recent test of ESCORT, Road & Track wrote, "...it is highly recommended."

Since then, our engineers have added an extra 2 dB to ESCORT's sensitivity on both bands. Imagine what Road & Track would say now.

Rashid rejection too

Of course, there's more to detection than simply issuing a long-range warning. The warning must be real. No false alarms.



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

When the FCC cleared the Rashid VRSS collision warning system for operation on K

band, there was no known way to distinguish between Rashid and radar. But our engineers came through again. Our AFR™ (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuitry automatically isolates and neutralizes Rashid signals, yet leaves ESCORT's radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

The full radar report

In addition to long-range warning, ESCORT also pioneered a full-disclosure warning system that tells you everything you need to know about the radar it finds. At first radar contact, the alert lamp responds and the analog meter indicates radar strength. Simultaneously you will hear an audio warning—pulsing slowly when radar is weak, quicker as you near, then constant as you approach range.



Power-ON LEI and Sensor



Signal Strength Meter



Highway/Ci

ESCORT also provides separate warning tones for each radar band. And we've added a Mute function for your convenience: once you've noted the warning, touching a switch mutes the audio warning, yet leaves the detection circuits fully armed for the next encounter.

Character reference

Our policy of continuous refinement has prompted the experts at Road & Track to say, "Externally, the ESCORT has changed hardly at all over the years; internally, it has undergone several major revisions, each establishing new performance standards in the field."

Now...same-day shipping

We build ESCORT in Cincinnati and we sell direct to our customers only. Call toll free. Orders in by 3:00 pm eastern time Monday through Friday go out the same day by UPS, and we pay shipping. Overnight delivery is guaranteed by Federal Express for \$10 extra.

Time-honored guarantee

If you're not fully satisfied within 30 days, return your ESCORT. We'll refund all your money, including return postage, with no questions.

More than a million drivers put their trust in ESCORT. Yours is just a toll-free call away.

Order Today

ESCORT \$245 (OH res. add \$13.48 tax)

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.



Cincinnati Microwave Department 00767 One Microwave Plaza Cincinnati, Ohio 45249-9502

© 1987 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

be there as his client's handler, keeping the busty platinum blonde from just staring off into the middle distance. No doubt she was hot once, back in her beer-garden days. But now, well, we don't love her for her curves, we love her for her clusters. Her number clusters, as a matter of fact. See, Gail, we learn, put in time as a stockbroker and later on as a commoditiesfutures trader.

"So, you were a mathematician then?"
Deb's a real terrier when she gets going.

But nothing fazes our Gail. She's handled tougher ones than that. "I do use math," she explains, pronouncing the word as if it were some déclassé antibiotic, something you would ingest to defuse a pesky venereal wart but certainly not for public discourse. "Charting and technical analysis is a little bit different."

Nothing really perks Gail up. She doesn't smile, she doesn't frown. She just sort of responds. But the important thing is she knows her number clusters. Right up front, she's ready to dispense a few of those hard-won lotto tips, but not before our pal Joel gets the ball rolling. Joel wants people to know that, despite what they read in USA Today, those big head-

lines about \$13,000,000 U.S. winners are so much hog swaddle. "Most people don't realize that what the states do is pay you out over a 20-year period with a small amount of money each year that builds up eventually to that, so they're really buying an annuity for you in your name. But nobody gets a check for \$13,000,000 when they win, but [in] the international lotteries, you do get it and they have methods for doing it on a tax-free basis.

"Something like 87 percent of all winning numbers are numbers which have appeared sometime during the last ten games as winners," says Joel. That's the kind of insider info you can take to the bank. But not until one diminutive immigrant, a saffron gentleman who bows humbly in the presence of the Blonde Lotto Goddess, asks his question does Gail's evangelical zeal ooze to the surface. "I've tried a couple of times to win something, and I never win anything. So I give up. What kind of hope is there for me?"

And here Gail really shines. Here the evangelical impulse that—cynics, go ahead and scoff—we've seen so clearly in the work of E. Joe Cossman, Dave Del Dotto, the entire advice-dispensing gaggle

of guys in the know comes to the fore once again. Gail has plainly taken to the airwaves out of concern for fellow humans, especially luckless little guys like the one who just asked that question. Just because she works in some grim math lab cranking out pick-six strategies does not mean Gail doesn't have a heart.

Au contraire! Just listen to the woman: "Oh, there's hope for you! There's hope for you. It's people like you, you're the reason I write all these publications."

"Of course," points out Joel, "all these large odds, like one in 500,000, are before you've enhanced your winning percentage by 500 percent utilizing some of Gail's system, which obviously brings the odds down to much more manageable levels."

"Is a knowledge of math and memorizing formulas necessary to work your system?" asks another hopeful.

"Absolutely not!" Gail is finally smiling! "I've done all the work for you!"

But then, they all have, haven't they? That's why we love them. Why we need them. It doesn't matter if it's Rehab Housing (with Russ Whitney, who projects his canceled checks on the overhead so that everyone knows he's on the up-and-up) or Get Rich with Coins, where the host, Keith Degreen, J.D., fights off apoplexy every time his guest expert, Mr. Sperduti, the Coin Man, tells him how much some unassuming little 50-cent piece would be worth now if he'd picked it up back in '56 and stashed it in his sock drawer. Degreen just can't keep his regrets to himself. "Tell me that's not enough to make a guy pull his hair out!" he exclaims. Or, "Gosh, you could just run out and slit your throat when you think about it. A \$60 investment, and the return is \$14,000!"

And it's going to get hetter. Although nobody has come out and announced it yet, the buzz is that before, say, Ed Meese goes back to Oakland, around the end of '88, there's going to be a whole new network devoted to—Success! To Human Potential! One whole slot on your dial devoted to Confidence. Sales Tips. Government Auctions. Winning at Canasta. Making Millions in Chinchilla Skins. Secret Fiscal Tips of the Incas.

Square business! Joe Land told me personally that he's building his own studio in Albuquerque. And word is Ed Beckley, the giggly Millionaire Maker himself, has threatened to bounce back bigger than ever with the Success Channel, a cable outlet for nothing but motivational shows.

For now, though, we'll just have to hang on, grabbing incentive where we can, sending off for endless cassettes and secret plans until the day we can just slap on the Sony, set the dial and drift off for hour after uninterrupted hour of Motivation. Inspiration. Bliss. TV that helps America do what America does best: sit in front of the TV and feel like it ought to be doing something else.

¥



"Remember—only good, clean, safe sex."

PARDONER'S TALE

(continued from page 62)

is read only."

I keyed his data implant and patched mine in. He had \$1500 in the bank and a collateral rating of 16 thou, exactly as he had claimed. We eyed each other very carefully now. As I said, you never know who the borgmanns are.

"You can do it right here in the park?"
he asked.

"You bet. Lean back, close your eyes, make like you're snoozing in the sun. The deal is that I take a thousand of the cash now and you transfer five thou of the collateral bucks to me, straight labordebenture deal. When you get through the

wall, I get the other five hundred cash and five thou more on sweat security. The rest you pay off at three thou a year, plus interest, wherever you are, quarterly key-ins. I'll program the whole thing, including beep reminders on payment dates. It's up to you to make your travel arrangements, remember. I can do pardons and wall transits, but I'm not a goddamn travel agent. Are we on?"

He put his head back and closed his eyes.

"Go ahead," he said.

It was finger-tip stuff, straight circuit emulation, my standard hack. I picked up all his identification codes, carried them into central, found his records. He seemed real, nothing more or less than he had

claimed. Sure enough, he had drawn a lulu of a labor tax, ten years on the wall. I wrote him a pardon good for the first seven of that. Had to leave the final three on the books, for purely technical reasons, but the computers weren't going to be able to find him by then. I gave him a walltransit pass, too, which meant writing in a new skills class for him, programmer third grade. He didn't think like a programmer and he didn't look like a programmer, but the wall software wasn't going to figure that out. Now I had made him a member of the human elite, the relative handful of us who are free to go in and out of the walled cities as we wish. In return for these little favors, I signed over his entire

life's savings to various accounts of mine, payable as arranged, part now, part later. He wasn't worth a nickel anymore, but he was a free man. That's not such a terrible trade-off.

Oh, and the pardon was a valid one. I had decided not to write any stiffs while I was in Los Angeles. A kind of sentimental atonement, you might say, for the job I had done on that woman all those years back.

You absolutely have to write stiffs once in a while, you understand. So that you don't look too good, so that you don't give the Entities reason to hunt you down. Just as you have to ration the number of pardons you do. I didn't have to be writing pardons at all, of course. I could have just

The next one was a tiny Japanese woman, the classic style, sleek, fragile, doll-like. Crying in big wild gulps that I thought might break her in half, while a gray-haired older man in a shabby business suit—her grandfather, you'd guess—was trying to comfort her. Public crying is a good indicator of Entity trouble. "Maybe I can help," I said, and they were both so distraught that they didn't even bother to be suspicious.

He was her father-in-law, not her grandfather. The husband was dead, killed by burglars the year before. There were two small kids. Now she had received her new labor-tax ticket. She had been afraid they were going to send her out to work on the wall, which, of course,

wasn't likely to happen: The assignments are pretty random, but they usually aren't crazy, and what use would a 90-pound woman be in hauling stone blocks around? The father-in-law had some friends who were in the know, and they managed to bring up the hidden encoding on her ticket. The computers hadn't sent her to the wall, no. They had sent her to Area Five. And they had classified her T.T.D. classification.

"The wall would have been better," the old man said. "They'd see right away she wasn't strong enough for heavy work, and they'd find something else, something she could do. But Area Five? Who ever comes back from that?"

"You know what

Arca Five is?" I said.

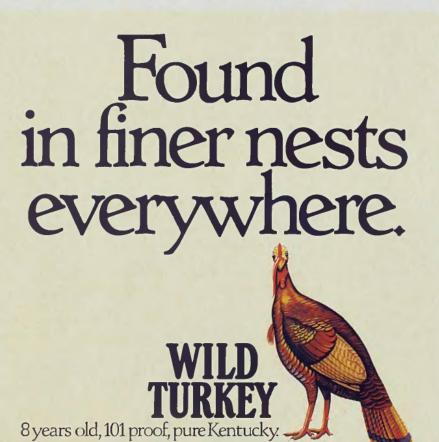
"The medical-experiment place. And this mark here, T.T.D. I know what that stands for, too."

She began to moan again. I couldn't blame her, T.T.D. means Test to Destruction. The Entities want to find out how much work we can really do, and they feel that the only reliable way to discover that is to put us through tests that show where the physical limits are.

"I will die," she wailed. "My babies! My babies!"

"Do you know what a pardoner is?" I asked the father-in-law.

A quick, excited response: sharp intake of breath, eyes going bright, head nodding



authorized the system to pay me so much a year, 50 thou, 100 thou, and taken it easy forever. But where's the challenge in that?

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY @ 1986

So I write pardons, but no more than I need to cover my expenses, and I deliberately fudge some of them, making myself look as incompetent as the rest, so the Entities don't have a reason to begin trying to track the identifying marks of my work. My conscience hasn't been too sore about that. It's a matter of survival, after all. And most other pardoners are outand-out frauds, you know. At least with me, you stand a better-than-even chance of getting what you're paying for.

vehemently. Just as quickly, the excitement faded, giving way to bleakness, helplessness, despair.

"They all cheat you," he said.

"Not all."

"Who can say? They take your money,

they give you nothing."

"You know that isn't true. Everybody can tell you stories of pardons that came through."

"Maybe. Maybe," the old man said. The woman sobbed quietly. "You know of

such a person?"

"For three thousand dollars," I said, "I can take the T.T.D. off her ticket. For five more, I can write an exemption from service good until her children are in high school."

Sentimental me. A 50 percent discount, and I hadn't even run an asset check. For all I knew, the father-in-law was a millionaire. But no; he'd have been off cutting a pardon for her, then, and not sitting around like this in Pershing Square.

He gave me a long, deep, appraising look—peasant shrewdness coming to the surface.

"How can we be sure of that?" he asked.

I might have told him that I was the king of my profession, the best of all pardoners, a genius hacker with the truly magic touch who could slip into any computer ever designed and make it dance to my tune. Which would have been nothing more than the truth. But all I said was that he'd have to make up his own mind, that I couldn't offer any affidavits or guar-

antees, that I was available if he wanted me and otherwise it was all the same to me if she preferred to stick with her T.T.D. ticket. They went off and conferred for a couple of minutes. When they came back, he silently rolled up his sleeve and presented his implant to me. I keved his credit balance: 30 thou or so, not bad. I transferred eight of it to my accounts, half to Seattle, the rest to Los Angeles. Then I took her wrist, which was about two of my fingers thick, and got into her implant and wrote her the pardon that would save her life. Just to be certain, I ran a double validation check on it. It's always possible to stiff a customer unintentionally, though I've never done it. But I didn't want this particular one to be my first.

"Go on," I said. "Home. Your kids are waiting for their lunch."

Her eyes glowed. "If I could only thank you somehow—"

"I've already banked my fee. Go. If you ever see me again, don't say hello."

"This will work?" the old man asked.

"You say you have friends who know things. Wait seven days, then tell the data bank that she's lost her ticket. When you get the new one, ask your pals to decode it for you. You'll see. It'll be all right."

I don't think he believed me. I think he was more than half sure I had swindled him out of one fourth of his life's savings, and I could see the hatred in his eyes. But that was his problem. In a week he'd find out that I really had saved his daughter-in-law's life, and then he'd rush down to the square to tell me how sorry he was

that he had had such terrible feelings toward me. Only by then I'd be somewhere else, far away.

They shuffled out the east side of the park, pausing a couple of times to peer over their shoulders at me as if they thought I was going to transform them into pillars of salt the moment their backs were turned. Then they were gone.

I'd earned enough now to get me through the week I planned to spend in L.A. But I stuck around anyway, hoping for a little more. My mistake.

This one was Mr. Invisible, the sort of man you'd never notice in a crowd, gray on gray, thinning hair, mild, bland, apologetic smile. But his eyes had a shine. I forget whether he started talking first to me, or me to him, but pretty soon we were jockeying around trying to find out things about each other. He told me he was from Silver Lake. I gave him a blank look. How in hell am I supposed to know all the zillion L.A. neighborhoods? Said that he had come down here to see someone at the big government H.Q. on Figueroa Street. All right: probably an appeals case. I sensed a customer.

Then he wanted to know where I was from. Santa Monica? West L.A.? Something in my accent, I guess. "I'm a traveling man," I said. "Hate to stay in one place." True enough. I need to hack or I go crazy; if I did all my hacking in just one city, I'd be virtually begging them to slap a trace on me sooner or later, and that would be the end. I didn't tell him any of that. "Came in from Utah last night. Wyoming before that." Not true, either one. "Maybe New York next." He looked at me as if I'd said I was planning a voyage to the moon. People out here, they don't go East a lot. These days, most people don't go anywhere.

Now he knew that I had wall-transit clearance, or else that I had some way of getting it when I wanted it. That was what he was looking to find out. In no time at all, we were down to basics.

He said he had drawn a new ticket, six years at the salt-field-reclamation site out back of Mono Lake. People die like May flies out there. What he wanted was a transfer to something softer, like Operations and Maintenance, and it had to be within the walls, preferably in one of the districts out by the ocean, where the air is cool and clear. I quoted him a price and he accepted without a quiver.

"Let's have your wrist," I said.

He held out his right hand, palm upward. His implant access was a pale-yellow plaque, mounted in the usual place but rounder than the standard kind and of a slightly smoother texture. I didn't see any great significance in that. As I had done maybe 1000 times before, I put my own arm over his, wrist to wrist, access to access. Our biocomputers made contact, and instantly I knew I was in trouble.

Human beings have been carrying



"This is the third time this week the copier has been down."

biochip-based computers in their bodies for the past 40 years or so-long before the Entity invasion, anyway-but for most people it's just something they take for granted, like their vaccination mark. They use them for the things they're meant to be used for and don't give them a thought beyond that. The biocomputer's just a commonplace tool for them, like a fork, like a shovel. You have to have the hacker sort of mentality to be willing to turn your biocomputer into something more. That's why, when the Entities came and took us over and made us build walls around our cities, most people reacted just like sheep, letting themselves be herded inside and politely staying there. The only ones who can move around freely nowbecause we know how to manipulate the mainframes through which the Entities rule us-are the hackers. And there aren't many of us. I could tell right away that I had hooked myself on to one now.

The moment we were in contact, he came at me like a storm.

The strength of his signal let me know I was up against something special and that I'd been hustled. He hadn't been trying to buy a pardon at all. What he was looking for was a duel—Mr. Macho behind the bland smile, out to show the new boy in town a few of his tricks.

No hacker had ever mastered me in a one-on-one anywhere. Not ever, I felt sorry for him but not much.

He shot me a bunch of stuff, cryptic but easy, just by way of finding out my parameters. I caught it and stored it and laid an interrupt on him and took over the dialog. My turn to test him. I wanted him to begin to see who he was fooling around with. But just as I began to execute, he put an interrupt on me. That was a new experience. I stared at him with some respect.

Usually, any hacker anywhere will recognize my signal in the first 30 seconds, and that'll be enough to finish the interchange. He'll know that there's no point in continuing. But this guy either wasn't able to identify me or just didn't care, and he came right back with his interrupt. Amazing. So was the stuff he began laying on me next.

He went right to work, really trying to scramble my architecture. Reams of stuff came flying at me up in the heavymegabyte zone.

JSPIKE, ABLTAG, NSLICE, DZCNT.

I gave it right back to him, twice as hard.

MAXFRG. MINPAU, SPKTOT, JSPIKE He didn't mind at all. MAXDZ. SPKTIM, FALTER, NSLICE.

FRQSUM. EBURST.

IBURST.

PREBST

NOBRST.

Mexican standoff. He was still smiling. Not even a trace of sweat on his forehead. Something eerie about him, something new and strange. This is some kind of borgmann hacker, I realized suddenly. He must be working for the Entities, roving the city, looking to make trouble for free-lancers like me. Good as he was, and he was plenty good, I despised him. A hacker who had become a borgmann—now, that was truly disgusting. I wanted to short him. I wanted to burn him out. I had never hated anyone so much in my life.

I couldn't do a thing with him.

I was baffled. I was the Data King, the Megabyte Monster. All my life, I had floated back and forth across a world in chains, picking every lock I came across. And now this nobody was tying me in knots. Whatever I gave him, he parried; and what came back from him was getting increasingly bizarre. He was working with an algorithm I had never seen before and was having serious trouble solving. After a little while, I couldn't even figure out what he was doing to me, let alone what I was going to do to cancel it. It was getting so I could barely execute. He was forcing me inexorably toward a wetware crash.

"Who are you?" I yelled. He laughed in my face.

And kept pouring it on. He was threatening the integrity of my implant, going at me down on the microcosmic level, attacking the molecules themselves. Fiddling around with electron shells, reversing charges and mucking up valences, clogging my gates, turning my circuits to soup. The computer that is implanted in my brain is nothing but a lot of organic chemistry, after all. So is my brain. If he kept this up, the computer would go and the

of my life in the bibble-babble academy.

This wasn't a sporting contest. This was murder.

brain would follow, and I'd spend the rest

I reached for the reserves, throwing up all the defensive blockages I could invent. Things I had never had to use in my life, but they were there when I needed them, and they did slow him down. For a moment, I was able to halt his ball-breaking onslaught and even push him back—and give myself the breathing space to set up a few offensive combinations of my own. But before I could get them running, he shut me down once more and started to drive me toward Crashville all over again. He was unbelievable.

I blocked him. He came back again. I hit him hard and he threw the punch into some other neural channel altogether and it went fizzling away.

I hit him again. Again he blocked it.

Then he hit me, and I went recling and staggering and managed to get myself together when I was about three nanoseconds from the edge of the abyss.

I began to set up a new combination. But even as I did it, I was reading the tone of his data, and what I was getting was absolute cool confidence. He was waiting for me. He was ready for anything I could throw. He was in that realm beyond mere self-confidence into utter certainty.

What it was coming down to was this: I





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 — ORIENTAL TOUCH 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 HUGCER, 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 savingst Try our 38 condom sampler for \$9.95, or our SUPER 100 Sampler — 100 assorted condoms in a single package, including all the brands named above!

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

VISA & MasterCard accepted. Call 800-334-5474

Adam &	Eve Box 9	00, Dept. PB-22 oro, NC 27510
☐ #CC4 38 Cor ☐ #C8 Super 10	ndom Sampler 00 Sampler	\$ 9.95 \$19.95
Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip

was able to keep him from ruining me, but only just barely, and I wasn't able to lay a glove on him at all. And he seemed to have infinite resources behind him. I didn't worry him. He was tireless. He didn't appear to degrade at all. He just took all I could give and kept throwing new stuff at me, coming at me from six sides at once.

Now I understood for the first time what it must have felt like for all the hackers I had beaten. Some of them must have felt pretty cocky, I suppose, until they ran into me. It costs more to lose when you think you're good. When you know you're good. People like that, when they lose, they have to reprogram their whole sense of their relation to the universe.

I had two choices. I could go on fighting until he wore me down and crashed me. Or I could give up right now. In the end, everything comes down to yes or no, on or off, one or zero, doesn't it?

I took a deep breath. I was staring straight into chaos.

"All right," I said. "I'm beaten. I quit."

I wrenched my wrist free of his, trembled, swayed, went toppling down onto the ground.

A minute later, five cops jumped me and trussed me up like a turkey and hauled me away, with my implant arm sticking out of the package and a security lock wrapped around my wrist, as if they were afraid I was going to start pulling data right out of the air.

Where they took me was Figueroa Street, the big black-marble 90-story job that is the home of the puppet city government. I didn't give a damn. I was numb. They could have put me in the sewer and I wouldn't have cared. I wasn't damaged—the automatic circuit check was still running and it came up green—but the humiliation was so intense that I felt crashed. I felt destroyed. The only thing I wanted to know was the name of the hacker who had done it to me.

The Figueroa Street building has ceilings about 20 feet high everywhere, so that there is room for Entities to move around. Voices reverberate in those vast open spaces like echoes in a cavern. The cops sat me down in a hallway, still all wrapped up, and kept me there for a long time. Blurred sounds went lolloping up and down the passage. I wanted to hide from them. My brain felt raw. I had taken one hell of a pounding.

Now and then, a couple of towering Entities would come rumbling through the hall, tiptoeing on their tentacles in that weirdly dainty way of theirs. With them came a little entourage of humans whom they ignored entirely, as they always do. They know that we're intelligent, but they just don't care to talk to us. They let their computers do that, via the borgmann interface, and may his signal degrade forever for having sold us out. Not that they

wouldn't have conquered us anyway, but Borgmann made it ever so much easier for them to push us around by showing them how to connect our little biocomputers to their huge mainframes. I bet he was very proud of himself, too: just wanted to see if his gadget would work, and to hell with the fact that he was selling us into eternal bondage.

Nobody has ever figured out why the Entities are here or what they want from us. They simply came, that's all. Saw. Conquered. Rearranged us. Put us to work doing god-awful unfathomable tasks. Like a bad dream.

And there wasn't any way we could defend ourselves against them. Didn't seem that way to us at first—we were cocky; we were going to wage guerrilla war and wipe them out—but we learned fast how wrong we were, and we are theirs for keeps. There's nobody left with anything close to freedom except the handful of hackers like me; and, as I've explained, we're not dopey enough to try any serious sort of counterattack. It's a big enough triumph for us just to be able to dodge around from one city to another without having to get authorization.

Looked like all that was finished for me now. Right then, I didn't give a damn. I was still trying to integrate the notion that I had been beaten; I didn't have capacity left over to work on a program for the new life I would be leading now.

"Is this the pardoner over here?" someone said.

"That one, yeah."

"She wants to see him now."

"You think we should fix him up a little first?"

"She said now."

A hand at my shoulder, rocking me gently. "Up, fellow. It's interview time. Don't make a mess or you'll get hurt."

I let them shuffle me down the hall and through a gigantic doorway and into an immense office with a ceiling high enough to give an Entity all the room it would want. I didn't say a word. There weren't any Entities in the office, just a woman in a black robe, sitting behind a wide desk at the far end. It looked like a toy desk in that colossal room. She looked like a toy woman. The cops left me alone with her. Trussed up like that, I wasn't any risk.

"Are you John Doe?" she asked.

I was halfway across the room, studying my shoes. "What do you think?" I said.

"That's the name you gave upon entry to the city."

"I give lots of names. John Smith, Richard Roe, Joe Blow. It doesn't matter much to the gate software what name I give."

"Because you've gimmicked the gate?" She paused. "I should tell you, this is a court of inquiry."

"You already know everything I could tell you. Your borgmann hacker's been swimming around in my brain."

"Please," she said. "This'll be easier if

you cooperate. The accusation is illegal entry, illegal seizure of a vehicle and illegal interfacing activity, specifically, selling pardons. Do you have a statement?"

"No."

"You deny that you're a pardoner?"

"I don't deny, I don't affirm. What's the goddamned use?"

"Look up at me," she said.

"That's a lot of effort."

"Look up," she said. There was an odd edge to her voice. "Whether you're a pardoner or not isn't the issue. We know you're a pardoner. I know you're a pardoner." And she called me by a name I hadn't used in a very long time. Not since '36, as a matter of fact.

I looked at her. Stared. Had trouble believing I was seeing what I saw. Felt a rush of memories come flooding up. Did some mental editing work on her face, taking out some lines here, subtracting a little flesh in a few places, adding some in others. Stripping away the years.

"Yes," she said. "I'm who you think I

am.'

I gaped. This was worse than what the hacker had done to me. But there was no way to run from it.

"You work for them?" I asked.

"The pardon you sold me wasn't any good. You knew that, didn't you? I had someone waiting for me in San Diego, but when I tried to get through the wall, they stopped me just like that and dragged me away screaming. I could have killed you. I would have gone to San Diego and then we would have tried to make it to Hawaii in his boat."

"I didn't know about the guy in San Diego," I said.

"Why should you? It wasn't your business. You took my money, you were supposed to get me my pardon. That was the deal."

Her eyes were gray with golden sparkles in them. I had trouble looking into them.

"You still want to kill me?" I asked. "Are you planning to kill me now?"

"No and no." She used my old name again. "I can't tell you how astounded I was when they brought you in here. A pardoner, they said. John Doe. Pardoners, that's my department. They bring all of them to me. I used to wonder years ago if they'd ever bring you in, but after a while I figured, No, not a chance; he's probably a million miles away, he'll never come back this way again. And then they brought in this John Doe, and I saw your face."

"Do you think you could manage to believe," I said, "that I've felt guilty for what I did to you ever since? You don't have to believe it. But it's the truth."

"I'm sure it's been unending agony for you."

"I mean it. Please. I've stiffed a lot of people, yes, and sometimes I've regretted it and sometimes I haven't, but you were one that I regretted. You're the one I've regretted most. This is the absolute truth."

She considered that. I couldn't tell whether she believed it even for a fraction of a second, but I could see that she was considering it.

"Why did you do it?" she asked after a

"I stiff people because I don't want to seem perfect," I told her. "You deliver a pardon every single time, word gets around, people start talking, you start to become legendary. And then you're known everywhere, and sooner or later the Entities get hold of you, and that's that. So I always make sure to write a lot of stiffs. I tell people I'll do my best, but there aren't any guarantees, and sometimes it doesn't work."

"You deliberately cheated me."

"Yes."

"I thought you did. You seemed so cool, so professional. So perfect. I was sure the pardon would be valid. I couldn't see how it would miss. And then I got to the wall and they grabbed me. So I thought, That bastard sold me out. He was too good just to have flubbed it up." Her tone was calm, but the anger was still in her eyes. "Couldn't you have stiffed the next one? Why did it have to be me?"

I looked at her for a long time. "Because I loved you," I said.

"Shit," she said. "You didn't even know me. I was just some stranger who had

hired you."

"That's just it. There I was full of all kinds of crazy instant lunatic fantasies about you, all of a sudden ready to turn my nice, orderly life upside down for you, and all you could see was somebody you had hired to do a job. I didn't know about the guy in San Diego. All I knew was I saw you and I wanted you. You don't think that's love? Well, call it something else, then, whatever you want. I never let myself feel it before. It isn't smart, I thought; it ties you down, the risks are too big. And then I saw you and I talked to you a little and I thought something could be happening between us and things started to change inside me, and I thought, Yeah, yeah, go with it this time, let it happen, this may make everything different. And you stood there not seeing it, not even beginning to notice, just jabbering on and on about how important the pardon was for you. So I stiffed you. And afterward I thought, Jesus, I ruined that girl's life and it was just because I got myself into a snit, and that was a fucking petty thing to have done. So I've been sorry ever since. You don't have to believe that. I didn't know about San Diego. That makes it even worse for me." She didn't say anything all this time, and the silence felt enormous. So after a moment I said, "Tell me one thing, at least. That guy who wrecked me in Pershing Square: Who was he?"

"He wasn't anybody," she said.

"What does that mean?"

"He isn't a who. He's a what. It's an android, a mobile antipardoner unit, plugged right into the big Entity mainframe in Culver City. Something new that we have going around town."

"Oh," I said. "Oh."

"The report is that you gave it one hell of a workout."

"It gave me one, too. Turned my brain half to mush."

"You were trying to drink the sea through a straw. For a while, it looked like you were really going to do it, too. You're one goddamned hacker, you know that?"

"Why did you go to work for them?" I

She shrugged. "Everybody works for them. Except people like you. You took everything I had and didn't give me my pardon. So what was I supposed to do?"

"It's not such a bad job. At least I'm not out there on the wall. Or being sent off for T.T.D."

"No," I said. "It's probably not so bad. If you don't mind working in a room with such a high ceiling. Is that what's going to happen to me? Sent off for T.T.D.?"

'Don't be stupid. You're too valuable."

"To whom?"

"The system always needs upgrading. You know it better than anyone alive. You'll work for us."

"You think I'm going to turn borgmann?" I said, amazed.

"It beats T.T.D.," she said.

I fell silent again. I was thinking that she couldn't possibly be serious, that they'd be fools to trust me in any kind of responsible position. And even bigger fools to let me near their computer.

"All right," I said. "I'll do it. On one condition."

"You really have balls, don't you?"

"Let me have a rematch with that android of yours. I need to check something out. And afterward we can discuss what kind of work I'd be best suited for here. OK?"

"You know you aren't in any position to lay down conditions."

"Sure I am. What I do with computers is a unique art. You can't make me do it against my will. You can't make me do anything against my will."

She thought about that. "What good is a rematch?'

"Nobody ever beat me before. I want a second try.

"You know it'll be worse for you than before."

"Let me find that out."

"But what's the point?"

"Get me your android and I'll show you the point," I said.

She went along with it. Maybe it was curiosity, maybe it was something else, but she patched herself into the computer

Get spoiled in pure silk!



Sensuous silk pampering for body and soulclearly the sexiest lingerie around! Our sporty undergear of semi-sheer Silk Knit-the practical, supple-as-skin, hand washable silk fabric. The camisole is slip-on easy with gentle, sloping neckline and whisper thin straps. The bikini pants are stringstyled for looks and completely "breathable" for comfort. Imported for sizes S(4-6), M(8-10), L(12-14), XL(16-18). Style #176202. \$19. Full money-back guarantee. Available at our New York store, 79 Fifth Avenue. Call us for other locations.

RO	YAL	SII	K

Royal Silk Plaza 45 East Madison Avenue Clifton, NJ 07011

ty □ Vis □ Maste	State	e Z □ America ners □ Ca	n Express rte Blanch
TOTTUTO			EXD
	Colour		Price

VIO IVY RFD

Black Turq.Blue Violet Ivory ☐ Enclose \$5.95 for catalogue in VHS format. ☐ Enclose \$2 for colourful catalogue collection only. net and pretty soon they brought in the android I had encountered in the park, or maybe another one with the same face. It looked me over pleasantly, without the slightest sign of interest.

Someone came in and took the security lock off my wrist and left again. She gave the android its instructions and it held out its wrist to me and we made contact. And I jumped right in.

I was raw and wobbly and pretty damned battered, still, but I knew what I needed to do and I knew I had to do it fast. The thing was to ignore the android completely—it was just a terminal, it was just a unit—and go for what lay behind it. So I bypassed the android's own identity program, which was clever but shallow. I went right around it while the android was still setting up its combinations, dived underneath, got myself instantly from the unit level to the mainframe level and gave the master Culver City computer a hearty handshake.

Jesus, that felt good!

All that power, all those millions of megabytes squatting there, and I was plugged right into it. Of course, I felt like a mouse hitchhiking on the back of an elephant. That was all right. I might be a mouse, but that mouse was getting a tremendous ride. I hung on tight and went soaring along on the hurricane winds of that colossal machine.

And as I soared, I ripped out chunks of it by the double handful and tossed them to the breeze.

It didn't even notice for a good tenth of a second. That's how big it was. There I was, tearing great blocks of data out of its gut, joyously ripping and rending. And it didn't know it, because even the most magnificent computer ever assembled is still stuck with operating at the speed of light, and when the best you can do is 186,000 miles a second, it can take quite a while for the alarm to travel the full distance down all your neural channels. That thing was huge. Mouse riding on elephant, did I say? Amoeba piggybacking on Brontosaurus was more like it.

God knows how much damage I was able to do. But, of course, the alarm circuitry did cut in eventually. Internal gates came clanging down and all sensitive areas were sealed away and I was shrugged off with the greatest of ease. There was no sense in staying around, waiting to get trapped, so I pulled myself free.

I had found out what I needed to know. Where the defenses were, how they worked. This time the computer had kicked me out, but it wouldn't be able to the next. Whenever I wanted, I could go in there and smash whatever I felt like.

The android crumpled to the carpet. It was nothing but an empty husk now.

DE SINCE OF THE STATE OF THE ST

"It makes me dizzy when I think of all the dames who'll get laid in these rooms."

Lights were flashing on the office wall. She looked at me, appalled. "What did you do?"

"I beat your android," I said. "It wasn't all that hard, once I knew the scoop."

"You damaged the main computer."

"Not really. Not much. I just gave it a little tickle. It was surprised seeing me get access in there, that's all."

"I think you really damaged it."
"Why would I want to do that?"

"The question ought to be why you haven't done it already. Why you haven't gone in there and crashed the hell out of their programs."

"You think I could do something like

She studied me. "I think maybe you could, yes."

"Well, maybe so. Or maybe not. But I'm not a crusader, you know. I like my life the way it is. I move around; I do as I please. It's a quiet life. I don't start revolutions. When I need to gimmick things, I gimmick them just enough and no more. And the Entities don't even know I exist. If I stick my finger in their eye, they'll cut my finger off. So I haven't done it."

"But now you might," she said.

I began to get uncomfortable. "I don't follow you," I said, though I was beginning to think that I did.

"You don't like risk. You don't like being conspicuous. But if we take your freedom away, if we tic you down in L.A. and put you to work, what the hell would you have to lose? You'd go right in there. You'd gimmick things but good." She was silent for a time. "Yes," she said. "You really would. I see it now, that you have the capability and that you could be put in a position where you'd be willing to use it. And then you'd screw everything up for all of us, wouldn't you?"

"What?"

"You'd fix the Entities, sure. You'd do such a job on their computer that they'd have to scrap it and start all over again. Isn't that so?"

She was on to me, all right.

"But I'm not going to give you the chance. I'm not crazy. There isn't going to be any revolution and I'm not going to be its heroine and you aren't the type to be a hero. I understand you now. It isn't safe to fool around with you. Because if anybody did, you'd take your little revenge, and you wouldn't care what you brought down on everybody clse's head. You could ruin their computer, but then they'd come down on us and they'd make things twice as hard for us as they already are, and you wouldn't care. We'd all suffer, but you wouldn't care. No. My life isn't so terrible that I need you to turn it upside down for me. You've already done it to me once. I don't need it again."

She looked at me steadily, and all the anger seemed to be gone from her and

there was only contempt left.

After a little while, she said, "Can you go in there again and gimmick things so that there's no record of your arrest today?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I could do that."

"Do it, then. And then get going. Get the hell out of here, fast."

"Are you serious?"

"You think I'm not?"

I shook my head, I understood. And I knew that I had won and I had lost at the same time.

She made an impatient gesture, a shoofly gesture.

I nodded. I felt very, very small.

"I just want to say, all that stuff about how much I regretted the thing I did to you back then—it was true. Every word of it."

"It probably was," she said. "Look, do your gimmicking and edit yourself out, and then I want you to start moving. Out of the building. Out of the city. OK? Do it real fast."

I hunted around for something else to say and couldn't find it. Quit while you're ahead, I thought. She gave me her wrist and I did the interface with her. As my implant access touched hers, she shuddered a little. It wasn't much of a shudder, but I noticed it. I felt it, all right. I think I'm going to feel it every time I stiff anyone, ever again. Any time I even think of stiffing anyone.

I went in and found the John Doe arrest entry and got rid of it, and then I searched out her civil-service file and promoted her up two grades and doubled her pay. Not much of an atonement. But what the hell, there wasn't much I could do. Then I cleaned up my traces behind me and exited the program.

"All right," I said. "It's done."

"Fine," she said and rang for her cops.

They apologized for the case of mistaken identity and let me out of the building and turned me loose on Figueroa Street. It was late afternoon, and the street was getting dark and the air was cool. Even in Los Angeles, winter is winter, of a sort. I went to a street access and summoned the Toshiba from wherever it had parked itself, and it came driving up five or ten minutes later, and I told it to take me north. The going was slow, rushhour stuff, but that was OK. I went to the wall at the Sylmar gate, 50 miles or so out of town. The gatekeeper asked me my name. "Richard Roc," I said. "Beta Pi Upsilon, ten-four-three-two-four-X. Destination San Francisco.'

It rains a lot in San Francisco in the winter. Still, it's a pretty town. I would have preferred Los Angeles at that time of year, but what the hell. Nobody gets all his first choices all the time. The gate opened and the Toshiba went through. Easy as Beta Pi.



RUBBERS FROM RONNIE (continued from page 112)

"In the years Ronald Reagan has been in office, the condom program has, well, ballooned."

"This may be the least-known nonclassified program in Washington," he said. "It's not something we put out in press releases."

About the only thing most people knew about the rubber program was what Senator Denton knew: It is handled by a State Department branch called AID. Given the outbreak of acquired-immunedeficiency syndrome, this collection of condom kingpins has the most unfortunate, if appropriate, acronym since Nixon's Committee to Re-Elect the President.

After being grilled at length about my intentions by an AID press officer, I met John Dumm, who was then associate director for operations in the Office of Population, which the locals call the Pop Office.

"AID is a many-splintered thing," Dumm said about 15 times, carefully enunciating splintered so I would understand. The leitmotiv of his comments was "We don't do anything except provide money and technical assistance. It's their [the individual countries'] program."

Dumm sent me chasing after nongovernmental groups that receive about half of the Pop Office's budget. Population Services International (P.S.I.) and a dozen or so others are contract organizations whose survival depends on Uncle Sam. They exist in the gray area between publichealth programs and the commercial market place, handling AID's social-marketing programs, the subsidized retail sales of contraceptives. They also act as a buffer between America and foreign governments. If political leaders in, say, El Salvador don't want local people to know that they are accepting rubbers from capitalist oppressors, P.S.I. acts as a nongovernmental middleman-sort of like Eugene Hasenfus-and administers the

Robert L. Ciszewski was P.S.I.'s executive director. He is a middle-aged man with the bored, detached humor of someone temporarily trapped on planet earth. He told me that the Holy Grail of AID's population program was a knowledge of how much money was being spent on each person for protection against conception. If AID could determine coital-frequency rates for every person using contraceptives in every country receiving them, then the U.S. Government would know the elusive, chimerical and long-sought C.P.F.-cost

The Reagan Administration also hires groups such as the Program for the Introduction and Adaptation of Contraceptive Technology (PIACT), whose role it is to teach people how to put on rubbers, not to re-use them-that kind of stuff.

I finally figured that Dumm had sent me on a snipe hunt; all these groups were decoys, protective satellites dropping clouds of studies and reports while blocking the view of the big, benevolent mother ship-AID-that was the source of the

A few miles from downtown Washington, across the river in Rosslyn, Virginia, is an innocuous AID satellite building that houses the Pop Office's world-wide command post. Telephones ring with calls from Nepal, Brazil and Morocco. Priority teletypes from Bangladesh and Pakistan request more rubbers.

Steven Sinding, a Foreign Service officer, was then the Big Daddy of the Pop Office, which he described as a lightningrod sort of agency. He stared out his window across the Potomac as if checking his defenses.

"If the Moral Majority sees an article in PLAYBOY on population control. . . . " His voice faded away and he shook his head. "That group has a lot of influence in Washington.'

Sinding also worries about Catholics, Right-to-Lifers, do-gooders, women's libbers and conservatives such as Senator Jesse Helms. In fact, the way people at the Pop Office talked about Helms, I expected to see him lurch through the door any minute with his knuckles striking sparks off the floor.

Sinding shoved papers across his desk showing what had happened the previous year. The State Department had worked itself into a lather when someone revealed that shaped condoms were going to Egypt. Cables demanded immediate justification and asked why good old straight-shank condoms would not suffice. But whoever leaked the cables to the press did not know about the millions of rubbers in AID's regional office budgets, or the additional political funds, and Sinding was able to keep the lid on.

The irony of all this is that in between furtive glances over their shoulders, people in the Pop Office are almost evangelical in telling how they seek to fill one of mankind's most pressing needs: control of a runaway population. And considering that AIDS is nobody's idea of a good way to keep the numbers down, they have every right to proudly preach the gospel of

The sermon begins with the genesis of the Pop Office back in the early Sixties. It was the brain child of such idealistic liberals as Senators Hubert Humphrey and William Fulbright, men who believed that rapid population growth was slowing the development of Third World countries. The idea was to curb population growth and thereby enable millions of people to enjoy a higher standard of living.

In 1965, 1966 and 1967, the Pop Office spent a total of about \$10,000,000 as it began buying contraceptives.

By 1970, AID's population budget was \$75,000,000. In 1985, it was \$288,000,000.

It is by coincidence-not by design, as my friend the condom mogul believesthat in the years Ronald Reagan has been in office, the condom part of the program has, well, ballooned. The change came about for several reasons. Moslem countries, which had long opposed condoms, became-in AID's word-desensitized and began accepting that form of birth control. Pakistan, a big recipient, reentered the program. The Bangladesh program grew rapidly. Africa began to open up.

In 1981, the Reagan Administration sent about 234,000,000 rubbers overseas-almost 100,000,000 more than the previous year. By 1984, the number was closer to 560,000,000. In 1985, it reached 568,000,000.

To accomplish their essential goalthe reduction of a runaway global population-AID missions around the world create a demand by encouraging local governments to accept an entire range of contraceptives, including condoms. AID buys the condoms and sends them to some 70 countries, where they are given away or sold for a token amount.

Asked about Pop's successes, Sinding pointed to Thailand, where Mechai Viravaidya runs a population program. He advocates birth control with such hucksterism that in his country, a condom is called a Mechai.

His calling card is a pack of condoms that contains instructions for use. The last line says, "Now smile." He hands out condoms to diplomats and gives them to cops in what he calls-honestly, now-his cops-and-rubbers program. He has had monks bless shipments of condoms, and he talks politicians and entertainers into staging condom-inflating contests on television.

Mechai has popularized colored condoms in Thailand by telling people they can use red condoms on Sundays, yellow on Mondays, green on Wednesdays and black when they are in mourning.

Sinding thought Mechai's ideas were great. "If you talk about condoms for a long enough time, people get used to them," he said.

Ciszewski of P.S.I. tried to emulate the Thai condom king's approach in Mexico. He put condoms in packages labeled SUPER-MACHO and TAMAÑO EXTRAGIGANTE (extrabig size). But AID rubber barons had nightmares about feminists' picketing their offices arm in arm with Baptist ministers, so they panicked and prematurely pulled out of the Supermacho program.

Despite that adventurous failure, officials



B.E.L-TRONICS introduces a new redar detector so edvanced, you can program it to match any driving environment with a simple touch of e button. Whether driving in urben, suburban or rurel erees, 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 end Filter modes end
the limitations they impose. Instead, the MICRO EYE QUANTUM
incorporates two modes that can be edjusted quickly and eesily to
suit your exect 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 significent increase in selectivity and performance. Used in combinetion, maximum immunity to felse alerts can be obtained. Or, if you choose, simply plug the unit init'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 reder. This, in conjunction with a series of separate eudio tones end visual alerts, will indicate en X or K Bend radar werning for the quickest, eesiest identification possible. A photo-electric dimmer automatically edjusts the displey for easy viewing under eny conditions. For night driving, the display, along with both X end K Band LEOs, cen be rendered dark with a simple touch of a button.

HIGH PERFORMANCE THAT'S POCKET SIZED

The MICRO EYE QUANTUM delivers performance previously unheerd of in pocket-sized redar detectors. Its light design (just under 4 oz.) incorporates BEL's patented half-horn microstrip circuitry and surface mounted devices, making it the smellest radar detector of its kind.

SPECIAL BONUS OFFER

Right now, by buying the MICRO EYE QUANTUM redar detector through this ad (mail order only), you will receive a coupon redeemable for e pair of soft, high quelity leather driving gloves ebsolutely FREE – compliments of B.E.L-TRONICS.

30 DAY TRIAL OFFER

You can order your MICRO EYE QUANTUM, risk-free. If not completely setisfied, simply return the unit within 30 deys for e full refund (meil order only). It's thet easy. So order now by calling the toll-free number in your aree.

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.

VISA MasterCard



y cneck. In U আ≅ফেডেয়ে 20 C

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



still believe that innovative marketing is the key to increased use of condoms in Third World countries. Say you live in the boonies of Bangladesh, a country AID considers a rubberized success story, and your entire existence is a struggle for survival. Sex is the only fun in your life. You have been taught that semen is a health tonic for women and that condoms can cause impotence. Along comes some guy like Ciszewski, waving a red rubber. Your normal impulse would be to wrap it around his neck. But marketing can prevent that.

In 1985, 80 percent of the condoms AID bought went to Bangladesh and Pakistan—228,000,000 to each country. Although the program is now going strong, largely because of aggressive sales efforts, it almost ended before it began. P.S.I. had filled an airplane with leaflets about pastel condoms and had them dropped over major cities in Bangladesh. Some fell inside the walls of a mosque.

That misdelivery is now behind the agency, and the Bangladeshis' red Raja may be the best-known condom in the world. (Actually, it is a bright pink. In the early days of the program, red and black condoms were introduced, but their colors leached, causing users moments of stark panic. The pink ones, blessedly, have been made colorfast.)

We may consider pastel condoms a bit frivolous, but people in developing nations, where there is no history of condom use, love them. Still, AID must pick the colors carefully. In the early days of the program, green condoms were sent to Bangladesh. But the color green is sacred in Islam, and it figures prominently in the flags of most Moslem countries. So putting on a green condom could be construed as an offense to patriotism and to Allah at the same time.

A great deal of thought goes into condom names. Moonbeam condoms are big in Sri Lanka. Condor, the rubber with the buzzard on the package, is popular in El Salvador. Nicaragua has been shut out on the condom front, but there could be penetration from both the north and the south as Honduras receives Guardian condoms and Costa Rica receives the Baron brand. When someone came up with a Conquistador condom for Guatemala, AID backed out, once again afraid that feminists would object to a condom whose name meant "conqueror."

While AID sends colored, light-bulbshaped and extra-thin condoms overseas, it does not distribute the popular textured condoms. "You can go only so far because of politics," one bureaucrat said. "Having fun is out. If Senator Helms thought somebody was having fun with what we do, we'd be dead. People would say we were promoting promiscuity."

For the same reason, AID had for years talked of condoms as contraceptives, never as a way of preventing disease. Ironically enough, U.S. television stations are now beginning to accept condom ads because of the AIDS scare, and the pitch *must* be health-oriented.

There are signs that things may be changing in the Pop Office as well. Anthony Boni, AID's top condom buyer, said that "because of the AIDS problem, we will be adding funds for condoms, particularly for Africa." He went on to point out that with infection rates reaching 30 percent in women who visit hospitals for prenatal care in some African countries, the prophylactic, or disease-preventive, mission of condoms is now gaining currency.

Former Pop Office director Sinding went on the defensive when asked about problems in the rubber program.

"This is one of the most successful things AID has ever done," he said. "There is only anecdotal evidence of any problems."

So let's get anecdotal.

The Alabama factory where AID's condoms are manufactured is in the heart of gnat country. Near the factory door are electric machines that snap, crackle and pop with the sound of gnats being zapped. But a few slip through. And occasionally, one lands on a form emerging from a vat of latex and is entombed in the walls of a condom.

Given the prohibition against ribbed condoms, it is a safe bet that Senator Helms would frown on gnat-studded rubbers as well. So the factory is diligent about removing these novelty items from the pipeline.

The biggest problem AID has is storing and effective distribution of hundreds of millions of condoms in 70 countries. The agency pays The Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta \$1,600,000 annually to advise it on logistics and other technical areas, and CDC says the problems are so great that a ten percent waste factor should be subtracted from the total number of condoms sent to a given country.

That means that of the 568,000,000 condoms that went overseas in 1985, about 58,000,000 may have been wasted. What happened?

Bugs got at them, for openers. Termites chew into boxes and leave little piles of crap all over the place. So do rats.

Until the manufacturer changed the formula, the lubricant in which condoms are packed was turning gray.

Officials in the Sudan warehoused condoms by simply stacking them in the desert, where heat caused the latex to deteriorate.

So over the years, AID has had to throw away hundreds of millions of condoms. Asked how many, Sinding shrugged and said he didn't know.

When he was asked about the usage problems, he fidgeted and looked around as if to make sure that Senator Helms was not hiding behind a Dieffenbachia. Then he mumbled something about a minor problem in Africa.

It seemed that the men of Kenya liked

to wear condoms. All the time. You could walk through the villages and see these guys sitting around wearing pastel condoms. And that's not all. Kenyans thought that the nipple end, the reservoir for semen, should be pulled tightly over the end of the penis. They bitched constantly about how uncomfortable this was.

So Sinding sent in experts to teach the locals to leave some space at the end and not to put on a rubber until ready to do the deed.

The reason for many of these problems is simply the ungodly volume of rubbers sent around the world. The men from Pop order rubbers for entire countries. That process begins with their trying to figure out how often aid recipients need them. People in Government do that sort of research. Someone somewhere decided the average use was twice per week, or about 100 condoms per man per year.

There are variations on the norm, of course. In India, 70 condoms are considered enough to last a year. But when CDC was trying to determine coital-frequency rates in Dominica, women there laughed at the 100-per-year figure. They said that 240 condoms, or almost five per week, were needed on that hot little island.

After talking with Sinding, I went down the hall to the office of Don Newman, then chief of AID's Commodities and Program Supports Division.

Newman is a lanky, rumpled Texan who talked as straight as people in Texas are said to shoot. He said that one way AID covers logistical uncertainties is by keeping an inventory of as many as 60,000,000 rubbers stashed in a Government warehouse in Maryland. If there is a serious outbreak of screwing anywhere in the world, a few million rubbers can be airlifted to the troubled area.

"How do you know how many condoms to send for your first shipment to a country?" I asked.

Newman took a deep drag on his cigarette, tilted his head to the side and looked me straight in the eye. "Only way to do that is with a rectal estimate. I just pull a number out of my ass."

Numerous Third World countries, eager to emulate the wisdom of their American benefactors, have used variations on this purchasing system. Guatemala ordered pastel and plain condoms, but users wanted only the pastel jobs. The plain ones piled up for years until more than 1,000,000 had to be destroyed.

AID had a problem with the size of condoms in the early years. Only one size was available. Thai men joked that they had to use string to secure condoms to their waists so the things wouldn't fall off.

Now there are two sizes. The smaller is 160mm long and 49mm wide (about 6.2" x 1.9"). This is, in the vernacular, a 49. Then there is the 180mm length, which is 52mm wide (about 7" x 2"). This is the 52. About 35 percent of the condoms AID buys are 49s; they go to Bangladesh,

Nepal, Sri Lanka and Mauritius—underdeveloped countries all.

It's difficult to keep track of all the countries receiving condoms. The ebb and flow depend on political tides as much as on need. Pakistan was one of the first countries to accept rubbers, but it was dropped from the program in 1978 when America thought it might be building nuclear weapons.

If the Pakis are playing with A-bombs, take away their rubbers. That's basic for-

eign policy.

But with the outbreak of war in Afghanistan, America needed a friend that shared a border with that country. What does America do when it needs friends? Sends them a few hundred million rubbers, that's what. Now Pakistan is the second-biggest recipient of American condoms.

The politics of rubbers raises other questions. For instance, what would happen to birth control in Bangladesh if AID pulled out? What commercial operation could sell condoms at half a cent each?

Who owns the Raja trademark? American taxpayers financed the research and pay for condoms marketed under that name. If AID withdrew, would someone take advantage of the millions of dollars that have been spent making the name known in some of the most populous nations on earth?

Developing countries are particularly susceptible to rumors. What would the Hindus of Bangladesh do if a rumor swept the country that American condoms were made of cow intestines?

Ciszewski, who administered the Bangladesh program, nodded in understanding. "Well, it'd be worse if someone said that the lubricant was made from pig fat. That would get both the Hindus and the Moslems. It would put us out of business overnight."

And a problem exists because of the serious discrepancy between condom distribution and condom popularity. Hundreds of millions of condoms go overseas, even though sterilization and pills are overwhelmingly preferred in most countries.

Sinding acknowledged this condom conundrum. He said that the condom was "not a particularly effective method" of birth control and added, "I'd recommend a combination of condoms and spermicidal gels and foams."

Since AIDS entered the equation, a few things have changed. The rubber program continues to grow. Since the program began in the Sixties, AID has sent 5.1 billion rubbers around the world. About half—2.6 billion—were sent during the first six years of Reagan's Presidency. So our current President could spur a new entry in the Guinness Book of World Records. He has bought more rubbers than any man in history.

In 1986, AID spent \$18,000,000 for 417,000,000 condoms. Preliminary budget figures for 1987 show that AID is asking

for 450,000,000 condoms. Although the numbers for this year have not been locked down, the thinking is that AIDS panic will accelerate the upward momentum.

Perhaps the greatest threat to the program, the reason AID does not want anyone to know that it is buying half a billion condoms a year, is that, in some countries, the program has not yet accomplished what it started out to do—stabilize the population.

Look at Bangladesh, which last year received more rubbers than any other country—192,000,000. You can buy rubbers in the most remote corner of Bangladesh; they're available in places where you can't even buy a Coca-Cola. But when President Reagan came into office six years ago, the population of Bangladesh was 93,000,000. Today it is about 110,000,000 and is growing at the rate of about 7700 per day.

"The AID population program in Bangladesh has had practically no impact on birth rates," according to Jack Graves of CDC. "There are a lot of actual users, but the big impact in Bangladesh has been the desensitizing of condoms."

Desensitizing is a word you hear often around the Pop Office. It means that people can talk about condoms, that they no longer associate them exclusively with prostitution and that they understand the need for contraception.

But world population is growing by 78,000,000 people a year, and even the most conservative estimates indicate that by 2010, many Third World countries will have up to a sixfold population increase.

To put all this in perspective, during the past two decades, the U.S. Government spent almost three billion dollars on population control, part of which funded the purchase of 5.1 billion rubbers. And the net result is that people in 70 countries have been desensitized—they are comfortable around rubbers.

But that may not be such a mean feat. After all, as my friend the latex mogul would hasten to point out, their lives may soon depend on it.

À



"The critics seemed to like it."

WHOOPI GOLDBERG (continued from page 58)

"People think they have to write comedy for me—and I'm not a comedienne. I do not do stand-up."

overcome the temptation to be bitter.

GOLDBERG: Man, I've done too much stuff to be bitter. There's no point in it. I'll give you an example. When I was going to go to the Dance Theater Workshop, which is the first theater that I played in New York as an adult, I wanted to go back to the neighborhood. I figured, I'm going to show these guys. They had laughed at me. Treated me like shit. But when I got back there, I found that a lot of the people who'd made it tough for me hadn't moved an inch. They were still in the neighborhood. They were still in their parents' houses. They hadn't seen anything outside the neighborhood. And that killed, for probably the rest of my life, that infantile desire to just have a little bit of revenge, to twist the knife a little bit. It was a revelation. Now I feel joy that I was the odd man. It gave me an out that I didn't recognize at the time. I've spent a lot of time recovering from the feeling of being inadequate. I'm building from that now. But then, I did all kinds of weird shit to try to get people to like me.

PLAYBOY: For example?

GOLDBERG: Well, just saying things that I didn't mean and trying to be ways that I wasn't. See, I'm a hippie. I was born a hippie and will be one till I die.

PLAYBOY: Still a child of the Sixties?

GOLDBERG: Yeah. When I say hippie, I mean humanist. Environmentalist. Someone who wants world peace. Zen politics. Sunshine and rainbows. God. It all ap-

Handelo mac

"Oh, no, I gave the President a clean bill of health. He never for one moment knew what he was doing."

peals to me. [Pauses] But that was not cool in my neighborhood. I knew I had to be black. It's not something I could ignore. I saw myself in the mirror. Brown-skinned woman. But somehow, one also had to be hip and black. And I wasn't hip. I was just this kid who liked theater and music and guys. It didn't matter to me what color people were. But then, I'd be with a white guy and we'd get hit with eggs.

I didn't understand this. And I tried. I tried really hard to get into it and I couldn't, because it was bullshit to me. Why the fuck should I be worried about whether or not the guy's white? If he's an ax murderer, then I'm concerned. My instinct was always to just go one on one and see how it went.

PLAYBOY: Did you go out with black guys,

GOLDBERG: Yeah, I went out with anybody who wanted to go out with me. Guys were so hard to find. I was just not a popular girl. I couldn't get a boyfriend. I couldn't get into a clique. I felt I wasn't hip enough or smart enough or fast enough or funny enough or cute enough. I couldn't even dance well. The people who were those things were the people who were going places. I am an overly sensitive person. It's very easy to hurt me. Only I know that, though. People can say things to me and I'll just respond, "Hey, fuck you!" But inside, it hurts, because I'm still this kid. The best way to explain it is I wanted so much to be accepted that I'd hang out in the park with some of the girls and guys, and when they'd say, "Well, we want to get some candy," I'd run and I'd get some candy. But I'd come back and they'd have gone. And I'd sit and I'd wait. What hurts so much about things like that is that I didn't learn. I'd get the candy again. But it contributed something to me, because I don't let myself do that to people. [Pauses] Sometimes, I get so busy, I get callous. I forget stuff. But that memory has made me concerned about how I treat other people, because it's painful, still.

PLAYBOY: Did those experiences push you into your drug-taking phase?

GOLDBERG: It's hard to tell. [Flatly] I just did drugs.

PLAYBOY: When did you start?

GOLDBERG: [Hesitates] I was young. Young. Acid, pills and heroin were in vogue. I did everything. And large quantities of everything.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a problem with this

GOLDBERG: Yeah. Only because it involves my family and Mom. If I start talking about how young I was, it doesn't look good for her. If I related my full drug experience to you before relating it to her . . . it would not be the way I'd want her to find out about it. I don't want a million people reading about it before I make my peace with her. I'll talk about it all some other time. It happened, I did it, it's done. I'm not ashamed. Suffice it to say I was young when I started and I don't do them now. And I don't encourage their use, because they're too fucking dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Why did you latch on to drugs? GOLDBERG: I had something to say to myself. It's the greatest thing in the world, to me, to have done drugs and survived them. Besides, they changed me forever. The drugs of the Sixties were social drugs. Everybody got high. Everyone smoked pot, did ups, downs, opium, acid. Everyone was in the same condition. It was almost normal. You could be real open and do good stuff when you were loaded.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to today.

GOLDBERG: Yeah. Drugs are cut with rat poison and shit. I could never do now what I did then. Today's drugs are too powerful.

PLAYBOY: What changed?

GOLDBERG: Money changed it. Money is a funny thing. It's the biggest killer of quality in any venue. Once you find a product and realize you can make lots of money with it, the mass production overpowers the quality. When money people started getting interested in drugs, the quality dropped.

PLAYBOY: You also did heroin.
GOLDBERG: I did heroin. Yeah.
PLAYBOY: Shooting it? Snorting it?

GOLDBERG: Shooting it. At the time, it was just another drug.

PLAYBOY: Just another drug?

GOLDBERG: Look, strychnine, rat poison and Clorox will all kill you. They're all fucked. Acid will get you killed. Opium. Pills. [Annoyed, tired] For me, it was just another drug. I did lots of drugs. I was a junkie. I was chemically dependent on many things for many years.

PLAYBOY: You quit school in the ninth grade. Why?

GOLDBERG: Because it was boring. You couldn't ask questions. People would tell you what they thought you should know.

PLAYBOY: How did your mother react? **GOLDBERG:** She was not pleased. She was not pleased.

PLAYBOY: What did you do afterward?

GOLDBERG: This and that.
PLAYBOY: What does that mean?
GOLDBERG: It means this and that.
PLAYBOY: Did you live at home?

GOLDBERG: Unh-unh.

PLAYBOY: On the streets, then? What is life like out there when you're 14 years old? GOLDBERG: I don't know. It's not the same now.

PLAYBOY: What was it like for you?

GOLDBERG: Interesting.
PLAYBOY: You don't want to—
GOLDBERG: No, I really don't.

PLAYBOY: You've admitted doing drugs, heroin. What could be worse?

GOLDBERG: I have answered most every question you've asked.

PLAYBOY: It's not as if you were in jail for three years.

GOLDBERG: No, I wasn't in jail.

PLAYBOY: Well, we're still curious about those mystery years.

GOLDBERG: They're not a mystery. It's just something I don't want to talk about for public consumption, you know? I am a little gun-shy these days, for reasons I explained at the beginning. And so I just keep this stuff to myself. I lived, I survived, I grew up, I got married, I had a kid, I got a divorce, I moved to California, I lived, I got lucky in New York, got lucky in California, I'm making movies, I'm doing OK. People don't have to know everything about me. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Let's finish with the subject of drugs—or as much as you feel you can say. Do you remember the moment you

realized you had to stop?

GOLDBERG: Actually, no. Maybe I just got tired of it. I just knew it was necessary. I decided to go into a program. They took me—and yelled at me a lot and I yelled at them, and they put me through this Gestalt therapy and it straightened me out.

PLAYBOY: What is that therapy like?

GOLDBERG: It's very military. You come in at a certain time, have certain chores. There's a group. You have confrontations, heavy talks, people going, "Fuck! What am I? Why am I? Drugs didn't work. What do you have to offer to make me feel better about myself as a person?" The therapists say, "Only assholes do drugs. Look in the mirror. What do you see? An asshole!" [Pauses] Drugs made me feel good about myself, only not for long. That's the pain-in-the-ass thing about them. After feeling great for three or four hours, you gotta turn around and do it again. So what's the worse evil: trying to make friends and keep them or trying to get high and keep the feeling? At some point, I had to decide what I really wanted. People in drug programs are often looking for some part of themselves. They're very shy. Drugs make it easier for them to talk. Or they feel small and drugs make them feel big. Sometimes it's a power trip. Sometimes it's just a miniroad to death. There are a million stories.

PLAYBOY: Did you see friends O.D.?

GOLDBERG: A lot of people. It was just bad luck. The junkie's attitude is "I hope I don't." But if you do, you're on your own. No one wants to go to jail as an accessory to murder. But a lot of the drugs started doing that—killing people. [Mutters] Little mousetraps. Little mousetraps.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the idea

of drug testing?

GOLDBERG: I have to take tests all the time for movies. Honey, now they want blood. I hate it. I fight it. I say, "Are you asking me if I do drugs? Why don't you ask me? You think I'm not going to tell you? You think you won't be able to tell? Why do I have to give you blood? How do you know I'm not clean for X amount of time just to be clean for you?" I give urine. No blood. I don't like needles. I wouldn't give blood to anybody. I don't like anybody poking me. If you want to know if I'm into drugs, you'll just have to keep your eye on me.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you

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 reallife 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.

prohibited by law.

The Xandria Collection, P.O. Box 31039, San France		
Please send me, by first class Xandria Collection Gold Edition my check or money order for for	catalogu	e. Enclose

Name	
Address	
City	
	Zip
I am an adult ov	er 21 years of age:

the

cleaned up?

GOLDBERG: Seventeen. And then I married my drug counselor. It seemed like the thing to do at the time. He was bored with what he was doing and wanted to try something else. I figured nobody was ever going to marry me, so I might as well do it just in case.

PLAYBOY: Were you pregnant?
GOLDBERG: Oh, no. Good girls don't.

PLAYBOY: How long did the marriage last? GOLDBERG: Not long. It wasn't right. You get married because you love someone and for no other reason. It can only last if you're deeply in love, and we weren't. It was mutual. I split back to Manhattan with my kid. I stayed with my mother for about a month until a friend who had been working in the theater called to ask if I wanted to go to California. Bingo! We drove a barf-green car to San Diego via Lubbock, Texas. I was appalled. I thought we were going to Hollywood. But it was OK, because I was going to be acting.

PLAYBOY: Are you still in touch with your ex-husband? Does he see his daughter?

GOLDBERG: No. His loss.

PLAYBOY: However, when you got to San Diego, things *were* tough. You were a welfare mother, had lots of odd jobs.

GOLDBERG: Not odd jobs. Gigs. I went to beauty college and worked in salons, because I'd been a hair model. I worked in strip joints—but I never got my clothes off. People were screaming, "Don't do it!" I have great legs, but once you get up near my butt, it's not good. I also know how to lay brick, how to Sheetrock. And I worked in the morgue. Did their hair.

PLAYBOY: You did hair on dead bodies? **GOLDBERG:** Yeah. You play with the bodies. They're like big dolls. [Giggles] No

one's around. You put them in a chair, paint their lips, do eye shadow. Make them look punk. Or very, very dead.

PLAYBOY: They don't look dead enough? **GOLDBERG:** [Laughs] You can powder their face totally white. Or make them look like a Raggedy Ann doll. And then you get to work. It's good work.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any time for a social life or boyfriends in San Diego?

GOLDBERG: I had a boyfriend for a little while, but otherwise I kept pretty much to myself. I didn't want a lot of guys in my house when my kid woke up.

PLAYBOY: But you had gained enough confidence to know you could get a guy.

GOLDBERG: Well, shit! All you got to do is open your legs and you can get a guy. Pussy talks, you know? But then, what do you do when you're finished? If it's just about getting a guy, that's very easy to do. But I was not so interested in that. I really wanted someone I could spend time with if I was going to choose to do that. But if you're a single parent and you're a woman, you get these lines from guys: "Oh, you know, I don't want to get involved." "Well, I don't want to be a father." It's like, Hey, we're only going to the movies, Jack! Cool the chill! What makes you think I want you to be a father to my kid? Cool out! They just assume you must be desperate.

PLAYBOY: How long were you on welfare? GOLDBERG: Seven or eight years. Until I started at the Dance Theater Workshop. I did auditions, kept saying, "I can act, I really can," worked with groups of theater people, did improvisations and, finally, started getting parts at the San Diego Repertory Theater. I played five characters in A Christmas Carol. I did Mother Courage. And then I'd do late-night-

theater stuff with my partner, Don Victor. We put together a tape of our material and submitted it to Saturday Night Live around the time they made the first big cast change.

PLAYBOY: What was their reaction?

GOLDBERG: We didn't hear, didn't hear, didn't hear. Finally, the tape came back mangled. We called and they said someone had accidentally smashed it. "Sorry."

PLAYBOY: When did you decide to go solo? **GOLDBERG:** I didn't. Don and I had been working together for three years, had done the *S.N.L.* tape. It never dawned on me to do it until we were invited to perform in Berkeley and he couldn't go. I was in a panic. But out of the panic came characters. Fontaine was one of them.

PLAYBOY: Extemporaneously?

GOLDBERG: Yeah. I know I'm supposed to say I do a lot of work on these characters, but I don't. They kinda live in me. It's a residence hotel. They say things and express stuff that I would never express. It's exactly like being schizophrenic. Whoopi disappears. I've learned that I have some control over them, but once the performance experience begins, there's not much I can do. I'm just the one who takes care of all the business. It will sound just as crazy as can be when people read this, but that's the way it is. Anyway, at the time, I just figured, OK. I can do this. If it doesn't work, it doesn't work. So I did a lot of talking real fast so no one would see that I didn't know what the fuck I was doing, but it would look good. And that was the birth of me as a solo character artist.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide on Fontaine—your junkie past?

GOLDBERG: Not really. Fontaine is a junkie because he just got tired. He was very straight. Very brilliant guy. He actually has a degree. He wanted to be a teacher but got no respect. So he started doing a lot of drugs and more drugs and more drugs and said, "Fuck it," and became a thief. Which he's not real crazy about, but he's taking care of business. Now he goes off and learns a lot of stuff that pulls him further and further away from drugs. When he shows up on stage again, I think he will just have cleaned up.

PLAYBOY: Is that a reflection of the country's current antidrug mood?

GOLDBERG: It's more because I didn't realize how many kids watched and liked my show on HBO. I was surprised. When I'm in a movie, you see me smoke cigarettes, but you don't see me drink alcohol. And there are no drugs in my films—just because I think of my kid. If other kids are saying, "I really love your work! I can't wait till you do something else," I have to take that into consideration. I don't want to promote drug use, because Fontaine makes drugs look very hip. For him, they work. That's how he gets through. So, somehow, he's going to clean up.

PLAYBOY: What was the response to your



"Do you both promise to love, honor and obey, with a minimum of litigation?"

solo debut?

GOLDBERG: People got up and stamped their feet and screamed and hollered and carried on. But no one was more surprised than I was. I kinda went, "That was pretty interesting. An hour ago, you didn't know what the fuck you were going to do! Where did this come from?"

PLAYBOY: But your characters do reflect your political ideas, right?

GOLDBERG: They're not always my values or politically correct. I have a character who's like Phyllis Schlafly. A very nice woman. She really does care. But she's close-minded in that she doesn't think long term. She will make blanket statements that she really believes. I feel that if I can do that as a character and still entertain, people will listen and say, "Now, that's bullshit. How can she feel like that? That doesn't make sense." People will talk about her.

PLAYBOY: Are those moral judgments?

GOLDBERG: Not judgments. It's just more information to listen to. Like my surfer. That's not a pro- or anti-abortion piece. It is only a slice that says, "Your kid could end up in the women's bathroom with a hanger in her crotch." That is why abortion is legalized—so that women do not have to be on bathroom floors anymore. Women were killing themselves, ruining their bodies forever.

Women are always going to give themselves abortions. If a woman wants one, she'll get one. But you don't want her doing it with metal objects. You don't want people drinking acids in the hope that it's going to abort a kid.

The safety of it is my crucial issue. I don't want any more teenagers bleeding to death. I'm tired of that. I'm tired of giving people loaded guns. Taking a woman's right to a safe and legal abortion is a loaded gun. And these anti-abortion people don't think. They're very callous sometimes. Getting an abortion is a hard thing to decide to do. That's a killer thing to decide. It's very painful and it's very frightening. You feel awful for a long time, because you're thinking about this baby. And so if, on your way into the clinic, you hear some asshole who is not going to help you after you have this baby screaming that you're a killer, scum, that's not exactly what you want to hear!

PLAYBOY: Do you speak from experience? GOLDBERG: I lived across the street from a hospital in Berkeley where the antiabortion people used to picket all the time, and it got so awful that I went out with a man I used to live with-David Schein-and started handing out a hanger for every leaflet they handed out, because these people would harass women going in and say devastating stuff. It's just mean. It's certainly not the way to get people over to your side. Let's talk about more sex education. Let's talk about really finding programs that will help people remember to use birth control. Let's find some methods of birth control that will

work and that are mutual-male and female.

PLAYBOY: Have you had an abortion?
GOLDBERG: Yes. I've had an abortion. But

GOLDBERG: Yes. I've had an abortion. Bu I didn't have the protesters. That's new.

PLAYBOY: With the new Supreme Court configuration and a possible review of *Roe vs. Wade*, what will you do if abortion is outlawed?

go do whatever I have to do to get out there, which I do. I try to do as many benefits as I can. But before that happens, I just want to keep people thinking, reminding them of what the outcome of that could be. And we're not just talking about adult women. We're talking about teenagers. With the sex education that's going on, we've got a problem. There are a lot of teenaged mothers out there.

PLAYBOY: What do you think sex education should be?

GOLDBERG: Big topic. Sex education, to me, is contraception education. My theory is probably going to get me into a lot of trouble, but . . . I think one thing they oughta talk about when discussing women's sexual needs and desires is oral sex. You cannot get pregnant from it. You also have to keep yourself clean with oral sex.

PLAYBOY: We could probably round up some votes for that.

GOLDBERG: Yes! It's certainly an alternative to insertion. It should be discussed.

PLAYBOY: Let's continue with your characters. Fontaine and the Surfer Chick are, of course, best known from the Broadway show Mike Nichols produced. There are a few others: a cripple, a Jamaican woman, a little girl. It's been suggested that you have most in common with the cripple.

GOLDBERG: No. But she's my favorite, because she is very gentle. And very wry. And very understanding of people, because the first thing she does is ask, "Are you OK talking to me, because some people are uncomfortable with handicapped people." A lot of people, when they first see that character, laugh, because they're afraid that I'm going to start making fun of handicapped people or because they don't know how to handle it. What she does is talk to people. Soon you forget that she's handicapped and start focusing on her story about falling in love with a guy who isn't fazed at all by her handicap. He invites her to go swimming and she says, "Look, no. Forget it." And he goes, "Well, why not?" So she does these things and discovers he's right. She's human. All that's wrong is a physical inability. Oh, yeah! You got a mind in there. You're a human being. You're in love. Sex! Yes! Handicapped people have sex! Of course! It's a revelation.

PLAYBOY: Any characters we haven't seen? GOLDBERG: I have Inez Beaverman, a 77-year-old woman who used to be a lounge singer. She always talks about her days with Sinatra. "Oh, I introduced him to Ava Gardner, you know?" Then I have a guy who is in a mental institution. When

you see him, he is eating rose petals and making a thank-you speech.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about what the politics you put into your shows could do to your career?

GOLDBERG: I don't think about solidifying my career first. I'm going to get out there. I know that people ate up Ed Asner when he talked about the U.S. and Nicaragua, and they ate up Jane Fonda when she was talking about Vietnam. But they're not going to eat me up.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

GOLDBERG: Because too many things have happened in the past that people have to listen to. You have to listen. You cannot deny that homelessness in America is fucked. There's no way to negate it. There's no conversation. You cannot deny that the Government has done little or nothing to alleviate the problem. I don't understand why anyone would take offense or be pissed at me for saying that the issue with abortion is choice. Your children are at stake. Your children are at stake with the toxic-waste issue. If you don't know what they're dumping into your drinking water-it ain't even like they're dumping it into your house; they're dumping it into your water! And you don't know about it. And they don't have to tell you! They don't have to say a fucking thing to you! Why would you want that? Don't you want to know how they're killing you? As an American citizen, I have a right to speak out. The LaRouche people are crazy. Think Nazi Germany. Think about it. I gotta keep people aware. And I will for as long as I can.

PLAYBOY: You did the "Comic Relief" show with Robin Williams and Billy Crystal last year to raise money for the homeless. Did it live up to your expectations?

GOLDBERG: It far surpassed them. And what's best is that we've already got the money out there actively working.

PLAYBOY: Being so busy, how involved could you actually get with the homelessness issue?

GOLDBERG: We saw things. We went to shelters and we read articles about the homeless. A guy said to Billy, "Just tell them we're not all bums." If you go to a shelter after having read what some dickbrain says about their all being filled with homeless junkies and you see a five-month-old baby, you wonder, Where are your tracks, kid? You know, how much wine do you drink? It was a great response. Kids called up wanting to know if they could send in a dollar. Everybody wanted to help, because it was us, all of us, taking care of us.

PLAYBOY: On that positive note, any messages to your people out there?

GOLDBERG: I got lucky. I know that. So I'd like to have people remember that all I've gotten is a little bit of recognition and not to be afraid of me. Please cool out.



KEVIN MCHALE (continued from page 114)

"Bird is tough, but McHale down low is the matchup that eats everyone alive in this league."

a feat all the more amazing because he plays on the same team as Larry Bird, who is rated by many experts as the greatest all-round player ever. But such is the respect for McHale's own scoring, shot blocking and rebounding that people are answering his lighthearted banter with serious testimonials:

"Bird is tough, but McHale down low is the match-up that eats everyone alive in this league."-Chicago Bulls coach Doug

"Kevin McHale is the best inside player in the league. He is as close to unstoppable as you can get. He's been tough on us forever, and he just seems to be getting better and better."-Milwaukee Bucks coach Don Nelson.

"He's the most underrated player in the league. He presents as many match-up problems as anyone, or more."-Los Angeles Lakers general manager Jerry West, a member of the Basketball Hall of Fame.

"Nobody can guard Kevin McHale. Nobody."—Larry Bird his own bad self.

It seems that despite all the courtside comedy, this man is a serious threat.

Taped to the wall of the Celtics' locker room at their Hellenic College practice site is a piece of paper bearing a snapshot of McHale and the following text:

> WANTED FOR FAILURE TO TALK ON DEFENSE KEVIN MCHALE

ALSO KNOWN AS: FRANKENSTEIN, HERMAN MUNSTER, THE BLACK HOLE, RONA BARRETT, TIN MAN

- · May be [seen] with a midget named Nils Lofgren
- Usually unshaven, uncombed just a generally unkempt look
 - · Knees shake at the foul line
- · Wears a mask and fake hightops
- · If seen, show him the Yellow Brick Road and point him toward The Wizard-dire need of a new heart.

This is a kind of zone-press defense against the guy, trying to blunt the verbal attacks-not against his opponents but against his own teammates. McHale's victims are wasting their time: It's unlikely that any of them will ever conjure up a better spontaneous one-liner than McHale comes up with just about every day.

The primary target of his tongue for the past two seasons has been Bill Walton, the perpetually injured Celtics center. Just as certain politicians provide material for political cartoonists merely by showing up for work, Walton provides fodder for McHale by attending practice. McHale rides him about his hair, his car, his health, his UCLA background, his politics, his playing style and at least 37 other things:

McHale on Walton's offense: "Hey, Bill, those 1965 John Wooden face-up moves don't cut it anymore.'

McHale on naming his own baby boy: "We were thinking about naming him Bill, but his feet were normal, so we had to pick something else."

In the face of this onslaught, Walton remains stoically tolerant.

"Kevin is unique," says the former UCLA great. "He has a very upbeat, lively personality that really flourishes under a coach like K. C. Jones. He loves to talk, but he has the ability to back it up."

Unlike his predecessor, Bill Fitch, Jones has been able to accept, even appreciate, McHale's flapping tongue. "Of course, his first love is talking, but the other one is basketball. And his talk keeps us loose. If he isn't keeping us loose, he's firing us up. Still, if you give him half a chance to get on you, it's bad."

McHale to Walton, on court, as the 1986 championship clincher wound down: "Well, you've finally done something!"

The 6'10" McHale has been a productive member of the most famous franchise in professional basketball since the day he signed on in the fall of 1980. He averaged ten points a game as a sixth man when the team won the N.B.A. title that first season, and in the ensuing five years, he has increased his scoring average steadily (13.6, 14.1, 18.4, 19.8 and 21.3) as the Celtics won additional championships in 1984 and 1986. Acknowledging that contribution, the Celtics have boosted his salary to more than \$1,000,000 a year, which is still far less than the estimated \$1,800,000 hauled in annually by the highflying Bird.

McHale twice won the N.B.A.'s Sixth Man Award (1984, 1985), and he played in both the 1984 and 1986 all-star games. But this season, he has elevated his game to an extraterrestrial level. He scored 20 or more points in each of the Celtics' first 28 games, a streak that exceeds Bird's personal best by 11. By the all-star break, he had scored 20 points or more in 44 of 47 games. He is making close to 60 percent of his shots, and he is sinking nearly 85 percent of his foul shots, which is eight percentage points better than his previous best.

The conclusion one reaches after reviewing all this is simple: The surest way to get two points in the N.B.A. this year is to put the ball in McHale's hands. "There's no one close to him in scoring; it's a joke," says Bird, who ought to know. "He's got that jump hook, and every night we go to him. The only thing Kevin can't



"No, thanks, I'm just looking."

do is dribble."

Danny Ainge goes a step further, stating without hesitation that for the 1986–1987 season, "McHale has been our M.V.P."

This is all very odd, because McHale really doesn't look like a professional basketball player. Or an athlete. Or even a particularly healthy person. As his fellow Celtics like to point out, he looks like Herman Munster. He has long legs, unruly hair, a narrow chest, squared-off shoulders and a face out of *Little Rascals*. His trademark telescoping arms extend from here to forever.

McHale, when questioned about his sleeve length: "I really don't know what it is. I only wear short-sleeved shirts."

There is no question that McHale accomplished a lot in the early days of his career because people didn't take him seriously. He fits no one's conception of a ball-player. To this day, players who should know better have their shots blocked by McHale because they can't believe this strange creature is even remotely athletic. "There are cars that don't look so good but run beautifully," says the Lakers' West. "It's the same with McHale. He runs well; he just doesn't have a beautiful gait."

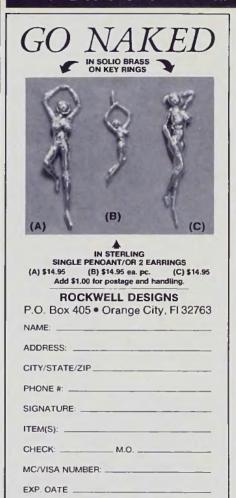
McHale's odd way of moving on the court often provokes a hard look from the officials, who sometimes suspect him of defying the laws of basketball and gravity at the same time. But when he's called for walking with the ball, he reacts as if he'd been unjustly accused of transporting stolen baskets across state lines. "Me!" he'll shout in horror. "Me?"

What makes this peculiar physical package work is McHale's gift of timing. For some reason, the subtle rhythms of basketball come easily to this ungainly ballplayer. "I've always been able to shoot and block shots," he says.

McHale admits to some embarrassment about this. He realizes that a player such as teammate Greg Kite can work four times as hard and get one quarter the results. In his idle moments, which include just about all the time he's not actually playing basketball, McHale can imagine that there is a reproving angel hovering over his shoulder, shaking an index finger in disgust. "It's that old Catholic guilt," he says. "If something comes too easily, maybe it's not good for you."

Things that are impossible for others to master are second nature for McHale. For instance, hundreds of high school coaches have preached to thousands of developing big men that (A) it is not necessary to dribble the basketball every time you catch it and (B) if you're trying to block the shot of a right-handed player, you should use your left hand, and vice versa. Approximately one among those thousands of players is able to put those lessons to use. McHale is the one in a million who

PLAYBOY MARKETPLACE



To place an ad in
PLAYBOY MARKETPLACE
call toll free
1-800-592-6677,
New York State
call collect
212-702-3952



STOP SWEAT FOR 6 WEEKS



HANDS

UNDERARMS

FEET

DRIONIC®—the heavy sweater's answer to costly and embarrassing underarm, hand or foot sweat. Short treatment with electronic Drionic keeps these areas dry for 6 week periods. Recommended by dermatologists everywhere. Send for free information.

Clinical studies available to physicians.

GENERAL MEDICAL CO. Dept. PB-1 1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!



Our Catalogs Feature Sensuous Lingerie, Corsets,

Wigs, Stilletto 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-687
P.O. Box 1781
FDR Station
New York, New York 10150

Phone For Credit Card Orders, Retail Purchases. Or Information, Call: 212 986-1777-8 or 212 371-6877. Above Catalogs Are Deductible From 1st Mdse. Order. Airmail: USA Add \$10.00, Foreign Add \$20.00, Domestic Air Express Add \$40.00. N.Y. Res. Add Appl. Sales Tax.



is a height increasing innermold. 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. PB76 P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21701 didn't have to learn; he came preprogramed.

Watch McHale play a few games and you will note that after he grabs an offensive rebound, he never, ever puts the ball back on the floor, where a smaller man can grab it. Instead, he keeps it high and flips it into the basket with a subtle flick of the wrist, a pulse from the finger tips. It's a good move, too: McHale has been among the league leaders in field-goal percentage all season. Similarly, blocking shots by the book, he has remained near the league leaders in that category as well; he has snuffed as many as eight attempts per game this year.

Nevertheless, his defensive play hasn't earned unanimous raves this season. Bird attributes this to McHale's focus at the other end of the court, calling it "just a question of priorities." Still, it's not as if his defensive ability were in serious doubt. McHale made the N.B.A.'s defensive all-star team last season, and he closed out the Celtics' 1986 championship series with stifling performances against Dominique Wilkins of the Atlanta Hawks, Terry Cummings of the Milwaukee Bucks and Ralph Sampson of the Houston Rockets.

Bill Walton knows as much as anybody about the war zone under the basket, and he says that McHale is currently dominating that territory. "Kevin McHale is the best post-up player in the league right now," Walton declares. "He is unsurpassed. I can't say enough about his ability to create mismatches. What makes him the toughest inside player, as opposed to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar or Akeem Olajuwon, is his variety of moves."

The primary move is a methodical jump hook. "That's my comfort," McHale says. "If I'm not playing well, I go to that shot. It sets up so many other moves."

Setting up the offensive moves he makes with his mouth, meanwhile, is whatever's happening within earshot. "He just talks and talks," says Ainge. "I've heard him say, 'I'm gonna score over their whole team,' and then score over three guys. I've heard him say to Moses [Malone, three-time-M.V.P. center], 'You can't stop me.' Then he backs it up. He really frustrates some guys. He'll goad them into fouling him, and then he'll just strut to the line and make two free throws."

"I do worry about some of the things he says publicly," admits Jan Volk, the Celtics' general manager. "Much of what he says is very funny. But sometimes I feel bad because there is an underlying viciousness. It does trouble me on occasion."

A recent example of McHale's bloodcurdling humor came in late January, after Celtics play-by-play announcer Johnny Most's father died. McHale launched speculation that Most's color man, Glenn Ordway, had passed the commentator a poison apple to speed his succession into the lead job and that Most had mistakenly given the lethal fruit to his father. The jape spread quickly through the press corps, which began giving an apple-of-the-day award. Funny? Maybe. Vicious? Not exactly, because the speaker was McHale, a man who can be offensive and still score points with anybody within arm's length.

It's not enough for McHale to taunt the guys in the broadcast booth or the people who guard him on court. He has even more fun razzing the men who are guarding his teammates.

"He'll go up to Isiah Thomas and say, 'Danny says he's going to kick your ass,'" reports Ainge. "So then Isiah goes out and gets 33 against me."

With Walton incapacitated for the first half of the Celtics' season, McHale has adopted Ainge as an alternative, if smaller, target. "I love to tell Danny I can put him in slumps," McHale says. "I'll say, 'I can feel a bad time coming on with that jumper."

The person most exasperated with McHale's humor was former Celtics coach and current Houston mentor Bill Fitch. Let's just say that the ex-Marine and the wisecracking kid from Minnesota didn't exactly have the same world view.

"I want to have fun," explains McHale. "I don't see all this as life and death. I look at some of these coaches and they don't let up; they don't know how to have fun. When we won the championship in 1981, the first thing Bill Fitch said was 'We've got to think about winning it again.' I said, 'Hey, let's have a party first!"

McHale on road games in the 1986 championship series: "What's there to playing on the road? My philosophy is that the floor is always 94 feet long and the basket is always ten feet high. The only problem sometimes is that the officiating can be a little different. But I've never seen a fan come out of the stands and block a shot."

If McHale refuses to take basketball too seriously, it may be because he has a strong sense of what *real* work is all about. He was born in Hibbing, Minnesota, on December 19, 1957, the son of Paul and Josephine McHale. Hibbing, which also gave the world Bob Dylan, is in the Minnesota iron range, and McHale's dad was a miner. "Working seven to three in those mines is a bitch," McHale points out. "Every morning, you've got to be there. By three o'clock, you're dying to get out. You live for Friday."

It's almost as if McHale were dedicating himself to having the fun his father couldn't have. He is also making sure his dad can properly enjoy his retirement. The toys McHale has bought his parents include a satellite dish, enabling them to watch any Celtics game and McHale performance they choose. During his mining days, his father never had time to develop

his interest in basketball. "Now," says McHale the younger, "he can't get enough of it."

McHale joined the Celtics in 1980, after four years of leading good but not great teams at the University of Minnesota. At the end of his senior year, he went to an all-star tourney called the Aloha Classic, dominated it and earned its M.V.P. award. That year, Boston chose third in the college draft, and after Joe Barry Carroll and Darrell Griffith went off to Golden State and Utah, McHale was selected by the Celtics. Sportswriters covering the draft in Boston were shown a video tape of McHale blocking Carroll's first four shots in a Minnesota-Purdue game. Since that time, the wisdom of that draft pick has never been in doubt.

It wasn't as if McHale were flying into an empty nest, of course. He arrived the year after Larry Bird took over the town, and he quickly sized up the situation. "If I had come in and the Celtics had not been such a strong team, I might have approached things differently," he explains. "But Larry was there, and Cedric Maxwell was there, and they were strong personalities. There was no way I was going to do anything to disrupt the chemistry of that team."

His tongue may have been uncharacteristically still, but somehow he managed to play the game. The team immediately recognized that this strident kid was a killer in crunch time, the kind of guy who demanded the ball. McHale had more big fourth quarters in his rookie year than Dave Cowens and Larry Bird combined had in theirs.

"He was really never a rookie," says general manager Volk. "He didn't play like one, and he never carried himself like one. Rookies usually show deference to veterans and to the coaching staff. Kevin McHale did not."

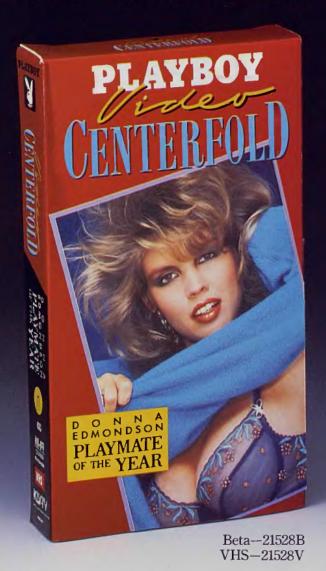
But as much as he has improved over his seven years with the Celtics, McHale has always been able to see the big picture, which is this: In Boston, Bird reigns supreme. As good as McHale is—and few are better—he is not Larry Bird.

"I'm happy to be playing with Larry," he insists. "Any time I start to think otherwise, I consider what it would be like playing against him. Not getting Bird's level of recognition doesn't bother me at all. And it's not just me. We have other great players here, guys like Dennis Johnson and Robert Parish, and they all feel the same way. There has been a pecking order ever since I've been here, and Larry is at the top. That's fine, because he knows how to handle that."

But right now, nobody in the N.B.A. can handle Kevin McHale, who has only one complaint about the life he leads.

"By the time the play-offs are done," he says, "hunting season is over in Minnesota."

COMMAND PERFORMANCE.



You've had a taste, and you're ready for more. You'll have it. In the special edition Playmate of the Year Video Centerfold. See the most beautiful of the beautiful in 30 revealing minutes of sensuous action. It's the first time a Playmate of the Year has ever graced our Video Centerfold Series. Order today, and she's yours forever.

To order send \$12.95, plus \$1.25 postage for each cassette and \$2.00 handling per total order to Playboy

Video, P.O. Box 632, Elk Grove, Illinois 60009. Specify VHS or Beta format, along with item number. 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.

PERFORMANCE COUNTS. THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR. 20 CIGARETTES **VANTAGE** 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. © 1986 R. J. REYNOLDIS TOBACCO CO.























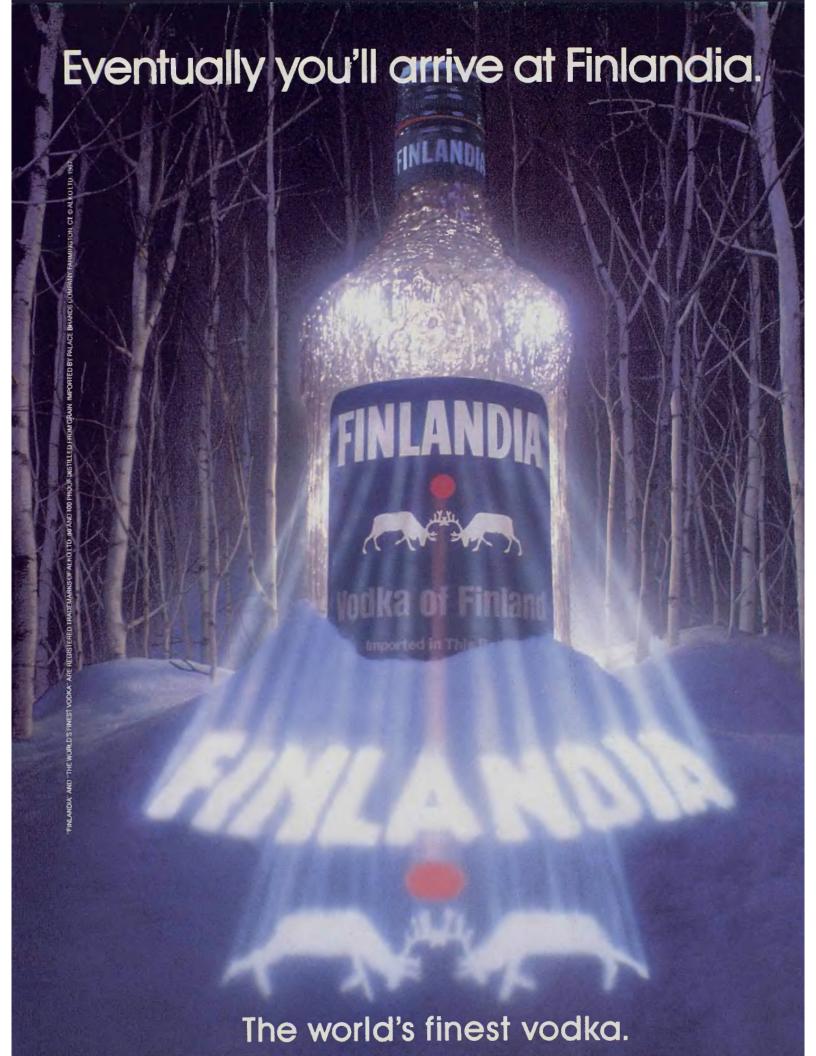














FOLLOW THE DATS

ow that digital compact discs (CDs) have eliminated the click, pop and scratch of vinyl-LP recordings, the audio gurus of the Orient and Europe have turned their attention to cassette tapes and those two inherent evils—hiss and flutter. Sometime next fall, your local hi-fi store will offer you the latest twist on the digital angle: digital audio tape, or DAT. Currently on store shelves in Japan, DAT is to the CD what the cassette is to the LP. You'll be able to buy prerecorded digital audio tapes or roll your own. To bring you up to date on the technol-

ogy, digital audio starts in the studio, where a digital recorder samples live sound more than 40,000 times per second. Then the machine converts those samples to an enormous series of ones and zeros, which go onto the master tape. As long as the numbers stay in the right sequence (ensured by sophisticated error-correction techniques), the original sound is always intact, never degraded in the mixingand-editing process. Those ones and zeros also go onto the surfaces of CDs (as microscopic pits) and onto digital tape. Pop a tape into a DAT deck and the machine reconverts the ones and zeros to their pristine sound.

DAT is a shoo-in for the next personal-audio generation. It takes us deeper into a digital age in which tape hiss, wow and flutter become entries in the history books.

Featuring a reprise of the VHS-vs.-Beta fight, competing hi-fi companies spent years working out a single standard for digital audio tapes before firing up the assembly lines. The winning standard is called R-DAT, for rotary digital audio

tape. Rotary refers to the design of the tape-head-drum mechanism, which resembles that of a video cassette recorder scrunched to Mickey Rooney size. The drum spins wildly as the tape crawls by, so, from even the tiny cassette pictured here in actual size, you can record up to two hours.

And what audio you get! The sound quality is on a par with CD's. That first-rate sound also happens to be a thorn in the sides of record companies and copyright holders, which fear rampant copying of digital-disc source material onto digital

tapes. Early prototype DAT decks allowed direct connection between a CD player's digital output and a tape deck's digital input—a practically perfect connection. Under pressure from record companies, though, DAT producers have made the decks unable to record directly from a digital source. But even an analogue link-up will make tapes far superior to those you get from analogue cassettes.

Not satisfied, record companies are urging Congressional action that will force DAT makers to install an anticopy chip in decks imported into the U.S. Such a chip would prohibit the

recording of encoded compact discs, though it's highly doubtful that record companies will be any more successful in preventing infringement than video-tape producers have been in preventing home video taping.

At the same time, copyright holders are justifiably afraid of large-scale pirating of prerecorded digital tapes. Some record companies have even stated that they will not release any titles in the DAT format. Frankly, we heard that one prior to the unveiling of other audio and video technologies now in the mainstream—such as the analogue cassette.

Live recordings made with a DAT deck will be astounding. After all, you'll be recording on equipment that replicates the frequency response and dynamic range of professional digital recorders. And since you can dub digitally from tape to tape, your own performances will not deteriorate after several dupe generations.

Initial decks, such as the Kenwood pictured here, will be styled as stereo components and priced in the

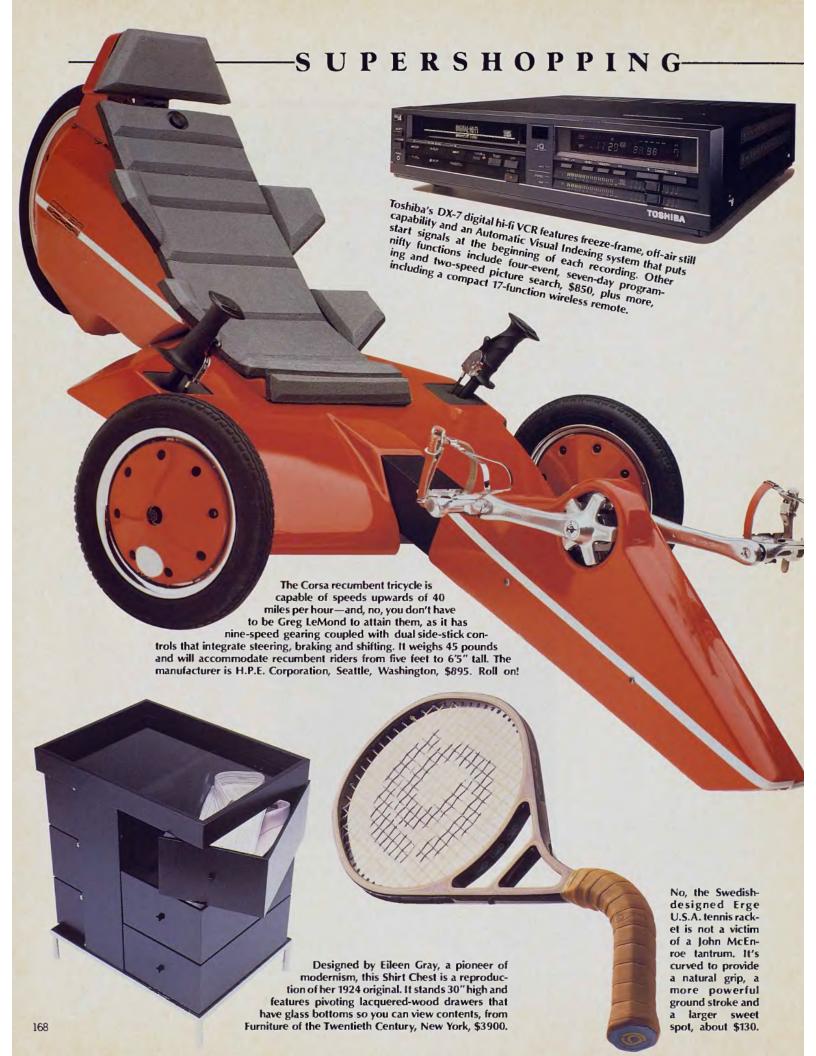
\$1200-to-\$1500 range. But it won't be long before DAT machines are packaged for cars and as low-cost battery-powered units, perhaps stealing CD's thunder in the mobile market. (Clarion gave us a sneak preview of its dash-mounted DAT at the Consumer Electronics Show, and we can attest to the fact that it's one terrific-looking unit.) We're already accustomed to the convenience of tapes in auto-stereo and Walkman-type players, so DAT is a natural in those areas, too. And DAT's the truth.



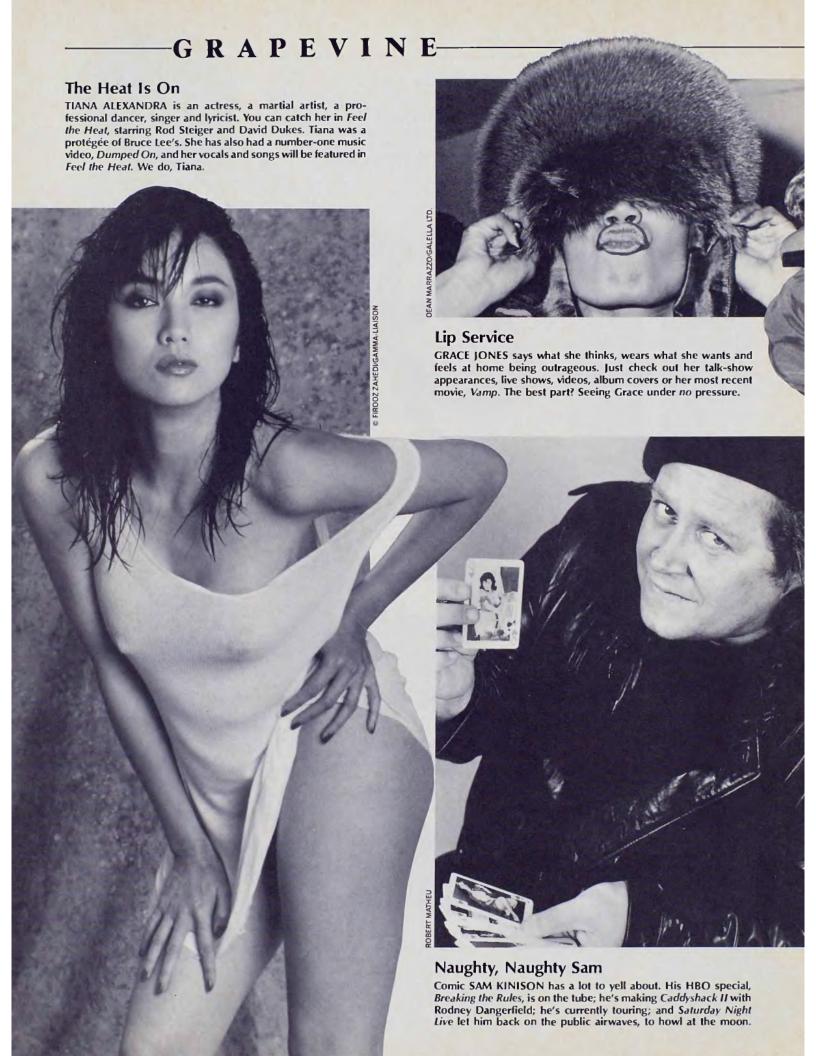
Kenwood's prototype DAT player/recorder is designed to dovetail with its other available high-end components.



Yes, this is the actual size of a digital audio tape cassette, and one will hold two hours of distortion-free sound.









POTPOURRI-



TANNING TOWEL, TEXAS SIZE

Where else but in the state of Texas would someone market the world's largest towel? Yep, eight feet by five feet of 12-ounce cotton terry/velour that the manufacturer, Sun Days Tanning Centers, says it took six months to find. According to the tanning-salon company, it took another six months to locate someone who could cut and sew the towel, which will hold two to four people comfortably. A variety of colors, including white, is available, and your \$50 sent to Sun Days Tanning Centers, Suite 612, 5500 Greenville Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75206, includes postage. Now ride out and find yourself a big lady to share it, Tex.



INTRIGUING GAME

In case you haven't gotten enough of the Third World, Eastern Blocversus—the—Western-democracies type of politics, a board game called International Intrigue has just been introduced. Its distributor, Global Trends, claims that it "faithfully simulates real-life political and military struggles in lesser-developed nations." As players move around the board, property and institutions are purchased and accumulated. When one team has the necessary civilian or military coalitions to control the country, the game is over. Global Trends, 1221 Brickell Avenue, Suite 922, Miami, Florida 33131, sells International Intrigue for \$32.95.

CHOCOLATE TO GO

Chocoholics may wish to sign aboard the Chocolatour this coming July, August, September or October—15 days in Switzerland and Belgium, visiting factories from Lindt & Sprungli, where chocolates are filled with liqueur, to Broc, where cherries are marinated in kirsch and covered with chocolate. Journeyworld International, 410 East 51st Street, New York 10022, offers the tour for \$1975, plus air fare. No, the leader isn't Willy Wonka.



BUTTONING DOWN THE PC MARKET

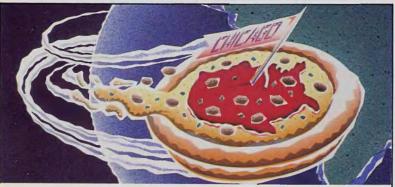
As part of a crusade to "stamp out computer nerds," Shamrock Computer Supply, 620 South Raymond Avenue, Suite 1, Pasadena, California 91105, has introduced Dress Code—his and hers computer covers that fit IBM PC, AT and XT models. His is pictured below; hers is a suit with a pleated skirt and a perky bow tie. Shamrock's price is \$52.50, postpaid, for each. Smart thinking.





LEARNING BY LAUGHTER

John Cleese, chief maniac of Monty Python's Flying Circus, Fawlty Towers and other comic classics of TV and movies, is the brains behind Video Arts, P.O. Box 578, Northbrook, Illinois 60065, the U.S. branch of the hugely successful corporate-training-film company that he started in 1972. With 58,000 clients worldwide, V.A. has 7000-plus in the U.S., including G.M., 3M, Sheraton and Sears. They pay upwards of \$135 to rent its often-hilarious how-to movies, such as Telephone Behavior, many featuring Cleese.



THE PIE'S THE LIMIT

The next time you fly out of Chicago's O'Hare Airport, don't just fantasize about the famous deep-dish pizzas being sold in Windy City restaurants; take a prebaked one home with you for the same price you'd pay if you were eating out. Sky Pies' two locations on the Departure (upper) level are in Terminal 2, between Concourses D and E, and in Terminal 3, between Concourses K and L. Sorry, the pizzas are too large for the plane's microwave.



FIVE STARS OVER ARIZONA

The prestigious 1987 Mobil Travel Guide is out with its five-star hotel, motel, resort and restaurant winners, among other listings; and, to celebrate, Mobil held a gala awards banquet at The Pointe resort in Phoenix-itself on the five-star list for five consecutive years. New five-star winners are the Grand Bay Hotel in the Coconut Grove area of Miami and The Ritz-Carlton Laguna Niguel resort in Laguna Beach, California. The guide—in seven regional editions-sells for \$8.95 each.

ELECTRONIC HOMECOMING

American Voice & Robotics, Inc., at P.O. Box 24950, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33307, claims to manufacture and install "the ultimate electronic servant of the future designed for the affluent person and his custom home." And after viewing its \$25 promotional video tape, we weren't about to argue. Lights go on, security systems are activated, stock prices are quoted, the bathtub's filled—you name it—all by voice command. Prices begin around \$35,000, so Robotic talk isn't cheap.



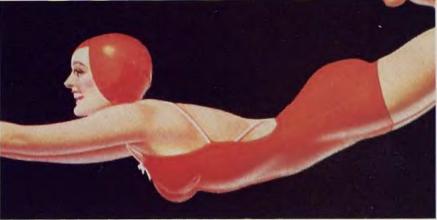
DOWN TO THE VIDEO DEEP

If your high-rise faces a brick wall instead of the Pacific Ocean, you may well want to invest in Sunset TV: a 30-minute video tape (VHS or Beta) of a setting sun on a shimmering bay. Or pick Sunrise TV (dawn on the deep) or a New England Bike Ride in the fall. Relax Video, 2901 Broadway, Suite 128, New York 10025, sells them for \$32.95 cach, postpaid. (To order with a credit card, call 212-496-4400.) Play them when you're taking a rock-video break.



NEXT MONTH





RESTRAINED





TUXEDOED

"NIGHT LIFE IN THE AGE OF AIDS"-EAVESDROP-PING IN SINGLES BARS AND OTHER WATERING HOLES FROM COAST TO COAST, OUR REPORTER TELLS IT LIKE IT IS. HOW MUCH HAS PANIC AFFECTED SEXUAL BEHAVIOR? TUNE IN WITH DAVID SEELEY

PLUS: "THE HETEROSEXUAL RISK OF AIDS"-JUST HOW VULNERABLE ARE MOST OF US? CAN YOU REAL-LY CATCH THE DREAD DISEASE FROM A WOMAN? SOME NEW EVIDENCE IS ANALYZED BY DAVID BLACK

"LIFE CAN BE A BEACH"-A SOCKO PACKAGE COM-BINING THE SEXIEST BEAUTIES WITH OTHER GREAT STUFF: BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S "TEN BEST BEACH MOVIES": THE WORLD'S BEST SURF AND SAND; NUDE-BEACH ETIQUETTE; "HOW TO STUFF A WILD PINE-APPLE"; TIPS ON TANNING; AND MORE

"THE TRIAL OF THE GODFATHER"-A FRONT-ROW SEAT IN THE BROOKLYN COURTROOM WHERE CAPO JOHN GOTTI AND SIX HENCHMEN WERE DEFENDED BY SEVEN JEWISH LAWYERS AND PROSECUTED BY A DIMINUTIVE ITALIAN LADY FROM THE NEIGHBOR-HOOD-BY PETER MCCABE

WADE BOGGS. RED SOX THIRD BASEMAN AND BASE-BALL'S BEST BATSMAN, TALKS ABOUT R.B.I.S, SUPER-STITIONS, BOSTON VS. NEW YORK FANS AND HOW HE SURVIVED THE WORST YEAR OF HIS LIFE IN A HARD-HITTING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"THE WEATHER'S FINE"-IN THE L.A. OF THE FU-TURE, MACHINES CONDITION YEARS, NOT AIR. AS TOM AND DONNA DISCOVER, IT'S A PROBLEM FOR THOSE WHO DON'T DIG THE SAME DECADE. A PROVOCATIVE STORY BY HARRY TURTLEDOVE

"FREEDOM FIGHTER"-ELLEN'S A BEAUTY WHO WON'T LET TRAGEDY KEEP HER DOWN. GET TO KNOW THIS SPUNKY LADY IN AN EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL

"RESTRAINT"-A FINANCIER LOSES ALL SENSE OF IT WHEN HE PASSES A DROP-DEAD FEMALE IN THE HALL. FICTION BY FREDERICK BARTHELME

PLUS: ANDREW TOBIAS' QUARTERLY REPORT ON "HOW TO MAKE A BUDGET"; "FOR YOUR EYES AND EARS ONLY," A PEEK AT PROTOTYPES OF ELEC-TRONIC GADGETS EN ROUTE TO THE MARKET; SING-ER-SONGWRITER GREGORY ABBOTT MODELING SUMMER FORMALWEAR; "20 QUESTIONS," TO WHICH GARRY SHANDLING RESPONDS WITH THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS HAIR FIXATION, HIS MISERABLE LUCK WITH WOMEN AND HIS PROPOSAL FOR TAX-DEDUCTIBLE DATES; NOT TO MENTION MUCH, MUCH MORE





Budweiser

KING OF BEERS®

Brewed by our original process from the Choicest Hops, Rice and Best Barley Malt

Anheuser Busch, Inc. St. Louis, Mo.

Genuine.